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Kitchen-Klatter

MAGAZINE

VOLUME V NOVEMBER
1940 NUMBER 11



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SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Price 10 cents



—Photo by Burdick

A TRUE THANKSGIVING

Count your blessings, one by one,
At early morn and set of sun,
And, like an incense to the skies .
Your prayers of thankfulness shall rise.
Look for the love that heaven sends
The good that every soul intends;
Thus you will learn the only way
To keep a true Thanksgiving Day.

—Anon.



A LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in U. S. A.

6 Months 50c (6 issues)
Foreign Countries, \$1.50 per year.
Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by
LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa



THANKSGIVING DAY BLESSING

Our Father, whatever our beliefs, however slender the threads of our faith, we come to Thanksgiving Day with a desire to lift up grateful hearts to Thee, and to thank Thee for Thy goodness.

As we consider Thy bounty, we thank Thee most of all that our greatest blessings, neighbors, friends, service, cheer and love, are given to us as freely as Thy golden sunshine. Young and old, we thank Thee for the right to hope, the chance to work. Grant to us a measure of that high courage and gallant spirit with which our forefathers kept the first Thanksgiving Day.

On this day of Family festival, strengthen home ties, bless our absent loved ones, and give to them and to us the happiness that comes from an abiding faith in Thy goodness. Amen.

—Ethel Charlton Hinman.

ARE YOU GUILTY?

Next Sunday, when you go into your church, imagine if you can that you are a stranger there. Would you leave without friendly smiles and warm handclasps from those who sat near you? Would you feel you were really wanted, and would you go again the next Sunday? I hope this letter did not come from your community:

"Remember the woman who said that she invited three women to her house every week for a friendly get together? I thought that was a wonderful idea and she must be a good woman. Do you know why you have so many, many listeners? It's because people are lonely and want friends and they feel you are a friend. I move about and have been doing this for 15 years, and how lonely I get at times for some one to visit with as I would if I could be in my own home town with relatives and friends. I go to Sunday School and church, taking my children with me, but for the most part people are too busy or indifferent to make it so that you can really get to know them. A friendly smile means so much to a stranger and smiles could be used a lot more than they are. People do not call, and least of all the church people, but after all a call does not mean much to a stranger unless she feels as tho the caller really wants to see more of her. I think the church is making and has made a grave mistake in not making strangers feel as tho they were really wanted."—A lonely Sister.

Let us call on the lonely people, the strangers in our town, and be a real friend to them. There are many lonely women who need friends. I read a poem once, that I have never forgotten. It expressed the thought that God could not live across the street so He gave us neighbors and friends.

Dear Friends:

Another month has rolled around! Here in the wonderful middle west, it is hard to realize that cruel wars are raging in other countries. How much more we have to be thankful for, than we can express in mere words. I think of the mothers in other lands and wonder what we American mothers have done to deserve the blessings we enjoy.

So with Thanksgiving in my heart, I join with mothers of our land Who daily send a prayer above "Thank God I'm an American." It just seems we can't be **thankful enough**. Every one of us must pray unceasingly for peace, once more, upon the earth.

The most thrilling thing that has happened since I wrote you last month is the letters from Frederick, in Egypt. After waiting four months for news, we received three letters within three days time. They must have all come over on the same boat. We had a letter from the Philadelphia office of the Mission Board which said that Assiut College had opened with an enrollment larger than ever before. The French and Italian colleges have been closed and some who had attended them are enrolling at Assiut College. Since the letters from Frederick were written in May and June, this news from Philadelphia was much more recent. They keep in touch with Egypt by cable.

The new addition to our house is completed. I had hoped they would get the shrubbery planted around it in time that I could get a picture for this issue of our magazine, but that will have to wait until next month. I want to take a picture of the wonderful ramp my husband had made, too. It has a very gentle slope and an iron pipe rail on both sides so I can run my wheel chair from the porch out into the yard and back up the ramp again, very easily. I appreciate this convenience more than words can tell. No one ever had a more thoughtful husband than I have, nor more loving and considerate children (unless it might be yours).

Just Howard, our eldest son, and Wayne, are at home now. I can scarcely get used to such a small family. Don is attending Park College at Parkville, Mo. We took a picnic dinner and drove down to see him a few weeks ago. We got there just at twelve o'clock and the young folks, about 600 of them, were pouring out of the church, which is right on the campus.

When he saw our car you should have seen the smile on his face. He drove us over the winding roads of the beautiful campus. The buildings are of native stone, and many are covered with ivy. Amid this background of natural timber, which was touched with autumn color, they made a very beautiful picture. Park is a "self help" school. Don chose greenhouse work as his job and showed us where he had been working, removing the whitewash from the windows. He is very happy at Park. We are sorry he has only one day for Thanksgiving and will not get to come home. Margery probably can come, for she is only 50 miles away. Our plans for Thanksgiving are incomplete, as yet.

Dorothy enjoys her work in the garden seed department of the May Seed Co. She will have charge of the Boys and Girls Seed Club. You will hear more of that later on this winter and spring. It is nice to have her in Shenandoah, where I can see her every day, or talk to her on the telephone.

I have started to braid a silk rag rug. I have no special color scheme. I am using any material I can find to put in it. I believe making rugs is my favorite recreation. I love to work on them.

I have been asked to tell how the rooms of our house are arranged, so I will try to give you a mental picture. The house faces south and has a porch across the front. The downstairs might be divided into two parts, the three rooms at the front of the house, the dining room, living room and library, with open archways between them; and the back rooms on the north, kitchen, bathroom, hall closet, office and bedroom. There is also a back porch.

Upstairs there is a sleeping porch, bathroom, four bedrooms, a hall and a linen closet. Our house isn't the latest style in architecture and most of our furniture has had lots of hard usage, but it is home and we love every foot of it. Come and see me some time.

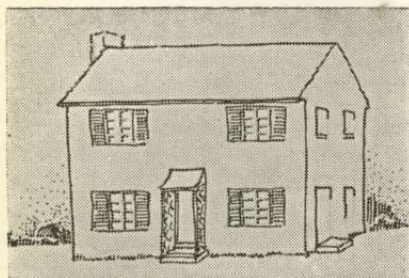
Sincerely,

—Leanna.

MAKING FRIENDS

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of giving out of one's self and appreciating what is noble and loving in another.—Thomas Hughes.

Come into the Garden with Helen



A House, not a Home.

will find that the few dollars invested in shrubs and trees will miraculously increase its value.

You have probably come to the point where you are willing to spend a moderate sum of money for this purpose but you feel that you cannot quite afford the services of a professional landscape architect. Perhaps you have the time to do the work yourself with the assistance of your family and wish to give yourself that pleasure but you are wise enough to want it done right so that it will not have to be done over again, and you do not feel quite sure of yourself in making the plan.

During these winter months, while you have time to study, I will give you a series of step-by-step lessons that will not only help you to make your own plan but which will give you an understanding of the fundamental laws of Landscape Gardening. Next summer you will be seeing how these laws were used in places that you admire!

For your plan it will pay you to buy a large sheet of paper laid off in little squares so that everything can be drawn to scale. On this carefully locate all buildings and existing trees and shrubs. It will be diplomatic to get husband or children to help with this part of it and thus arouse their interest in your project.

Get acquainted with the trees and shrubs with beautiful autumn coloring and decide where you will want them.

As you go about studying the good plantings in your own vicinity, interesting friendships await you. Garden lovers the world over are a cordial, generous tribe, eager to pass on the things they have learned and to show you their treasures.

Your public library may have books that will help, but get also a good collection of the better nursery catalogs, remembering though that not all things grown in the East are able to endure our hot summers. Ask the "Flower Lady" or "Tree Man" of your own town, when in doubt about such matters, and stick to the tried and true for your main plantings, leaving for your intimate garden the exciting novelties that you can't resist trying out.

