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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

We are back! What a trip! Greece was beautiful and Turkey was wonderful. Greek temples are as stunning as all the photographs show them to be. Greek islands are charming and Greek food is marvelous! Turkish cooking is interesting and Turkish people are warm and friendly. Now, would you say this is a rave review of a trip? It is exactly that!

I do hasten to add that the trip did have a few tense moments. The first one occurred in St. Louis. We left Albuquerque bright and early so we would have plenty of time to make all of our connections from plane to plane. I am a real stickler for allowing EXCESSIVE time to get anywhere. This trait can be directly traced to my Grandfather Driftmier who always allowed time to change two flat tires whenever he traveled anywhere. But, back to St. Louis... All of us were in line and ready to get on our last plane to New York City when the airline announced there was a problem with the aircraft and we would be delayed indefinitely. I began nervously looking at my watch and wondering if we would get to New York in time to catch the flight to Athens.

We waited for over an hour. Time was dragging for me until some Kitchen-Klatter friends from Missouri struck up a conversation with me. The friends were interested to hear that we were headed for Greece and I was equally interested to hear about their travel plans to Africa. They were planning to do some photography when visiting the huge, wild game preserves. We were all scheduled to make close connections in New York and were relieved when we boarded the no-longer-ailing aircraft and got on our way.

Our plane arrived in New York's J.F.K. Airport with just enough time for us to grab the shuttle bus to the international terminal where our huge 747



The camel ride was taken on the outskirts of Kusadasi, Turkey. The camel was not thrilled with me as a rider.

airplane was being loaded for the long trip across the Atlantic Ocean and part of Europe....destination Athens, Greece. This is the longest non-stop flight made by Olympic Airlines and it takes eight and a half hours. Believe me, I now can honestly say that "jet lag" does exist and is not a figment of someone's imagination.

We left U.S. soil at 7:15 P.M. and arrived in Athens at 10:00 A.M. the next morning. Our group took a quick tour around Athens which included Acropolis Hill with its famous Parthenon and a run through (literally) of the National Archeological Museum. This was the only time we had in Athens so we were determined to make the most of it. That evening we tried to convince ourselves it was night and sleep was in order. Unfortunately our body clocks disagreed so we were a bit droopy the next morning for the early flight to the island of Samos.

A word about air travel within Greece....if time is at a premium, flying is the only sensible way to get around. All air travel is by jet airplanes and is very fast. The airline sticks to the scheduled times so the flights are reliable. The big bonus is that the air travel is VERY inexpensive. Flying made it possible for us to see as much as we could in two weeks. I recommend it!

The airport on the island of Samos is near the little town of Pythagorian. This is a small fishing village where we first saw the working burros and the cats. Both kinds of animals were everywhere. The burros definitely earned their keep. It was not unusual to see what looked like walking, hay stacks moving down the road. On closer look one could just make out a burro under what looked like half a ton of hay or straw.

The cats of Greece and Turkey really are worth mentioning. I have never seen so many cats anywhere, any time. Cats were under the tables in restaurants. Cats were lolling around the temple ruins. Cats were casing the wharfs while waiting for the fishing boats to come in.

Cats draped themselves over available window ledges. Two of our friends on the trip were true cat lovers. They were in seventh heaven as they missed their own cats at home in Albuquerque. Surely the Mediterranean area must be the cat capital of the world.

After a delicious lunch at a little outdoor restaurant in the town of Samos, we walked to the ferry terminal to get on our boat to Kusadasi, Turkey. Imagine our surprise when we discovered we were the only passengers that day and had the ferry boat to ourselves. We arrived in Kusadasi in the late afternoon and promptly got settled into our rooms in an ancient "Caravanserai." This hotel was originally part of a chain of overnight stopping places for camel caravans. It was over 300 years old and made of stone with walls over six feet thick. The lovely center courtyard where we had our meals housed the camels and caravan goods to keep them safe from robbers in those bygone days.

Turkey is a Moslem country. The first morning we were awakened by the sound systems from the minarets calling the faithful Muslims to worship. To my ears it was an eerie chant that made me realize just how far away from home we really were! I shall say that no one at the hotel needed an alarm clock as the call to worship guaranteed that everyone was stirring at 6:00 A.M. I'm sure foreign visitors to our country probably get the same feelings when they hear our church bells pealing in the early morning.

The main reason for visiting Turkey was to see the ancient ruin of Ephesus. Ephesus was a very important seaport in the early days of the Greek empire. The city was founded about 2000 B.C. I won't go into the history of this area as books have been written on the subject; however, I shall say that it must have been one of the most beautiful cities of all time. The marble streets remain. The columns are very ornate without being overwhelming. The whole city had running water which was no mean achievement for that day and age. The city was still in existence when Christianity came to the area. Mixed in with the Greek and Roman ruins are the remains of very early Christian churches. To give you an idea of the archeology involved, excavation has been going on steadily for over one hundred years at Ephesus and only about twenty percent of the city has been uncovered.

There are more things I wish to share with you about our trip. However, these things can wait a bit. I know that you will be interested to know Mother and Betty Jane have returned to Iowa. They left New Mexico shortly after we got home. When Mother called to report on their journey back to Shenandoah, she said

(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends,

Today, there is a cold, blustery wind and a clear blue sky overhead. This is a far cry from what we had yesterday. It was so warm that we had to turn off the heat, and the day was misty and foggy. The temperature dropped 30 degrees between midnight and daylight. We also had a hard thunderstorm. In fact, there has been a lot of rain in the past two weeks. This put a stop to the harvesting in this part of the state for awhile. Our corn is still in the field and probably will be until the ground is frozen hard enough to hold up machinery.

The wild turkey hunting season is over for this year except for the bow and arrow hunters, but none of our friends hunt with a bow. Five of our friends came from Kanawha prepared to stay three days, but each of them got a bird the first day so they went home. We have never had anyone have that kind of luck before. A young man from Des Moines, the son-in-law of a friend, came a couple of times before the season opened to scout around and get acquainted with the timber. Once he came before daylight to see if he could get his bearings in the dark. The day the season opened it rained and I thought about him getting wet while sitting somewhere in the timber. I hoped he would come with a turkey, but he didn't have any luck.

The squirrel season is open now. Two of our conservation friends have been here a couple of times to hunt squirrel. When this time of year rolls around, there are two squirrel stories I always think about. Kristin was very young when we moved here. She had seen her Daddy bring in squirrels and rabbits and knew we ate them, so it never occurred to us that she didn't know what "going hunting" meant. One morning after doing the chores, Frank came into the house, got his gun, and said, "I'm going out and get a squirrel." He had never taken Kristin with him before but this time she begged to go along so he took her. They returned about the middle of the morning and I asked her if they had gotten a squirrel and she said, "No. We are hungry so we came in for a sack lunch." I fixed sack lunches for them and they went out again. Before long they came in, and when I asked Kristin if they had gotten a squirrel, she didn't answer me but walked right through the kitchen and upstairs to her room. Frank nodded "yes" so I went upstairs to see what the trouble was.

I asked, "Didn't you get a squirrel?"

Kristin said, "Yes, but Daddy shot it." It seems she thought they were going out to get a squirrel for her to play with. You



Dorothy Johnson's granddaughter, Elizabeth Brase, enjoys a bike ride with her mother, Kristin.

never know what goes on in their little minds.

About twenty-five years ago we had a little dog named Tinker that was a real good squirrel dog. Several times our friends had asked Frank if they could take Tinker hunting with them, but Tinker would never go with anyone except Frank. One day, a young man came and asked permission to hunt squirrel. Frank said yes and showed him where to go. The young hunter didn't get far from the house when he shot one. Tinker was there in a flash, picked up the squirrel and brought it home to Frank. That young man just stood there with the funniest look on his face. Frank took the squirrel back to him and he went on his way.

I don't care much for squirrel meat but love rabbit. Our timber is alive with squirrels but we never see a rabbit. The coyotes and fox keep them cleaned out. We were married during the depression and I remember going to the farm in the winter for week-ends and returning home with a big box of frozen rabbits. It really helped with the grocery bill. The conservation fellows tell us they see a lot of rabbits, but this is in areas where there aren't any coyotes.

The Lucas County Historical Society owns and maintains the Lucas County Historical Museum which is located on the west edge of Chariton just off the city route of Highway 34. It is open to the public on Wednesdays and Sundays from 1:30 P.M. to 4:30 P.M. from about June 1 to the last Sunday of October. Just before the museum closes for the winter, the society has a special Cider Day celebration for the public and this year Peggy Dyer and I went.

There are four buildings in the museum complex. In 1966 the Historical Society bought a large two-story house built in 1907. It has been restored and is now completely furnished with items that have been donated to the museum.

An old, rural schoolhouse was moved

to the grounds in 1968. My good friend, Norma Pim, was curator of the museum for several years and retired a year ago because of her health. During the time when she was curator, teachers from Lucas County and surrounding towns were invited to bring their fourth grade students one day a week in the spring to attend school in a one-room schoolhouse. It usually took one or two weeks to complete the schedule for all the students to attend one day, so the children could see what it was like to go to school in a one-room schoolhouse.

A rural church, first built in 1889, has been moved to the museum grounds and is being restored to its original condition. On the last Sunday of the season a special sing-a-long, which has become a very popular event, is held in the church.

In the 1880's the coal mines of Lucas County were very active. They employed thousands of workers and contributed greatly to the early economy of the county. John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers for 40 years, was born in Old Cleveland near the town of Lucas. When a new building was built on the museum grounds to house the many donated items, it was called the John L. Lewis Building. Before Mr. Lewis died at the age of 89, his secretary sent a letter to the Lucas County Historical Museum. This letter, Mr. Lewis' picture, and a pen which he used to sign important papers are now in this building.

On the lower level of the museum there is a miniature mine showing how early mining tools were used. Other features are a country store, broom factory and displays of toys and tools. They were making cider with an old cider press and serving cookies and cider to the visitors in this part of the building. On the upper level that special day, our neighbor, Beth Ballard, was demonstrating how she spins wool on her spinning wheel. Peggy and I agreed it was an afternoon well spent.

Frank and I were happily surprised the other day when our good friends, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer of Aplington, dropped in for a two-hour visit on their return trip from North Carolina. They hadn't been down this way for a couple of years, and it was so good to see them. Our friendship with Clarence dates back to the years right after Pearl Harbor when we lived in California, so we have a lot of mutual memories.

My friend, Dorothea Polser, asked me to go to Des Moines with her the other day to meet her sister-in-law, Cora Polser, who was arriving at the airport from Fresno, California. Cora was supposed to come the day before but her flight had been cancelled because of the big snowstorm which had closed the airport in Denver. When she did arrive she was on the same plane with the

(Continued on page 22)



Christmas is

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: The Bible and candle are placed on the altar later as indicated in the service. Place a huge evergreen wreath on an easel beside the altar. Various symbols will be placed upon the wreath during the service. It would be very effective if all taking part in the program would wear choir robes on this special occasion.

Prelude: Medley of familiar Christmas music.

Call to Worship:

O never let the Christmas moments
grow

To be routine, sometimes begrud-
ged; each year be sure to know
The quiet happiness within the heart
That sets the holy Christmastide
apart.

Oh, keep the spirit bright beyond all
rush

Of shopping and gay festivities; pre-
serve the hush

Of moments saved for Him, the
Christmas Child.

—adapted, from anon. author

Song: "O Little Town of Bethlehem"

Prayer: Dear Heavenly Father, we
thank Thee for sending us Thy Son
Jesus. May we know, like the shepherds,
the thrill of His coming into the world.
May the inspiration of His presence be in
all of our activities this Christmas season
and go with us through the new year and
always. Amen.

Narrator: All around us we see bright
colored decorations, lighted Christmas
trees, gaily wrapped packages and there
are sweet, spicy smells coming from the
kitchen. Familiar carols ring out over
the loudspeakers downtown to tell us
Christmas is here.

The organizations to which we belong
are busy filling Christmas baskets and
planning holiday parties. We make time
in between for practices at church for the
cantata or the Sunday School program.

Christmas is something much more
than all that. It is a song in the heart, a
light no one can put out. It is a feeling of
joy which you cannot wrap up in a
package or hang on a tree. It is not

finding our place in the lovely pageant of
that holy night so long ago, it is—well,
WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

Speaker 1: (places an angel on the
wreath) Christmas is the joy of the
angels' song which lifts and brightens the
weary hearts of this earth, that gladdens
all people everywhere.

From out of the midnight sky on that
silent night in old Judea, that glorious
song of the angels fell toward earth and
the receptive ears of the shepherds. The
first "Gloria in Excelsis" has a twofold
meaning. In the first part they sang
"Glory to God in the highest." This
points out to us that whatever task we
do, we must first glorify God—put God
first, worship. Secondly, glorifying and
praising God, as that "multitude of
heavenly hosts" did, must come before
there is "on earth peace among men."

