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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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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 FROM NEW MEXICO

Dear Friends,

What a beautiful day! Here in New Mexico the sun is shining and it is very warm for this time of year. I am extremely grateful for these weather conditions because I have one more sack of tulip bulbs to plant in my garden. Every year, when I order bulbs, I vow I'll get them in the ground the day they arrive. Alas! This year it is the same story. I am digging holes for the bulbs at the last possible minute before the ground is too hard to work easily.

This year I am concentrating on tulips. In years past I have planted many other bulbs, including tulips. It is my experience that most of the other bulbs go on for season after season, but the tulips tend to disappear after a few years. I think it has something to do with our mild Albuquerque winters. Thanks to my hole digging this autumn (early winter), I hope to have a lovely display of tulips next spring.

Most people are predicting this will be a hard winter. I'm not so sure. Albuquerque is on the route for migrating birds; and as I worked in the garden yesterday, I was amazed to see a huge flock of sandhill cranes hovering over the house. It is very late for them to be moving to their wintering grounds about eighty miles south of Albuquerque. They COULD have just made a day trip north to check out the food supply in this area, but there were so many of them it is hard to believe that it wasn't a migrating group. I'll just have to wait to see what the next few months will bring in the line of weather.

One of the reasons my bulbs didn't get planted on schedule is I had a real adventure this fall. I spent four weeks in the country of Ecuador in South America. I was participating in an "Earthwatch" expedition. Some of you know about the Earthwatch program, but for those of you who don't—it is a nonprofit organi-



In Ecuador, Juliana saw beautiful, elaborate architecture such as this church in Guayaquil.

zation which sponsors trips to many parts of the world bringing together volunteers and projects that need helping hands and lack the funds to hire them. I had heard of this program and was intrigued by it but hadn't thought seriously about ever DOING an expedition, until a sixty-year-old friend from Albuquerque, Nancy Robinson, called one day and asked me if I would be interested in doing archeological work in Ecuador for three weeks.

As most of you long-time readers know, next to gardening, archeology is one of my major interests. I have volunteered to work on several sites in the immediate area and a chance to work on a site in South America sounded wonderful. I talked it over with my family, and they assured me they could certainly survive for a month without me. As my husband, Jed, said, "If we can't manage without you for a month, YOU have done something wrong along the way." With this in mind, I decided to go.

The first thing I found out about getting to Ecuador is that it is impossible to arrive there in one day from Albuquerque. There is no way to get to Miami in time to catch the flight to South America. Nancy solved this problem by arranging for us to spend the night in Miami with her two aunts. Aunt Anna and Aunt Elsie are lovely ladies and I am glad that we had an evening to spend with them. The next morning they took us on a short tour of their area of Miami. I spent the whole time admiring the huge trees and bushes which are the same kind of plants I grow in little pots in my house in New Mexico. Aunt Elsie is an "orchid" person, and we had a great time comparing notes.

Not without some apprehension, Nancy and I boarded the plane for Ecuador. It was scheduled to go to the country of Columbia and then on to

Ecuador. The first surprise was that we didn't go to Columbia. Instead we stopped in Panama City. It was my first view of the Panama Canal. We were only on the ground a few minutes, and we didn't have a chance to do any exploring. Our destination was Guayaquil, Ecuador, and we arrived right on schedule in the late afternoon. Guayaquil is the largest city in Ecuador, so Nancy and I had scheduled two days there to sightsee before we were due to go to the project site on the west coast.

Nancy and I must have walked twenty miles in those two days. We visited all of the museums, government palaces, wharf areas and tourist spots in general. Our biggest "find" was a little cafe which serves the best coffee I have ever tasted. During the morning, the coffee is served with freshly baked rolls that were absolutely delicious. Both of us could have coffee and rolls for seventy *suces* (Ecuadorian currency) which is about sixty-four cents. We made it a point to visit this cafe every morning.

I want to add right here that neither Nancy nor I are fluent in the Spanish language. Nancy has had several courses in Spanish and she has what I would call "functional" Spanish. I have no talent for languages and in spite of taking two courses in Spanish, my command of the language is nonexistent. I have always said that I can ask questions with no difficulty, I just can't understand the answers. Fortunately, we found the Ecuadorian people to be very helpful and tolerant of our limited speaking of Spanish.

In due time the rest of the Earthwatch team arrived, and the six of us were off to the project in Salango. What a varied bunch of people we were! Nancy was the eldest. The youngest was a thirty-one-year-old man from Lincoln, Nebraska.

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THEIR IOWA FARM

Dear Friends,

Today is one of those gorgeous fall days you wish you could have all winter long, and we have been promised several more just like it. We are going to need many days like this one before they will be able to get our harvesting done. Our area had a lot of rain in October and this time of year it takes the ground so long to dry enough to hold up the big machinery. It isn't just the bottom ground like we have that is wet, but I have noticed some combines have been stuck in fields on high ground not far from us. In other fields where they could work, the combines plowed up the ground going through some places. We may have to wait for a good hard freeze, and just hope it doesn't snow first. Although we don't worry about the corn so much, it would be nice to get the beans out before a snow. The longer we have to wait, the more beans we will lose on the ground. Frank and I are hoping to have everything out before Thanksgiving like years ago.

Since I'm writing this before Thanksgiving, I can't tell you what we did until next month. We are hoping our grandson, Andy, will be able to come from St. Cloud, Minnesota, to have dinner with us. He is working part time now, and it will depend on whether he can get the time off or not.

We have a very large pumpkin sitting in the back yard that I wish Julian and Elizabeth could have had for Halloween. Julian could have had a lot of fun making a jack-o-lantern out of it. Our friend, Peggy Dyer, planted a few of the mammoth pumpkin seeds this year in their garden at their weekend place which joins our land on top of the hill. She had some large pumpkins.

Kristin said Elizabeth had a lot of fun this year going trick-or-treating. Elizabeth wore a cat costume like Tom in Tom and Jerry. After visiting a few of the houses in the neighborhood, Elizabeth was satisfied and she got all the candy she needed.

Kristin said she was making some oatmeal cookies the other day and, of course, Elizabeth had to pull up a chair so she could "help." The doorbell rang and Kristin left to see who it was. It was the TV repairman and Kristin was gone longer than she intended. When she came back to the kitchen, Elizabeth had gotten a pizza mix out of the cupboard and had managed to get the packet of Parmesan cheese open and had dumped it into the cookie batter. Kristin said they had oatmeal cheese cookies for the first time but didn't say how the rest of the family liked them. I don't think I want the



Dorothy, Hallie and Verlene visited the Little Brown Church, Nashua, Iowa. In the November issue Dorothy described their visit.

recipe.

October was a very busy month for me. I had promised to drive to Shenandoah for the annual KMA cookie tea since this was the station's 60th anniversary and they were going to honor all the homemakers that had been on their station during that time. I baked cookies the day before to take with me. Our church was having their annual beef supper the same day as the tea and I baked pies and made a salad to take to the church the night before.

The creek had been out on Wednesday and Thursday. By Friday, the water level started down. It started to rain Friday night and to me it seemed to rain all night. I got up at 5:00 A.M., put my raincoat and bonnet on over my robe, took a flashlight and went out to look at the rain gauge. Then I walked down to see if the creek was out or if I was still going to be able to leave for Shenandoah in a couple of hours. My friend, Faith Boyce, in Châriton was planning to go with me. She was waiting for my phone call to tell her I could still get out and would see her as planned.

We drove in rain the first 75 miles. Then it began to clear off the next 50 miles. By noon it was a beautiful day, and we really had a nice time. We got back to Lucas in time to attend the church supper.

The following Monday I had to return to Shenandoah for it was my week to broadcast. At noon Tuesday I was scheduled to be in Syracuse, Nebraska, for a salad luncheon and to give a talk to the women of the Otoe County Extension Clubs at their annual fall meeting. The theme for the day was "Achievement with a Flavor." As the ladies came in and registered, they were given name tags that were shaped like flavoring bottles and were made in various colors of construction paper. They looked just like our 21 different Kitchen-Klatter flavorings.

The two centerpieces on each table were strawberry boxes filled with nuts, miniature ears of Indian corn, and a bottle of Kitchen-Klatter flavoring was standing in the center of each box. These

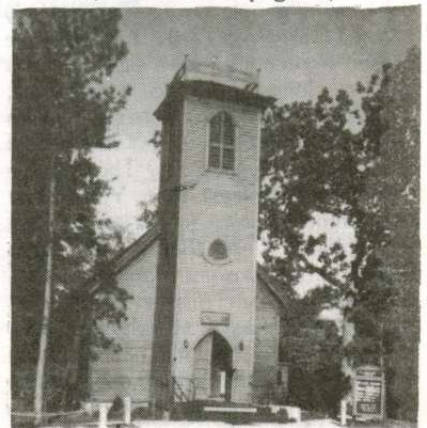
colorful and attractive centerpieces were given as door prizes following the meeting.

The next day I had another talk to give, but it was very close to home. The Christian Union Church Women were having their state meeting in Lucas at their Jericho Hills Campground. The church maintains this camp and has built lovely permanent buildings there. I was invited to their luncheon, but decided to stay home and prepare a good dinner for Frank. It was only a few miles to the campground.

About a week later I went with Hallie and Verlene to Tekamah, Nebraska. We presented two programs sponsored by The Burt County Extension Clubs, one in the afternoon and another in the evening. I went to Shenandoah the night before, because we planned to leave about 8:00 A.M. Hallie had to make a quick stop in Omaha to pick up items we needed for a demonstration. We stopped in Blair for coffee and rolls and arrived in Tekamah in time to register at the motel and eat lunch before going to the auditorium to get set up for the demonstrations. It was very nice to visit with so many of our good Kitchen-Klatter friends who listen to our programs and also take the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.

Several of the committee women took us out to dinner before presenting the evening program. The women had a tea table set up after each program where everyone could have coffee and cookies. Hallie stayed all night with old friends of hers, and Verlene and I settled down in the motel for the night. I always take and display all of the beautiful embroidered sweat shirts that Marge and Peggy have made for me so the women can see them. I had decided to wear one of them home under my jacket because it was pretty chilly. Verlene said she would go out to the car and bring in the suitcase with the sweat shirts in it. Just as she got to the door, someone knocked. It was one of the ladies we had eaten dinner with. She said, "After you left, we found this

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The Little Brown Church, Nashua, Iowa.



TAKE TIME TO HEAR THE ANGELS

A Christmas Worship

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: From heavy paper or poster-board cut a large scroll shape. On it, paint a gold music staff with notes. Below the staff, using large letters, print "Glory to God in the highest." Fasten this scroll to a dark-colored backdrop above the altar, or place it on an easel upon the altar. Also place on the altar a large, lighted, white candle, encircling the candle base with sprigs of Christmas greens. If possible shine a spotlight on the scroll. It would be nice if all of those taking part in the service would wear choir robes. For quiet music, to set the mood immediately preceding the program, use the carols with an angel theme—"Angels, From the Realms of Glory," "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" or "Angels We Have Heard on High."

Call to Worship:

Again comes the Christmas gladness,
The time of joy is here.

I'm sure, though eye cannot see them,

The angels of Christmas are near.

They sing again the sweet story

Of Jesus in Bethlehem born;

So listen and hear the angels sing!

Aleluia! Christ is born!

Scripture: Luke 2:8-14.

Song: "Angels, From the Realms of Glory"

Leader: Santa Clauses nod and laugh, and Christmas carolers singing; colored lights dance about while Christmas bells are ringing; gifts tied with tinsel bows, their contents so enticing, they look like a birthday cake with every kind of icing.

Windows all aglow from California to Manhattan; holly on a sable coat and perfume wrapped in satin; smiles upon the faces of people we are meeting; gaily painted Christmas cards that voice the season's greetings...dolls, electric trains and stockings filled to overflowing; cotton on the Christmas trees to make believe it's snowing—is this the best of Christmas, as you see it? Then you've missed the choicest part. You've not taken time to listen to the angels with your heart. I am sharing this verse adapted from *Sunshine Magazine*. It has me pondering. Am I missing the choicest part of Christmas? If so, why and what am I going to do about it? That is what we are going to be thinking about in these few moments today—"Take Time to Hear the Angels."

First Meditation: (Speaker carries a beautifully wrapped Christmas package

and some loops of tinsel.) December is a month when we are filled with joyous anticipation and often with anxiety and frustration, too. It is a time for Christmas parties, family gatherings, hush-hush secrets and odd packages, tantalizing odors from the kitchen, carol singing and shopping for gifts and extra food, making the house spick-and-span for company, making time for cantata or pageant practice. Yes, the list can grow very long. (The speaker pulls out a long memorandum, looks at it and shakes her head dolefully.)

Early in the season at the first mention of Christmas our eyes light up as we think of the lovely Christmas music, the caroling of the bells, the reunion with loved ones, but as the days pass we become like the Pennsylvania Dutch plaque reads, "The hurrieder I go, the behinder I get." We make a list of the jobs to do to get ready for Christmas. Then it seems every time we cross out a job that is finished, we add two more to be done! What has happened to our anticipation and joy? What has dimmed the sparkle in our eye? Remember what this season of Advent, these days before Christmas really, really mean—preparing the heart for Christmas? Am I? Are you? Or, do we get too busy to take time to hear the angels sing? If the angels came to you as you go about your daily tasks, as they did to the shepherds on the hillsides at Judea, would you hear them amidst the clamor and the confusion of the Christmas preparations? They WILL come this Christmas—singing again the precious, old, yet ever new, refrain, "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." How can we be sure we hear them amidst the wrapping and the tinsel and the lists? (Speaker holds up items in her hands.)