—HELEN FISCHER

WASTED WORRIES

Just yesterday when it had seemed
The skies must surely fall,
Misfortune passed some other way,
It never came at all.

Cares threatened with the rising sun,
And weren't you surprised
To find the day was quite filled up
With gladness undisguised?

Yet once again it is, alas
Whatever shall I do
If circumstances that I fear
Should finally come true.

This latest trouble that portends
What ill will come of it?
Just take a look at yesterday—
Relax a little bit.

—Edith R. Smith

NOT LOST

"They are not gone who pass
Beyond the clasp of hand,
Out from the strong embrace.
They are but come so close
We need not grope with hands
Nor look to see, nor try
To catch the sound of feet.
They have put off their shoes
Softly to walk by day
Within our thoughts, to tread
At night our dream-led paths of sleep.
They are not lost who find
The sunset gate, the goal
Of all their faithful years.
Not lost are they who reach
The summit of their climb,
The peak above the clouds
And storms. They are not lost
Who find the light of sun
And stars and God."

—Selected



THANKSGIVING GARDEN DISPLAYS

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

WE THANK THEE

For health and strength to do our part,
We thank Thee humbly from our heart.

For music, mirth and laughter, too,
To lighten labors not a few.
For families dear, for friends so true
We give our fervent thanks to You.
Last but not least, our thanks to Thee
For our sweet land of liberty.

Giving thanks for the season's bounties is simply showing our appreciation for the many blessings heaped upon us during the year. Although we may give thanks every morning as we enter our garden, still this is the season when we feel it the most. Let us show it in some simple display of garden beauties on the festive occasion when we gather together.

Children often like to make little centerpieces for the table. A large pumpkin cut in half, and filled with polished apples, grapes and oranges is easy for little fingers to prepare. Some familiar scene may be reproduced by the use of small toy animals, turkeys made from pine cones, pheasants imitated by the curious unicorn seeds mounted on small sticks for legs, a small mirror serving as an artificial lake with bits of pine for woods. Only do try to have the objects used in proportion with each other.

If Indian corn in its variegated form is used, tie the ears together in small bundles by braiding the shucks. If used as outside decorations, a good coat of shellac keeps them bright and makes them less tempting to birds.

Bouquets of winter material may be used if fresh flowers are not available. I like winter bouquets to have a meaning each part bringing back a happy memory of summer. Perhaps it may be cat-tails found on a trip, sedges from the brook, dried prairie flowers picked on a summer ramble. Or it may be sprays of gay peppers, odd seeds or bright berries from the garden.

Nearly every one grows gourds during the summer and then as fall comes on, does not know what to do with them. Tiny miniature gourds may be used as favors, while bowls of brightly colored or varnished ones make a good centerpiece. Thanksgiving is a good time to exhibit a fine display of gourds to friends, especially if the more curious and odd ones have been specialized in. Interesting collections are used to advantage in this way. Use them with Indian relics, Mexican pottery and curios, or other articles in keeping with their ancient lore. Dolls made from husking gloves have a place here. Also Indian beads or a few ears of their strawberry popcorn, small but cunning. A child who makes and displays such a collection also learns unconsciously more than is obvious.

The Story of My Life

(At the request of my friends I am writing this brief story.)

CHAPTER 27

In the October issue I wrote about some of the many things that I experimented with in an effort to overcome the paralysis in my limbs, but when I glanced back over that page just before I sat down to write this I realized that in the end you didn't really have a clear idea of what I was able to do physically. Those of you who have been following this story know, of course, that I was flat on my back when I began the long struggle to regain my health. You also know how slowly and laboriously I gained every inch, so it will mean something to you when I say that by the summer of 1934 I was able to get about quite successfully.

When I look back on that time from this fall afternoon in 1940 it seems to me that I had nothing to complain about! I got up in the morning just as I had done in the years before I was hurt, and helped get my family's breakfast. I was able to get about all over the house on my crutches, and I didn't move at the pace of a tortoise either. In fact, the children used to tease me and say that they'd run me a race to the end of the yard any time I wanted to try it. Some of the time I broadcast from my office here at home, but in good weather I went down to the studio if something special had come up, and it was no trick at all to walk down the steps and get in the car, and then get out again and walk into the studio when we had arrived at the seedhouse.

As a matter of fact, I was able to go just about anyplace I pleased. In the evenings we always took a ride, (providing the weather was good, of course) and if some movie came to town that we thought we would enjoy, I thought nothing at all of going down to the theatre. Almost every Sunday saw me climbing up the long flight of steps that lead into our Congregational church, and during that time I very rarely missed a meeting of our Aid Society or Woman's Club. You can see that on the whole I was able to do pretty much as I pleased, and looking back on it from the present time when everything I do costs me considerable effort, it is understandable that I feel I had almost nothing to complain about in those old days even if I did have to get about on crutches.

In the summer of 1935 several things happened that I think you might be interested in hearing about. Lucile was in Sacramento, California at that time, and Dorothy and Frederick got their first opportunity to have a fine trip. Mr. Driftmier and I had been spending Sunday in Des Moines with my sister Martha Eaton and her husband, and when we drove up in front of our house that night both Dorothy and Frederick came running out to meet us waving a telegram and very much excited. This telegram was from their two aunts who were teaching in



The five Field sisters. Top row, left to right, Martha Field Eaton of Des Moines, Ia. and Sue Field Conrad of Clarinda, Ia. Bottom row, Jessie Field Shambaugh of Clarinda, Ia., Leanna Field Driftmier and Helen Field Fischer of Shenandoah.

Oberlin, Ohio, and they wondered if Dorothy and Frederick could come to Oberlin and join them for a lengthy trip through the east.

It seemed like a very generous thing for their aunts to do and we felt that it would be a wonderful opportunity for the children, so their father and I said yes, by all means to go. I remember that Dorothy had been saving her pennies for a long, long time, and we used to tease her about the Japanese box that she kept them in and ask her when in the world she was going to open it, and what she intended to do with the money once it had been taken out. Well, now we saw the results of her saving, and she was thrilled when she finally opened the box and poured out all of the pennies to use on this trip. I've forgotten exactly how many pennies she'd saved, but it seems to me that it came pretty close to 1500.

There was very little time to get them ready, so we scurried about and washed clothes and ironed and bought a few things, and then just a day or so later we drove them down to the bus with their suitcases and many directions for changing from one station to another in Chicago, again in Cleveland, etc. I was so happy for them when they drove away, for I knew that they would have a grand time.

After they had gone we got busy and started remodeling our kitchen. I had always wanted more light in it, and a more convenient arrangement of cupboards, etc., so Mr. Driftmier and I drew new plans and started to work. It was quite a job, taking it all in all, for we had new windows cut, and a whole wall of built-in cupboard had to be cut and shifted into two sections that would flank the new sink on two sides. We also had an ironing board built in, new linoleum laid, and rearranged the position of the stove and refrigerator. Oh yes, I think I should tell you here while we're on the subject of the house that we also bought new dining room furniture at this time. I mention it because I had gone through exactly what so many of you are going through right now,

and I want you to know that the time does come when you can discard the old things that have had such hard wear and get new things that the children take pride in and try to keep nice. We had used the same dining room furniture for years, and it showed the wear that a large family of children had given it. I used to long for the day when I could replace it and know that it would be given good care, and I wondered often just as you are wondering now, if that day would ever come. Well, after many years that day arrived, and it was a happy one for me because I had anticipated it for so long.

At last the kitchen was remodeled and things settled back to normal again. We had many interesting cards from Dorothy and Frederick that they posted on their trip, and I was answering one of these cards on the afternoon that my accident happened. I had been sitting at my desk writing this letter and time flew by more swiftly than I realized, for when I looked up at my clock it was getting on towards six and I hadn't even thought about supper. Almost always Margery was around to start things going and to set the table, but this day she had gone on a picnic and there was no one around. I was in a hurry when I picked up my crutches and started for the kitchen, and I guess it was my haste that proved my undoing. As I hurried down the hall my crutch slipped on something and the next thing I knew I was lying on the floor.