That first angel chorus with its great
message of GOOD NEWS inspired the
beautiful Christmas music today. As we
listen and share in this music, may it
inspire us so that our minds, hearts and
souls will be cleansed, purified and
renewed and our hearts echo the angels'
song.

Song: "It Came Upon A Midnight
Clear" (verses 1 and 2)

Speaker 2: (places gold star on the
wreath) (Reads Matt. 2: 1-11.) What does
the Christmas Star see now, shining
everywhere? Thoughts from selfishness
all free? Hearts that plan to share? Or
does its radiance fall on blind eyes as we
go our heedless way, never looking
heavenward at all?

"I see the lights of Christmas

Upon a city street.

I watched the tired people

As they walked with weary feet.

Is this the spirit of Christmas,

The radiance from a Star?

Are these the eager pilgrims

Bearing gifts afar?

Then I saw the shining wonder

In a child's uplifted face.

And I knew the Star of Christmas

Had found its resting place.

—Sunshine

Speaker 3: (places a red paper heart
on the wreath) Christmas was created
with love: "For God so loved the world
that He gave His only begotten son."
Truly greater love hath no man. If the glit-
ter of material possessions ever piles so
deep over the spirit of love that it is
choked on its own spirit of giving,
Christmas may be lost.

Oftentimes love becomes one of the
most overworked and meaningless
words used. When we put our whole
heart into it, and give to the utmost, as
God did, then love becomes more
meaningful and speaks with compassion
and sensitivity of spirit for all humanity.
Love is the very essence of Christmas.

Love is so gentle and tender,

Love is so all wise and true,

Love is so sweet and so simple,
'Twas given so freely to you.
Open your hearts to receive it,
Then give it freely away,
You'll find it will multiply greatly,
Growing from day unto day!

—church bulletin

Speaker 4: (places a picture of a
home on the wreath) When thinking of
Christmas, we think of our home. The
home is a very, very important part of
what Christmas is. It begins there with
the excitement, the wonder and anticipa-
tion, the drawing together of the family in
planning for and sharing in Christmas
activities. It is the reading of the
Christmas Story from the Bible, sharing
the advent wreath, singing carols,
making a creche and planning a surprise
for a neighbor or a shut-in. It is the family
sharing in the Christmas services at the
church together. Christmas is giggling
and wrapping packages behind closed
doors, it is the spicy fragrance of the
baking going on in the kitchen, it is string-
ing popcorn on a winter night and
making paper chains to trim the tree.

Yes, Christmas is the golden chain
that binds a family in faith, hope and love,
drawing all into a circle of togetherness
as they remember the star, the manger
and the greatest gift of all, the Christ
Child.

Song: "Away in the Manger"

Speaker 5: (places the open Bible in
the center of the altar) Wonderful
truth—Christmas is a Message
exalted—and blessed beyond compare,
the story that never grows old. Surely
Christmas is reading God's Word,
sharing it with others.

(Reads Isaiah 9: 2,6.)

The Bible impresses upon us the real
spirit of Christmas, *God with Us*, in the
person of Jesus Christ. What a
comforting thought for Christmas:

God with us in the warmth and cozi-
ness of our homes—

God with us in the teeming world of
business and industry—

God with us in storm swept seas of
conflict and unrest—

God with us at all times and all
places—

God with us always and forever!

Solo: "Holy Bible, Book Divine"

Speaker 6: (places a large unlighted
candle to the right of the Bible)

Christmas is a time of candles shed-
ding light o'er all the earth,

Spreading welcome for the Christ

Child, telling once again His birth.

Beautiful flame, by you we are remind-
ed of One who is Life, the Light of
men,

Here His light shone, He lived no ray
withholding,

Selfless, He lived to make dark ways
plain.

(Lights candle)

(Continued on page 19)

THE MOST PRECIOUS CHRISTMAS TREE

by
Russell K. Hively

"Are we going to have a tree for Christmas?" my wife asked one day. "It doesn't seem right not having a tree in Germany, the home of the *tannenbaum*."

"I doubt it. We have no decorations here," I answered.

"The pioneers of America always had a Christmas tree and they didn't have shining bells and flashing electric lights," was her reply.

My wife Kay, four-month-old son Rusty, and I were spending our Christmas in Mammolshain, West Germany, outside of Frankfurt/Main that year. Our feelings about being in a strange land for Christmas must have been similar to the feelings the American pioneers had on their first Christmas in a strange and distant land.

So down to the village I trod to purchase a Christmas tree. There was no bargaining as I spoke no German, and the proprietor of the Christmas tree lot spoke no English. After he picked his fee from my outstretched hand filled with brass and aluminum coins, I returned up the mountain with a small pine tree in my hand.

A large can filled with dirt from the garage floor made a stand for the little tree. The rusty can looked much better after it was covered with aluminum foil.

"Where are these ornaments now, old pioneer woman?" I asked.

"Feed the baby and I'll show you," was her only reply.

Soon the air was filled with the smell of popcorn and by stringing it on thread from my G.I. sewing kit, ropes of white popcorn were made to curl around the small green pine. Next we cut Christmas pictures from magazines and hung them from the outstretched branches. Rusty's small dark eyes were following every move. He watched the activity around the tree from his advantageous perch on the table while resting in his willow laundry basket.

Still our tree lacked the three-dimensional look. We painted the edges of some pine cones with fingernail polish and hung them like the shiny glass ornaments we had on the trees at home in the United States. From some yellow paper we cut a star and glued it to the topmost branch. Our most precious Christmas tree glowed with the love we put into decorating it.

CHRISTMAS IS SACRED

Christmas time is a sacred time
To celebrate Jesus' birth,
To thank God for the precious gift
Of His Son's sojourn on earth.

—Inez Baker

FRIENDSHIP CHRISTMAS TREE



I am 84-years-old and still enjoying my "Friendship Christmas Tree" which brings so much pleasure to me and others.

It took me many years to complete this tree, but I was delighted to make the ornaments for it. The two hundred forty handmade ornaments completely cover this white artificial pine tree. A variety of material was used such as; velvet ribbon, beads, lace, felt, sequins, wood, tin, egg shells, styrofoam, paper, and cardboard. Two flood lights were used to radiate the full beauty of the tree.

Each year for friends and acquaintances, I am hostess to an open house. While present, they can wander through the seasonal decorated rooms to view other handmade Christmas decorations. Later, the guests are served holiday refreshments. This has been a very joyous occasion each year for everyone.

—Nora Gilman

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

by
Bonnie Feeken

One symbol of the holiday season most associated with Christmas is the tree. And, it is a popular one since no home is completely decorated for the season until the tree is bedecked in all the finery.

The many-colored lights, twinkling and adding brightness and cheer, do much to bring atmosphere to the moment whether used in the home or on a specially selected specimen grown in one's own yard.

Ornaments have certainly changed over the years, most of the first being made out of whatever happened to be handy. Materials still range from paper and cardboard to metal and blown glass and the not-to-be-forgotten strings of popcorn and cranberries.

The Christmas tree, almost always an evergreen, trimmed with lights and other decorations, derives from the so-called Paradise tree, symbolizing Eden, of German mystery plays. The use of a Christmas tree began early in the 17th century, in Strasbourg, France, spreading from there through Germany and then into Northern Europe. In 1841 Albert, Prince Consort of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, introduced the Christmas tree custom to Great Britain; from there it accompanied emigrants to the United States.

What a wonderful custom it has become. Where else would curious-eyed youngsters of all ages look for gaily-wrapped surprises but under the branches on Christmas morn.

"G" BIBLE PYRAMID

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1. Jesus told his disciples to ___ into all the world.
2. We are to worship ___.
3. The Wise Men brought gifts of ___, frankincense and myrrh.
4. In Matt. 25:32 Jesus talks about separating sheep from ___.
5. When in Egypt the Israelites lived in the land of ___ Gen. 46:28
6. The giant ___ scared the army of Israel.
7. God caused fire and brimstone to fall on Sodom and ___ Gen. 13:10
8. This is one of the books in the New Testament, an epistle.
9. Jesus went there to pray just before his trial and crucifixion.

—Helen Friesen

(Answers on page 19)

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends,

Because of the longer in-house hours which accompany this cold, dark season, I have waiting for me in the kitchen a carrot, of sorts, softly calling my name like a Lorelei. As a result I am highly motivated to get down to the serious business of typing this letter to each of you so that I can return to my Christmas knitting! It has been quite a long time since I had any knitting waiting in a bag for me, and it is a genuine treat to keep my fingers busy and my lap warm.

Since last writing you the leaves have dropped from the trees and our solar house is once again functioning. It wasn't built as a solar house but the contractor certainly knew how to lay out the windows in such a manner that the maximum affect of the winter sun was felt. The roar of the forced air furnace has now cut me off from all the cheerful sounds outside. I delayed as long as possible before allowing Don to turn up the thermostat. Several days of no sun forced me to flip the switch and I was glad to exchange the cold for the roar.

The most impressive news I have to tell you is that we have made a quick trip. We were invited by the Denver Driftmiers to come spend a few days with them during the most beautiful month of the year in Colorado. It just so happened that Don's favorite football team, the Green Bay Packers, were playing Wayne's favorite football team, the Denver Broncos, and tickets for this game were available in Denver. Talk about a siren song calling across the miles. These tickets were really only an excuse to get away from the office and have a brief visit with family. The less than three hours flying time was the perfect means of traveling.

The plane took off from the Milwaukee airport in a thick haze. The airports from Chicago to Minneapolis had been alternately closed for most of the week because of fog and haze. Immediately after the plane left the ground it broke through the clouds and there was the beautiful sunlight. However, all of the gawking I had intended to do as we passed over Iowa, Nebraska, and a corner of Kansas never came to pass because of the sea of clouds under the plane's wings. Just before the plane landed at Stapleton Airport in Denver, we did get to see a brilliant view of eastern Colorado, the South Platte River and a quick glimpse of the beautiful mountains. Abbie and Wayne were there to meet us. After collecting our luggage we headed toward their town of Wheat Ridge.

I had grand visions of this area having



Abbie Driftmier picked the last of her summer roses just before the snowstorm.

been a vast wheat prairie, because it has not been that long since Michener's *Centennial* was run in its entirety on evening television. There were no wheat fields visible from the long deck which extends across the complete west side of Wayne and Abbie's wonderful house but the view of the mountains was clear and magnificent. We live in a beautiful spot with our rolling hills, but our view pales beside the sight of the Rocky Mountains. Don was impressed but was already prepared for what these mountains would look like after having spent the biggest part of World War II in Colorado Springs in the Air Force.

Abbie suggested, after a brief stop at their home, we head west for a car trip through the mountains. They had heard threats from the weathermen suggesting there might be a bit of snow on the way the next day. There was a map on the back seat between Abbie and me so it was possible to keep an eye on the long-range picture of what I was seeing close up. I was distinctly impressed. In no time at all we were suddenly at Loveland Pass which seemed like the top of the world. On the way we passed through restored Victorian towns which had been the core of the silver producing area. We saw tailings of old gold mines, some active and many long abandoned. The aspen were still bright but many of them were no longer at their peak of beauty. The evergreens, which stretched up the mountain sides for miles and miles, were exceedingly tall and lush.

On the trip back toward Denver, I was fooled several times by the distances which I could see across the flatter land. The cattle grazing on the land looked very minute; the air was so clear that I could actually see much further than I suspected. This was *almost* the last time any of us had the chance to see such distances, because Sunday morning during breakfast silver dollar-size snowflakes began to float earthward.

The morning had broken with a hazy blowing of raindrops which didn't look as

though they would interfere with anyone's plans. However, as we watched the snow fall, we also listened to the weather warnings which substantiated our early trip to the west. Abbie threw on a light windbreaker and headed for the yard which stretched out beneath the long porch-deck. She had beautiful full blooming roses and many bushes with exquisite buds just ready to pop. Rather than risk the weight of the large flakes dropping upon them, she brought in a huge armload and it was a good thing she did. The snow continued to fall most of that day but did not seriously get down to business until late in the afternoon of the BIG FOOTBALL GAME.

Don and I were included with Abbie and Wayne's group of six friends who were ostensibly going to attend this game but as the day wore on and the snow became quite intense everyone, save Don and Wayne, determined they could be just as content watching the game on TV while enjoying a buffet dinner.

I wish you could have seen those two men when they started out! Clark Driftmier had lent his Uncle Don a down jacket, ski mittens and a wool cap before heading out of town for a week's vacation. Clark presumed that he would not hit that kind of weather at this time of year. Don pulled on two pairs of wool trousers, extra sox, extra sweaters and the down jacket while Wayne dug out his battery-operated warming sox, two pairs of warm trousers, his sweaters, shirt and heavy winter jacket. They wore rain ponchos and had plastic bags to encase their feet as they sat through the storm. And storm it did!