Song: "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," verses 1 and 2.

Leader: "Glory to God in the highest." The anthem rolled among the clouds, when earth was hushed and still; its notes proclaimed sweet peace on earth, to all mankind good will.... That song is sung by rich and poor, where'er the Christ is known; 'tis sung in words, and sung in deeds, which bind all hearts in one. Angels are still the choristers, but WE the shepherds are, to bear the message which they bring, to those both

near and far: 'Glory to God in the highest!'" (Anon. from church bulletin)

Second Meditation: (Speaker carries a small basket of food, or a plate of cookies or homemade bread, and a Bible, perhaps some choir music.) TAKE TIME TO HEAR THE ANGELS SING! Why do we start the Christmas season with such anticipation and joy and then somehow lose it along the way so that we arrive at Christmas Day with feet dragging, feeling tired and pushed, and disappointed to find that the glow and the shine of our great expectations for the day are missing?

This year let us give more thought to holding fast to what this day, this birthday of our Savior, really means to us, what we want it to mean to us and to our families. Instead of getting so involved in *things*, let us get more involved with *people* and *love* and *caring* and *sharing*. Think about what makes this time of year so special. Think about how you can make it more meaningful to your family, your friends.

Think about Christmas as a time of love. For the feeling of love seems more evident now—if we take time to look for it—than at any other time of the year. It's a time when so many seem to catch this special spirit of friendliness, love and happiness. It becomes a general mood helped along by the music of the beloved old carols, the colorful decorations, the glowing light. Take time to ponder—why? Why now? Why not in July or some other time of the year. As we think, as we take time to listen to the angels' message, we must begin to understand theirs was a message of love, of Jesus born to bring love to a troubled world.

Take time to talk to your loved ones and others about what this love, this true Christmas spirit, means. It means more than just saying, "I love you."

Think about how the Christmas season often affects us. Youngsters suddenly start picking up after themselves, minding their parents, and want to hear the old Christmas stories told and retold. It is a time to set up the creche together and read again the Christmas Story, talking some more about the love that is Christmas.

The season has an affect on adults, too. Oh, there are all the busy preparations; but hopefully we find ourselves being a little more patient, more caring, more kind and thoughtful. As a family, as organizations, let's take more time to think about special acts of kindness to others. Let our lists be lists of people with a special need—maybe it is food (Speaker holds up basket or plate of goodies.) or warm clothing, or it may be someone who just needs our attention, our friendship such as reading the Bible to someone in the nursing home (Speaker holds up Bible.), telling the

(Continued next page, Col. 1)

Christmas Story in the children's ward at the hospital, joining to sing the beautiful Christmas music with the choir for the enjoyment of others, or making costumes for the church pageant.

Make the gift shopping or gift making and the wrapping a time to think about others. What would really make Grandma happy. Would your neighbor rather have you visit and chat more often, instead of an elaborate tray of goodies which she can't eat? Be more understanding of the harassed clerk as you shop. Offer to help an elderly friend wrap her gifts, address her greeting cards—often to them a formidable task!

Look about you, listen with your heart to what others are saying. Become so busy thinking about others that you forget about yourself. When you do take some quiet time to meditate more about this great love that is Christmas, you'll begin to discover peace within your heart and suddenly feel peace on earth is within reach after all.

Jack Williams wrote a list of things we should try to do on the 25th of December, ways we would really be honoring Jesus' birthday. He said they were the essence of the spirit of Christmas but shouldn't be confined to one day a year. Mr. Williams suggested we try practicing these things on other days as well! As I read it, I thought if we were to do these things, even though we would be busy with others, it would still give us time to "Hear the Angels Sing." Here are some of the suggestions: "This Christmas mend a quarrel, Seek out a forgotten friend, Write a love letter, Share some treasure, Encourage youth, Forego a grudge, Give a soft answer, Apologize if you were wrong, Appreciate, Take up arms against malice, Express your gratitude, Be kind, be gentle, Welcome a stranger, Take pleasure in the beauty and wonder of earth, Think first of someone else...." Will you take time this Christmas to listen to the angels' song?

Leader: "Oh, Glory to God in the highest!" they heard the angels sing. "For unto you this day is born a Savior, Christ, the King!" And now two thousand years have passed since that first Christmas morn when in a stable, bleak and bare, the baby King was born.

"Our homes are happy, joyous homes where peace and laughter flow. Our windows fling their golden squares across the virgin snow. But will we pause in work, in play—I can't help wondering—and close fold to our trembling hearts the song the angels sing?"

—author unknown

Song: "Angels We Have Heard on High," verses 1, 2 and 3.

Benediction



THE TURKEY THAT ALMOST GOT AWAY

by
Helen Ratcliffe

Christmas Day finally arrived. My two older brothers and I had behaved exceptionally well all month, looking forward to this day.

I was old enough to be allowed to help in the kitchen with the chores. Mom and I were finishing washing the breakfast dishes at the sink before preparing the Christmas turkey for the oven.

It was the most unhandy sink and larger than sinks are today: thirty-six-inches long and eighteen-inches wide. The outside was dark gray cast iron and its interior was galvanized. Certainly not a thing of beauty. On the left was a slanted, wooden drainboard; on the right, a small pump provided our water for the kitchen.

The turkey, ready to stuff, had been brought up from the cellar and laid on the table. Mom made stuffing of sausage, onions, celery, apples, and cornbread; it would melt in your mouth.

"Helen, heat the broth on the range then mix it with the dressing...not too much at a time. Don't want it to be soggy. I'll get the roaster. We'll finish washing the pots and pans later."

Mom lifted the turkey onto the drainboard and started to stuff it. She had put two large spoonfuls into the cavity when, all of a sudden, the turkey slid off the drainboard and into the dishpan of sudsy water that was still in the sink.

As fast as you could blink your eyes, she grabbed the turkey, pulled out the dressing, and started pumping water, rinsing the bird over and over inside and out. She dried it, started stuffing again and rubbed it with butter.

It was the funniest thing I had ever seen. I sat on the floor and laughed until my ribs ached.

"Helen, you stop that this very minute. Don't you dare ever tell a soul what happened."

Just then, the boys came in. "What's going on?" they asked. "What's so funny? We heard you laughing way out in the woodshed."

"Oh, just a joke," I answered. "You wouldn't be interested."

The time for our Christmas dinner had arrived. We all sat at the table. Our table was lovely, with our best dishes and tableware laid on the white linen tablecloth.

"Helen, light the candles," Mom said. "After your father says the blessing, I'll go get our turkey."

Our eyes were bright with excitement as we waited until she appeared with the bird, all browned to perfection and glistening from juices and butter. She sat it down in front of Pop. He was ready with the carving knife in hand.

After we had finished eating, Pop said, "Annie, you sure outdid yourself on that turkey. Did you do anything different to it? Best I ever tasted."

"No," she answered. "Cooked it just like I always do."

"Yeah, Mom," I said. "It was super. Didn't you add something special?"

From across the table she looked straight into my eyes and winked. "Nothing," she replied. "Nothing at all."

CHRISTMAS TREE PUZZLE

Use the clues to create this Christmas tree below.

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    H___
   T___
  C___
 T___
 C___
 P___
 S___
 S___
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1. Your grandma will give you a ___ and a squeeze when you go see her at Christmas.

2. Most people like to decorate a Christmas ___.

3. Which kind of ___ is your favorite—fudge, peanut brittle or divinity?

4. These glittering strands are used for decorating.

5. Can you smell the Christmas ___ baking in the oven?

6. Under the tree are gaily wrapped ___.

7. Some children like to hang their ___ on the mantle.

8. He's supposed to fill "the answer to number seven" on Christmas Eve (two words).

—Helen Friesen

(Answers on page 16)

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Lord, kindle Your love in the hearts of men

During this season of gifts and snow,
And, until Christmas shall come again,
Help us to keep the glow.

—Lucille Gripp Maharry

COVER STORY

Katharine and Don Miller enjoy many activities with Stephen and Martin DiCicco, sons of Emily and Rich DiCicco. Stephen and Martin enjoy their outdoor adventures when visiting the Miller's new home site in Lovettsville, Virginia.

FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM CONNECTICUT

Dear Friends,

If you listen to Betty and me when we talk on the Kitchen-Klatter program on Saturdays, much of what I am going to say in this letter will not be current news. We must write our copy for this magazine several weeks in advance of its publication. What I am going to be telling you is very immediate news as far as we are concerned. My brother, Howard Driftmier, and his wife, Mae, flew back to Iowa two days ago. What good sports they are! They arrived here just in time to experience their first hurricane, and much of the fall foliage they had hoped to see was destroyed by intense wind and salt spray.

All America was expecting New England to be hard hit by one of the worst hurricanes of all time, and we prepared accordingly. We knew if we lost our electricity, we would not be able to get water anywhere in the house, and that meant having no water for flushing toilets! No electricity meant no use of our stoves or our lights or our refrigerators. In the hours before the storm, we filled both bathtubs with water and filled several big kettles and thermos bottles. We saw to it that our flashlights were in good working order and that the car had plenty of gas.

Our big picture window overlooking the river had to be strengthened, and we reinforced it by using yards and yards of tape to cross and criss-cross the window. Another big worry was my boat. It certainly was not safe to leave it in its slip at the marina, for there it would have been most exposed to the enormous waves and the tidal surge of water ten feet high, if the storm struck at low tide. For a fee, I was able to persuade a marina up the river to lift my boat out of the water so it could sit out the storm on dry land. My boat was the very last one secured. Had it not been, I was going to put my boat on a mooring in front of the house, the very mooring where another boat was totally destroyed. As it happened, several of my friends had their boats ruined, the wind tossing them about like toy boats in a bathtub. Most of those boats were worth \$100,000.

My brother, Howard, was most impressed by the rock-like fastness of our house. Only a few times did we feel the house shudder and shake. Those were times when we debated going down into the basement to sit out the storm under the overhead protection of a table top. We did not know how hard the wind was blowing during the storm; but since then, we have learned that there were times when we had a steady wind of 100 miles an hour with gusts up to 110 miles an hour. (Had we experienced the full brunt of the storm, the winds would have been gusting up to 160 miles an hour!) In



Frederick Driftmier shows his brother, Howard Driftmier, the beautiful sights along the shore in New England.

another way we were lucky—we did not get the high tide storm surge, a wall of water ten or twelve feet high rolling over everything in its way. The storm hit at low tide, and there was some flooding but not the awful floods we had had reason to expect.

The normally placid, tidal river in front of the house became a wind-driven, raging torrent. The air was white with salt as the wind blew off the tops of the waves, covering plants, animals and buildings with a white crust. At the very height of the storm, one of our friends was blown past our house, hanging onto his boat, and shouting for help, as the boat was tossed up and down on the waves. We could not help, because in the first place, we could not stand up in the strong wind; and in the second place, the wind took him and his boat past our house so quickly. What agony for him, and for us. We thought he must surely be killed; but, like a thousand other miracles that day, he survived. As a matter of fact, even his boat had very little damage done to it. The wind blew the boat onto a mud flat instead of onto the rocks.

Another bit of drama we witnessed from our windows was the damage to a beautiful sailing boat which a friend of ours had purchased a few days before we knew the hurricane was coming. Since he could not get his boat to a marina where it could be lifted out of the water before the storm struck, he fastened the boat to a mooring at the mouth of our cove, near my lower gardens. At first, we thought the mooring would hold, but the tremendous winds were too strong, and the lovely boat broke loose and was driven right across the cove. We expected to see it hit a rock and sink; but again, lady luck was on hand, and the boat was tossed up on the one soft bank around the entire cove. Had the boat hit

to the left or to the right only a few feet, it would have been destroyed. When the storm was over, the mast of the sailing boat was sticking half way across the road in front of our house.

If you could see all of the trees that went down in the yards of our neighbors, big trees snapped off like broken matchsticks, you would be amazed! We lost only two trees, but one of our neighbors lost twenty-three beautiful pine, spruce and oak trees. Our biggest hurt was the loss of our electricity right at a time when Howard and Mae were visiting us.

For the first two days after the storm, Howard and I carried buckets of water from the river for flushing our toilets; and we drove up the road to a house which is right at the end of the city water line to get our drinking and cooking water. On the third day, we drove to Maine to visit Mary Lea and her family. We couldn't go there immediately after the storm, for they had lost their electricity even before we did. That fact will give you some little indication of the strength of the storm. Mary Lea was a full 160 miles further away from the center of the hurricane than we were, and yet the wind took away the electrical power for that part of Maine.