Almost the instant I fell I knew that I had broken my hip. Somehow we always know these things instinctively, for I remember that the first thing I said after our accident in 1930 was, "I know my back is broken." In the same way I knew that my hip was broken. I called for help a number of times but no one answered, and this was very unusual because with such a big family I could almost count the times on one hand that I had been in the house completely alone. However, this particular time was one of those rare instances and I realized that probably no one would be in the house until Howard came home from the mill and Mr. Driftmier came home from the office.

As I was lying there trying to figure out what I could do to get help, I heard someone call "Hello" and then I heard our neighbor, Mrs. Alexander, come in through the back door. She had run in to chat a minute, and when I called to her she came running to the back hall and found me. She couldn't lift me alone, of course, and I knew that I shouldn't be moved until the doctor had arrived, so she ran to the telephone and called Mrs. Pond, next door, Mr. Driftmier and our doctor. While she was telephoning I kept thinking that Dorothy and Frederick must not hear about this accident for it would spoil their trip.

(Continued in December Number)

Give the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine as a Christmas gift. Order now and receive the patterns as a premium. Send \$1.10 for Magazine and mailing charges on patterns.

A LETTER FROM EGYPT

June 8, 1940

Dear Folks:

I am writing this letter from Alexandria. I am sitting in my room in the apartment of Dr. Neil McClanahan at the Schutz school for American Missionary children. I am looking out of my window into one of the most beautiful tropical gardens I have ever seen. There are tennis courts out there and croquet courts. In the distance I can see the Mediterranean, so blue that I can hardly tell where the sea begins and the sky ends. Let me tell you the story of how I got here.

As I was writing my last letter to you, I mentioned that I could see a sand storm in the distance, and at that time I was wondering if I would be able to take the plane to Alexandria. Little did I know then what an experience I was to have. The MISR. airways taxi picked me up at 10:30 A. M. and I joined the two other passengers on our ride to the desert airport. When we got to the desert the wind was so strong that at times it seemed that the car would be blown over, and the dust and sand were terrible. When we reached the little white-washed airport we got out of the taxi, and holding out hats to our heads ran through the sand and wind to the shelter of the waiting room. There the airport manager told us that they had called from Cairo trying to cancel the trip, but since one of our passenger group was the honorable airways inspector (a big important looking Egyptian), who had to get to Cairo at once they had finally decided to try and fly to Assiut for us. Suddenly the plane arrived with a cloud of dust. I ran out into the storm to try and get a picture of the plane as it taxied up to the waiting room. The plane was a twin-motored De Havilland biplane. It was of the type that carries seven passengers and one pilot. The nice looking English pilot jumped down out of the plane and shielding his face from the blowing sand ran to the waiting room.

"You're an American, aren't you?"



A picnic in the middle of an Egyptian desert. This is where the party of teachers, who drove from Assiut to the Red Sea, stayed all night. Ted slept on that bare spot in the center of the picture.

he said, looking at me. "Well, you certainly picked a swell day to fly! Man, I've been flying for fourteen years, and I've never seen it any rougher than it is today. What I mean is that it is bloody rough! I can tell right now that unless you have flown a lot you're going to get sick. I tried to fly above it, but at fourteen thousand feet the wind is still stronger. We've got to fly as close to the ground as we can. The higher we go, the stronger the wind is. You don't mind hedge-hopping, do you? Oh, its safe enough, but just very rough."

At the end of this speech one of the passengers backed out, and just the inspector was left to be my fellow passenger. I wasn't a bit scared, but I began to wonder about getting sick. I gave my camera to the pilot (regulations against spies, you know) and climbed in. The pilot took his place, and after shouting, "Good luck and cheerio," he shut the door behind him and just the inspector and I were left in the cabin. As we taxied around the field the wind rocked the plane and the sand tore with fury at the windows. I tried to fasten my safety belt but couldn't get it to work. We turned into the wind, and with seemingly no run at all, climbed 'upstairs' with a jump and a bump. For a moment it seemed that we just stood still in the wind, and then began to nose forward. The wind was from the north, and so we had to fly into it all of the way. When the Pilot said hedge-hop, he meant hedge-hop, for that is just what we did. At times we weren't more than 100 feet off the ground, and the highest we got was 400 feet. We were so close to the ground that the heat was scorching. The airplane was just like a tin box in the middle of the Sahara. I took off my coat, and unbuttoned my shirt, but still I sweat like a torrid rain. I have never been in such a hot place. The ventilators let in little breezes of heat and dust. And talk about rough; at times it was like riding a bronco. Once I was almost thrown from my seat. I looked at the inspector and laughed, but he didn't laugh back; he just hung on until his hands were white from the exertion.

As we skirted over the fields the farmers would look at us in amazement. I could plainly see the expressions on their faces. Most of the farmers were threshing with their piles of straw on the ground and the water buffalos pulling sharp bladed knives

something like a disk about the straw. As our plane would approach at such a low altitude, the buffalos would break loose from their threshing equipment and run across the fields. The camel caravans on the roads were thrown into an uproar as our plane shot over them just above their heads. I could see the camels bucking and throwing off their loads as they do when they are frightened. Native women baking bread on their roofs in the villages either ran for their stairs or (as a few did) threw themselves flat on the roof. I have no doubt that most of them thought that the plane was an Italian war plane coming to get them. The sailors on the Nile looked at us with their mouths open as we dipped and rocked above the white-capped river.

Once we were right over the Nile when suddenly one wing went way up in the air, and the other one went way down. For a moment I was lying on my side, and while in this position the plane seemed to fall like an elevator. When I could see out the window again it seemed that we were taking off again from the water. That was pretty close to getting a free bath. As the plane would drop every once in a while my stomach would come to my mouth, and that ghastly motion plus the terrible heat soon made me sick. Gee, but I was sick. I vomited again and again into a container for that purpose. In half an hour we were at Minia and I thought I was going to faint just as the plane landed. I knew that I was too sick to continue. I was afraid that I would faint and they wouldn't be able to do anything for me until they got to Cairo which was another hour and a half away. I think that I could have stood it if it had not been for the heat. It was certainly thrilling while it lasted. I tunneled my way through the wind to the Minia waiting room where I told the pilot to go on, and that I would take the three o'clock train from Minia.

(Continued in December Number)

A BLESSING IN THE WORLD

God wants every one of us to be a blessing in this world. The deepest desire of my heart for myself is that I may be a blessing to many people. I want to live so that when I am gone the world will be a little sweeter because I have lived in it. I want to make my own life a benediction to all whom I touch with my love or with my influence. It is my wish and prayer that I may never give a hurt to any life, nor start any influence which I shall ever wish I could withdraw. I want to make every day a little garden plot in which my hand shall drop seeds that will grow into beauty, fragrance, and fruitfulness. I want so to live that people will thank God for me, and think of me as having helped them with all gentle cheer and inspiration. I want to be ever an encourager, never a discourager, of others for many persons have heavy burdens, and life is made harder for them by even one hopeless word. I want to be in my little measure just the kind of blessing my Master was.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

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A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Kitchen-Klatter friends:



This is a quiet Sunday evening in Hollywood and I have been sitting here at my desk by the windows envying all of you who live in the middle west. I said to Russell yesterday that when October comes I am always homesick for Iowa and Nebraska and Minnesota, and all of the other states in that area where autumn flames so magnificently. Surely in all of the world there is nothing more beautiful than fields of shocked corn under the harvest moon, and the thin, nostalgic smoke of late bonfires in the air. I always find all of my thoughts turning back to it during October, and these days I have gone outside and sniffed thoughtfully trying to discover, if I could, even one faint trace of Indian summer. I hope that when you bring in the first pumpkins and pack barrels of apples against the winter you will give me one quick thought! Well, you can say to yourselves, Lucile would certainly enjoy this. And you're right. I would count it the greatest pleasure in the world to be there with you in that moment.