The men were able to enjoy the game because the temperature was really quite pleasant. They confessed the wind did begin to pick up and blow the snow onto their glasses making viewing a little difficult. Don and Wayne got back to the host's house with apparently little trouble, but by the time we were ready to return to Wayne and Abbie's house driving had grown downright tricky.

(Continued on page 19)



Don Driftmier bundles up for a snowy day at the football game in Denver, Colorado.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends,

As I write this letter, our Christmas plans are still not certain. The church where I am helping out as the "interim minister" has the good fortune to have several clergymen in its membership. One of them has offered to be responsible for the Christmas services if I wish to take a few days off during the holiday season. If I do accept that kind offer, Betty and I may fly out to Omaha to be with Mary Lea's family for Christmas, or we might go down to Florida to be with Betty's father. Actually, Betty is thinking about flying down to see her father next week, and when she returns from that mission, we shall make our decision about the holidays.

Do you remember that in one of my letters some weeks ago I mentioned the success of our "fried dough" booth at the local Hospital Barbecue and how I thought that the origin of the fried dough delicacy was probably Italian? Well, what a flood of mail we received about that! Several of you good friends wrote and told me that you were positive fried dough was of Swedish origin, but there were several other friends who wrote and said fried dough was a German dish. Two people were positive that it was of Greek origin, and one lady thought that it was Swiss or French. Not a one of you wrote and said you were in agreement with my assumption that fried dough was of Italian origin. Now I am certain of just one thing about the whole subject, and that is that fried dough is nothing of my creation!

Several months ago, I told you about Rudy the goose who thinks he is a swoose, that is, Rudy thinks he is part swan and thus entitled to fall in love and to mate with a swan. Rudy now has a goose for a mate, but a few days ago, I did see a real, live swoose. The beautiful bird is a cross between a Canada goose and a South American Black-necked Swan. It was on a private estate where the owner's hobby is raising wild water birds of all kinds. One of these days, I hope to get a good picture of that swoose.

At our house, we don't have a swoose but do have a guck. Have you ever seen a guck? It is a cross between a domestic goose of some kind and a wild mallard duck. I don't know how such a creature could exist, but it does; he is in front of our house all day long. He walks and flies like a goose but quacks like a duck and prefers the company of ducks. The guck is stupid like a goose, and even though he



Mr. Robert Minor of Rhode Island is Frederick's friend who farms swans and sells them for a living. Frederick has interviewed Mr. Minor on the Kitchen-Klatter Program.

is big enough to fight off ten ducks at a time, the smart little ducks take advantage of him and tease him unmercifully. The swans do not like the guck, but the guck likes the swans, that causes problems.

Sam and Sarah, the mute swans who have a territory on the river just below the marina where I keep my boat, gave us quite a surprise this past summer. They had a family of six cygnets (baby swans), three a normal gray color and three as white as snow! Did you ever hear of such a thing? So far as I know, the only swans in the world which regularly have white babies are the *Immutable Swans* (*Cygnus immutabilis*) found only in the Baltic Sea off the coasts of Poland and Russia. How on earth Sam and Sarah ended up with three cygnets that look just like Immutables is quite beyond my imagination. I rather think that it was a case of mixed up genes, something like the situation which produces albinos in some animals, including the human animal.

You probably know that most of the swans of the world (the Australian Black Swan being an exception) are a dull gray when born, turn a brownish color when they are five or six months old, and become pure white when they are just over a year old. Our Clyde and his "second wife" Claudette are so strikingly white that I find it hard to believe that there could be any swans in the world any whiter, but there are! The Bewick's Swan (*Cygnus columbianus bewickii*) of the Arctic and the British Isles is said to be whiter than any other white swans. One writer even goes so far as to say: "In the company of other swans, the frosty, almost incandescent quality of its plumage makes that of the other swans appear actually dingy." How amazing! If you could see how very, very white the feathers of Clyde and Claudette are, you would wonder how any other swan could be any whiter.

Last September, I told you about an experience I had with the sailboat when

the boat got caught on a lobster pot buoy and was brought to a halt. I thought I never could be so careless as to let my boat get caught again in such a manner, but it has happened. The first time it happened, a neighbor was sailing the boat while I assisted, and once again, a friend was doing the sailing when we unknowingly snagged the buoy and began dragging it behind and far beneath the boat. We discovered our problem when I began to wonder why other boats were passing us as though the boat was standing still. Well, we were practically standing still, pitching up and down on the waves. From the set of my sails, and from the current of water sweeping out from the stern of the boat, we had all of the sensation of moving but without the progress, thanks to a good wind and a strong tide.

Because of an approaching storm, we were desperate to get that heavy lobster pot hanging twenty feet below the boat disconnected so that we could speedily make for port. What to do! Last summer, our neighbor dove under the boat and cut loose the buoy lines that were holding us, but one does not dive out of a boat into a cold, early winter ocean. We had two choices, both of them difficult. One choice was to use a long-handled boathook (something like a shepherd's crook) to snag the line and then with super-human strength pull it up high enough so that it could be cut loose. The second choice was to get the boat to some sandy beach where we could put its bow into the sand while we waded around to pick up the line and cut it. Our first choice worked; but in the process of straining to reach far enough down under the boat with the boathook, I cracked two ribs.

My doctor tells me that I have the smallest bones for a man my size that he has ever seen, that is, my bones are thin and break and crack easily. I have broken ribs falling off a chair, while sliding down the hill on my son's sled, while demonstrating an English lecture technique in a classroom, and while landing a hot air balloon. Fortunately, I never have broken an arm or a leg, but I have broken my back. If I describe myself as a wreck, don't believe it. I am the picture of health and very active in a variety of sports. Not bad for a man sixty-seven years of age!!

After writing this letter to you, I am going to do some preparation for next Sunday when I shall be preaching a sermon on the subject of keeping faith in God. Sometimes, when people tell me that they have lost their faith in God, I ask them how they dare to go to sleep at night. Sleeping is such a common act of faith that we lose sight of how exciting it is. Sleep really is a mystery! It takes up one third of our lives, a third that finds us

(Continued on page 18)



ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends,

I hope this holiday season finds each of you sharing the warmth and joy of kinship with your family members or good friends. I am really looking forward to spending our Christmas holiday in Hobbs, New Mexico, as we will celebrate a small family reunion of the Walstad clan. We will be joining the families of Mike's two sisters, Diane Murrell, of Tuttle, Oklahoma, and Martha Hollingsworth, of Hobbs, as well as Mike's parents, Connie and Jack Walstad. We are seldom all together at once, so this will be a welcome chance to assemble under one roof.

The last few years, our family has spent Christmas here at home in Ruidoso. This has been necessary because of my kennel business. Christmas and New Year weeks are always particularly busy for me, since many families must use our service while they travel for the holidays. Needless to say, the dogs require care on Christmas morning just like any ordinary day, so the cleaning and feeding duties must continue right on schedule. I try to do something special for my wards during the holidays and create a dog biscuit surprise package for each one as a treat on Christmas morning. I'm sure each wishes he was home with his family at yuletide also!

Mike's mother will be especially excited about her children's visit, for it will be her first chance to entertain us in their new home. Having been many years in the planning stages and many months in construction, their new home was finished in late fall, just in time for our arrival.

We can hardly wait to see it! I can't begin to tell you of the thousands of hours that Connie has spent studying and researching, drawing and planning so this new house would really be a dream come true. Delightful combinations of grace, style and practicality will merge to make this a lovely, yet a very liveable home. We were able to visit once during the construction phase and are anxious to see the finished product. The house will contain a large studio and gallery for her art work, also a stunning solar atrium which opens onto a kitchen and dining area. I will never be at a loss for a practical gift, for a blooming plant will always be at home in this house.

There will be holiday decorations to enhance the festivities, but the one item which will most probably be absent is winter weather. Somehow Christmas just doesn't seem like Christmas when one looks out the window to sunny,



Mike Walstad is taking friends for a sleigh ride in the beautiful mountains surrounding the Walstad home.

bright blue skies and temperatures in the fifties and sixties. I have never quite gotten accustomed to Christmas in the desert. The singing of some Christmas carols almost seems like a joke—"Dashing through the snow in a one horse open sleigh" or "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas." To me, the only positive aspect of mild yuletide weather is that we need not risk our lives traveling back and forth to our destination on treacherous highways. This is the one factor which discourages us from traveling to my parents' home in December. Traveling six hundred miles in a Colorado blizzard can be quite an experience!

It has been several months since our two children, Lee and Lily, were in Hobbs for a visit. The last time the children were able to spend a few days there was late in the summer. Connie and Martha kept them while Mike and I were involved with the Old Lincoln Days production of the historical Billy the Kid Pageant. This was a weekend which he and I devoted to our horses and the town of Lincoln, and it turned out to be a delightful short vacation.

In previous letters I have mentioned a little about this event. We have become increasingly involved each year with the production of this "grass roots" theatrical performance, simply because it has proved to be such fun! This year was my first opportunity to have a character role. It was also the first time my trusted horse, Peaches, took the stage. Mike and I worked long hours assembling our costumes for the time period of the 1880's. Mike has an ancient western hat, not a bit like the newfangled modern cowboy hat styles, and his outfit is highlighted with a shirt and jacket that I had custom made by a company which specializes in old west clothing reproductions. A group of skilled seamstresses make these unique replicas for the River Junction Trading Company located in eastern Iowa. The coat is a canvas "duster." It has a long tail

which is split down the middle. In his stunning six-foot four-inch frame, Mike and his brightly marked, paint horse, Rudy, nearly steal the show from Billy the Kid!

I could hardly wait to participate in this year's play, for I had collected the various elements of my costume over a long period of time, and the play was my first opportunity to wear it. The play was also the first outing for my antique sidesaddle which I had purchased last fall. My hat, a black "Square filly" with a veil was purchased from the same company which made Mike's clothes, and my Victorian-styled blouse was found in a local store. I made the skirt, a grey calico cotton print. It is a floor-length culotte design with a gathered waistband to allow for fullness at the bottom. According to one observer, Peaches and I created a "vision of loveliness!"

Although there was little difficulty in riding the sidesaddle, mounting the creature was an entirely different matter. After years and years of crawling astride my horse without assistance, the sidesaddle required that I be lifted into place by the nearest willing gentleman. This proved to be an amusing situation, for although chivalrous, most volunteers had no more practice concerning this predicament than I. By the weekend's conclusion, Mike and I were quite adept at the feat and could even manage it with a little grace!

On Sunday the town hosted a small parade, and Mike's parents brought Lily and Lee to Lincoln to watch the festivities. It was so nice to be reunited after our week's separation. Unbeknownst to us, the parade was being judged—we were pleasantly surprised to be awarded a trophy as the Best Frontier Couple!

Experiences such as this have given me a wealth of fond memories in my lifetime, and I am grateful for them all. I wish each of you a year filled with the joy of sharing love and laughter. May peace be with you all.

Alison



An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends,

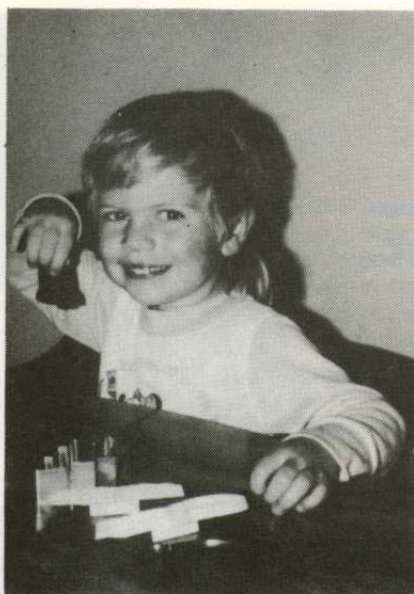
When I think of coming home, I think of finding my mother in the kitchen. Whether I was returning from a day at first grade or a semester at college, she was there working, waiting and welcoming. That's what I REMEMBER, even though I know she was usually busy somewhere out of the house most of the day.

Many of you will remember the television program "The Homecoming" that was aired a number of years ago. The program was so well received that it grew into the successful series "The Waltons." "The Homecoming" struck a responsive chord in a lot of hearts, and no wonder. The holiday season has a way of making us examine personal relationships and reflect on the true essentials of life, and "The Homecoming" did this with gentleness and compassion.

When we were back East last summer for my grandmother Crandall's memorial service, I was interested to see that all my Crandall cousins feel a sense of homecoming every time we're in southern Rhode Island. My brother Dave and I come by it more naturally than some because we're both Rhode Island-born. But all of us feel a strong rootedness to an area that holds such wonderful memories from our childhoods, however brief the moments spent there in the total span of our lives.

The Crandall cousins spent one wonderful morning at the beach together, an outing that held all the joy of a Thanksgiving family reunion like the ones we'd shared as children. Most of us had learned to swim at that beach, or at least had our first ocean encounter there. So it was with a ceremonial feeling that my cousins Tom and Chris Preston and I made a pilgrimage out to the end of the breakwater, to sit and talk for a while. We talked about Nana and about our lives. Tom asked a question I've given much thought to ever since. He wondered how I had survived having had so many radical changes in my lifestyle. That's an honest question. Anyone can see that it's a long way from an Indian reservation to an air force base, for example. But when he asked me, I suddenly knew the answer.