Howard, Mae, Betty and I stayed at a beautiful motel a few blocks from the Palos' home. In the motel dining room, whom should we meet but several Kitchen-Klatter friends. We were eating breakfast, quite mindful of the fact that there was some kind of a fall foliage bus tour eating in the same room with us. In no time at all, some of the tour people began coming over to our table to ask if we were the Driftmiers. It was one of the Allied Tours out of Sioux City, Iowa, with Helen Hall of Norfolk, Nebraska, in charge. She listens to our Kitchen-Klatter broadcasts. I think Eunice Berquist of Sioux City, Iowa, was the first one to recognize Betty and me from our pictures in the magazine. Then several others stopped by the table to chat with us—Sophie Ptacek of Columbus, Nebraska; Hazel Koepke of Norfolk, Nebraska; Ethel Struble of Onawa, Iowa; and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Peters of Arcadia, Iowa. They all were such lovely, gracious people and, to have them go out of their way to speak to us, pleased all four of us Driftmiers. Betty and I explained to Howard and Mae that similar occurrences have happened to us in countries all over the world. What fun!

I remember the time we were on a big ship going along the coast of Norway, when a very attractive lady approached Betty and asked: "Are you by any chance, Betty Driftmier of the Kitchen-Klatter Driftmiers?" The lady was from Arizona, and she had been a reader of the magazine for a number of years. There was another time when we were in

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MARY BETH

REPORTS

FROM WISCONSIN



Dear Friends,

This letter is being written not only late but also in a distinct state of haste. As the commercials advertising hair color hint "...only her hairdresser knows!" For me "...only Hallie Blackman and the person typesetting know" how late this letter really is! The cause for my dilatory performance is weather and season related. 'Tis the time of year when the grass should stop growing but hasn't, and the leaves should be drifting down and they are...drifting and drifting and looming deeper with each passing beautiful day. Last weekend Don and I faced up to the painfully honest facts that we could not keep our acre and a half of tree-covered yard clean of leaves by sheer determination. The attachment on the riding mower clogs up with the big, tough oak leaves which it is expected to turn into mulch rendering it useless this time of year. Our three grown-up children upon whom we had formerly counted to man the extra rakes standing expectantly against the garage wall have vanished to the obligations of their own yards full of leaves. Adrienne has been initiated to the joys of living in a rental house because she and her roommate, Anne, have grass to cut, leaves to rake, and snow to remove.

With any luck, Don and I may have solved our problem. Last week we purchased a "pull-behind lawn sweeper" with a thirty-eight inch wide set of brushes to help us with this chore. Thanks to an incredibly warm weekend, we were able to work uninterrupted brushing and raking every corner of this yard. When we stopped for supper and viewed our spacious back yard through our picture window, it was free of leaves. We were proud and exhausted. That kept me from my monthly letter to you, in part; and now, although it is still too cold and moist to do the maximum good, I have promised Don that I will jump in the tractor saddle today and do as thorough a pick up as possible. If we can simply keep up with the leaves, it will be infinitely easier.

Another reason I am hurrying is that as I was working on the yard earlier by myself, I had to upend my body on the grass to reattach the drive belt on the underside of the tractor. The tractor isn't a very complicated machine but it surely is difficult to get into to repair. Because my prescription sunglasses are not made for close work, it was necessary to take them off while I played tractor mechanic. You can guess the end of the story already! Being concerned with the proper placement of this belt, I promptly



Don and Mary Beth Driftmier's Christmas tree is decorated with strings of gold beads, tiny golden lights, gingerbread boys, beautiful white doves, and a number of colorful ornaments. It is a beautiful tree!

forgot the displaced sunglasses. By the time I remembered them, I had rolled the big fat tires of the tractor and the 38 inches of brushes across them enough times to necessitate a trip to the optometrist."

I was fortunate to attain a very early morning appointment the day following this mishap, even though it seemed to be clear across southeast Wisconsin. The gentleman who has kept the family in spectacles for twenty years was formerly located in downtown Milwaukee but has in the interim moved out from town in a direction not toward us. It came as a distinct shock to me when he had trouble locating my prescription records because I was last in for a check in 1971! I knew time was passing swiftly but it was beyond my belief that it could have been so long. Anyway, I am sure the man thought he would have new distance vision and reading glasses to prescribe for me; but after a thorough examination, the doctor announced that I had very young eyes and there was no change in any of my glasses. I have ordered new lenses to replace those which the tractor brushed into the leaf catcher, and I subsequently dumped onto the burning pile. When the back-ordered frames arrive, I shall only have to snap the replacement lenses into them and the glasses will be as good as new. Thus more explanation of the slow

composition of this month's letter and the need to hurry this through and get it into the mailbox because the leaves are drying and dropping with each passing hour.

Things are humming here in Delafield. Last evening Don and I sat for three hours straight at our cozy kitchen table. We nailed together the little squares of sanded wooden blocks and proper lengths of sturdy ribbon to produce Jacob's Ladders for our DAR selling booth at the Folk Fair which I mentioned in my letter last month. These little kids' toys are not difficult to make, but I didn't have good luck making them at a work session scheduled with some fifteen other women. I guess women talk a lot or something because I was distracted. Finally I determined I could save many hours by bringing them home to nail together, and I knew Don would not allow me to drive a nail crooked before he would jump to correct the error of my ways. Things worked out exactly as I had hoped last evening; and during the new long, dark hours of our daylight savings time, we completed half of the Jacob's Ladders. We did run out of tiny brass nails, however, which I must replace today in order to catch my helper while he is still a willing helper! Last year the ladies sold more than a hundred of these early American toys, so we know ahead that they will be a much in demand item with guaranteed sales.

The major item I am concerned with at this year's Folk Fair is the selling of the same Lady Liberty pins which you readers so generously ordered from me through Kitchen-Klatter. The chapter instructed me to reorder 1000 pins based upon your interest.

Milwaukee Chapter of DAR has offered to buy a replacement American flag for the International Institute, the group that produces the Folk Fair. The flag measures 40 feet by 25 feet. Can you imagine a flag that large? This flag is unfurled during the special dance spectacle when each ethnic group demonstrates its country's uniqueness. This flag has to have specially reinforced hand grips because of the extreme weight and the stars are double stitched and backed to keep them from pulling apart. We will have an extra need this year to be successful in our selling booth since we have a very expensive flag to pay for. Because the display and promotion of the American flag is one of the primary objectives of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, it is fitting and proper we should be the group giving this beautiful flag. I'll report to you soon about the details of the Folk Fair, and perhaps I will be able to send you a photo of the flag we are presenting.

Since I write frequently about my
(Continued on page 18)



MAKE A JEWELRY CHRISTMAS TREE

by
Evelyn Lyon

Want to make something beautiful that will be a conversation piece? Want to utilize old discarded or mismatched costume jewelry? Want to show off small awards, pictures, or souvenirs of the past? Make a jewelry Christmas tree picture. It will become "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" and will also become a family heirloom.

You will need 2 pieces of 3/16-inch plywood, one 33- by 22-inches, and the other 27- by 18-inches, 2 small screw eyes, picture frame wire, about 10 feet of 2 1/2-inch wooden molding to make the frame (or if you use an antique picture frame this size, it would be beautiful). You will also need 1 yard of black velvet (48 inches wide), white craft glue, a few short screws, and lots and lots of costume jewelry and pearl beads.

Sand edges of the large plywood piece. This will become the background for your picture. Now, sketch or trace the outline of a Christmas tree that will be approximately 3 inches smaller on all four sides than the piece of plywood used for the background. Trace the pattern onto the other piece of plywood; using a jig-saw or coping saw, cut out the wooden Christmas tree. Sand edges slightly.

Mix white craft glue—2/3 glue to 1/3 water. Generously coat background board with mixture. Cover with a piece of velvet, slightly larger than the board, allowing enough material to tuck over the edges and glue onto back at edges. With the same procedure cover wooden tree with velvet. Trim off excess material and clip at points and corners to make material fit the edge of tree. Allow both pieces to dry over night.

Place velvet-covered tree in center of velvet-covered board and fasten with small screws. The heads of the screws will show but will be covered up later.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Again the brilliant lights enchant our eyes, and Christmas songs are playing everywhere.
Stores are bulging with their Christmas products. Bundled people moving here and there.
They look, they feel, and search to find the price. They pick things up and lay them down again.
Troubled faces speak of their dilemma, trying to decide mid all this din.
You get the feeling that this happy season means only problems for their troubled lives,
And for them it is just another burden adding to their many trials and strife.
Christmas isn't just a time of giving. Many things combine to make the day.
Beside the pretty lights and glittering tinsel, an inner joy and faith it should convey.
ONLY a gift of LOVE should be for Christmas. Any other gift defiles the name.
And in the crowd there are some happy faces that truly do the season's cheer proclaim.
The smiles they wear give us the Christmas feeling of Peace and Love and Hope of lasting Joy.
Then we remember how it all was started, with God's LOVE gift, that blessed Baby Boy.
—Ena Wilcox

The edge of the tree does not seem very smooth but this, too, will be covered.

Cut wooden molding to make a frame for velvet background piece. Stain as you wish. Let dry. Now frame the background with the wooden frame (or an antique frame if you have one). Fasten screw eyes in back, making sure they are very secure, this picture will be quite heavy. Attach picture frame wire.

Now you are ready to begin arranging the jewelry. Use white craft glue full strength. Around the outer edge of the tree, glue white pearl beads onto the background board. Dab glue generously onto the bead and place on the board. Completely outline the tree.

Remove all fasteners from jewelry pins, all clips, etc., from earrings. Cut large pieces of jewelry apart with a good pair of cutting pliers. Necklaces and bracelets can be taken apart where they are linked together. However, if there are some larger pieces you wish to use just as they are, place them but do not glue until you have a balanced effect. It is easier to begin at the points of the tree with small pieces of jewelry or beads and work inward. Colored and shiny beads can be worked in between larger pieces of jewelry to give an overall effect.

Among the jewelry you may place sentimental keepsakes and souvenirs such as small medals, Sunday School pins, loose charms, faces of old watches and children's and grandchildren's school pictures. Pictures are lovely when framed with old belt buckles, that have had the inside pieces removed. On one tree I placed a small baby spoon and filled in with bits of jewelry and beads. These trees can never be duplicated!

The trees make wonderful gifts for married children and their families. What better way to preserve family memories and mementos!



CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENTS

Christmas tree ornaments are always fun to make and are welcome gifts. These are easy to put together.

Tin cookie cutters are needed for this project. Of the many now available, I chose a bell-shaped one and a Santa's boot-shaped one. Two small figurines plus a length of red velvet ribbon 18-inches long and 1-inch wide were added. Use ribbon that is pre-glued or use common white glue to secure the ribbon. For snow, use cotton.

First, glue the ribbon around the outside of the cutters and let it dry thoroughly. Next, glue some cotton inside each one and let it dry. In my bell, I glued a gold-colored angel and, in the boot, a fuzzy bear.

After the glue is dry, add fine, gold cord for hanging. As an added touch, I put a gold bell on the cord inside the boot.

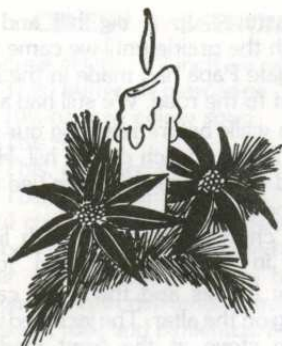
—Inez Baker

WHAT IF THERE WERE NO CHRISTMAS TREES?

No lights or ornamented trees to set the day apart?
We'd still know Christmas by the warmth
that spreads from heart to heart.

—V. P. Flanagan





HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR JESUS

A Skit for Jesus' Birthday Party

by
Virginia Thomas

More and more parents and those working with children in Sunday school are beginning to feel a real need for ways to focus attention on the fact that Christmas is the celebration of Jesus' birthday. This skit is written with this in mind. It might be presented by one Sunday school class before the whole Sunday school or church congregation. It would certainly be an ideal way to conclude the annual Sunday school Christmas program.

Skit

Setting: Several low chairs are placed in a semicircle behind a table in center stage.

Narrator: (Steps to center front stage)

If a birthday party just for you

Was given by a friend or two,

And if your name was seldom heard,

Nor did they let you say one word.

You'd have the right to feel quite sad—

Certainly far from glad!

But this actually happens every year,

To One we should hold most dear.

One might think the honored guest
was Santa Claus—

He seems to get the most applause!

But we're here right now to change the
way

We celebrate our Lord's birthday.

(Narrator steps off stage.)

(Children come on stage one or two at a time and take a chair. Jean comes in last carrying a very large white cake, a large red candle and matches.)

Jean: Hey, kids, look what my mother made and here's a red candle I brought. We're going to have a birthday party!

Mary Alice: Say, that's swell! I love birthday parties an' candles an' gifts an', well, everything about a birthday party.

Joe: I didn't know any of us had a birthday this month. Mine isn't until July.

Sue: Whose birthday is it, Jean? Yours?

Jean: No, can't you guess? Surely you know whose birthday is on Christmas.

John: You mean Jesus' birthday, don't you? Are we really going to have a birthday party for Jesus?

Jean: Yes, because Christmas is really to celebrate his birthday. And we should give Him gifts, too, don't you think? (All of the children look dismayed at the mention of gifts and look at each other questioningly.)