In my last letter I said that I wanted to tell you about some of the wonderful Chinese dinners that we have been invited to. I am very fond of Chinese food, and when you have the opportunity to eat many meals prepared by one of the finest chefs on the coast you realize that we know nothing at all about real Chinese food just from our encounters with Chop Suey and Chow Mein. These two dishes were conceived originally for Americans, and no Chinese would think of eating them! Some of the things we have enjoyed the most are squabs rolled in almonds and broiled, chicken breasts prepared with the most exotic sauces, duck fixed in a dozen different ways, all kinds of vegetables such as lotus roots, sweet peas, bamboo shoots, bean sprouts, etc., served with sweet and sour sauces, and so many different things that I really can't begin to list them all.

One thing I should mention in detail, however, and that is the fish we ate one night last week. Fish is just about my favorite food, and our friends remembered it when they invited us to dinner. Our host had just returned from a fishing trip in Oregon, so he had one fine big fellow sent down by airmail to be sure that it would be almost as fresh as when it was taken from the stream. I've never eaten anything better than that fish and the sauce that accompanied it, but I decided not to try to make the sauce myself when I discovered from the chef that it had only nineteen different items in it. I'll just stick to plain, simple cooking, I told Russell.

Three weeks ago we had a delightful weekend at Laguna Beach, a favorite ocean resort for California artists. We drove down on a Saturday afternoon with friends and stayed at a hotel

right on the water. We went to sleep with the sound of the surf in our ears, and when we awakened in the morning we looked out and saw great waves breaking right below us. After breakfast we settled down on the sand to get a good sunning (of course we all got burned because we didn't have sense enough to know when enough was enough), and then about two o'clock we drove to San Juan Capistrano and had lunch at a lovely open-air restaurant. After we had explored this quaint old town we returned to Laguna, ate dinner at the hotel, and then took a long drive in the moonlight down the coast. In the morning we started back to Hollywood, but we took time along the road to have breakfast at Long Beach and to get out and walk around Balboa and Newport Beach. All in all it was one of the nicest weekends I have ever had in my life, and it was a little hard to take up the humdrum duties of Monday after such a Cinderella vacation.

I have promised mother that in the next issue there will be some pictures along with my letter. Russell has the use of a marvelous camera now, and he has promised to snap some pictures that would interest you. One day last week he had fun photographing the kitten that is such a pet and is so much enjoyed by all of the people who live around here. It seems to belong to all of us, and we've trained it to come scampering like a dog when called. Never did a cat have such a funny name as this one. It started out to be Sally, then it turned into a Tommy, so now it is called the full name "Tommy Sally." Little Jean, Louise Fischer Alexander's baby, has so much fun with it when she comes over here, and sometimes when I'm writing I look up to see Tommy Sally begging at my door to come in for a nap in one of our chairs.

My warmest regards to all of you,
Lucile.

DID I PASS BY?

I wonder when my feet were free,
Did I pass by
Some lonely shut-in's waiting door—
Did I?

And did my careless lips forget
To smile and say
A cheery word to some sad heart—
Did they?

Since I am bound within my room,
I see
What friends and smiles and kind
words mean—
To me.

—Myrtle Blassing

"Dear Leanna, Received my Kitchen-Klatter this morning and did I ever like it. When I heard you talk about it, I thought Oh well, that's just another magazine, but I think I gained a dollar's worth of good out of the first magazine."—Mrs. Wm. Klammer, 535 So. 9th, Lincoln, Nebr.

Get 3 Back Numbers of
Kitchen-Klatter for 25¢.

BEAUTY AIDS

Eva Hopkins

When you step out for an evening how do you look?



Eva Hopkins

Of course you want to look well, but how can I go about to do that, is the question a great many women want answered.

First, let us take the figure. The most expensive clothes look bum on a sloppy figure, so if eating is your main pleasure in life and eating the fattening things you shouldn't, your figure will announce that fact to the world.

Your hair is the frame for your facial picture, so be sure to select a style that brings out the best points of your face, nose, ears, eyes, etc. If the up-comb is right use it, if not use some other style.

Now for your make-up. Be sure that you powder your neck as well as your face. If you don't, your face may look young and glowing but your neck will look years older and duller. And be careful not to use too much make-up. It is easy to get so used to rouge and lip stick, that you gradually use a little more each year, without realizing how generously you are applying it. Don't get that painted look!

If you have been using one of the loose powders that requires continuous freshening up and that you have had to apply over a sticky cream base, why don't you try a Creme Powder that stays put and is applied directly to the skin, after it has been cleansed with soap and water. It feels much fresher and I am sure you will never use the old fashioned kinds of powders.

I don't care for the cream rouges, but prefer the compact types. In fact, the only cream that I recommend is a night cleansing cream and that only for those with dry skins.

If you have any questions about your complexion problems, please feel free to write me and I will answer them to the best of my ability.

FRANK'S SPECIAL
HAIR BRUSH

Brushing the hair not only gives it a beautiful natural lustre, but also starts circulation and promotes growth.

Everyone should have one of these fine hair brushes, which has five rows of strong unbleached bristles and slits in back for easy sterilization.

While they last, only 50¢ postpaid.

DOROTHY JOHNSON

Box 467, Shenandoah, Iowa

FROM A 4-H MOTHER

By Helen Loudon

Every one of us has plenty of reason for being thankful this year. We have been blessed above all other nations, so far, at least; and I am sure that all of us realize it. Everything seems so peaceful, during these beautiful autumn days, that it is hard to remember the chaos in the rest of the world.

Jean baked her own birthday cake, and I believe she grew an inch taller as it came from the oven.

Phyllis learned to make pie; and every chance she gets, the family may expect pie for dessert. Perhaps I won't need to cook at all, in a year or so. Suzanne even wanted to mix the bread, but a three-year-old girl is a bit small for such "heavy work."

The boys are gaining experience with livestock, too. They feed the calf. We are all extremely proud of that calf, Daisy Mae, and the children don't mind feeding her. It is good for children to have a few chores to do, if it is no more than the care of rabbits or Bantams. They need responsibility.

Some of the Shenandoah business men financed some 4-H boys in Page county, helping them to get purebred stock to raise. Too much cannot be said in favor of such public-spirited action. These men are doing one of the best possible things for the welfare of our nation.

I get a bit disgusted at the articles one occasionally reads, which try so hard to convince the world that the entire younger generation is headed straight for ruin. I don't suppose you 4-H parents take that sort of article too seriously. Do you remember the excitement, back in the "Twenties, over the "flapper"? Each girl was supposed to be carrying a pocket flask, and so on. (Did you ever see a pocket flask? I never did!)

These much maligned "flappers" are sober matrons today, and I'll wager most of them are excellent wives and mothers. So I just can't get too excited over the wickedness and general lack of morals of present-day youth. Can you? They are, for the most part, fine clean-minded youngsters.

There have always been people to whom the clandestine had a definite appeal; but they are so far in the minority that we don't need to worry too greatly over them.

So let's all be thankful, not only on Thanksgiving, but all the year 'round, for these fine boys and girls, and for the 4-H clubs, one of the finest influences in their lives.

BIRTHDAYS

It's only a memory
That you grow old.

Your body is an angel
Like marigold.

Your friends remember you the best
By deeds, not years;

By joys you scatter on the way
To banish tears.

It's not the things you get from life
But what you give.

—Alson Secor.

HEALTH HINTS

Mrs. Walt Pitzer

"FRIENDLY FAT SOCIETY"

If you have followed past instructions I know you are as proud of the results as I was when I stepped on the scales this week.

Now comes the battle to keep the abdomen flat. It will keep us busy for some time for we have only disposed of the fermentation, now must burn up the real FAT.