I have survived in all the changes because I have made each place my home; I have learned to put down roots and grow. This isn't an easy thing to learn. Plenty of us are dreamers and planners, and don't put much energy into the present. I used to be that way, but by choice and by fate I move a lot and am constantly challenged by encountering new faces and different values. To make each new experience worthwhile I try to



Cassie Palo, 3-year-old daughter of Mary Lea and Vince Palo, chooses a cooky cutter.

learn about the immediate world around me, take what is good and incorporate it into my life, and give something back in return.

What is constant in my life is the care of my family. They occasionally get leftovers for supper, and sometimes just my "leftover" time as well. But I help them to get involved and be "at home" wherever we are.

Traditions are some of the ways we set the stage for a feeling of homecoming at Christmas. The kids love to unpack the boxes of tree ornaments, many of which are handmade and have been with us for years. Since they are always a step ahead of Vin and me in our decorating, it's amazing the delicate treasures survive from year to year rather than getting ground into the carpet. Our ornaments reflect interests; hot air balloons from my father's flying days, the skills of friends, and love (we keep the gilded pine cones and popsicle stick stars wrought by kindergarten hands).

We also bake hundreds of decorated gingerbread cookies at Christmas, stringing yarn through a hole in each to make them tree decorations. Getting out the food coloring, sprinkles, "red hots," bowls, spoons, etc. is a ritual with which even 3-year-old Cassie is very familiar. This is the ninth year we have been making these marvelous cookies—the recipe a gift from a friend. In each home we've shared the experience with friends and neighbors.

My son Chris especially likes to unpack the creche. Our nativity scene is one that my parents collected a few pieces at a time over several years as I was growing up. There is a wooden stable with straw roof. The people and animals are plaster of Paris; the whole imported from Italy. Now the lovely

painted details are chipped in places, but no less loved for their imperfections.

Vin's mother gave us what will be a new tradition, a ceramic village she had made and the inside of each building lights up when the set is plugged in. Last year after unpacking this, we set the buildings on the dining room table, then sat and sang Christmas carols as we admired them. Perhaps we'll do that again.

Tradition is important in creating the joy of the holiday season. We need to go home in our hearts and all want to feel that Mom is in the kitchen with a warm welcome for us, whether she's actually there or not.

My Christmas wish for you is that you think of someone from whom you've become distanced or estranged, and give that person a "homecoming" back into your heart.

Peace,
Mary Lea

GINGERBREAD COOKIES

5 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. salt
2 tsp. ground cinnamon
1 tsp. ground ginger
1 tsp. ground cloves
1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg
1 cup vegetable shortening
1 cup sugar
1 cup molasses
1 egg
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
Sift together the flour, baking soda, salt and spices. Beat vegetable shortening with sugar until fluffy and light in a large bowl; beat in molasses, egg and vanilla flavoring. Stir in flour mixture, a third at a time, blending well after each addition. This makes a soft dough. Wrap dough in foil and chill 4 hours or overnight.

Roll out dough, one quarter at a time, to a 1/8-inch thickness on a lightly floured pastry board. Cut with cooky cutters into seasonal shapes. Place 1 inch apart on ungreased cooky sheet. Bake at 350 degrees about 8 minutes, or until cookies are firm but not too dark.

To make tree ornaments, roll a thin piece of aluminum foil tightly and cut into half-inch pieces. Stick each piece into an unbaked cooky to make a hole for hanging. When cookies are cool, string with yarn for hanging on tree, may frost with:

2 egg whites
1 tsp. lemon juice
3 1/2 cups sifted confectioner's sugar

Beat egg whites and lemon juice until foamy in a medium-size bowl. Slowly beat in sugar, until frosting stands in firm peaks and is stiff enough to hold a sharp line when cut through with a knife. Keep frosting covered with a damp paper towel to keep from drying.

NEWS FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends,

Greetings from the busy Brase household! I'm not sure I'm the busiest member of the family—that honor may well lie with Elizabeth—but I certainly manage to find enough to do to fill each day, and then some.

This is my fourth year of working with the Goshen County Educational Resource Center, and I seem to enjoy my career more all the time. For the first three years at the center, my time was divided between teaching and testing. In the mornings I worked with students in the high school resource program at Lingle, Wyoming, a small community about ten miles west of Torrington. My afternoons were spent doing psychological testing for the county-wide school district. This year, however, with 19 students in the resource program at Lingle-Ft. Laramie High School, I am teaching full-time with few, if any, testing responsibilities. This arrangement has been quite agreeable to me, as I much prefer teaching to testing.

For the most part, our resource program at Lingle is geared to the student with learning problems, but some of my students have emotional and behavioral problems as well. In fact, there are days when I've done more counseling than teaching. When a child is in tears, the teaching waits. Most emotional and behavioral problems must be dealt with on the spot. Of course, some problems are very deep-seated, and they are just not going to go away overnight.

I feel most fortunate to have the supportive help of the school counselor, Mr. Mike Thurber, and the principal, Mr. Howard Craton, two individuals who have proven to be especially sensitive to the needs of special education students. Actually, this sensitivity exists throughout the entire high school faculty, which makes the job of coordinating each student's schedule a much easier one for me.

Last year and this year I have been blessed with the help of a part-time aide and don't know how I ever managed without Cheryl Thomas. Cheryl is undoubtedly the most efficient and sensible young woman with whom I have ever had the pleasure of working. Cheryl keeps track of me right along with the students. She is a real gem!

It takes a true team approach to work



Julian, Elizabeth and their mother, Kristin Brase, enjoy their mini-vacation in Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

with students identified as needing help in special programs. The problems our staff have encountered this year have somehow seemed more serious than those we've had in the past. Two of our students have made suicide attempts and two others have threatened such action. These students must be taken very seriously indeed. I have attended workshops on suicide over the years and have learned that when a person states he or she no longer feels like living, one tends to respond by saying, "Oh, you shouldn't feel that way," or, "Oh, but you have so much to live for."

Because these responses and ones like them deny or reject what the depressed person is feeling and experiencing, such remarks are not considered very helpful. A better approach is to reflect what the person seems to be feeling in order to break through the barrier of loneliness by demonstrating an empathetic understanding. "Things must look pretty bad to you right now," is the type of response that can open the door for a student to tell about the things going wrong and to share the feeling of being helpless to change the situation. When I've been involved with such a crisis, I have stayed with the student until his or her outlook improved. Apprising the family and securing professional help are other important steps to be taken.

With these kinds of stresses occupying the first few weeks of the school year, you can imagine how quickly I jumped at the chance to get away for a few days when my dear husband invited me to go with him to Jackson Hole, Wyoming. With Art working many nights and weekends,

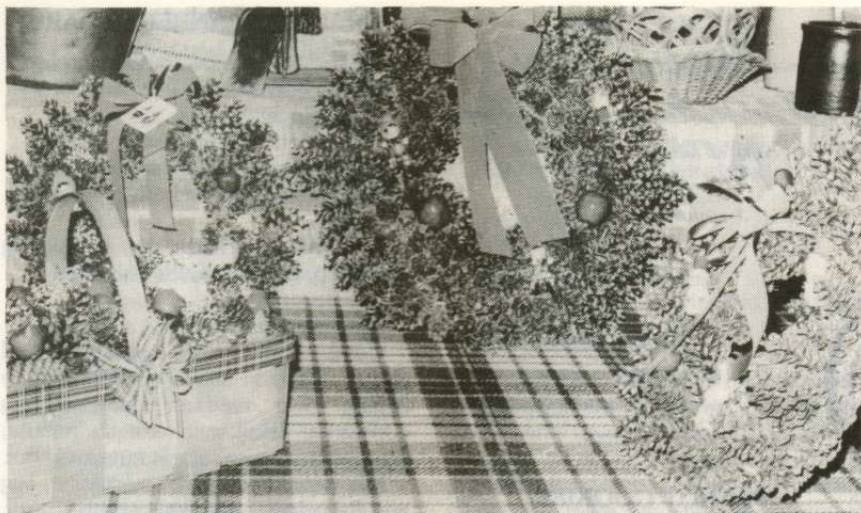
there are times when opportunities for togetherness seem woefully limited, so I was truly delighted to accompany him to an annual meeting of respiratory therapists.

We were fortunate in having fine weather for the trip. Julian and Elizabeth traveled with us, but Andy and Aaron had work and school commitments that kept them home. While Art attended meetings, I took Julian and Elizabeth to the Fish Hatchery and the Wax Museum. When Art could join us, we visited a fine exhibit of western art and drove along mountain roads around Jackson. I thought it was too cold to go swimming in an outdoor pool, but Julian did not. Having packed his bathing suit, he was determined to use it and spent an hour one evening doing exactly that!

On the way to Jackson, Art and I took turns driving. On the return trip, however, Art lost his glasses between Jackson and Dubois, so guess who drove all the rest of the way home! Yes, I was tired upon reaching Torrington but ever so grateful for such a safe and pleasant mini-vacation from my daily routine.

After daily bike rides all summer and fall, Elizabeth and I are missing one of our favorite outings now that colder weather and snows have set in. If it isn't too cold after school, and if the streets are dry, I bundle her up and we go for a short ride, anyway. Sometimes we go for a short walk instead of a ride. Elizabeth likes to look for dogs and cats. She also likes to go next door and say "hello" to our good neighbors to the south, Bill and Emma Schwartzkopf, and their daughter, Lori, who lives with them. Bill and Emma are

(Continued on page 19)



This display shows a few of the many decorations that Garnette Hallwas makes with pine cones.

PINE CONES MAKE UNIQUE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

by
Dianne L. Beetler

Friends of Garnette Hallwas sometimes refer to her as the "Pine Cone Lady." For six years, Garnette and members of her family regularly have picked up pine cones which she uses to make wreaths, centerpieces, and other beautiful decorations for the home.

Garnette became involved with pine cone craft when someone taught her to use them to make wreaths. The creative Macomb, Ill. resident combined her own skills and ideas to turn out different kinds of wreaths and even Christmas trees made of pine cones. She also makes pine cone baskets.

Armed with a glue gun and wire, she enters her basement workroom where she glues and wires the pine cones together in the desired shape. Although some people bake pine cones to remove the sap, Garnette does not. She rinses them to clean them. "It's not a hobby for a person afraid to get dirty," she said. The job has its hazards, too. "My nails break off, and I get burned with the glue gun," she confessed.

To make her Christmas centerpieces, Garnette starts with a wire frame. Then she attaches pine cones of all sizes until the tree is finished. As a final touch, she decorates it with ornaments and bows. She makes wreaths the same way. Occasionally, she adds nuts, bread dough rolls, or other decorative items to the wreaths, but pine cones are her basic material. To give a wreath a Victorian look, she trims it with lace, satin ribbon and dried baby's breath flowers.

With her husband, John, and sons, Darrin and Evan, Garnette has traveled to Minnesota, Wisconsin and the East Coast. They searched for pine cones everywhere. "We bring garbage bags back home in our trailer and under the seat in the car," she said with a smile. "I

start the season with 12 garbage bags full of pine cones."

Of course she finds a large number of her pine cones near home. Most of them come from spruce, hemlock and white pine trees and shrubs. Some are so small that they look like miniatures. She collects them in the summer because they freeze to the ground in the winter.

Her pine cone decorations are most popular at Christmas time. Garnette begins making them in mid-August and it takes her four hours to make a large wreath.

Her pine cone trees and wreaths vary in size, and her masterpiece is a five-foot tall tree made of 3,000 pine cones. She spent more than a year working on it. During the Christmas season, it is displayed in a local bank so that the entire community can enjoy Garnette's handiwork. Her work also has been featured in store windows and in special exhibits at the local university.

Garnette enjoys providing the "extra touch" to beautify a home at Christmas time.

I THANK THEE

I thank Thee, God, for these—the commonplace:

My home, my bed at night, a child's embrace;

A humble church where I may worship, too;

For rainy days, and little tasks to do.

I thank Thee, God, that such a lovely thing

As setting sun at end of day can bring Me ecstasy; for loving friends who care;

I thank Thee for the privilege to share Thy blessings; and assurance as I live—

I need but ask Thee, Lord, Thou wilt forgive!
—Sunshine

THE REASON FOR CHRISTMAS

'Tis the week before Christmas, and all over town

There's a hustle and bustle, and all up and down

You can hear people rush, as they hurry to buy

Before it's too late, and they're left—high and dry.

We spend all our money, and still go in debt

Revising our lists, lest someone we forget:

There's a dolly for Suzy,

A skateboard for Tom,

A necktie for father,

And candy for Mom—

A present for Sally,

And one for her brother,

What shall we get

For the children's grandmother?