Bonnie: But we don't have any gifts. We didn't think about it being His birthday or having a party. And I've spent all of my money on gifts already.

Jean: Oh, I didn't mean things that money can buy. I am thinking of things we can give of ourselves such as love. We can be more loving to family and friends like Jesus wants us to be. I think Jesus would like a gift of love.

Sue: I see what you mean. I guess I'd better give a gift of kindness. I could do more to help some of our older neighbors and shut-in friends, and I could stop teasing my little brother so much.

Joe: I'll give a gift of promptness. You know I'm always late to everything and slow getting my chores done at home.

Bonnie: I think Jesus would like to have me read the Bible every day. That will be my gift to Jesus.

John: I'm going to try not to be so selfish when my little brother and sister want to play with my toys and puzzles.

Mary Alice: I'm going to be more helpful, especially around home and do it without grumbling, too.

Jean: Well, now I think we have come up with some gifts that will please Jesus, don't you? I'll light the candle now. (She puts candle in center of cake and lights it.) Now, let's join hands and sing "Happy Birthday, dear Jesus."

Joe: I have an idea, let's ask everybody here to join hands in a circle around the room and we'll all sing the birthday song to Jesus together.

(Children and audience all join hands and sing. Then Jean blows out the candle. Napkins are brought in and the cake is served. If the audience is too large, the cake might be served just to the children; but, it is much more effective if all are able to take part. Additional sheet cakes might be used to provide extra servings.)

CHRISTMAS MAGIC

Take a bit of Christmas
spirit—toss upon the
Midnight Star, let it
drift o'er all of
mankind, spreading peace
both near and far.

Take an old, beloved
carol—place on silvery
moon above; let sweet
strains of heavenly music
in flame our hearts, with
hope and love. —Marjorie Lundell

A CHILD BROUGHT HOPE

by
Jeanette Larson

It was three days before Christmas and I was hopelessly behind schedule in Christmas preparations. The cleaning was done previously, but the time I spent was a total loss when our furnace malfunctioned. I wiped soot from windowsills; I wiped it off the walls and floor; I wiped it off the furniture; and I shook it from the drapes.

Twenty-two guests were coming home for Christmas, so I frantically struggled with the cleaning. The women I usually called on for assistance were either away or busy planning trips; another had laryngitis. There was no alternative but to press on in what seemed an absolutely hopeless situation.

I groaned when I heard a knock at the door. But as I opened it, a ray of sunshine beamed forth in a little boy bearing Christmas gifts and wearing a smile as broad as his face. His blond hair peeked out from under his stocking cap and his blue eyes sparkled as he greeted me with a hearty, "Merry Christmas!" He was our nine-year-old city friend who often came to help on the farm. Putting down his gifts, he dashed out to the farrowing house.

At noon, he soberly looked around the house. When we sat down to eat, he announced, "I think I'll stay in this afternoon. I really think we ought to get the tree up."

Diligently our young friend vacuumed and dusted and decorated. He carefully unwrapped the nativity scene and gently placed the wise men near Mary and Joseph and the baby. He grinned a little as he placed a cow near the stable.

He quickly learned how to assemble our artificial Christmas tree while chattering about how they had gone out in the woods and cut theirs. He gently strung the lights about the tree and hung the decorations—the red balls, the etched glass ornaments, the snowflakes, examining each one as he filled the branches.

And then smiling, he stood back to admire his work. All too soon his father arrived to pick him up and he bounded off, still possessing his youthful untiring energy.

That night I parked my crutches beside my bed, and crawled in with a song in my heart. A little boy had rescued me from a hopeless situation and given me renewed hope just as the Christ Child brought new hope to the world hundreds of years ago.



CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

by
Anna T. Christen

Always at the time of the holiday season, my thoughts go back many years to when my sister, brother and I were children and the beautiful Christmases we had at home.

Our parents came from Austria and brought with them the customs of their homeland. We were taught that the Christ-Kind (Christ Child) brought our gifts; Santa Claus came in school and in the homes of our friends, but the Christ Child brought our gifts.

Our Christmas season really began with the feast of St. Nicholas on December 6, which was also our mother's birthday. St. Nicholas, as the story goes, tossed bags of gold through the window of a poor farmer's house, so that he could provide doweries for his three daughters enabling them to find suitable husbands.

Before we went to bed on December 5, we each set up one of our schoolbooks to form a small tent. The next morning we usually found a few pieces of candy, nuts, raisins, prunes, or sometimes only dried apples under our schoolbook tent. St. Nicholas had come.

In those days we lived in an old-fashioned farmhouse. It had a kitchen, dining-living room and a bedroom on the first floor and two bedrooms upstairs with a door between them. The downstairs bedroom had an outside door.

On the afternoon before Christmas, we children had our baths and then walked to our church to go to confession in preparation for the coming of the Christ Child and for the reception of Holy Communion at Mass the next day.

When we got home, the door into the bedroom was closed. None of us dared to open it even a small crack. Papa and Mama did the chores early and we had an early supper. We children were almost too excited to eat. After the dishes were done, Papa always made a visit to the barn to check the animals and finish last-minute chores with the lighted lantern standing by the lot gate.

My sister, brother and I were standing at the bedroom door anxiously waiting, almost too tense to move. When we heard the outside door to the bedroom creak open and movements inside, we knew that the Christ Child had come. When the door creaked shut, we knew that He had gone. Then one of us rushed to the kitchen door and yelled, "Papa, komm schnell! Dar Christ Kind war da!" ("Papa, come fast! The Christ Child was here!")

Soon we saw the lantern come quickly toward the house. We barely gave Papa time to extinguish it and take off his chore clothes before we flung open the



The Palo family's Christmas tree is decorated with homemade cookies and other lovely decorations.

door and rushed into the bedroom.

There we saw a big tree ablaze with lighted candles and beautifully decorated with all kinds of good things to eat. Cookies cut into the shapes of cats, horses, fish, men and women, stars, moons, hearts and circles all beautifully decorated, candy of all descriptions, nuts, figs, and dates, and shining balls and tinsel. Even the smallest branches had something tied to them. The candles had been carefully placed so there was no danger of fire.

Our gifts, sometimes few in number, were neatly placed on chairs and varied from year to year as we grew older, but always included a book for each of us. Papa and Mother usually received useful gifts such as shirts, socks, mittens, red or blue handkerchiefs and underwear for Papa. Mother received several yards of blue and white checked gingham for aprons, cotton damask for a tablecloth, stockings, skeins of black wool, and knitting yarn for mittens, stockings, and gloves. Mother and Papa loved to read so books were never omitted. Sometimes my sister and I received new dolls, sometimes our old ones had new dresses and fancy lacy underwear. One year we children each received small trunks. My sister, being the oldest, got the largest trunk; my brother got the middle-sized one; and I, being the youngest and smallest, got the littlest one. We had these for years.

We were allowed to play with our gifts for awhile, but had to go to bed early. Our Christmas Mass was at 6 o'clock, so all of us had to be up by 5 o'clock to get dressed and walk to our church.

Sometimes the moon was bright and there was little or no snow. When the sky was cloudy, the snow deep and the wind cold, Papa would walk ahead, carrying the lighted lantern, and make a path for us to follow. We took a shortcut through

the pasture, up a big hill and then through the prairie until we came to the small gate Papa had made in the hedge and out to the road. We still had a half a mile to walk before reaching our small, white, frame church on the hill. Horses hitched to farm wagons were tied to the posts nearby.

The church was bright with lighted lamps in brackets fastened to the window frames and the many candles burning on the altar. The jacketed wood-burning stove at the front made the church quite warm. The men and boys knelt and sat on the right side of the single aisle; the women, girls and small children were on the left. Services were solemn and impressive. The choir sang the familiar Christmas hymns and the Mass music in Latin. The sun was always coming up when services were over and after wishing our friends a Merry Christmas, we hurried home.

Mother fixed a quick breakfast, and then she and Papa did the morning chores while we played with and enjoyed our gifts. In the middle of the morning our neighbor always came to see "what the Christmas had brought." We showed him our gifts.

We were allowed to cut the "goodies" from the tree; and by the time our vacation was over, the tree was pretty well stripped. And another happy Christmas was over.

In the great excitement of the occasion, it never occurred to us children that the Christ Child always came while Papa was in the barn, nor did any of us ever think of tracing his footprints in the snow.

SNOWMAN

Today we made a snowman;

He was a pretty sight;
His eyes were shiny bits of coal,
His coat was gleaming white.

He smoked a pipe and broadly smiled,
He watched us run and play,
'Til Mister Sunshine came along,
And melted him away.

—Gertrude Perlis Kagan

CHRIST'S HOLY DAY

A Holy Miracle was wrought
the night of our Savior's birth,
A wonderment to become known
for centuries upon this earth.

Hopes implanted in the Babe
who grew into a Man,
evolved into a faith supreme,
continuing the Master's plan.

His teachings took Him to the cross,
"Father forgive their way...."
Hopes and faith are now reborn,
on this, our Christ's birthday.

—Martha E. Shivers



ALISON'S ACTIVITIES IN NEW MEXICO

Dear Friends,

It is my heartfelt wish that each of you is enjoying a happy holiday season blessed with good health and warm companionship which can make any festivity so memorable. I am certainly thankful for all of our many blessings this yuletide of 1985. It has been a most wonderful year for our entire family. As I look back on the last twelve months, I can remember quite vividly occasions which immediately bring a smile to my face.

The winter months of January and February were ones of alternate ecstasy and calamity as we undertook a major remodeling and expansion of my kennel business. At times our heads were spinning over construction costs, inclement weather, and general second guessing. Were we doing the right thing? April brought smiles and sighs of relief when the project was completed. As the compliments came pouring in, we felt confident that our brave little venture had not been born of overly optimistic foolishness. We were elated when we filled the new wing to capacity over the Easter school vacation.

In mid-April, Mike and I took a much needed break and, after depositing our two children with their grandparents, spent a few days camping with our horses. This was our fourteenth wedding anniversary celebration. It's quite remarkable how quickly hectic business problems fade out of one's mind with the proper diversion. Matters of the utmost urgency have no meaning at all when one is twenty miles deep into the rugged mountains of New Mexico. All that seems pertinent at any given moment is the sun, the breeze, the soaring of vultures overhead, our aching bones, and the endless plodding of hoofbeats, each step taking us farther from the tangible world. We returned to phones ringing, stacks of leftover construction bills, and a renewed enthusiasm for our lives, our children, and our future. We were eagerly anticipating a busy and rewarding summer—which it seemed was just around the corner.

May flew by like a Texas tornado. Lily and I were able to visit Mom and Dad in Denver, where we met Emily and pulled off a "long distance" surprise birthday party for Mom. This was quite an event! Because I never do anything the easy way, it didn't seem sufficient to travel five hundred miles by myself with a four-year-old daughter. So, on the return trip home we added a horse to our entourage; Alpine Leo stepped into the trailer to embark on the long journey and become our next household member. I never think that hauling a horse anywhere

might be an inconvenience. After all, should we experience car trouble, I assume we'll just ride the horse into town to get help! (Maybe we should take a horse everywhere we go—or better still, do away with cars altogether and just take the horse!)

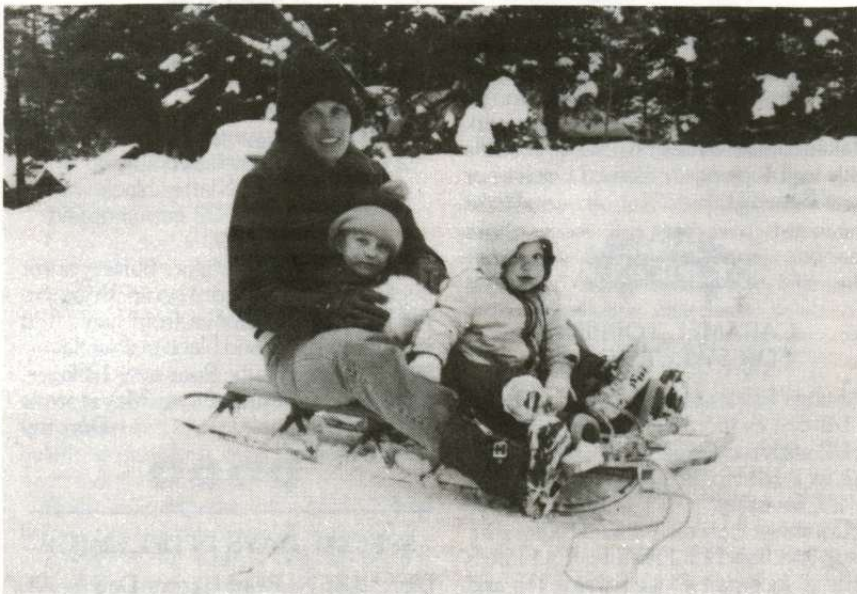
June was an absolutely fantastic month for us this year. Our son, Lee Field, had his second birthday. The same week both his father and grandfather had their birthdays as well. All of this occurred during the week of our biggest summer extravaganza—Mike's family had their first-ever family reunion. It was a smashing success. Co-hosted by Mike's mom and dad and ourselves, it was held here in Ruidoso, and Walstads from all over the country came. Some winter day soon, when the sky is overcast and steel grey hues surround the valley, I'll sit down and share with you the story of this wonderful reunion. It will brighten my day and warm my heart to recall meeting the members of this remarkable family.