This month let us agree to observe one "alkaline drink" day each week. (Alkaline drinks were explained in last month's column.) Continue to forget the evening meal, eat your dinner at noon then a glass of milk with an egg yolk at 4 P. M. You may have a glass of buttermilk at bed time. Eat only ½ the usual amount of bread.

Next month I am going to make a plea to your husbands to help you reduce. (Some of them may need some excess baggage removed, but don't tell them I made that remark.)

"CHECK YOUR SCHOOL CHILD NOW"

The child has probably recovered from the excitement of the first weeks of school adjustment, and often a physical disorder will come to light at this time which could not be observed sooner.

Important to have the eyes, ears, nose, throat, and heart given a "check". Imperfect sight and hearing often make a child seem dull in their school work. When put to such a disadvantage he becomes discouraged and loses interest in his studies. An infection of the throat often leaves a damaged heart muscle; in which case strenuous activities should be avoided until the heart is again normal. One suggestion is, he not march up several flights of stairs at school, but should walk slowly at the end of line. If necessary the physician will give the child a written excuse for the teacher.

"WILL HE HAVE AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX"

There is danger of the older child developing an inferiority complex if he is held back and enters kindergarten or first grade with the younger brother or sister.

Especially is this true if he is the "slower reacting" type and the younger child is the "quick as a flash" type.

The child with a slow reaction may not make such rapid strides in school but is often more thorough and conscientious in his work. He needs an understanding teacher and parent to advise as to his school activities.

The "quick as a flash" child also needs very careful watching. He usually has a charming personality and is usually in the "lime light". There is danger that he may sail thru school on that personality, often winning high honors. Then may come a sad time when he has to find himself and often the adjustment may leave its mark on what started out to be a wonderful personality.

REAL JOY IN WORK WELL DONE

A person is inferior who depends on praise in order to be happy. This world is full of failures due to a lack of praise. You who are young may get a good many compliments when you do a thing; but the older you grow, the less you will be praised. Thus you must learn to get joy out of doing your very best in an enterprise, and in that find your compensation.

All of us enjoy praise. We want the things we do appreciated; but oh, we must not be too dependent upon praise for happiness or we shall have many heart breaks in life. Indeed, those who crave praise are inferior. Finally, let us always remember that we are the handiwork of God. We are sons or daughters of God. With His help we can do all things well. Let us have faith in him and in ourselves and then be modest about it.—Selected.

Subscribe for the
Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published Monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October, 1940.

State of Iowa
County of Page, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared M. H. Driftmier, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business manager of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Managing Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Business Manager, M. H. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1940.

Ivan D. Wilson, Notary Public
(My commission expires July 4, 1942.)



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVING MENUS

I

Clear Tomato Soup
Celery Olives
Roast Turkey Sage Dressing
Mashed Potatoes
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Cranberry Jelly
Creamed Onions Cole Slaw
Pumpkin Pie Cheese
Coffee

II

Grapefruit
Cream of Mushroom Soup
Baked Ham Raisin Sauce
Browned Sweet Potatoes
White Mashed Potatoes
Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad
Cranberry Jelly
Pumpkin Pie Coffee
Salted Nuts

III

Oyster Cocktail
Radishes Olives
Roast Duck Celery Stuffing
White Mashed Potatoes Gravy
Cabbage and Pineapple Salad
Carrots and Peas
Cranberry Frappe
Rolls Butter
Pumpkin Pie Coffee

SPECIAL TURKEY DRESSING

2 loaves of 3 day old bread
½ pound butter
2 large onions
2 pounds fresh mushrooms, sliced
3 cups diced celery
3 tablespoons minced parsley

Crumble bread into a large kettle, moisten with hot water or stock so that it is soft but not wet. Let stand on the back of the stove where it will keep warm. Fry onions in butter, turn them in with the bread. Fry the sliced mushrooms in the same skillet for 5 minutes. Then fry the celery and add these to the bread. Salt and pepper to taste.

Wash and dry the turkey, inside and out. Rub the inside with softened butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and fill the body cavity with the dressing. Rub the skin with oil and roast, uncovered, basting occasionally with butter and hot water. Allow 25 minutes per pound. 450° oven for 25 minutes and finish at 350°.

GIBLET STUFFING

2 cups soaked stale bread
2 minced onions
2 minced apples
1 teaspoon poultry dressing
1 set giblets
2/3 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Squeeze bread quite dry. Add minced onion, apple, the poultry dressing, seasoning and chopped giblets, which have been simmered until tender.

CHESTNUT DRESSING

1 pound chestnuts
¼ cup butter
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups mashed potato or bread crumbs
1 teaspoon minced parsley
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon
Cut each chestnut and put hot butter over them and set them in the oven for five minutes. Then peel and boil in salted water until tender. Cut in fine pieces or mash. Add other ingredients and a little water if needed for more moisture.

SOUR SAUCE FOR CABBAGE

2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ cup vinegar
Combine butter and flour, add salt, pepper and vinegar. When it boils, pour it over the cabbage or cauliflower which has been cooked in salted water.

ESCALLOPED CORN AND OYSTERS

1 can corn (cream style)
1 can oysters, or ½ pint fresh oysters
10 soda crackers, crushed not too fine
Salt, pepper and butter
Put in casserole, alternating layers of corn, oysters and crackers. Dot with butter, salt and pepper. Bake. A good luncheon dish.



A lemon tree grown by Mrs. Peter Bendixen of Schleswig, Iowa. This lemon weighed 2 pounds and 9 oz., and made 4 lemon pies. It measured 17x19½ inches.

"DIFFERENT" MEAT LOAF

1 pound ground veal
½ pound ground pork
1½ pounds ground beef
Salt and pepper
1 small onion
1 egg
½ cup cracker crumbs
1 can tomato soup
Sage
Beef may be used instead of veal and milk instead of tomato soup. Baste often while baking.

CAULIFLOWER WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Cook cauliflower in salted water until tender. Make a sauce of ½ can tomato soup, ½ cup cream, 1 tablespoon butter, salt and pepper to taste, and thicken with a little flour.

Place drained cauliflower in a hot serving dish and pour hot sauce over it.

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Box 34, Shenandoah, Iowa



The Vegetable Man who ruled over the agricultural displays at the KMA Jubilee. From left to right, Sue Conrad, Dorothy Driftmier Johnson and Katherine Duncan, who were responsible for constructing the "Vegetable King."

BARBEQUE SAUCE

- ¼ pound butter
- 1 cup vinegar
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tablespoon chili sauce
- Juice of ¼ lemon
- 2 lemon slices
- 1 teaspoon brown sugar
- ½ pod of ground red pepper

Mix these ingredients together and put over a low fire. Baste a roast with it, every ten minutes during the entire process of cooking.

ORANGE-GLAZED YAMS

- 6 yams or sweet potatoes
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- ½ cup orange juice
- 4 tablespoons butter

Boil yams until nearly done. Drain and peel. Cut in thick slices and lay in buttered casserole.

Make a sauce of sugar, cornstarch and orange juice, stirring constantly for 5 minutes. Add butter and pour over potatoes. Bake 30 minutes in 375° oven.

SQUASH AND CARROTS

- 1 pint diced cooked carrots
- 1 pint diced cooked squash
- Butter, salt and pepper
- 1 cup grated cheese

Arrange vegetables in alternate layers in the casserole, sprinkling each layer with salt and pepper and dotting them with butter. Cover with grated cheese. Bake 20 minutes covered, and 10 minutes uncovered.

TABLE DECORATIONS FOR THANKSGIVING

A colorful centerpiece can be made by using a wooden bowl filled with red and green peppers. Another very appropriate one is a pumpkin, hollowed out and filled with polished fruit.

Fall flowers may be protected from the frost or picked and kept in a cool place inside, until Thanksgiving. They always make nice table decorations.