And yet midst the turmoil, thru the back of my head,

There rings an old story, that seems almost dead,

Of a dear little babe, who was born in a stall

To bring peace and hope, and salvation for all.

As I ponder and think, 'twas a bright shining star

That led the three wise men from countries afar.

And shepherds were watching their flocks on that night

When the angels appeared and caused such a fright!

"Peace be with thee, great tidings of joy, A Savior is born—yea, a sweet baby boy

And straightway they followed the light in the sky

Hoping, to see where the dear Jesus lie.

As the children are sleeping, all cozy in bed,

With dreams of their Santa Claus all dressed in red,

Filling their stockings with candies and toys

And all of the things given good girls and boys—

I recall, with a start, just what is the reason

We feel ever so joyous at this Christmas season,

That God sent His Son from His Heaven above,

To show us His deep and compassionate love!

And so, as we sing 'neath the tree trimmed so gay,

Let's not forget Jesus this bright Christmas day!

—Kathryn Deal





WHITE CHRISTMAS FUDGE

- 1 1/2 lbs. white almond bark
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla or burnt sugar flavoring (or 1/2 tsp. each)
- 1 cup chopped red and green candied cherries

Melt the almond bark in heavy saucepan over very low heat. Stir in the condensed milk. Blend well and remove from heat. Stir in the salt, flavoring and candied cherries. Spread evenly in an 8-inch square pan which has been lined with waxed paper. Chill for 2 to 3 hours. Turn candy out on cutting board. Peel off waxed paper and cut into squares. Store, loosely covered, at room temperature.

PRUNE-RICE STUFFING

- 2 small onions, finely diced
- 2 carrots, finely diced
- 2 stalks celery, finely diced
- 4 Tbls. butter
- Sprig of fresh thyme (or pinch of dried thyme)
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 cups rice (1/4 cup wild rice could be used)
- 3 1/2 cups boiling chicken broth or water
- Salt and pepper

Saute onion, carrots and celery in butter for about 10 minutes. Add herbs, rice, chicken broth or water, salt and pepper. Cover and cook for about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. May need to add more liquid during cooking. When rice is cooked, drain off any excess liquid and remove bay leaf. Place in serving dish and arrange prunes over top. Pour the cider which prunes were soaked in over top.

—Robin

Christmas Scent

(A Holiday Fragrance for the Home)

- 2 cups of water
- 1 Tbls whole cloves
- 3 cinnamon sticks
- 1 whole nutmeg/ or 1 tfs. ground nutmeg

Simmer all ingredients in a medium size pan. Add additional water and spices when needed.

PEANUT COOKIES

- 1/4 cup margarine
- 2/3 cup peanut butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 1/3 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring

1 egg
1/2 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips
1/3 cup chopped unsalted peanuts
Heat oven to 375 degrees. Stir together margarine and peanut butter. Mix in the sugars. Sift in the flour, salt and soda; mix well. Add the flavorings and egg, mixing well after each addition. Stir in the chocolate chips and the peanuts.

Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheet; allow about 2 inches between each for spreading. Flatten with the back of a spoon and bake for 8 minutes.

—Juliana

CHRISTMAS REFRIGERATOR COOKY

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 3/4 cup finely chopped red and green candied cherries
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 3/4 cup flaked coconut

Cream the butter and sugar together. Stir in the milk and flavorings. Add the flour, candied cherries and pecans. Form into 2 or 3 rolls. Coat the rolls with coconut. Wrap each roll in waxed paper and chill thoroughly. When ready to bake, slice 1/4 inch thick and place on ungreased baking sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for about 10 minutes, or until edges are golden brown.

NOTE: This recipe does not call for any eggs, baking powder, or soda.

—Dorothy

ORANGE-CRANBERRY BARS

- 1 10-oz. jar orange-cranberry relish
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- 1 cup margarine or butter, softened
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour

Combine the relish, cornstarch and ginger. Place in saucepan and heat to boiling over medium heat, stirring constantly. Boil and stir 1 minute; remove from heat, stir in nuts and cool.

Mix powdered sugar, margarine, egg and flavorings. Add flour and mix well. Remove 1 cup dough and press remaining dough into an ungreased 9- by 13-inch pan. Spread relish mixture over dough. Drop the 1 cup dough by teaspoonfuls onto relish mixture. Bake in 350-degree oven about 35 minutes or until toothpick inserted comes out clean. Cool. Top with glaze.

Glaze

- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 2 Tbls. milk (or less)

Mix until smooth and drizzle over top of bars.

—Verlene

SLICE OF SPICE COOKIES

- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
Sift together the flour, soda, cream of tartar, salt and cinnamon. Set aside. Cream together the butter or margarine and shortening. Gradually add brown sugar, creaming well. Blend in eggs and flavorings. Beat well. Gradually stir in the sifted dry ingredients; mix thoroughly. Stir in rolled oats.

Divide dough into three parts. Shape each portion into a long roll on a piece of foil, then wrap and refrigerate until firm enough to slice. Cut into 1/4-inch slices and bake on greased cookie sheets for about 9 minutes, or until just starting to brown, at 350 degrees. Space well as they do spread in baking. These should be just a fraction underdone to be moist and chewy.

—Mary Lea

POSOLE MI CASA*(Hominy and Pork Dish)*

- 1 lb. posole, washed well (or 3 cans hominy, drained)
- 6 cups cold water
- 5 medium onions, coarsely chopped
- 4 large garlic cloves, peeled and crushed
- 4 Tbls. cooking oil
- 3 lbs. boned pork shoulder, cut into 3/4-inch cubes
- 1 tsp. crumbled leaf oregano
- 1/2 tsp. thyme
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. black pepper
- 1 2/3 cups chicken broth
- 1 10-oz. can whole green chilies, drained and cut in long strips (or chopped chilies)
- 1 to 3 jalapeno peppers, minced (optional)
- Red or green chili sauce (optional)

Place the posole and the water in a large heavy pot and bring to a simmer. Cover and cook slowly until the kernels burst, about 3 1/2 hours.

When the posole is almost done, lightly brown the onions and the garlic in 2 Tbls. of the oil. Drain on paper towels. Add remaining 2 Tbls. oil to the skillet and brown pork cubes a few at a time. Drain on paper towels. Then add the onions, garlic and the pork to the pot. Add all the remaining ingredients to the posole and mix well. Simmer another 3 hours. Serve in large soup bowls with red or green chili sauce to pass if desired.

This is a traditional Mexican Christmas dish. —Robin

ORANGE-RAISIN GINGERBREAD

- 1 1/3 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 3/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 cup sour milk
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 orange, peeled and sectioned
- 1/2 cup raisins

Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder, cinnamon and ginger. Set aside. In another bowl, cream the shortening, add sugar and beat well. Add the egg, molasses and flavorings. Beat well. Add the sour milk alternately with the dry ingredients, blending well. Melt the butter or margarine in an 8-inch square pan. Arrange the orange sections in pan. Sprinkle the raisins over all. Pour the batter over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Serve warm with whipped topping. —Juliana

FRUIT DROPS

- 1 1/2 cups firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 cup lard
- 3 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 cups unsifted flour
- 1/2 cup raisins, plumped in hot water
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream the brown sugar and lard. Beat in the eggs and flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to creamed mixture. Beat well. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake for 10 to 12 minutes at 350 degrees. —Dorothy

GUMDROP COOKIES

- 2 cups shortening (part butter)
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 4 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 4 2/3 cups unsifted flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. soda
- 2 cups chopped gumdrops
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream together the shortening and sugars. Add the eggs and flavorings; beat well. Add the dry ingredients, gumdrops (which have been dusted with flour) and the nuts. Mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to greased baking sheet. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 8 to 10 minutes. Will make about 9 dozen. —Dorothy

PUMPKIN BARS

- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups pumpkin
- 3/4 cup melted butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Mix sugar, eggs, pumpkin, butter and flavoring. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and cinnamon. Add to batter. Bake at 350 degrees in jellyroll pan (about 11- by 17-inches) for 30 to 45 minutes. Test center for doneness.

Frosting

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 6 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 Tbls. cream or milk
- 3 cups powdered sugar

Mix together until smooth. Frost cooled bars and serve. —Verlene

MARIE'S PEANUT BRITTLE*(Microwave)*

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup raw peanuts
- 1/2 cup white syrup
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. soda

Combine the sugar, peanuts, syrup and salt in a 2-quart microwave proof bowl. Microwave on high for 4 minutes, uncovered. Remove from oven and stir. Return to oven for 3 1/2 minutes on high. Remove from oven and stir. Add the flavoring and butter, stirring well. Return to oven, set on high, for 1 minute. Remove from oven and quickly stir in the soda. Meanwhile, have ready a foil-lined cookie sheet. Pour the candy on the prepared sheet. Do not smooth with spoon; let candy spread by itself. Cool and break apart. —Hallie

GOOD BREAKFAST

- 1 cup biscuit mix
- 1 1/2 cups cream cottage cheese
- 1/2 lb. grated, mild Cheddar cheese
- 1 tsp. dry minced onion
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 6 eggs, lightly beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 3/4 cup butter

Mix all the ingredients except butter together. Pour into a greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Melt the butter and pour over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. —Dorothy

ROCKY ROAD CANDY ROLLS

- 4 squares of semi-sweet chocolate (or a 6-oz. pkg. of semi-sweet chocolate chips)
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts
- 2 cups or more miniature marshmallows

More chopped nuts for rolling

Melt chocolate or chocolate chips and the butter or margarine in a saucepan over low heat. Then mix beaten egg with the cup of powdered sugar and the flavoring. Mix chocolate and butter mixture with egg and sugar mixture. Cool. When cool add 3/4 cup chopped nuts and the marshmallows.

Spread chopped nuts on 2 pieces of waxed paper. Spoon 1/2 of the batter into a log shape along one end of paper. Roll batter and paper into log shape and tie ends of paper. Repeat with remaining batter. Refrigerate or freeze logs. Slice when ready to serve. Keeps a long time and looks very attractive. —Mary Lea

CHRISTMAS FRUIT NUGGETS

- 6 Tbls. butter, softened
- 3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 cup raisins (I plumped them by pouring hot water over them, then letting them set a few minutes and then draining well.)
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 cup chopped red and green candied cherries

Cream together the butter and the brown sugar. Then add egg and flavoring and beat well. Add the water. Mix together the flour, soda, salt, cinnamon and cloves and stir into the creamed mixture. Mix in the plumped raisins, the pecans and the cherries.

Put a rounded teaspoon of dough in paper-lined tiny muffin tins. Bake at 375 degrees for 9 to 10 minutes.

If you don't have the tiny muffin tins, you can place the paper cups on a cookie sheet and bake. These can be frozen.

—Dorothy

SPICY ASPIC

- 2 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
- 1/3 cup cold water
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 1-lb. 12-oz. can tomatoes, drained (reserve the liquid)
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 4 stalks celery, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. dried dill weed
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. dried parsley
- 1 cup reserved tomato juice (must have 1 cup)
- 1/4 tsp. coarse black pepper
- 1 small can whole green chili peppers (optional)

Dissolve gelatin in water and vinegar in a cup in pan of water over low heat. Mix all remaining ingredients except peppers and add dissolved gelatin.

Lightly grease a 2 quart ring mold. Put 1/2 of the gelatin mixture in mold, then layer the green chili peppers and top with the remaining gelatin mixture. Chill until firm. Middle of ring may be filled with chopped and raw vegetables, if desired.

Dressing

- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. Italian herbs

Thoroughly mix the dressing ingredients together. Top Spicy Aspic with dressing before serving. —Juliana

CARROT-RAISIN BROWNIES

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup margarine
- 4 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups white flour
- 1 1/2 cups whole-wheat flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup raisins
- 3 cups finely grated raw carrots
- 1 cup chopped walnuts or pecans

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Cream the brown sugar and margarine. Beat in eggs and flavorings. Stir in the dry ingredients which have been combined. Lastly, stir in the raisins, carrots and nuts. Spread in the prepared pan. Bake approximately 40 minutes, or until brownies test done. Cool and cut into squares. —Emily

**CURRIED BUTTERNUT SQUASH SOUP**

- 4 Tbls. butter
- 2 cups finely chopped yellow onion
- 4 to 5 tsp. curry powder
- 2 medium-size butternut squash (about 3 lbs. when peeled and chopped)
- 2 apples, peeled, cored and chopped
- 3 cups chicken broth or stock
- 1 cup apple juice
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 1 unpeeled tart apple, shredded

Melt butter in a pan. Add onion and curry powder. Cover and cook over low heat until onion is tender. Add the chopped squash, 2 chopped apples and chicken broth or stock. Bring to a boil, then simmer until squash is tender (about 25 minutes). Strain, separating the vegetables from the liquid. Reserve a small portion of the vegetables. Place the remaining vegetables, along with a small amount of the liquid, in a food processor or blender. Whirl until a puree is formed. Combine the pureed mixture, remaining liquid, reserved vegetables, apple juice, salt and pepper. Place over heat and cook until slightly thickened. Garnish with the raw shredded apple. —Robin

BETTY'S CORN CHOWDER

- 6 to 8 medium ears of corn
- 5 to 6 medium potatoes, peeled and sliced
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 5 cups milk
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 8 to 10 white crackers, split

Cook fresh corn in a small amount of water in a covered kettle about 12 minutes. Remove corn; set aside to cool. Add potatoes and onion to corn water; cook slowly until just soft. Slice corn from cob with a sharp knife and add to vegetables in the kettle. Stir in milk, butter and flavoring. Bring to a boil and simmer 5 minutes. Salt and pepper to taste. Simmer on low burner for 30 to 60 minutes to gather flavor (do not boil).