Late in July our dear friends, Max and Carolyn Scott, invited us to spend a weekend with them on horseback in the Pecos Wilderness. We have a great fondness for this couple. They are warm and caring people who value family life above all else. They possess not only two children who are our children's closest companions, but also horses and an adventuresome spirit as well. We left the children in competent hands and headed up into the high country. The four of us were rewarded with the amazing experience of seeing wild elk everywhere! Most were cows and calves, but at one point, the boys spooked two bulls who began to circle a meadow. The elk were so worried about Mike and Max that they didn't even realize I was on my horse, Peaches, at the far end of the wild-

flower meadow. Soon, both Peaches and I began to get a little worried, as it appeared the two bulls were going to run right into us! We had been standing perfectly still, our eyes getting wider by the second. Finally, when the elk were only thirty yards away from running over us, they spotted us and stopped dead in their tracks. We stared intensely at each other, eyes never blinking. Then, in a fleeting instant, the bulls headed for the trees and disappeared out of sight. It was quite a thrilling experience.

Perhaps it was adrenalin or maybe the cold rain and wind at our eleven-thousand-foot elevation, but all of us were literally shaking in our down-filled coats and we decided to head back to camp. Upon returning to our tents, we were amazed to see two cow elk grazing close to our gear. One of them immediately trotted over the hill to the next meadow; but the other one, curious about us, continued to stay around the area. Apparently she was quite captivated by our horses, for she continued to keep close by them when we turned them loose to graze. Did she think she was a horse? We nicknamed her Freida; and over the next two days, each time we hobbled the horses to let them munch on the alpine grasses, Freida would appear out of the woods to join them.

The whole weekend had been a very moving experience for me. I felt that I had seen and done things very few people would ever witness in their lifetime. Tuesday, all of us were back at work, doing laundry, other household chores, etc. It seemed as if that rare experience, now only forty-eight hours old, must have been a dream. Surely we had been magically transported to a fairyland, for it seemed so far removed from our everyday lives. I am so thankful to have
(Continued on page 20)



Alison Walstad and her children, Lily and Lee, have good times sledding.



This beautiful table was decorated for the Birthday Club Christmas luncheon at the home of Dorothea Polser, a good friend of Dorothy Driftmier Johnson. The centerpiece was Leanna Driftmier's crystal tree filled with ornaments. Frosted sugar cones decorated with sugar candies and nut cups with candy canes were favors.

HOLIDAY WAFFLES

1 1/2 cups flour
2 Tbls. sugar
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. soda
1/4 tsp. salt
3 egg yolks, beaten
3/4 cup sour cream
3/4 cup buttermilk
1/4 cup shortening, melted and cooled
1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted and cooled
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
Stir the dry ingredients together. Combine the egg yolks, sour cream, buttermilk, shortening, butter or margarine, and butter flavoring. Mix well. (I used an electric mixer.) Stir in the dry ingredients. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. If the dough is too thick, add small amounts of water to thin. Do not mix until ready to bake in waffle iron. Makes 6 to 10 waffles. An excellent waffle with fruit toppings, creamed chicken or Eggs Benedict. —Hallie



CARAMEL TOPPING FOR SWEET ROLLS

2 cups brown sugar
1/2 cup evaporated milk
1/2 cup margarine
1 to 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine ingredients in a saucepan; bring to a boil. Boil 1 minute. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Place rolls on top and bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Topping will not get hard. —Verlene

DIFFERENT PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE

1st Layer

1 cup evaporated milk
2 cups sugar
1 tsp. salt
1/4 cup butter
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 12-oz. pkg. peanut butter morsels
In a heavy saucepan, combine the evaporated milk, sugar, salt, butter and vanilla flavoring. Bring to a rolling boil. Boil 8 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; add morsels. Stir until morsels are melted and mixture is very smooth. Pour into an 8-inch square pan which has been foil lined. Chill.

2nd Layer

1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
6 Tbls. butter (level)
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/2 cup corn syrup
2 cups sifted powdered sugar
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring (or 1/2 cup chopped nuts)

Combine brown sugar, butter, burnt sugar flavoring and corn syrup. Bring to a full rolling boil; remove from heat. Add powdered sugar and black walnut flavoring or chopped nuts. Pour over 1st layer. Chill in refrigerator until set. May store at room temperature. —Dorothy



SPECIAL DAYS IN DECEMBER

December 7—Pearl Harbor Day
December 21—Winter begins
December 25—Christmas

PEANUT BUTTER FINGERS

1/2 cup margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 cup chunky peanut butter
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup white sugar
1 egg
2 Tbls. grated orange rind
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
Pinch of salt
1 cup flour
1/2 tsp. soda
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
1/2 cup ground raisins
1/2 cup chopped pecans
Cream the margarine, butter flavoring, peanut butter, brown sugar, white sugar and the egg; beat well. Add the grated orange rind, orange flavoring, vanilla flavoring, salt; mix well. Sift the flour, soda, baking powder and blend into creamed mixture. Add the rolled oats, raisins and nuts; stir well. Roll tablespoonfuls into long fingers; press with a fork. Place on greased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly browned. —Verlene

CHOCOLATE RICE BARS

1/4 cup butter or margarine
2 ozs. unsweetened chocolate
40 large marshmallows
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
5 cups puffed rice
Melt butter or margarine, chocolate, marshmallows and add the flavoring. Stir until smooth. Remove from heat and stir in the puffed rice. Spread in a greased pan. Let stand until firm. —Dorothy

DIFFERENT PECAN PIE

3 egg whites
1 cup sugar
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 cup finely chopped pecans
1 pkg. graham crackers, finely crushed
1/4 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 8-oz. carton whipped topping, thawed

Beat the egg whites until soft peaks form. Gradually add the sugar and beat until stiff peaks form. Add the vanilla flavoring. Mix the pecans, graham crackers, baking powder and butter flavoring together. Fold the mixture into the egg whites. Spread in a 9-inch pie pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool completely. Spread whipped topping on cooled mixture. Refrigerate overnight before serving. —Verlene

UNCOOKED MARZIPAN CREATIONS

Marzipan

1/2 lb. (about 1 cup) almond paste
1/2 cup soft butter
3 cups unsifted powdered sugar
Kitchen-Klatter flavoring (of your choice or as listed in variations)
Food coloring
Beat the almond paste, butter and sugar until smoothly blended. Makes about 2 1/3 cups. Flavor each 1/2 cup with 1/4 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter flavoring; work in well. Add food coloring a drop at a time until you have the desired color. Shape, wrap each individual candy and refrigerate until ready to use. Stand at room temperature for 1 or 2 days before serving. Makes 100 teaspoon-size candies. Will keep 1 month refrigerated.

Variations

1/2 cup marzipan
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
Chopped pistachios
Work flavoring into marzipan and shape into small balls. Roll in chopped pistachios.

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla or orange flavoring
1/2 cup marzipan
Dried apricot halves
Walnuts
Work flavoring into marzipan. Flatten apricot halves; press a small ball of marzipan over the top of each. Put a walnut on the top.

1/2 cup marzipan
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla or mint flavoring
Green food coloring
Mix ingredients well and shape each teaspoonful into a cone shape. Wrap and chill.

1/2 cup marzipan
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla or orange flavoring
Pitted prunes
Mix marzipan and flavoring together until well blended. Make a nest in each prune with your thumb. Press a small ball of flavored marzipan into the nest.

1/2 cup marzipan
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
Colored sugar crystals
Blend the marzipan and the flavoring well. Shape into small balls and roll in the sugar crystals.

1/2 cup marzipan
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring
Chocolate non-pareils (sprinkles)
Mix marzipan and flavoring well. Shape into balls and roll in chocolate pieces.

(Continued next column)

1/2 cup marzipan
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
Pitted dates
Mix the marzipan and the flavoring together well. Stuff the dates with the flavored marzipan or wrap marzipan around each date.

1/2 cup marzipan
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
Dried apricot halves
Mix the marzipan and the flavoring together well. Place a small ball of the flavored marzipan on the apricot half and fold the apricot.
—Robin



GERMAN FRUITCAKE

3/4 cup butter, softened
2 cups sugar
4 eggs, beaten
3 cups flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1 cup buttermilk
3/4 cup cherry preserves
3/4 cup apricot preserves
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 cup chopped nuts (I used 1/3 cup each of pecans, black walnuts and English walnuts.)

Combine all ingredients except for the nuts. Beat at medium-high speed for 3 minutes. Fold in nuts. Pour in a greased and floured bundt pan. Bake at 325 degrees for about 90 minutes, or until it tests done.
—Verlene



CRANBERRY PUDDING

1 15-oz. can jellied cranberry sauce
1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 egg white, stiffly beaten
1 cup whipped topping
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

In heavy saucepan heat the cranberry sauce to boiling, stirring constantly; add the gelatin and orange flavoring. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add the lemon juice and rind and mix well.

Place in refrigerator to cool slightly then stir until it thickens. Whip until fluffy and fold in the beaten egg white, the whipped topping and vanilla flavoring. Spoon into individual serving dishes and cover. Chill about 4 hours or overnight.

KANSAS DATE PUDDING

1 1/2 cups water
1 Tbls. butter
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 cup flour
1 cup white sugar
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 cup chopped dates
1/2 cup milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine water, butter, brown sugar (can scant 2 to 3 Tbls. if you want a little less sugar in pudding), and 1/2 tsp. burnt sugar flavoring. Bring to a rolling boil. Remove from heat and let cool while mixing the batter.

Sift dry ingredients into a bowl. Add nuts and dates. Stir in milk and remaining 1/2 tsp. burnt sugar flavoring. When well blended, spoon into well-greased 8-inch square pan. (Batter will be thick.) Pour syrup mixture gently over top. Bake at 350 degrees 35 to 40 minutes or until toothpick comes out clean from cake-like topping. The batter bakes and rises to the top and the syrup thickens and goes to the bottom, much like pudding-cakes. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream or whipped topping. Good either hot or cold.

BUTTERSCOTCH CHOCOLATE BARS

1 cup butter (or margarine and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring)
2 cups brown sugar, packed
2 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
2 1/2 cups flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
3 cups quick-cooking rolled oats
Cream together the butter or margarine, butter flavoring and brown sugar. Mix in eggs and remaining flavorings. Mix flour, soda, and salt together; add rolled oats. Stir into creamed mixture. Set aside.

Filling

1 12-oz. pkg. chocolate bits
1 can sweetened condensed milk
2 Tbls. butter
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
Combine filling ingredients in a double boiler. Heat until chocolate is melted. Spread 2/3 of the oat mixture into a 15-by 10-by 1-inch pan. Cover with filling; dot remaining oat mixture over top. Bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Dorothy

HAM CASSEROLE

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen green beans, peas or mixed vegetables
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 3 cups diced, cooked ham
- 1/3 cup diced pimiento
- 2/3 cup grated American cheese or mild Cheddar cheese

Cook vegetables until tender; drain. Lightly brown mushrooms in butter. Remove mushrooms; set aside. Blend flour in butter. Stir in milk and pepper. Cook until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Add mushrooms. Fold in vegetables, ham and pimiento. Pour into buttered 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes or until cheese is lightly brown.

—Dorothy

EASY POTATOES

- 4 cups frozen hash brown potatoes
- 1 cup water
- 1 Tbls. dehydrated onion
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 can evaporated milk
- 1 cup processed cheese

In a saucepan, thaw and slightly heat the hash brown potatoes, water and onion. Make a paste of the flour, pepper, salt, margarine, flavoring and milk. Add the cheese and heat. Mix the milk and cheese mixture with the potatoes. Pour all into a 7- by 9-inch baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes to 1 hour.

—Hallie

CARAMEL NUT CRUNCH

- 1 1/3 cups sugar
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 8 cups popped corn
- 1 cup toasted pecan halves
- 1 cup toasted, whole unblanched almonds

Combine the sugar, butter or margarine and corn syrup in a saucepan and cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until the mixture turns a rich caramel color. Remove from the heat and stir in the vanilla. Pour the syrup over the popped corn and nuts on a buttered cookie sheet and while still hot, separate into small clusters with two forks. This will keep nice and crisp a long time in a tightly closed container or plastic bag.

—Dorothy

SWEET POTATO-TURKEY SHISH KEBAB

- 4 medium sweet potatoes
- 1 8 1/4-oz. can pineapple slices
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/8 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/4 cup jellied cranberry sauce
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 cup corn oil
- 3/4 lb. frozen boneless turkey roast, cut into 12 pieces
- 4 spiced crab apples

Cut off ends of sweet potatoes; boil until tender, about 30 minutes. Drain, peel and cut into 1-inch chunks. Drain pineapple and reserve 3/4 cup juice. Quarter the pineapple slices. Combine the brown sugar, cornstarch, spices, cranberry sauce, flavoring and oil in a saucepan. Cook until slightly thickened and bubbly. Place the turkey pieces, pineapple, potato chunks and apples on skewers. Baste with the sauce and cook until meat is done, basting frequently while shish kebabs are cooking. Serve any remaining sauce as a side dish with the shish kebabs.