If you want something very unusual, make a wigwam of dried corn tassels in the center of the table, and place small Indian and Colonial dolls around it. This would please the small children in the family.

A small toy wheelbarrow loaded with vegetables, a turkey perched on the top of the pile, also makes an attractive centerpiece.

SUPERSTITIONS

Too much salt in the soup means the cook is in love.

If you make large cookies you will be a good step-mother.

If you can handle hot pans without burning yourself you will be able to keep a secret.

Egg shells on top of your oven will make your cake rise.

Eat a piece of boiled meat on the first day of the month and you will have good luck all month.

Serve black-eyed peas on New Year's Day and you will have plenty to eat all year.

You can't be mad and mean and turn out good baked goods. You have to like to do it.

The falling of a tin pan in the kitchen is a sign of a wedding.

ONE DISH MEALS

Thousands of my Kitchen-Klatter listeners are using my book of one dish meals, which also includes meat cookery and the using of left overs. This is the time of the year you should have one of these useful books. Price 25¢ postpaid.

LEANNA DRIFTMIER,
Shenandoah, Iowa.

TO RENDER LARD

"When preparing lard to render, run it through the food chopper and it will more readily render out, with less cracklings, and these fine cracklings are fine to add to corn bread—makes it taste almost like nut-meats had been added."—Mrs. Avis Jacobson, Winterset, Iowa.

OH BOY!
CHOC'LIT
CAKE!



Nebraska Woman Praises Mother's Best Flour

Mrs. Carl F. Siems, RFD 3, DeWitt, Nebraska says, "I have used Mother's Best for years—it's good for all baking. I can make so many more loaves of bread with it that it really is the most economical flour — and I have better bread."

Won't you ask your grocer for this grand flour soon? Remember, Mother's Best is sold with a money-back guarantee.

Mother's
Best
FLOUR



KMA PROGRAM SCHEDULE

930 Kilocycles Shenandoah, Iowa
NBC Blue Network
Iowa Broadcasting System

KMA'S DAILY PROGRAM

MORNING

5:00 a. m.—Haden's Hillbillies
6:00 a. m.—Weather and News
6:30 a. m.—The Family Altar
7:00 a. m.—Morning Headlines
7:30 a. m.—Stamp's Quartette
7:30 a. m.—Family Altar (Sunday)
7:45 a. m.—The Haden Children
8:00 a. m.—Uncle Bill Reads the Funnies (Sunday)
8:15 a. m.—Uncle Carl
8:30 a. m.—Frank Field
8:45 a. m.—Mid-Morning Devotions
9:00 a. m.—Homemaker's Visit
9:45 a. m.—The Rangers
10:00 a. m.—Earl May, News
10:00 a. m.—Church Services (Sunday)
10:30 a. m.—Kitty Keene
10:45 a. m.—Ma Perkins
11:00 a. m.—Songs of a Dreamer (Mon.-Wed.-Fri.)
11:00 a. m.—Jane Alden (Tues.-Thurs.-Sat.)
11:15 a. m.—Cornstussel News
11:30 a. m.—KMA Country School
12:00 Noon—Midday Melodies
12:15 p. m.—Golden River Boys
12:30 p. m.—Earl May and the News

AFTERNOON

1:00 p. m.—Stamp's Quartette
1:15 p. m.—Nancy Lee
1:30 p. m.—S. O. S. Program
1:45 p. m.—Chick Holstein
2:00 p. m.—Kitchen-Klatter
2:30 p. m.—Songs of the Range
2:45 p. m.—The Other Woman
3:15 p. m.—Club Matinee
4:00 p. m.—News
4:15 p. m.—Carter Family
5:00 p. m.—Set Sail
5:15 p. m.—Irene Wicker
5:25 p. m.—A. P. News
5:30 p. m.—Bud Barton
5:45 p. m.—Captain Midnight

EVENING

6:00 p. m.—Western Melodies
6:15 p. m.—Chick Holstein
6:50 p. m.—Earl May, News
7:00 p. m.—Ben Bernie's Musical Quiz (Tues.)
7:00 p. m.—Pot O' Gold (Thurs.)
7:00 p. m.—Harry Kogen's Orchestra (Fri.)
7:00 p. m.—Gorden Jenkins' music (Sat.)
7:30 p. m.—Hollywood Tomorrow (Sat.)
8:00 p. m.—Old Fashioned Revival Hour (Sun.)
8:00 p. m.—Basin St. Chamber Music Society (Mon.)
8:00 p. m.—The Song of your Life (Wed.)
8:00 p. m.—Singin' & Swingin' (Thurs.)
8:00 p. m.—The Gang Busters (Fri.)
8:00 p. m.—Melody in the Night (Sat.)
8:35 p. m.—Little Ol' Hollywood (Mon.)
8:35 p. m.—Bishop & the Gargoyle ((Tues.)
8:35 p. m.—Roy Shields Revue (Wed.)
8:35 p. m.—Concert in Miniature (Thurs.)
9:00 p. m.—Story Dramas by Olmstead. (Mon.-Wed.-Fri.)
9:00 p. m.—Magnolia Blossoms (Thurs.)
9:00 p. m.—MADISON SQUARE GARDEN BOXING BOUTS (To be announced)
9:00 p. m.—Newstime (Sundays)
10:15 p. m.—Newstime (Mon. thru Sat.)
11:00 p. m.—Associated Press News
10:00 p. m.—to 12:00 Midnight—Dance Bands: Cecil Golly, Abe Lyman, Johnny Long, Bobby Byrne, Gray Gordon, Vaughn Munroe, Emil Coleman, Freddy Martin, Ben Cutler, Duke Ellington, Johnny Messner, Johnny McGee, Matty Malneck, Tony Pastor, Lucky Mullinder, Glen Miller, Gene Krupa, Jan Savitt, Ray Kinney, Charlie Barnet, Ray Heatherton, and others.

THOUGHTFUL NOTHINGS

I had raked and piled some rubbish in the yard, planning to carry it away later. Dad, going by, shoveled it into a bucket and disposed of it. "It was nothing," he said, for he had the empty bucket in his hand.

I noticed the milk cows at the gate so I ran them into the corral. The pony and her rider had gone for the night and Dad would have had to bring the cows in afoot. When he thanked me, I told him it was nothing, as I had to walk only a little way, and enjoyed it.

Daughter, who had studied hard for long hours, was in need of extra sleep; so she was not called that morning. "Thanks a million, the extra sleep was grand," she greeted us. But it was nothing for we could easily manage the work one morning.

When too much illness almost had the better of me, my mother-in-law tucked some sincere compliments into a letter. How pleased and encouraged I was. But she said it was nothing and that she should write more often.

The bedding was on the clothesline when a strong cold wind arose. Before I noticed it, Son had brought the flapping comforters and blankets in. But he considered it nothing as he was already bundled up and out of doors.

A thoughtful friend drives out of her way to take me to club occasionally. It pleases me, and I tell her so. She answers that it is nothing, that I have done more for her many times. I wonder if I have.

All these "nothings" brought a pleasant feeling to someone. And instead of sighing for time and money to be able to do more for those we cherish dearly, we can specialize in these things that take so little effort and just a bit of thoughtfulness, but which mean more in happiness than we may ever know.—Mrs. Chas. Grief, Dallas Center, Iowa.



OVER THE FENCE

Mr. Driftmier's birthday was October 7th. As is our custom, we sang the "Happy Birthday" song but instead of a ringing chorus of seven or eight of us, there was only Wayne and I to uphold the tradition of the singing, while the birthday cake was cut. A family will grow up and leave the home nest.

Many of you are wondering whether your boys will be in the first draft of men for the military training camps. I am wondering if Wayne will be chosen. We will soon know.

I know you are all glad to have the Haden family back on the air. I marvel at the way those youngsters can entertain.