Five minutes before serving add the crackers which have been soaked for a few minutes in a little cool milk.

A suggested addition:

Fry 4 or 5 slices of bacon, chop; saute diced red and green peppers; add to chowder.

—Betty

GLAZED CARROTS AND CELERY

- 2 to 3 cups carrots
- 2 to 3 cups celery
- 5 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 2/3 cup heavy cream
- 1/2 tsp. Dijon mustard
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- Salt and pepper to taste

Clean and chop vegetables into bite-size pieces. Put the vegetables into a pot of boiling, salted water and parboil for about 10 minutes. They will still be quite crisp. Drain; rinse with cold water.

Melt butter in large saute pan and add the vegetables. Mix well to coat vegetables in the butter. Add the sugar. Remove and place in serving dish.

In the saute pan cook the heavy cream until it thickens and coats the back of a spoon. Add the mustard and lemon juice, blend well and spoon over the carrots and celery. Serves 6. —Verlene

APRICOT BALLS

- 4 cups dried apricots, finely chopped
- 4 cups shredded coconut
- 2 cups English walnuts, chopped
- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

In large bowl combine all the ingredients. Form into 1-inch balls. Put in refrigerator until firm.

These are not baked and may be stored in refrigerator. —Verlene

DATE-NUT PUDDING

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1 1/2 Tbls. unbleached all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup coarsely chopped pitted dates
- 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped and sweetened
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Grease a glass or ceramic 9- by 13-inch baking pan well.

Cream the butter. Gradually add sugar, creaming well until light and fluffy. Add eggs, milk, flour and baking powder. Mix well. Fold in dates and nuts. Turn into prepared pan. Place on middle rack in oven. Bake for 50 to 60 minutes, or until set.

Meanwhile, whip and sweeten cream. Add flavoring. Serve the pudding slightly warm or at room temperature topped with whipped cream. —Robin

ITALIAN STUFFING

- 8 cups bread crumbs (dry Italian bread cubed)
- 1 heaping cup mozzarella cheese, cubed
- Turkey liver and gizzard, cooked and cubed
- 1 1/2 cups Abruzzese sausage, cubed (or use ham)
- 1/2 cup hard salami, cubed
- 1/4 cup pepperoni, cubed
- 9 eggs
- 2 15-oz. containers ricotta cheese
- 4 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese (preferably fresh)
- 2 Tbls. snipped parsley

Ingredients may be cut into cubes the day before. Prepare the turkey for roasting. Place several garlic cloves inside along the ribs. Mix together all the ingredients for the stuffing. Pack into the turkey cavity and roast. This recipe makes a large amount. You can either cut the proportions down to fit your bird or make a casserole of the extra stuffing and bake, uncovered, during the final 45 minutes of roasting time. Somewhat to my surprise, the kids like this almost as much as the grown-ups do.

—Mary Lea

BROCCOLI AND CAULIFLOWER SALAD

- 1 large bunch fresh broccoli, washed and chopped
 - 1 medium head cauliflower, broken into flowerettes
 - 1/2 cup sweet or red onions, chopped
 - 3/4 to 1 cup raisins, plumped
 - 1/2 cup slivered almonds
- Mix together in a large bowl.

Dressing

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. celery salt
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 4 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 cup salad oil

In a small saucepan mix the sugar, celery salt, mustard and paprika. Stir in the vinegar. Heat and then simmer 6 minutes. Cool, then slowly stir in the salad oil. Mix well. Pour over salad and chill.

—Mary Lea

SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES

- 3/4 cup sweet butter or margarine
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1 egg
- 1 3/4 cups unbleached all-purpose flour
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Lay a sheet of foil on cookie sheet.

Melt butter or margarine; add sugar and molasses and cream thoroughly. Lightly beat the egg and add to creamed mixture. Sift the flour with the spices, salt and soda. Beat into first mixture. (This will make a thin batter.) Drop dough by tablespoonfuls on prepared baking sheets, three inches apart. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes, or until cookies start to darken. Remove cookies from oven while they are still soft. Cool in pan, then remove. Store in airtight container.

—Robin

PUMPKIN BAKE CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 1/2 cups canned pumpkin
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. pumpkin pie spice
- 1 cup chopped dates

Cream together the shortening and the sugars. Beat in the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in the flavorings. Combine the orange juice with the pumpkin. Sift together the dry ingredients. Add the pumpkin mixture and the dry ingredients alternately to the creamed mixture. Stir in the dates. Bake in a prepared 9- by 13-inch pan or a prepared tube cake pan in a 350-degree oven for 45 minutes if using the 9- by 13-inch pan, or 1 hour if in the tube cake pan.

—Dorothy

CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE

- 2 cups sugar
 - 1 cup margarine
 - 3 cups water
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1 1/2 cups raisins
 - 1/2 cup golden raisins
 - 1 1/2 cups dates, chopped
 - 1/2 cup dried apricots, chopped
- Mix ingredients together and boil for 15 minutes. Cool for 15 minutes.

Sift together:

- 4 cups flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. salt

Stir in:

- 1 cup nut meats
- 1/3 cup maraschino cherries
- 1/3 cup maraschino cherry juice
- 1 8-oz. pkg. candied pineapple
- 1 4-oz. pkg. candied green cherries
- 1 4-oz. pkg. candied red cherries
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Mix hot mixture and dry mixture together. Bake in 2 loaf pans at 325 degrees for 1 hour or until tests done.

—Hallie

FAVORITE CASSEROLE

- 3 cups cooked potatoes, cubed
- 1 1/2 cups cooked ham, cubed
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 can Cheddar cheese soup
- 1 soup can of milk
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen broccoli, partially cooked and drained

Put the potatoes, ham and onion in a 2-qt. casserole. Melt butter in saucepan and blend in the flour; stir in the soup and milk. Add broccoli to soup mixture and mix well. Pour over vegetables and ham in casserole. Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees. May top with buttered crumbs.

—Verlene

APPLE DESSERT

- 2 cups unsweetened applesauce
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup raisins, plumped
- Brown sugar (as much as desired)

Combine the applesauce, cinnamon and raisins. Spoon into round baking dish. Sprinkle desired amount of sugar over top. Top with the following:

- 1 cup packaged biscuit mix
- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine

Combine topping ingredients and work until crumbly. Place on top of apple mixture and bake for 30 to 35 minutes at 350 degrees. Delicious warm with vanilla ice cream.

—Dorothy



THE STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS CAROLS

by
Mrs. Ruth Townsend

On a cold winter evening in December of 1849, Dr. Edmund Sears sat reading in the living room of his home in Wayland, Massachusetts. His wife was sitting nearby. As Dr. Sears finished a chapter of his book, he put in a bookmark and walked over to the window. He stood looking out at the scene of snow and stars.

"It is beautiful tonight," Dr. Sears said. "And so peaceful too."

His wife came over to join him at the window. "Yes, it is very beautiful," she murmured. "On such a night as this Jesus was born: It seems as though I can almost hear the angel voices now."

Dr. Sears turned from the window, walked over to his desk and said, "If only I could capture in words the beauty of this night and the glory of Jesus' birth." He took a pen from the desk drawer and wrote busily for a time.

Looking up, he said, "I have some of my thoughts down but I don't like the beginning line." He leaned back in his chair and stretched. "What time is it, my dear?"

"Midnight," his wife replied.

"Midnight," Dr. Sears repeated. He paused and then exclaimed, "That's it! Midnight!"

He picked up his pen and began to write again. His wife looked at him with a puzzled expression. Soon Dr. Sears looked up. "How do you like this?" he asked. "'It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.' That will be the title and the first line of my poem."

Dr. Sears finished the poem the next day. Later in the week he took it to the editor of *The Christian Register*, a newspaper in wide circulation at that time. The editor liked the poem very much and printed it in his paper. He also read the poem during a Christmas program at his church and Dr. Sears read it at his own church that Sunday. The poem became a favorite with everyone. A few years later "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" was set to music so it could be sung as a carol.

Another of our popular Christmas carols was written in 1857. In December of that year Rev. John Henry Hopkins,

Jr., sat in the study of his church in Williamsport, Pennsylvania. He could hear the hum of voices and an occasional snatch of music from the auditorium where the annual Christmas Pageant was in rehearsal. All seemed to be going well but Rev. Hopkins' face was troubled. In the hall outside his door the reverend had just heard one of the boys who was a wise man say to a companion, "I wish I was a shepherd like you. Who were those wise men anyway?"

The shepherd boy had answered, "I don't know much about them. They sure had funny names, didn't they?"

Rev. Hopkins smiled ruefully. He loved the story of the wise men very much and wanted the children to feel, as he did, the wonder of the pilgrimage of the Magi. Rev. Hopkins said the names over to himself, "Melchior, Kaspar, Balthasar." Strange names, yes, but lovely ones and the wise men had brought lovely gifts. Suddenly Rev. Hopkins reached for a piece of paper and began to write. The words he put down were the beginning of the song "We Three Kings of Orient Are."

Off and on during the next year, Rev. Hopkins worked on the poem he had started. When the verses were done, he composed a melody to go with them. The song Rev. Hopkins gave us has been acclaimed as one of the best "all-American" carols we have. "We Three Kings of Orient Are" is one of the few which have both words and music written by the same person.

Today these songs are used in almost every church throughout the land at Christmas time.

CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

There is music in the air, tonight,
as carolers stroll and sing.
With misty breath and faces bright,
they sing of the New Born King.

There is magic in the air, tonight,
when familiar carols are sung.
All worries cease, burdens become light.
And with new found peace, hearts are young.
—Sue Morris

CHRISTMAS IS LOVE

The love of God is shown at Christmas time.

He loved us and sent His Son, a little Babe,

Born in a manger, so humble, yet sublime,

Our best and dearest Christmas gift. This Babe

Is our Savior dear. We know God loved us so,

For He sent us a Savior one Christmas long ago.
—Erna Stuenkel



MAKE CHRISTMAS LAST

by
Evelyn Lyon

How many times does your family receive a Christmas card only to have the children say, "Who's that?" Or, perhaps they recall the name but know very little about Cousin Sallie in California, or Aunt Minnie in Texas, or that old friend in Maine.

This Christmas, acquaint your family with the senders of your Christmas cards. Don't be too hasty to discard them or put them away, whichever the case might be. Keep the greetings out until after the rush of the holidays and then use them for conversation pieces. Mealtime is a good time for this.

Look at each card again—a few each evening—mention the sender's name, identify them to your family—cousins, aunts, old school friends, former employer, old neighbor, whatever. Then recall something about that person—looks, personality, an amusing anecdote, a sweet thought, something interesting.

This will acquaint your children with your friends of other days, revive old memories and give you table conversation for a long, long time. And the spirit of Christmas will linger with your family into the New Year.

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THE SCARLET FEVER CHRISTMAS

by
Dorothy J. Place

It's a little, pink pincushion about three-inches square. On its plump top is the black embroidered outline of a puppy. The pincushion was stuffed with odds and ends (I don't know exactly what, except love) by my fourteen-year-old brother, Bob.

The year of 1937 had been ordinary at the farmhouse in northwest Iowa. I was a high school senior and Bob was a freshman. Shirley, my only sister, was in seventh grade. She and Lyle, seven, attended the rural school about a quarter of a mile from home. Blaine, the baby, was only one-year-old and still shared the only downstairs bedroom with my parents.

The day after Thanksgiving my mother became ill with a sore throat, fever and rash. The kindly old country doctor shook his head and solemnly pronounced, "Scarlet fever!" This meant a period of quarantine, with a red sign nailed on the door with resounding hammer blows, warning that no one must visit or leave the farm.

One by one the rest of us took the dreaded disease. No one was critically ill, but the upstairs bedrooms were too cold for sick people. A folding cot for two was moved into the dining room, and one of us slept on the couch there. It was the warmest room, since the pipeless furnace poured heat into it, through the only register in the house.

With my mother sick, I took over the cooking, cleaning, and keeping the sick ones comfortable. We had our own potatoes in the cellar, plenty of vegetables Mother had canned from the garden, and eggs from our chickens. She had "put up" apple butter, sauce and jelly from our apple trees.