—Emily

**SICILIAN MEAT ROLL**

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 3/4 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup tomato juice
- 2 Tbls. snipped parsley
- 1/2 tsp. dry oregano, crushed
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 clove of garlic, minced
- 2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 8 thin slices of boiled ham
- 6 ozs. mozzarella cheese, shredded
- 3 slices mozzarella cheese, halved diagonally

Combine eggs, bread crumbs, tomato juice, parsley, oregano, salt, pepper and garlic; stir well. Add ground beef and mix well. On wax paper press mixture into a 10- by 12-inch rectangle. Place thin slices of ham on top leaving margin around edges. Sprinkle the shredded cheese over the ham. Carefully roll narrow end removing paper as you roll; seal edges and ends. Place roll seam side down in a 13- by 9- by 2-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/4 hours. Place cheese wedges over top; return to oven until cheese melts.

—Dorothy

BANANA BARS

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup mashed bananas
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sour milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- Coconut for topping

Cream the sugar and margarine. Add eggs and mashed bananas. Stir the flour, soda and salt together and stir into the banana mixture. Add the sour milk and flavorings; mix well. Pour batter into a greased 9- by 13-inch cookie sheet. Sprinkle coconut over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes.

—Hallie

WARM SALAD OF WINTER VEGETABLES

- 2 pints Brussel sprouts
- 5 carrots, peeled
- 7 to 9 red new potatoes
- 6 green onions, chopped fine

Cook the vegetables in boiling salt water until tender, not mushy. Drain; set aside.

Dressing

- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. Dijon mustard
- 3 Tbls. cider vinegar
- 1 Tbls. celery seed
- 3/4 cup vegetable oil
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Salt and pepper to taste

Using a whisk, combine the egg, mustard, vinegar and celery seed beating constantly. Slowly add the oil and the flavoring; continue beating. Add the salt and pepper.

Gently stir dressing into vegetables until well coated. Serves 4 to 6.

—Robin

PEA AND ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

- 1 can peas, drained (reserve liquid)
- 1 can asparagus, drained (reserve liquid)
- 1 small can mushrooms
- 1 can cream of onion soup
- 1/2 soup can reserved liquid
- 3/4 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Layer the peas, asparagus and mushrooms in an 8- by 8-inch greased casserole. Combine the remaining ingredients and place over low heat until cheese is melted. Pour over vegetables. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

—Hallie

CELERY CASSEROLE

- 4 cups celery (1/2-inch slices)
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 10½-oz. can celery soup
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 3 Tbls. chopped pimientos
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- ¾ cup crushed cheese crackers

Cook the celery in a covered pan with water and 3 tablespoons of butter or margarine until crisp tender; drain. Stir in the soup, milk and pimientos. Melt the 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine in a small pan and stir in the crushed cheese crackers. Pour the celery mixture into a buttered casserole; cover with the buttered cracker crumbs, and bake about 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

PEGGI'S CUCUMBER SALAD

- 4 cucumbers
- 1 sweet Spanish onion, sliced
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup oil
- Celery seed (optional)

Pare cucumbers, score lengthwise with tine of fork. Slice the cucumbers thinly. Add the cucumber and sliced onion to salted ice water. Let stand 1 to 2 hours.

Cook the sugar and water over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Add the vinegar and oil and stir until well blended. Drain the cucumbers and onions. Pour vinegar mixture over all. Sprinkle with celery seed. Refrigerate overnight in a sealed jar.

If you have a wide mouthed jar for storing, this works fine.

—Hallie

YAM-HAM LOAF

- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup crushed saltine crackers
- 1 Tbls. horseradish mustard
- 1 lb. ground ham
- 1/2 lb. ground pork
- 1/2 lb. ground lean beef
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 18-oz. can sweet potatoes, drained and mashed
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup orange marmalade
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. ground cloves

Combine the 2 eggs, milk, cracker crumbs and horseradish mustard. Add the ground ham, pork and beef and onion; mix well. Put half into a 9-inch loaf pan. Combine the sweet potatoes, the 1 egg, 2 tablespoons marmalade, salt and ground cloves. Spread over meat layer. Top with remaining meat mixture. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. Drain off any excess fat. Spread top with remaining marmalade and bake, uncovered, an additional 30 minutes.

—Verlene

TURKEY-SQUASH CASSEROLE

- 2 lbs. acorn or butternut squash
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups seasoned croutons
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup chicken or turkey broth
- 1 1/2 cups cubed cooked turkey
- 1/2 cup shredded sharp cheese

Cut squash in half and remove the seeds. Place cut side down in a shallow baking dish. Bake at 375 degrees for 45 minutes or until tender. Remove the pulp and mash to measure 3 cups. In a saucepan, cook the onion in butter or margarine and butter flavoring until tender; stir in croutons, salt and pepper. Add broth; toss. Stir in squash and turkey. Turn into a 1½-quart casserole and bake, covered, at 375 degrees for 1½ hours. The last 15 minutes, uncover and top with the cheese.

—Verlene

SWEET & SOUR PORK

- 8 large pork steaks, boned and cut into small pieces
- 2 jars sweet and sour sauce
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1 can chunk pineapple, drained (reserve juice)

Flour and fry pork to brown. Place in iron Dutch oven on slow heat. Pour sweet and sour sauce and vinegar over pork. Add pineapple and enough juice to cover. Simmer until pork is done. Serve over rice.

—Dorothy

MACARONI BAKE

- 4 cups cooked macaroni and cheese (prepare your favorite recipe)
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 1 16-oz. can salmon, drained, bones and skin removed
- 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup shredded sharp American cheese
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Combine all the ingredients. Place in a greased 2-quart casserole dish; bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes. Serves 6.

—Verlene

QUICK COFFEECAKE

- 1 cup packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 8-oz. carton raspberry yogurt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Cream together the sugar and butter or margarine. Add egg and vanilla flavoring; mix well. Stir flour, baking soda, baking powder, and salt together. Stir yogurt and raspberry flavoring together. Add yogurt mixture and dry ingredients alternately to the creamed mixture. Pour into a greased and floured 9-inch tube or bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes. Remove from pan and sprinkle powdered sugar over top.

—Verlene

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Be sure to have the Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings for holiday baking and order some for Christmas gifts.

Vanilla (clear)
Raspberry
Orange
Maple
Cherry

Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut
Almond
Butterscotch
Coconut

(Vanilla also comes in dark color.)

Butter
Blueberry
Banana
Peach
Cinnamon

Strawberry
Pineapple
Mint
Lemon
Chocolate

Send check or money order for the offers of your choice to:
KITCHEN-KLATTER, SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601

Three 3-oz. bottles of flavorings of your choice \$5.00 ppd.
Number ordered _____

Twenty-one 3-oz. bottles of flavorings, one of each ..\$27.50 ppd.
(includes clear vanilla) Number ordered _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____
(Subject to price change.)

ANSWERS TO CHRISTMAS TREE PUZZLE

*
**
HUG
TREE
CANDY
TINSEL
COOKIES
PACKAGES
STOCKINGS
SANTACLAUS
*
*
**

PAPA'S MITTENS

I remember Papa's mittens,
Tufted wool they were, and black.
Mother made them—and for fashion
Worked a red rose on each back.

I can see them on his big hands,
As he held the horses' reins,
When we drove to church on Sunday
Along the snowy country lanes.

I can see the roses' color
Make a brightness on the grey,
When he held the casket handles
As a friend was laid away.

Papa wore the mittens proudly,
But only with his Sunday best;
And they lasted through his lifetime
Until his hands had earned their rest.
—Marjorie Ve Dawson

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- KGGF** Coffeyville, Ks., 690 on your
dial—11:04 a.m.
- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on
your dial—1:30 p.m.

FLOSSIE MAE'S HOLIDAY STRESS

by
Kathryn Deal

(The scene is Flossie Mae's home. She is sitting at a table with lots of cards and papers scattered around on it. She has on a man's robe, an old pair of house shoes, and curlers in her hair. She may have a coffee cup visible. A telephone is on the upper right side of the table. She has a pen in her hand and is addressing cards.)

(The telephone rings three times.)
FLOSSIE MAE answers rather
dejectedly: "Hello!"...

SALLY SUE answers from across the
room: "Hello, Flossie Mae? This is Sally
Sue...."

FLOSSIE MAE replies tiredly: "Oh hi,
Sally Sue...."

SALLY SUE: "What 'cha doin'?"

FLOSSIE MAE: "Oh, I'm trying to get
my Christmas cards done, I'm baking
bread for my husband Percival, my
house looks like a cyclone had come
through, my sinus is acting up, our cat
just scratched my new coffee table, and
my mind is in a muddle!"

SALLY SUE: "Boy! You sound just
like a lady I heard on Party Line the other
day. She was talking about how to
overcome holiday stress. It sounds like
that's what you have."

FLOSSIE MAE: "That's fine but what
am I supposed to do about it?"

SALLY SUE: "Why don't I come
over, and maybe we can talk this thing
out?"

FLOSSIE MAE: "Well, as I said, my
house is a real disaster area. But if you
want to wade your way through, I'll be
glad to have you. But hey! Please don't
say anything about my messy house to
any of our (church or organization) gals."

SALLY SUE: "Oh, you know I
wouldn't tell them, Flossie Mae! Hold on.
I'll be right over...."

(Both ladies put down phones. SALLY
SUE puts on a nice jacket, gloves,
flowered hat, her purse over her arm,
and walks very primly over to FLOSSIE
MAE's imaginary door.)

FLOSSIE MAE looks up from work:
"Come on in...the door is unlocked."

(SALLY SUE opens and shuts door.
She looks at FLOSSIE MAE and shakes
her head in disbelief.)

SALLY SUE: "Why Flossie Mae, you
look like an accident waiting to happen!
(She sits down at table.) Why do you
always do this? You put things off until
the last minute, and then you're in a jam!
Now I've already got my cards done and
ready to mail and some of my prepara-
tions made for my Christmas dinner.
Since I'm short of money this year, I've
been doing some extra baking and
making some handmade gifts!...."

FLOSSIE MAE: "I know, but I just

can't seem to get into the Christmas
spirit. I am so worried about my Aunt
Sophy and Uncle Clem coming. They
don't get along with my Percival. And
there's always an argument when they
get together."

SALLY SUE: "Well now look, Flossie
Mae. You must remember that the family
members who don't get along with
others will only be here for a few days.
...(Pause)... It looks like time is your
problem, so why don't you buy some
already baked foods, also buy presents
which you would usually make? (Then
speaking rather harshly) Flossie Mae—
You have got to be more realistic about
what you can accomplish!"

FLOSSIE MAE: "Now darn it! That's
all well and good. But Sally Sue, I've got
to do all this stuff, and there will be 27
here for Christmas dinner! Would you
tell me how in the world I'm supposed to
get all the decorating and all the cooking
done in time?"

SALLY SUE: "Why don't you do
what my cousin Rosy Belle does? She
shares her chores with the rest of the
family by having them bring part of the
food. That relieves her of a lot of holiday
stress. Now Flossie Mae, you know that
when we have a family gathering
anytime, we have to be flexible in order
for everyone to be happy. This woman
on Party Line said that traditions help to
relieve stress because they are familiar
and allow people to know what to
expect."

FLOSSIE MAE: "Boy! Am I ever glad
you came over Sally Sue! You are really a
good friend and you've helped me a lot.
But you know, after the holiday is over
and everyone is gone, I always get this
'let-down' feeling, don't you? Even if
everything goes well. Do you suppose it
could be a build-up of stress overload?"

SALLY SUE: "Well, Flossie Mae,
whether the stress is the result of
unwanted demands, unrealistic expecta-
tions, or is caused by positive or
enjoyable events, that 'let-down' feeling
is a necessary and normal part of the
body's response to any stressful event. It
is not necessarily a sign that something is
wrong with the holiday season."

FLOSSIE MAE: "Gee, I feel so much
better after talking with you, Sally Sue!
(Pause) But you know what I've just been
thinking? I sometimes listen to a T.V.
minister, and he always says, 'Let Go and
Let God' and I think that's what we all
should do to keep down that HOLIDAY
STRESS!"....

SALLY SUE: "Well, Flossie Mae, So
Do It!"

The holiday season is a good time for
cleaning out that spice shelf. Throw
away all the stale little dabs left in cans or
bottles, and start fresh if you want your
holiday cooking to be worth every taste.



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

When you think of Finland, do you hear the strains of "Finlandia," by Jean Sibelius? Or do you think of *sisu*, which Paave Nurmi defines as "patience without passion," or "something in the soul"? Certainly there would be thoughts of flavorful and nutritional foods of Finland and the Finnish-Americans who cook them.