We feel very much relieved to have had letters from Frederick in Egypt. I'll have to start his Christmas letter on its way soon. Even then he may not get it until next June.

I have had many callers the past few weeks and surely appreciate their hunting me up. Some had quite a time finding our house. Again let me repeat the directions. Go south on Center Street till you come to Summit Avenue. Turn east and we live the fifth house on the north side of the street, a white house with green trimmings. Our house number is 201 East Summit.

Our daughter, Lucile Driftmier Ver-ness, has sold a Christmas story to the Liberty magazine. Look for it in the December or January number. The title is "This Time Next Year", I think. She writes under the name Lucile Driftmier".

If you see anything advertised in our Ad Column that you can use, it would be appreciated if you would send in your order. Mail your letter direct to the advertiser.

Our plans for Thanksgiving are still very indefinite. There is one thing we are very sure of, and that is that we have much to be thankful for.

For the Christmas Kitchen-Klatter Magazine I want some good letters on "How We Celebrate Christmas at Our House." A year's subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine will be given to the ones whose letters I use. Send pictures of your Christmas tree or decorations if you have any. Get these mailed to me before November 1st, please.

The Kitchen-Klatter Magazine makes a nice and useful birthday gift for Mother or Daughter.



Carol Lee Friedow of Britt, Iowa, and Tubby her dog. The two are inseparable.

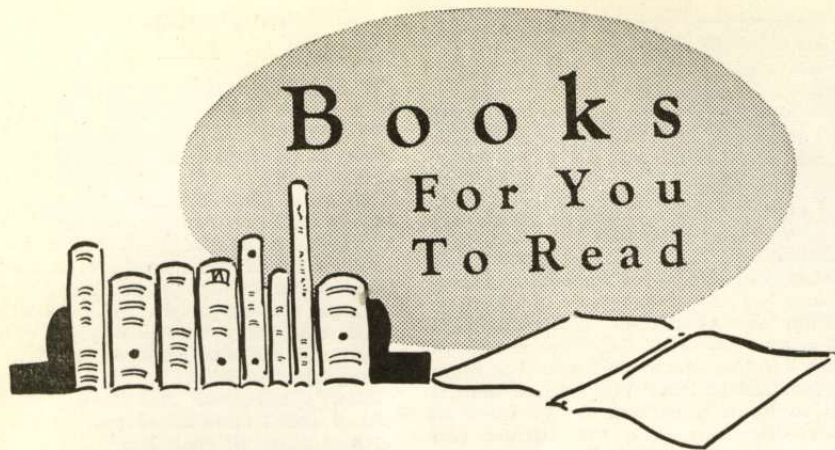
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Shenandoah, Iowa



By
MISS ANNA DRIFTMIER, Librarian
Clarinda, Iowa, Public Library

Jan Struther, who is Mrs. Anthony Maxtone Graham in real life, has called forth much comment on her recent book, **MRS. MINIVER**, a volume of sketches about the ordinary things and happenings in life which all understand and enjoy reading about.

If you have been so fortunate as to have visited the Botanical Museum of Harvard University, you have seen and marveled at the glass flowers filling rooms of cases. How these exhibits of superb beauty were made by a secret method known only to two old men in Austria, and how the university acquired them, is a story worth reading. Dr. Oakes Ames of the Botanical Museum has selected from the exhibit those showing how pollination of flowers takes place by means of insects and has illustrated his book with 16 pages of beautifully colored photographs. It would make a fine present for some garden lover. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Write to the publisher about the cost.

In answer to a letter asking for something new in table top photography we send the following "Table Top Photography" by Norris Harkness and Ernest Draper. Harcourt, Brace & Co. Probable cost \$2.95. Contents as follows:

Making miniature productions seem real and three dimensional.

Equipment for table top.

Building home made camera for table top.

Backgrounds, selection, and lighting.

Use of enlarger or projector.

Materials as grass, snow, buildings, trees, etc.

Design and construction of two table tops complete.

"Twenty double-spreads of table top photographs showing set-up, camera position, finished pictures, full data on exposure.

Table top for home movie maker.

Making model airplanes, trains, ship, etc. appear real.

Many technical problems made clear.

MY AMERICAN, by Stella Gibbons, is the story of an American youth who travels in England where he meets a half-starved little girl. He gives her a bit of money and passes on. Years

later the girl meets him again in New York, she a successful author, he at the bottom of the ladder. Of course they renew acquaintance, and everything turns out happily.

THE GRAFTED TWIG, by A. Starkey. Kerria Willett is a city girl and feels life a hardship when she inherits a house in a small "hick town". During her forced three months stay in the house she suspects every one who seems friendly, making herself miserable. It is only after many weeks that she realizes the worth of those who would be her friends.

If you are looking for a most exciting Western filled with banditry and bushwhacking and gunfire, read Tex Holt's new book called **THE CAN-YON OF THE DAMNED**.

Etsu Sugimoto has a new book called **GRANDMOTHER O KYO**. The tone of the story is revealed in this paragraph:

"When Grandmother O Kyo goes to town on a street car with youthful Akiko, she is pleased and surprised at the conduct of the girl conductor who leaps nimbly to the street in order to assist the old lady off the car so that it may hurry along and keep its schedule. Grandmother bows very low in the middle of the street in appreciation of this unexpected act of kindness only to find that the car has whirled off with her gesture unrecognized. But there is still courtesy. Has not the traffic stopped to let her walk safely to the curb? Even here she is rudely disillusioned, for Akiko points out that the red light has stopped the cars and that the two must hurry before the light goes green and brings a sharp conclusion to this unconscious chivalry."

You will like this quiet story filled with gentleness and dignity of the old lady whose family honor her every move.

THE KITCHEN KLATTER MAGAZINE

Makes an Ideal Christmas Gift for Mother, Daughter, or Friend. On all gift orders I will enclose a Christmas Greeting Card and mail to arrive about Christmas time. Price \$1.00 year.

Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Ia.

THE GIFT BOX

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Let's make gifts from remnants of oilcloth. A lovely luncheon set can be made from plain colored pebbled oilcloth. A set may consist of a large round piece for center of table and 4 oblongs with rounded corners, large enough to accommodate plate, cup and silver. Thin ordinary paint with turpentine till it works nicely on the oilcloth (experiment on a scrap). Paint a band around edge of each piece, and a design of flowers. Orange and yellow nasturtiums, with a brown band, look lovely on cream color oilcloth.

Pretty curtain tiebacks can be made to match your bathroom or kitchen. Cut a strip of oilcloth 2 inches wide and 15 inches long. Bind with bias tape and sew a bone ring at each end. Trim with several flowers made by cutting oilcloth into pieces 3x6 inches. Round the corners, gather each piece thru center and fasten 2 together to form a 4 petal flower. Put a few stamens (short bits of yellow or brown yarn will do) in the center. You may prefer to trim with butterflies. Use any pretty butterfly pattern that shows both wings. Cut from oilcloth. Put an edge around them and some dots and veins in contrasting color. This can be either painted or embroidered. Paint some doll size wooden clothespins to match. Slip the oilcloth into the slit in the clothespin, so pin forms the body. Hold in place with a piece of spool wire, twisting first around the oilcloth, then bring wire up through the slit and twist once just below head of pin. Leave short ends of wire for feelers. Sew these on your tiebacks, or sew a safety pin on under side of body and pin onto the curtains.

Cut a piece of oilcloth to fit exactly around the cleanser can. Trim with a butterfly, omitting the clothespin and gathering through center with black thread to represent the body. Glue onto can, or fasten with snaps.

Clever curtain "patches" can be made from oilcloth. Many times when we pull down the window shade, we run a thumb through the shade, leaving a jagged hole. Cut a fancy shaped patch from oilcloth and cement to the shade with rubber cement, or any cement that does not dry brittle. Have patch large enough to cover hole generously. A colonial lady patch, with bouffant skirts, looks nice on bedroom shades. A pot of flowers or several single flowers in a row, is pretty in the kitchen. For living rooms, use a conventional design. Your embroidery patterns will furnish plenty of ideas. Of course, you will want to fix all the shades in a room alike, even tho only one of them needs the patch.