We could have chicken when Dad would kill a rooster and I had time to pick and clean it. Mother had canned pork; it was delicious, and we had our own cured bacon and ham. But when several were sick, the cooking was more likely to be soup, pudding or custard, or a poached egg, which would slip easily down those sore, red throats.

Bob and Dad did the milking and took care of the hogs and horses. Bob got the fever first, and by the time Dad took it, Bob was well enough to do the chores.

It soon became apparent that the quarantine was going to last through Christmas. Any gifts we exchanged must be handmade, and we were spending all our time around the dining room table, where at night the kerosene lamp cast its mellow glow.

That's where we "made Christmas" for each other. No one peeked at another's project because everyone

wanted to be surprised. My mother embroidered a pair of pillow cases. Shirley thought they were for me and I thought they were for her. Mother smiled secretly, and embroidered two pairs, one for each of us, and neither of us guessed the truth until Christmas morning.

Here Bob worked painstakingly on my little pincushion. I'm sure it was the result of a conference with Mother on "What can I make a 16-year-old sister?"

Everyone was feeling better as Christmas grew closer, but we were still quarantined until New Year's Day. A big part of our Christmas had always been the Christmas Eve program at the church, so we proceeded to plan our own program. We were a musical family, so we opened the double doors into the living room so it would be heated for the occasion, since that's where the piano was.

Shirley, Bob and I practiced a three-part arrangement of "Birthday of a King," but when the time came to perform it, Bob backed out. I was so disappointed and almost in tears. Mother

persuaded us to ignore Bob and sing it as a duet.

Another crisis arose. The radio was operated by batteries, which had to be recharged in town. To be sure the batteries would last so we could hear music on Christmas, we saved them by listening only to the news broadcasts and the beloved "One Man's Family."

It was a good Christmas, everyone planning with love. The day after New Year's, the despised sign came down, and we rejoined the world. But I still have my little, pink pincushion to remind me of the scarlet fever Christmas.

CANDY CANE COOKIES

Let's make candy cane cookies
'Cause Christmas is almost here;
We'll mix the dough, both red and white,
From directions easy, clear.
Then we'll shape them all carefully
In that candy-striped look
That will match the tantalizing
Pictures in the book.

—Inez Baker

HOLIDAY GIFT PACK

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Raspberry	Black Walnut	Blueberry	Pineapple
Orange	Almond	Banana	Mint
Maple	Butterscotch	Peach	Lemon
Cherry	Coconut	Cinnamon	Chocolate

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Offer #3—\$4.00 for 3 flavorings of your choice. List which 3 **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** you desire. No. of offer #3 desired _____ @ \$4.00 per offer.

Offer #4—\$2.50 for one 8-oz. bottle of dark vanilla. No. of offer #4 desired _____ @ \$2.50 per offer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

It used to be that a poinsettia bloom was produced on a single stem and thus when you bought a three bloom plant, it had three separate plants in the pot. Now one can buy multiflowered poinsettias with five or more blooms to a single plant. While the blooms may not be as large as the old type, they are long lasting, and come in vibrant red, rosy pink or a pleasing off-white. These multiflowered plants can be used in hanging planters, on pyramid stands to form a blooming tree or grouped in a single large planter to make a brilliant display. They are generally lower in price too because one cutting will produce several blooms. In our area these poinsettias are offered by florists as "pinched plants."

Another innovation in recent years is the "pixie" poinsettia. The small plants may support one larger flower or several smaller ones. These small lovelies are ideal to take to someone in a nursing home where space is at a premium or to brighten any spot where large plants can not be used.

What do you do with a poinsettia after the holidays if it is still in good condition? After removing the foil, I cut the red bracts into hearts (the outer edge forms the wide end of the heart) and keep the plants until after Valentine's day. Then the poinsettia plants are discarded. Even though we have a greenhouse it is too much bother to try to keep a poinsettia over for another season's bloom.

Amaryliss are becoming popular holiday plants because there are few flowers that can match their majestic beauty. Their indoor blooming season begins in December but they can be forced to bloom anytime from December through April. Prepackaged bulbs are available with implicit instructions on the package telling how to make them bloom by a certified time. Select a pot that is small enough to provide cramped quarters for the big bulb. Garden loam mixed with equal parts of peat moss and sharp sand makes a good potting soil. Plant the bulb so that half of it protrudes above the rim of the pot. Soil should be an inch below the rim to allow for watering. Drench the newly potted bulb thoroughly (so water drains out the bottom of the pot) and set the pot in a dark, warm but airy space until leaves start to appear or the bud stalk shows. When this happens move the pot to a

light situation and water again. Always wait until the soil feels dry between waterings. You should enjoy its vibrant six-inch blooms for several weeks.

THIS IS CHRISTMAS!

Light the candles on your tree of hope, for this is Christmas! Let your heart refresh and take joy and gladness, for this is Christmas!

Listen to the melody in all creation; it is there for those who will hear. Forget the trials of the hour. He who has learned the secret of trust will have no fear, for he can make this day of days one of gladness and praise-giving.

For this is Christmas!



THE MANGER SCENE

The manger scene was lovely,
Out upon the winter lawn,
The snow was softly falling,
It was just before the dawn.

The three wise men were standing,
With their back against the cold,
They had come to worship Jesus,
In the Bible we are told.

The camels were so peaceful,
As they rested on the hay,
The gifts were there before them,
By the manger on that day.

The shepherds, they were kneeling,
Looking on the Savior's face,
All the sheep were waiting,
Standing silent in their place.

The bells were softly ringing,
In the church across the way,
The Little Baby Jesus,
Was tucked so snugly in the hay.

The cattle were all silent,
Nestled there upon the ground,
The star that shone above them,
Lit the beauty all around!

Mary was so radiant,
With Joseph sitting there....but
For the stranger in the darkness,
It was more than he could bear.

The beggar came in from the cold,
He knelt before them there,
Oh! the anguish on his face,
And the snow upon his hair!

He said, "I come to worship Thee,
I have nothing tho, to give,"
A still small voice within him said,
"Go my son, and live!"

"I have come to be your savior,
I am with you to the end!"
The stranger left a happy man,
For he had found a friend!

—Dorothy Anita Beck

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
literally "dead to the world," unconscious, in what could be called a state of nirvana. While asleep, anything could happen to us, for we are completely at the mercy of our environment. Nevertheless, from the time of infancy, we seem to have a built-in faith that takes away the fear of sleep. I really believe that to go to sleep is one of the greatest acts of faith we ever demonstrate.

The point I want to make is that when asleep we do not worry about things over which we have no control, trusting God to bring us safely through the sleeping hours, so we should use the same kind of trust and faith in other situations over which we have no control. You see my point, don't you? How about all those times we worry about our children when they are away from home and out from under our control? Not being able to control them, we must trust God to do it just the way we trust God when we are asleep. That same logic can be used to help us conquer our fear of flying in an airplane or riding on a bus. We cannot control the plane or the bus and must trust God to do it in the same way we trust Him in other situations.

Keep your faith in God! It is a tough life when one has no faith.

Sincerely,

Frederick

Postscript to Frederick's Letter

Since Frederick's letter was written, we have received word of the death of Betty's father, Julian T. Crandall. Mr. Crandall died at his home in Florida after a lengthy illness. Betty was able to be with her father and reports that he passed away peacefully. Mr. Crandall had round-the-clock nursing care for some time. Each of the nurses assured Betty that the experience of being with Mr. Crandall had added a great deal to their lives.

I WILL LIGHT A CHRISTMAS CANDLE

I will not curse the darkness
In this dreary world; instead
I will light a Christmas candle
And pray its glow will spread.

I will not blame my neighbor
For his color, ways or creed,
But I will seek contentment
In helping those in need.

I will not be an island
Considering my life complete;
I will try to share enrichment
With everyone I meet.

Yes, I will light a candle,
So that in its spreading glow
My life will reflect the image
Of God wherever I go.

—Kay Grayman Parker

CHRISTMAS IS—Concluded

Dear God, as I light this candle,
There will be light,
And warmth,
And burning.

I pray with this light
That in our hearts
Where there is darkness,
There may be light.

I pray, dear God,
That in our hearts
Where there is coldness,
There may be warmth.

And
As this candle burns,
I pray, Father, that your Holy Spirit
May burn within our hearts!

—adapted,

thanks to an unknown author

Narrator: Where there is GOOD-
WILL in a family, Peace is there. Where
there is GOODWILL in a community,
Christmas is there, Where there is
GOODWILL among Mankind, Peace is
there. Christmas then waits upon me,
upon you! When our hearts are right with
God and man, Christmas IS WITHIN
US!

"Thank you, God, for Christmas—
Its wonder, brightness, joy, its
rememberings....

The angel song, the Star, the humble
shepherds,

The kneeling Great, and Least—

Thank you, God, for Christmas."

Song: "Joy to the World"

Benediction: Grant each of us, O
God, a gentle heart, a watchful eye, a
helping hand. Teach us to love as we are
loved. Amen.

"G" BIBLE PYRAMID ANSWERS

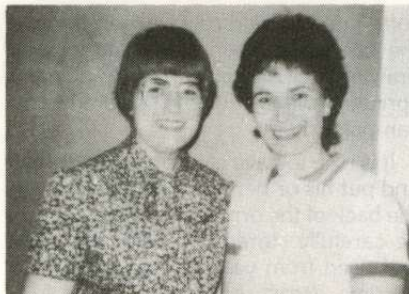
G
GO
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GOLD
GOATS
GOSHEN
GOLIATH
GOMORRAH
GALATIANS
GETHESEMANE

**CHRISTMAS—
WAS IT ALWAYS SO?**

Christmas, was it always so?
Shopping, running to and fro?
Baking, cooking, scrubbing dishes?
Conversation naught but wishes?

Christmas, was it always so?
For some, mayhap; but this I know...
That once a Star shone down on Earth—
A Holy Light for Holy Birth.
New Life had come to live in hearts,
And that's the place
Where Christmas starts!

—Elizabeth Myhr



Kristin and Cheryl Thomas, a part-
time aide, work together at school.

KRISTIN'S LETTER — Concluded

retired, but they keep busy with hobbies,
relatives and friends. Lori Schwartzkopf,
although confined to a wheelchair, is one
of the most cheerful persons you could
ever meet, and Elizabeth is a special little
friend of hers.

Other than a little mail-order
shopping, I haven't begun any prepara-
tions for the holidays. I am wondering if
we'll have any trouble keeping Elizabeth
out of the Christmas tree. My friend,
Judy Cole, put their tree in the playpen
when their daughter, Lisa, was smaller,
but I don't have a playpen.

May your Christmas be beautifully
bright with the light of true loving, and
may 1985 hold some very special
experiences in store for you.

Sincerely,

Kristin



Mary Beth

Gifts are but little possessions given
away. The greatest gift is what you truly
give of yourself.

Trimming the tree was started by spi-
ders, according to a Norse legend. In this
story, the spiders spun their webs on the
first Christmas tree, and the newborn
Christ Child turned these webs into
shining strands of silver.

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

It snowed all night and by morning the
city was closed down with a snowfall of
37-inches in some places which set a
record for the earliest snowfall in the
state. The ski operators were gearing up
for their earliest opening. The rose
bushes were buried under incredible
drifts which had blown around the
corners of the house, and the mountains
were not visible until it was nearly time
for us to return to Wisconsin. Wayne has
a front-wheel-drive car, so we were able
to take a trip out to see his garden
centers and enjoy the sight of the miles
and miles of Christmas poinsettias
growing in anticipation of the season. In
spite of the weather we had a fantastic
visit and enjoyed our early taste of
winter.

Merry Christmas to each of you,

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CHRISTMAS FUN WITH CHILDREN

by
Virginia Thomas

This year why not plan some special time with the children to make Christmas more meaningful for them—and you, too? One way that combines fun, learning and sharing is through the making of simple dough ornaments and figures.

All that is needed is dough, cookie cutters, perhaps glitter and paints. Older children might be allowed to use a knife to cut freehand designs and they can mix the dough themselves.

DOUGH RECIPE

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 cup salt
- 3/4 cup water (or more)

In a bowl, stir together the flour and salt. Add the water a little at a time. When well mixed, work and knead dough for 8 to 10 minutes until it becomes a smooth, firm ball. If necessary, add a bit more water until the dough will hold together and knead well.

Once you have the dough made you can roll it out and cut it into Christmas tree ornament shapes, animal shapes or into leaves and flowers using cookie cutters. Nativity scene figures, baskets, or other figurines to use as gifts may also be made.

To make the ornaments, roll the dough about 1/4-inch thick. Cut out desired shapes. Use a nail to make a hole in the top of each one so that a cord hanger may be run through the hole later. A design may be traced on the ornament with a small nail, the tines of a fork, or a spoon handle; or a raised design may be made by pressing tiny balls or strips of dough on the cutout to make a design. Tiny stars, bells, angels, holly leaves, etc. may be cut from the dough and placed on the larger ornaments to make the raised design. When adding the dough design, moisten it with a bit of water to make it stick.