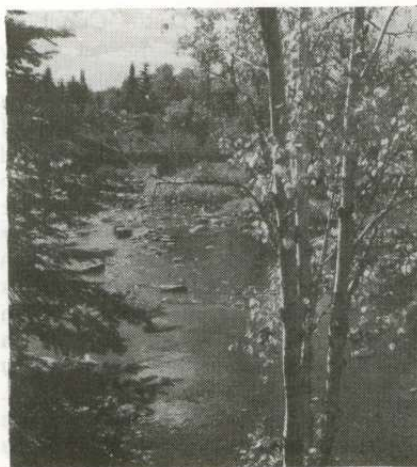
Beatrice Ojakangas, nationally known food editor and writer from Duluth, Minnesota, has edited the recipes in *Fantastically Finnish: Recipes and Traditions* (Penfield Press, Iowa City, Iowa, \$6.50). Collected in part from Finnish-Americans throughout Minnesota, there are recipes for rye bread, mashed potato casserole, North Country pasties, and Scandinavian dessert cake, plus many more in each category. Interesting information is given about each tasty recipe.

A 16-page color section of photography shows Finnish heritage in America and Canada, and includes the Minneapolis-St. Paul Finnish-American folk dance group, Kisarit. Minnesota sites featured in the book include Finnish pioneer farmsteads near Markham, New York Mills and Esko. About 20 pages of articles detail the history and traditions of Finland, plus sites of Finnish interest in America.

Fantastically Finnish: Recipes and Traditions is another soft-bound book to add to your collection of ethnic recipe books. Color photographs by Joan Liffing-Zug and others help make this a delightful book, and will interest you whether of Finnish heritage or not.

Robert Birkby has written a history of a popular Midwest radio station at Shenandoah, Iowa. It is called *KMA Radio: The First Sixty Years*. Edward May, who is president of the May Broadcasting Company Board of Directors, writes in the foreword, "On August 12, 1925, KMA radio first began broadcasting programs to the people of the Midwest. With the celebration of the station's 60th anniversary on August 12, 1985, I'm very pleased to share with you a complete history of KMA from its beginnings to the present."

The story started with the seedhouses of Shenandoah, Iowa, in which there were many. We learn of Earl Ernest May (Edward's father) and the May Seed and Nursery Company, which he founded in 1919. Radio was slowly coming into use, and Earl May began to realize that owning a radio station was the key to the future. In 1925, the first program was broadcast from May's Shenandoah studio. There were musicians and



Birches at Finland State Forest in Northeastern Minnesota are on the cover of *Fantastically Finnish: Recipes and Traditions*, published by Penfield Press.
—Joan Liffing-Zug photography

speakers on farm and garden concerns. As time went on, live entertainers included the Blackwood Brothers Quartet, the KMA Country School, the Stump-Us Gang, and the whole Everly family.

Birkby writes, "The radio business was changing dramatically, though there were some things that radio could still do very well. Farm, market, and weather coverage, news of local and regional importance, and special programs tailored to a rural audience continued, as always, to be the real backbone of KMA." Also, the radio homemakers added their special touch, and were a well-known part of the daily broadcasts.

KMA Radio: The First Sixty Years combines past and present and will provide pleasure to the reader even though he may live far away from KMA and Shenandoah, Iowa. (See ad on page

19 for information on obtaining the book.)

Those of you who listen to Garrison Keillor on American Public Radio know well that he performs every Saturday evening on "A Prairie Home Companion." Now here is the book *Lake Wobegon Days* that tells the story of the town at length, as the book says, with almost utter honesty. Keillor delves into the early history of the town, as well as his life as a youngster, including his embarrassment at wearing black Keds and being picked last for baseball teams. The characters and places are there—the Chatterbox Cafe and Ralph's Pretty Good Grocery. The book provides plenty of chuckles about yesteryear in small-town America, but his tart wit also comes through. *Lake Wobegon Days* (The Viking Press, \$17.95) is for all Prairie Home Companion fans.

For the young child (ages 3 to 6), *In Our House* (Crowell Jr. Books, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$7.95) by Anne Rockwell is where the Bear family lives. Each room is filled with familiar things and is the setting for all the goings-on of an active family—reading books in the living room, cooking supper in the kitchen, etc. What makes it special is each double-page picture shows detailed close-ups of all the activities in each room. Very young children will welcome the house as their own. By the author of *First Comes Spring*, Anne Rockwell has explored one family's busy days.

A fine holiday season to you all!

RIGHT CHANGE

To try to make people the way they should be, the thing I must do is to try to change ME. —Claire Puneky

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FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

Germany, we happened to meet several people who, when they heard someone calling us by name, came up and introduced themselves as subscribers to our magazine. Betty and I never cease being amazed at occurrences such as these.

When leaving Maine for our trip back to Connecticut, we took Howard and Mae across the state of New Hampshire where the fall foliage was at its peak. No words can describe the beauty of the brightly colored New Hampshire mountains. Each turn in the road brought another vista even more beautiful than any previous one!! We drove on down the Connecticut River valley through Northfield, Massachusetts, where one of our Field ancestors was the first school teacher in the town back in the 1700's. Then we went on down through Springfield and across Connecticut to arrive home just as the electricity was restored. However, we lost all electricity and water service the next day after Betty had reloaded the deep freeze with a new store of frozen foods. Thirty-six hours later the power came on again, only to be lost once more for six or seven hours on the following day.

We shall be ready for the next power loss. I have now purchased a big generator that will hook right into our electrical system and keep things running normally until the public power is restored. One of our neighbors, after carefully studying my expensive purchase, said: "At least that generator will be our guarantee of no more power losses for another ten years!!" If he is right, it will have been money well spent!

Sincerely,

Frederick

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NOTICE

The original Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook is no longer available. **Do not order.**

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

activities in DAR, I do get many communications from *Kitchen-Klatter* readers. This morning while I was cleaning up the kitchen after breakfast, I was delighted to answer the phone and have a lovely chat with Mrs. Mark Ryken of Yankton, South Dakota. She and her late mother have been *Kitchen-Klatter* readers for many years. Mrs. Ryken shares my interest in DAR because she is a state officer of the South Dakota Society. Marjorie Ryken and I had a lovely long conversation which really started my day off with a warm glow. There is a network of friends out there which is so responsive that I never cease to be amazed. She has promised to write me a letter which I am looking forward to.

To further indicate what a small world this is, I had occasion to attend a committee meeting for Hawks' Inn last week at my friend Ellen Buckner's home. Upon entering her house, I was introduced to her mother, Mrs. Poch, from Atlantic, Iowa. I feel I know her from talking with her daughter, Ellen, and because they are *Kitchen-Klatter* readers. Which really means they know me better than I know them. Mrs. Poch told me that she had heard Katharine broadcasting on the radio two times during the past week. I was absolutely astounded. I've never heard my daughter, Katharine, broadcast and here sat Mrs. Poch with an inside line on my child that I don't have! There are occasions such as this, when that network of acquaintances compensate for the occasional period of loneliness that can sweep over many of us. I am beginning to understand what Lucile has been talking about when she comments upon the wonderfully supportive letters she receives from so many of her *Kitchen-Klatter* friends.

Many of you will be preparing your thoughts and homes with Christmas activities. I hope each of you will have a blessed Christmas and that the New Year will bring joy and happiness. Our children will be home barring any terrible weather. Adrienne will only have one day off from the bank. Paul will be between semesters at Marquette University; but he, too, will be obligated to work because he has a part-time job which doesn't allow for much time off. All of this suits him because being a student, he is always looking for ways to prove that time is money.

Until next year, I remain faithfully your friend,

Mary Beth

The ideal match in traffic
Can be clearly understood:
Make the horse-sense of the driver
Match the horsepower 'neath the hood.
—Doris Clarke

PARTY PRETTIES

by Mabel Nair Brown

NAPKIN QUICKIES: Cut tiny Christmas trees and wreaths from green felt and glue on sequin trim. Using narrow ribbon and yarn in holiday colors, tie small bows, decorating with tiny Christmas bells, on the streamers. Pin one of these decorations to the corner of your cloth napkins. They are easily removed for laundering and can be used year after year!

PLACE CARD-NUT CUP: Make small, construction-paper sleds. Write name on side of the sled. For each favor cup, cut two red or green felt mittens, about 1½ inches long. Glue or stitch the mittens together, leaving the wrist end open. Glue a decoration on one side of mitten (holly leaves, ribbon bow and bells, beads or sequins, etc.). Insert a flat candy mint into each mitten and then place a mitten atop each sled.

SNOWFLAKE FAVOR ORNAMENT: For each flake you will need a base (shape) cut from colored cardboard. Cut different shapes—round, four-petal, hexagon, etc., each about two or three inches in diameter. The trim will be pasta (macaroni) in a variety of shapes and sizes—you'll find a large array of the different kinds at your grocer's. Give your imagination full reign as you arrange the pasta in unusual and pretty designs on the cardboard circles. When you arrange a design you like (many will look like very lacy snowflakes), carefully lift each piece of pasta and coat the underside with glue and then fasten to the circle. They are pretty with the pasta left natural and coated with clear shellac or the pasta can be painted. Use a darning needle to thread gold cord through the ornaments for hangers.

**CHRISTMAS TIME**

Sprigs of holly and mistletoe
Wreaths of fir and pine.
Pretty ribbons, fancy bows,
And ornaments that shine.

Cookies decorated,
Cakes and mincemeat pies,
Children hanging stockings up
With bright and shining eyes.

Christmas comes to bring us hope,
And messages of cheer,
To fill our hearts with happiness
For loved ones far and near.

It comes to warm our hearts with love
And precious memories of the past
Of Christmas times we've shared before,
Of golden dreams that last.

—Verna Sparks

COLLECT SANTAS AND CHEER UP YOUR HOME!

by
Elaine Derendinger

The happiest collection at our house is my Santas. Very few Santas are ever seen frowning!

My collection started about ten years ago when I admired a stuffed Santa holding a small soda bottle, in the window of an antique store. He had such a sweet expression on his face! My husband bought him for \$10, and we later realized he was a genuine advertising Santa. It would be a miracle to find one for that price today!

Some time later a friend gave us a metal Santa lantern; it had belonged to her father and the insides were burnt out—but the Santa had a story to tell. Each Christmas while her father was in a nursing home, the Santa lantern had glowed by his bed.

For Christmas that year, one of our daughters gave me the cutest, fattest Santa-shaped candle. I enjoy him every year and do not plan to ever light him! Another daughter made me a stuffed St. Nicholas pillow and our third daughter bought me a large ceramic Santa at a craft show.

Because I have always loved Santa, I decided to collect Santas. Children believed in Santa longer when I was a child than they do today. Even after my brother told me there wasn't any Santa, I still "believed." While I certainly respect the religious meaning of Christmas, I have never agreed with those who want to take Santa out of Christmas. Santa, the symbol of gift giving, represents St. Nicholas, who was the patron saint of children. In Holland, he was known as Sinterklass and according to legend, performed many miracles. Once he tossed purses of gold into the home of three poor maidens to serve as their doweries.

Another reason for me to collect Santas is my five children and ten grandchildren always ask me what I want for Christmas. It's easy to say, "Just get me a Santa for my collection." And it's easy for them to find one.

Before Halloween is past, Santas are displayed in most every store that sells gifts, from the fancy gift shop to the discount store. I have great difficulty shopping without purchasing Santas because I'm always seeing them! Some cute ones I've bought are a skinny, vinyl, bendable Santa; a cute ceramic Santa; and a Santa Claus mug.

One can find old Santas at antique stores and at flea-market type places. For \$6.50 I purchased a very unusual Santa bank at one. I spotted an old Santa planter at another, but someone beat me to it. My Santa cookie jar came from an antique shop.

Other old Santas in my collection include a Santa candleholder, a Santa matchbox, a papier-mache' Santa Christmas decoration from an inn—my daughter rescued him from the trash when she worked there. Unusual ones include a tiny Kiddle Santa, a Santa made of burlap, a Santa that beats a drum when he is turned on, a cornhusk Santa, Santa in a basket, and stained-glass Santa. I have about 100 Santas and expect more this year. Most of my Santas are not very old, but one of these days *they will be!*

The Sunday after Thanksgiving, I start getting my Santas out of the closet. Most of the shelves in this closet are packed with Santas. I keep them boxed, or wrapped in tissue or plastic. I arrange them on the mantle, piano, and lamp table in the living room. To have time for me and for visitors to enjoy them, they are displayed until 12th night or January 6th. I fear the collection will soon spill over into other rooms, but that's OK. A Santa is always guaranteed to bring a smile.

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

Save the empty salad dressing bottles. The bottles make lovely vases for small bouquets. Add a ribbon and a bow if you wish. Each spring our Cancer Society gives each hospital patient a daffodil in a salad dressing bottle. They look pretty and the patient does not have to return the vase. Many keep them.

—Ms. E. H., Worthington, Minn.

Nut meats will come out in halves if nuts are soaked overnight in water.

My family learned to enjoy cranberries prepared this way. For a pound of cranberries, mix 2 cups water, 2 cups sugar and bring to a boil; continue 10 minutes. Add berries and simmer till all have popped. Add 1 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring, 1/2 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring and a dash of salt. They taste very similar to cherries. We enjoy them on ice cream.

—L.G., Osage, Iowa



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ALISON'S LETTER — Concluded

had that encounter, it is one I will have fresh in my memory for some time to come.

Only two weeks later, it was Lincoln Days. Being one of my favorite occasions, I mention it probably too frequently. In a nutshell, it's drama, cowboys, outlaws, costumes, buggies and fun—a weekend of 1870 fantasy.