Place the cutout ornaments on a cookie sheet and bake at 325 degrees until hard, about 30 minutes. Test for hardness by pressing down with a spoon. They should be very hard. When cold the decorations may be varnished with a clear varnish (or shellac) to protect them from drawing moisture and becoming

soft. You can add more decorations to the baked ornaments and figurines by drawing on a design with white glue and sprinkling with glitter and sequins or you can paint them.

It is nice to have each child use the nail and put his or her name and the date on the back of the ornament, since they can be carefully stored in a cool, dry place and used from year to year perhaps to become treasured family keepsakes. These make lovely gifts for relatives, a close neighbor or for shut-ins.

To make the figures for the creche or the baskets, simply mold the dough into desired shape. Using a nail, a knife, or the handle of a spoon, one can carve, poke or shape the dough to get the effect of a robe, a cape, cap, etc. A coat lapel, collar or hat may be shaped separately, moistened with water and pressed into place. Bake as directed above. Paint when cool if desired. Dry thoroughly.

Once the children get started on this dough project, you will find their imaginations will lead them to experiment with many other ideas.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

Christmas time brings memories—
Memories we hold so dear.
We think back on childhood days,
And love shared many a year.

And of our first Christmas together,
And our first tall Christmas tree.
What joy as we placed the star on top;
'twas such a delight to see.

On Christmas Day we worshiped God
In the little church of our choice.
We joined in the carol singing;
With the angels we did rejoice.

Then hand in hand we slowly walked
To our little home so dear.
Such happy memories come to mind
As Christmas time draws near.

—Erma Fajen MacFarlane



THE WISE MEN OF THE FIELDS

The shepherds wondered why the
guiding light
Shone all around like the imagined sea
Above the firmament. It seemed to be
An easy road to travel through the night
In search of Him whose name the years
would write
On hills of hope (even in Galilee,
Dwarfed and despised, poor earth's
extremity)
In golden letters glorious to the sight.

They did not with their Lord on missions
go
To help Him heal in temple and in town,
Or meet with multitudes eager to know
The taste of food from heaven coming
down...
The wise men of the fields went home to
feed
Their flocks, as well as neighbors lost in
need.
—William Walter DeBolt

GIVE YOUR BEST!

At this "giving" season, it is appropriate to give these:

- to an enemy, forgiveness;
- to an opponent, tolerance;
- to a friend, your ear;
- to a child, good example;
- to your father, reverence;
- to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you;
- to yourself, respect;
- to all men, charity.

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Do the following words interest you? Santa Lucia Festival, *Julotta* (Christmas service), *Midsommar*, Alfred Nobel, Carl Milles, "Pippi Longstockings," Charles Lindbergh, *ostkaka*, and Jansson's *Temptation*. They are all mentioned in the book *Superbly Swedish Recipes and Traditions*, edited by Martha Wiberg Thompson, and are known by anyone with some Swedish heritage. The book offers, according to the editor, "A glimpse into the lives of Swedish Americans, their customs and institutions, and their full calendar of good food and good times—celebrations that serve to perpetuate the best of Sweden's Old World traditions."

We read that food figures in the Swedish love of life and looks as wonderful as it tastes. While the literal translation for the Swedish *smorgasbord* is "bread and butter table," the feast is a far cry from that. It is probably the best known of the culinary traditions of Sweden.

Over 100 recipes were contributed for the book from Americans of Swedish descent in Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Iowa, Washington and elsewhere. There are recipes for fruit soup, herring salad, St. Lucia buns, baked lutefisk with cream sauce, rice pudding, and caramel custard.

Persons submitting recipes are named, as well as interesting facts concerning how the recipes came to be in their families.

Color photographs in the book are superb. Shown are folk dancers at the Carl Milles monument in Wilmington, Delaware, site of the first Swedish immigration to the New World in 1638, folk dancers of Minnesota at Nicollet Mall in Minneapolis, and dancers and musicians of Lindsborg, Kansas. The world of the Swedish Institute is documented. A page of photographs and text is devoted to two famed Swedish Americans, Carl Sandburg and Charles A. Lindbergh. A Carl Larsson painting, *Catching Crayfish* is shown. Beloved for his paintings of Swedish scenes, his works depict the sunny spirit of childhood, the work life of peasants, and the beauty of his homeland.

Editor Martha Wiberg Thompson has done an excellent job on *Superbly Swedish*. She is one of thirty-four in her family who have graduated from Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minnesota. Her forebears were all Swedish. *Superbly Swedish* (Penfield Press, 215 Brown St., Iowa City, Iowa 52240. Retail price \$4.95. By mail postpaid \$5.95. Special: 2 for \$10.75; 3 for \$14.85 to one address. 88 pages. Size



The cover of *Superbly Swedish* shows Jessica Greupner, daughter of Jim and Janeth Greupner of Minneapolis, with a straw Christmas goat and an old-fashioned Swedish Christmas tree at the American Swedish Institute. She is wearing a dress called *gulkolten* with a striped apron and flowered hat and scarf. The costume comes from Leksand in the province of Dalarna. —Photo by Joan Liffing-Zug

6"x9") is a delightful book. Treat yourself to this special book.

Catherine Marshall's final book is *Julie* (McGraw-Hill Book Co., \$15.95), her nineteenth book and second novel. It is a companion book to *Christy*, published in 1967. Perhaps you will recall that *Christy* took place among the mountain people of eastern Tennessee in 1912.

Leonard LeSourd, husband of Catherine Marshall, writes in the foreword that Julie Wallace, the central character in *Julie*, is in part drawn from Catherine's own memories of her life in Keyser, West Virginia, as an eighteen-year-old. She began research for the book in 1977 as she became fascinated by both the Johnstown Flood of 1889 and the inner workings of a small newspaper. She also researched dam construction, union movement in America, steel making, and private railroad cars. That gives you an idea of the contents of *Julie*. Catherine Marshall died on March 18, 1983, a tremendous loss to her family and book audience. Her writing career included eighteen books, one being *Beyond Our Selves*, that sold over sixteen million copies.

Julie is set in the last part of the Great Depression and is the story of Julie Wallace and her family—of adventure and romance, of courage and commitment, of triumph and tragedy in a flood-prone town in western Pennsylvania. Exciting events transpire as the Wallace family newspaper survives its enemies, and battle lines are drawn between immigrant laborers and the owners in the 1930s steel town of

Alderton, Pennsylvania. A catastrophic deluge that breaks the earthen dam and overruns the Alderton countryside threatens to destroy everything in its path: Julie, her family and friends, the newspaper and community. Catherine Marshall's *Julie* will live in the hearts and minds of her readers as a fitting final book of an extremely talented writer, especially because of her faith and courageous spirit.

Dianne Siebert and her husband have traveled throughout the United States and Mexico the past fifteen years. She loves the road and has written *Truck Song* (T.Y. Crowell J. Books, 10 E. 53rd

St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$10.95). In the book she follows a trucker and his rig on a transcontinental run. With words that evoke the rhythm of trucks rolling across the country, she takes us over highways, past farmlands and cities, through all kinds of weather, as trucks carrying goods go from one place to another. To illustrate: heading out across the plains; checking mirrors; changing lanes; past the farms and fields of wheat; through the rain so cool and sweet; windshield wipers keeping time; lower gear to make the climb—

Bright, large colorful paintings by Byron Barton in *Truck Song* really capture the essence of the journey and of the American landscape in all its beauty. For ages 4 to 8, this is an excellent learning book about one type of work, trucking.

There will be many Christmas specials on TV. Barbara Robinson's *The Best Christmas Pageant Ever*, which was shown last December on ABC-TV, will be rebroadcast during the 1984 holiday season.

Best wishes for the Christmas season!

WHEN CHURCH BELLS PEAL

When church bells peal the message
And carolers start to sing,
The blessed Spirit of Christmas
Embraces everything.

—Inez Baker

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DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

Friendship Force that was arriving from Thailand. While we were waiting at the carousel for Cora's luggage, I had a chance to visit a little bit with a beautiful girl who spoke a little English. It was quite a sight to see all of them with their big pile of luggage waiting for the host families to arrive.

Bernie entertained the Birthday Club at a luncheon the other day. She has been a guest of the club so many times she wanted to entertain them for a change. We had a real good luncheon and a fun afternoon playing Bingo. Her table was so attractive with Halloween decorations. She used an orange plaid tablecloth and a big jack-o-lantern in the center with a fall bouquet arranged in it. To complete her colorful table she used her Fiestaware dishes.

We have had our Fall church dinner and bazaar. It was a big success.

I have purchased just one Christmas present, but have friends who have all their gifts purchased and wrapped. They are so organized. When it's time to put up the tree, I get in the mood and dash around getting something wrapped to put under it. I am going to start making candy and cookies to send to Kristin and her family. Every year I try to get a big box filled and sent in time for Kristin to have cookies and candy to serve her friends who drop in. She is so busy with her work and family and I can do this to give her a lift through the holiday season.

Frank and I send our warmest greetings to you and hope you have a Merry Christmas with your families and friends.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

CHRISTMAS SONG

"C" is for Christmas— for carols we sing, candles and choirs, church bells that ring— it's charity and caring, a crib, and good cheer; it's a crown for the Christ-Child— when Christmas is here!

—Marjorie A. Lundell

WHY DOWN THE CHIMNEY?

Why is Santa pictured as coming down the chimney? One story goes back to pre-Christian Germany. At the winter solstice, which is about the time of Christmas, families kindled a fire of fir boughs inside their homes, and a goddess supposedly descended through the smoke to bring them good luck.

The legend carried over into old England, where Santa was credited with coming down the chimney to clean it of soot so good luck could come in.



Our group walked under the Roman Arch at a Greek ruin. Both kinds of architecture occur together throughout Greece and Turkey.

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

the windshield wipers were on a good ninety-nine percent of the time. At least they missed the snow that had been predicted. We had hoped Mother and Betty Jane would stay longer, but they were concerned about Hawkeye and more importantly, wanted to get back to their snug home before winter really settled in for the duration.

Big doings in our family includes the marriage of Katharine Driftmier to Donald James Miller. We are crossing our fingers and hoping Katharine's bridal portrait will be available to grace our January or February cover of Kitchen-Klatter.

I'm looking forward to preparing our traditional holiday foods. We enjoy fish chowder Christmas Eve and making and eating ravioli Christmas Day.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas from the Lowey family,

Juliana

COVER STORIES**Front Cover**

It's always a joy to have the family together at holiday dinners. Lucile Verness celebrated a preholiday dinner with her daughter, Juliana Lowey, son-in-law, Jed, and grandchildren, James and Katharine. The traditional turkey dinner was prepared and enjoyed when Lucile visited in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Back Cover

GREETINGS from Kitchen-Klatter Many of you friends have asked about the Kitchen-Klatter employees. This holiday season we bring you greetings from the broadcasting, magazine, book-keeping and manufacturing staff. Another member of our staff, Kathy Beam is not pictured. All of us wish you a Blessed Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

HINTS**FROM THE**

Here are some ideas to package food items that are popular during the holiday season.

Wrap a loaf of bread in plastic, seal it with a small wheat-weaving ornament and deliver on a bread board. Put candy in glass jars that have lids covered with needlepoint designs or crocheted doilies. Dress up a clear glass cookie jar with bright ribbon and the cookie cutter used to make the cookies attached to bow. Wrap a cookbook in fabric and tie wooden spoon on with yarn!

For children's gifts use newspaper comics for wrap and bright-colored balloons for bows. Also use small cloth Christmas tree ornaments instead of bows. Use an arrangement of burlap and plaid ribbon to design overalls on a gift for a young boy. Take construction paper and cotton balls and create Santas or Snowmen to paste on packages. Use the cardboard cores from rolls of wrapping paper to make a large "pencil" to slip a rolled gift in.

For the woman who enjoys sewing wrap a gift in fabric and make a bow using a yellow tape measure and a red pincushion.

B.K., Lebo, Kansas

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KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)
KFAL	Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m.
KGGF	Coffeyville, Ks., 690 on your dial—11:04 a.m.
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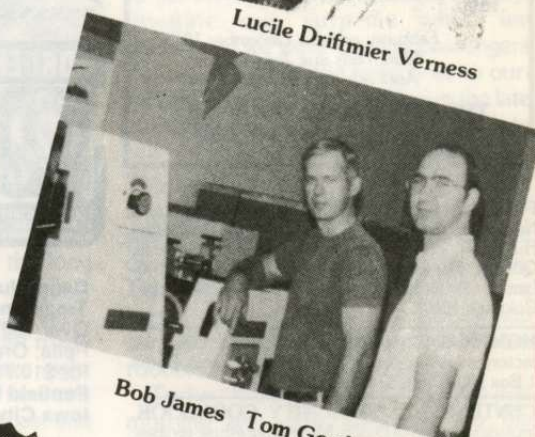
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