The next week, August eleventh, was Lily's fifth birthday. A milestone event, she started kindergarten in the fall. She attends a half-day program at a private Christian school. With only eleven children in her class, she feels very secure and comfortable. This is important to us; for in our eyes, she is still our baby girl. She is very fond of singing, and this particular school has a strong music program. It's quite a shock to see your first child start school. Everyone has been telling me for years that children grow up quickly. It's hard to realize that with several years of interrupted sleep with a baby in the house. At two o'clock in the morning, childhood seems endless. It really comes to heart, though, when the children start school. Five years have passed by so quickly. Many women my age have teenagers now. I suppose the next time I turn around, Lily will be a teenager, too.

Lily's milestone was not the only one in our family this year. My brother Clark's wedding was certainly a momentous occasion, but I'll let him tell you about that later.

Until next time, I wish you all the best in 1986.

Alison

I HAVE A QUESTION

How can this little sock

Hung by the chimney, like so,
Hold drums and dolls and skates
And cars and trains that go?

I'm wondering—would Santa
understand

If, when everyone's in bed,
I'd take down this little sock and hang
Mama's panty hose instead?

—Mabel Nair Brown

EASY HOLIDAY TABLE FAVORS

Children will enjoy making these clever holiday favors. Older youngsters can work by themselves, younger ones will need assistance. You will need large red and green gumdrops, white Lifesavers candy and red and green birthday candles. To make each favor, poke a red candle into the top of a green gumdrop or a green candle into a red gumdrop. Using a paring knife, cut a small vertical slit in the side of the gumdrop, and push a Lifesaver part way into the gumdrop, pressing the cut edges together around it. Presto, you have a small candle, complete with its very own little holder! Of course, they may be made in any color combination, but red and green is especially nice for Christmas. A small sprig of artificial pine or holly could be added alongside the Lifesaver handle to make the little favors extra festive.

—Betty Vriesen

HELLO, DECEMBER

Hello, December, red velvet and spice,
Children attempting to be extra nice,
Christmas trees heavy with baubles and lights,

All just awaiting that magical night...
The night to rejoice, to ever remember
To honor Christ's birth on a night in
December.

—Inez Baker

**CHRISTMAS GIFT**

Give me the gift of laughter;
Give me a dream to hold.
Give me a hope to cherish...
These are better than gold.

Set high a star of promise
To shine in the Christmas sky.
Give me a song for the lonely days;
Understand if I should have to cry.

Walk with me in warm friendship;
Give me a cheery call.
Give me the gift of love and I
Shall have the sweetest Christmas of all.

—Merle Price

**THE HISTORY OF THE "SNEAKY" CHRISTMAS TRADITION**

To help celebrate the Christmas spirit in many countries, it is a tradition to hang a clump of mistletoe in a frequently used doorway. The object of this tradition is to catch an unwary person beneath the light green clump and kiss them.

No one knows exactly how mistletoe became connected with Christmas. It is believed that the ancient Celtic priests, known as the Druids, first introduced the countries of France, England and Ireland to the rituals of mistletoe in 500 B.C. The Druids cut the mistletoe from the sacred oak tree and gave it to their followers to be used as good luck charms. This ritual was frequently done during wartime.

From here, not much more is known about the Celtic ritual because their history was handed down by word of mouth from the priests. These priests were sworn to secrecy because the doctrines proving these rituals were sacred and couldn't fall into enemy hands during their frequent wars.

The mistletoe plant the Americans use today can be found on the trunks and branches of trees; often it is found on the trunk of the apple tree. However, it may grow on such trees as the lime, hawthorn, sycamore, poplar, locust, fir, and occasionally the oak tree.

The mistletoe used in the doorways of today consists of an evergreen type branch covered with thick clusters of light green leaves. It looks much like a clump of grapes, except the berries are pure white with a waxy appearance. In February and March, small yellow flowers can be seen in full bloom on the clumps.

The mistletoe berries happen to be poisonous to man; however, they are not to other animals, as birds eat the white, shiny fruit. The seeds of the berries cling to the bills of the birds. The seeds are scattered when the birds sharpen their bills against the bark of a tree. This allows the mistletoe seed to be buried in the tree trunk.

This sneaky tradition has survived a long time and will probably continue as long as the Christmas spirit does.

—Marnita Hein

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

If you have evergreen trees in your yard, now is the time to cut twigs and branches for indoor decoration. There was a small, scraggly looking spruce tree growing near the little Chapel site when we were about ready to start building. We debated whether to dig it up and attempt to plant it elsewhere. "It will die if you move it," our carpenter said, "but if you leave it, you'll have a fine accent tree near the Chapel."

No attempt was made to dig out the tree because everyone became so busy. "We can always take it out," my husband said, "and maybe it will develop better in time." In December the lopsided little spruce looked as skimpy as ever so I decided to snip off some twigs to make a small wreath. I worked completely around the tree trying to even out the branches. The wreath turned out nicely, and I hung it on the Chapel door. Every December after that the little spruce contributed its twigs and branches for several wreaths and the process began to stimulate growth. Thick new twigs developed all around the tree until it became a beautiful specimen and a lovely accent for the Chapel. Sometimes lights are strung around it for our outdoor Christmas tree.

Last July we had open house commemorating the Chapel's tenth year and the tree was greatly admired. It is so tall now that it is impossible to take wreath cuttings without disturbing its symmetry. The lesson in this little story is that if you have a spindly, misshapen evergreen, cut twigs for wreaths and indoor decorations and do it each succeeding year to achieve a thick, well-shaped tree.

Making a pretty Christmas wreath out of fragrant evergreen twigs is easy. You can purchase a wire wreath frame or one can be made from a wire coat hanger. Leave the twisted handle at the top and spread the wire below it until you have a circle. Take a second coat hanger and snip off the handle with a wire cutter. Make a smaller wire circle inside the first one and tie it in position with string or finer wire so the circles are about two inches apart. Tie small bunches of evergreen twigs together. Starting near the handle, tie the bunch to the wreath. Work around the wreath tying the bunches firmly until you come back to the handle. Conceal it with more twigs. Add pine cones and finish with a red bow or enhance the wreath with bright baubles and tiny velvet bows. Merry Christmas to one and all.

FAIRYLAND

The freezing rain,
Like a magical wand,
Transformed our town
Into a fairyland.

Silver icicles sparkling
From every bush and tree,
Creating lacy designs
So beautiful to see.

They didn't linger long,
Perhaps it's just as well
Because for all its beauty,
Havoc it did spell.

Breaking limbs and wires,
No telephone and lights,
Caused a lot of hardship
For several days and nights.

But we will long remember
The loveliness of that sight,
Which changed our little world
So greatly over night. —Celina Judge

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

A bucket of brown gravel which is a little coarser than sand can be used on icy walks, steps or driveways. The gravel will not track in very much if a rug is used at the door. It only takes a light sprinkle of gravel to make walking safe.

—Mrs. H. G., Pittsburg, MO

I have found an easy way to cut up gumdrops, orange slices or dates and have them ready to use. Put about 3 tablespoons of flour into a small mixing bowl. Drop 6 to 8 dates or candies into the flour. Use a spoon to roll them until they are thoroughly coated. Snip them into small pieces back in the flour. Stir to coat. Place them in a strainer to separate pieces from excess flour. Store coated pieces in a covered jar in the refrigerator. A pound can be prepared at a time.

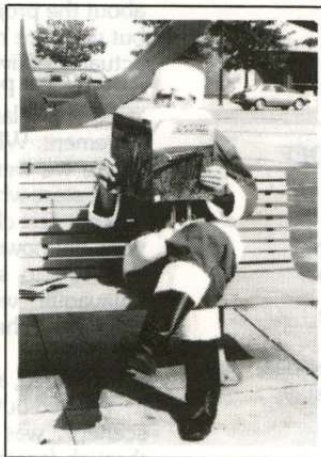
—Mrs. L. M., Union Star, MO

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THE HOLY STORY

God looked down from the heavens
above,
And gave us Baby Jesus to love.
In the manger forever he will lie,
Small children sing his lullaby.
His birth we celebrate with candle and
bough. —
He was born in the stable with donkey
and cow.
A star shone bright in the heavens above,
And up in the rafters cooed a dove.
Shepherds and wise men came to see,
And fell down on bended knee.
Gifts they brought from far and near,
And wondered at the miracle of this baby
dear.
Joseph and Mary the parents were,
And from Bethlehem they fled in fear.
Wicked Herod had decreed
That not a boy from his sword would be
freed,
But Joseph was warned in a dream,
And they left the country over hill and
stream.
Fled with their son to a land far away,
To a place where he could safely play.
—Lois Lesher



THE CHICKADEE

Lovable little neighbor
High in a backyard tree.
On snow encrusted bough,
Petite and dainty as can be.
We await your saucy note
This frosty winter day;
Your cheery chickadee-dee-dee,
Knowing you've come to stay.

Exquisite little creature,
So enchanting to behold.
You're a gift from the Father,
More precious far than gold.

—Erma Fajen MacFarlane

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The Earthwatch team is carefully removing soil inch by inch at the archeology site in Ecuador. Juliana and other team members found ancient statues, pottery and several kinds of artifacts.

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

(Yes, he had heard of Kitchen-Klatter and had grown up with the Kitchen-Klatter products in his home.) One woman was a nurse from California and another was a doctor from Pennsylvania. The final member of the team was a woman copy editor from Florida. We had each received a briefing from Earthwatch about the project, living conditions, etc., but we were not really prepared for the actuality of living in a tiny fishing village right on the Pacific Ocean.

To say Salango is remote is an understatement. When Ecuadorians asked us where we were going and then gave a blank stare when we said "Salango," this was our first clue that we were going to a very unknown, isolated spot. Salango is a six- to seven-hour bus trip from Guayaquil which requires two bus changes. The farther we got from Guayaquil, the more the roads deteriorated, and most of the trip was on a washed-out dirt road. BUT, the scenery was fascinating. We went through forests of huge cacti, farmland, jungle, rice fields and stands of bamboo. It was the most diverse collection of landscapes I can ever remember passing through. When we reached Salango, there was the Pacific and miles of white beaches inhabited by sea birds of all kinds. I could tell that I was going to like this place!

I'll write more about Salango and the archeology next month. Right now I must make a cake for my son James's senior class bake sale. This is a money-making project. The class sponsors decided people were so busy with holiday activities they probably wouldn't have time to do a lot of baking for their own families. They are right because after making the cake for the sale, I won't have time to make dessert for my own family! I have all the ingredients for a big yellow cake with chocolate frosting. My daughter, Katharine, has volunteered to make some of her fancy sugar roses to decorate the cake. I have a feeling that

secretly my family hopes no one will buy the cake, and we can bring it home for ourselves.

Lucile and Betty Jane send their special greetings to you and they wish you a very happy holiday season. Of course, my greetings go with theirs. Merry Christmas!

Juliana

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
suitcase with a lot of beautiful sweat shirts in it, and we thought you might like to have it." How grateful we were that they had seen it before we got out of town.

Between trips I have been to Birthday Club, attended a concert at our large new auditorium in Chariton, and had a birthday dinner for my good friend and neighbor, Louise Querrey.

The fall, wild turkey season was open this month. Two of our friends from Kanawha came down to hunt and got their turkeys in a half a day. A couple of our good conservation friends have been here to hunt squirrels. We always enjoy having all these fellows stop in for coffee and a visit.

Other news from Kristin is that Art took the boys deer hunting. Aaron was thrilled to get his first deer. Also, Aaron had a part in the school musical. While I was in Tekamah, a lady whose son-in-law is Aaron's track coach visited with me. Julian is happy he is going to be in a junior bowling league. He also got to be one of the judges who chose the best Halloween costumes at school and that pleased him. Art has had his eye checkup since his cornea transplant. Art and his doctor are both thrilled that he now has 20/20 vision with that eye.

Christmas will soon be upon us. I have a few gifts purchased but not wrapped yet. Frank and I are going to be hunting in the timber for another pretty cedar tree for our living room. I must get busy and get some cookies and candy made and into the freezer so I will have some ready to mail to Kristin and her family when the time comes.

So from our house to yours, Frank and I wish you all a Happy Holiday season.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

PRAYER

Dear Lord, My shoulder pains
From the heavy cross I bear;
The tears, the heartaches and
The sorrows that I share.
Each day I need your help,
Your comfort and your love,
To know that solace comes
From sources far above.

—Madonna L. Storla

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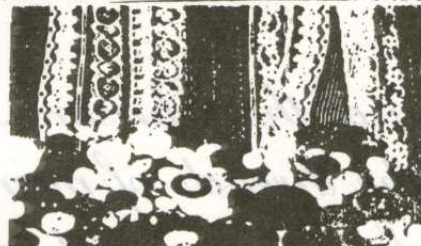
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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

To Our Friends

The tapestry of the Christmas tradition is woven with the threads of memory. Its warp and woof of giving and receiving make warm patterns of remembered kindnesses . . . of deeds, not words . . . of actions, not intentions.

As we throw the shuttle through the warp adding another Christmas season to our fabric, may we, with deep sincerity, weave in the golden thread of
"Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward Men."

*From The
Kitchen-Klatter Family*