Gift Box Sheet 3 will show pattern for butterfly, besides several other oilcloth gifts not mentioned here, also some narrow crochet edging directions. Sheet 1 on bias tape and Sheet 2 on rickrack novelties are also available. Kitchen-Klatter readers may obtain these sheets by sending 3¢ for each one desired.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter,
2:00 p. m., KMA



OUR CHILDREN

OUR CHILDREN

COOPERATING WITH THE
TEACHER

Maxine Sickels

Supposing that you have checked Johnnie's health, you have provided him with the necessary tools for his work and you have packed his dinner bucket with a sandwich, some fruit cake or a cookie and a surprise. Now what?

Taking for granted that you want to be the best parent ever and that you are willing to go to any trouble to do this, you will allow the teacher time to set her house in order and then you will call on her at her place of business.

I mean you will visit school.

Parent-Teacher Associations are grand and they have a real piece of work to do but they do not take the place of personal visits to the school-room. Any way there are dozens of us who have no such meetings in our districts.

After you meet the teacher and observe your child in relation to the other children, you will have a more definite idea of the method and importance of your cooperation.

Like charity and good manners, it begins at home.

In the first place real work at school begins with the parents' attitude toward school. We should all regard our children's school as their BUSINESS with the same regard we have for our own means of livelihood. A child should have sufficient hours of sleep to approach his work at his best mentally and physically. This may mean that we will have to stay at home on weeknights when there is no responsible person to leave with our sleeping children but after all they will not always be small.

If we regard school as a business, we will see that our children are neither absent without good reason nor tardy without excuse. No businessman would tolerate such carelessness.

Here is a little thought for all those of you who have so far forgotten your schooldays that you do not remember the aching bitterness that comes from being teased by the other children. In every least thing do try to have your child just as all the other children are. If all the boys wear overalls, put overalls on yours. If all the girls wear tiny green hair ribbons, tie a tiny green ribbon on your girl. Adults may glory in "being different" but all children want to be alike.

Say the first six weeks have passed and grade cards are out again. Try and take those of your children with a degree of nonchalance. And I do not mean indifference. But there is no person living who can look into a child's mind and say "You are a dumb-bunny and you deserve to flunk".

Grades are all a relative matter and when we give them too much importance we tempt the poor scholars to cheat and attach too much credit to the good scholar. Life has a way of not handing out grades and it is more important to learn how to live than it is to learn a certain set of facts so perfectly that even the stiffest test cannot bother us.

Show your child that you appreciate what he has done and make him understand that he is competing only with himself so far as you and he are concerned.

THE SUNDAY FUNNIES

"I'd like to pass this help along. When the Sunday funny papers come, I lay them away and when the children are sick or on a rainy day, I get them out. You would be surprised what a big help they are at such a time."—Lovilia, Iowa.

This reminds me of how we had to do when our children were small. The funny papers were laid on top of the piano until the youngsters were all ready for Sunday School. There was a real race to see who would be ready first; faces washed, shoes blacked and hair combed. If you have trouble with your children being lazy on Sunday morning, try this plan. They will be up at six o'clock, dressed and ready for Sunday School before you, yourself, have breakfast ready.

I heard you tell the other day of your album you fixed of your children, "The Seven Little Driftmiers, and How They Grew." That gave me an idea.

So far I have kept Baby Books for all my children that run through four years. It is lots of work but to look back, no older than they are, at those little locks of hair, pictures, clever sayings, I even put in the first little teeth that they lose—are joy to my heart and it even pulls on my heart strings just a little.

Now, I have two that have gone to school and I have an album for them with pictures of each year, the teachers and school house. Then I got them each a big scrap book to put all their primary work in. They are very proud of all these books and maybe if you would tell some young mothers, they might interest their children that way.—Mrs. Clem Mitchell, Orient, Ia.

You are invited to write contributions to this department—L. D.

FIVE GIFTS IN ONE BUNDLE

A CHRISTMAS CAROL —

Dickens

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Jones

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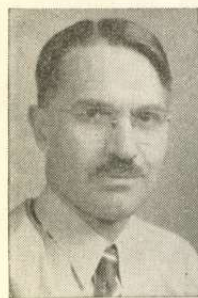


KMA Jubilee, 1940. Left to right, Leanna Driftmier, Edith Stirlen and Jessie Young.

FRANK FIELD, SPEAKING

This month, instead of talking about planting things, we are going to discuss the best ways

of taking care of the things we grew this summer. Take sweet potatoes and squashes for instance. How many of you are able to keep them through the winter? I thought so! Well, it's because you have been putting them down in the cave or cellar,



Frank Field

along with your Irish potatoes, which must be stored in a cool, moist place. Sweet potatoes, squashes and pumpkins must be kept warm and dry. That means that a shelf or ledge in the furnace room would be ideal. If you don't have a furnace, then any room upstairs where the temperature doesn't drop below 50 degrees at night would be all right. Don't store any with bruises of any kind, and be sure to leave the stems on the squashes and pumpkins.

Most people have trouble keeping the root crops, such as carrots, beets, and turnips. The big trouble isn't the rotting. It's shriveling and withering. The ideal way to store root crops is to dig a pit in the ground several feet deep, line it with straw, put in the turnips, etc., another layer of straw, and then cover the whole thing with a couple feet of dirt. The drawback to this method is that you can't get into the pit in the winter time when the ground is frozen. The best way is to go ahead and make the pit for the main supply, and at the same time put about a bushel of your carrots, etc., in a big stone jar or lard can, down in a cool damp cave or cellar. Put on a tight fitting lid, and they will keep perfectly, clear up till spring.

Some folks have a lot of grief in keeping cannas over winter. Here is how you get around that. Cut off the tops after the first killing frost. Then any time before the ground freezes, dig the canna clumps with the dirt on the roots. Store them in the cellar or cave, in undivided clumps, upside down, on a shelf several feet off of the floor. The reason for storing them upside down is so that when the stems rot, the juice will drain away from the roots, instead of down into them. Examine the clumps occasionally, and if the dirt shows signs of drying out, pour on just enough water to moisten the dirt. Then when it comes time to plant cannas again, shake out the dirt and divide the clumps to suitable size.

Dahlias should be stored and handled just about the same way, but be very careful in digging dahlias, to not break off any of the tubers. Then next spring when you divide them, be very sure to leave a little bit of the main stem on the neck of each tuber. The dahlia tubers don't have eyes like potatoes, and their only means of growing is to start a new bud from that bit of the old tuber. So if you



Couch of fire bush in the yard of Mrs. Frank Herman, Wymore, Nebr.

break off any tubers in digging, just throw them away, because they will never grow.

Frank Field

A PINE CONE TURKEY

Mrs. Arnold Swanson, Zwmbrota, Minn.

A dry pine cone, 2 large wire hairpins, paper, pencil, paste, black and brown crayons, and a red wax candle cut into half-inch lengths are the materials needed.

Put the candle lengths into warm water to soften. Spread the points of one of the hairpins until they are one-half inch apart. Stick them a half inch into the stem end of the pine cone. Bend the upper curved end back over the cone ever so slightly. This will prepare a frame for the head, that will be balanced correctly for supporting head, breast and wattles. Straighten out the other hairpin and wind it around the cone halfway between the ends of cone, slipping it under the woody pieces (seed pods) so it won't be seen. Twist ends tightly, once, close to cone. Bend and spread the tip ends of the wire, shaping one end backward and the other end forward. Do not have too great length between feet and body. Long legs prevent proper balance.

When molding wax for head and breast, put the wax all around the hairpin used as a frame, packing it tightly. When putting on the wax for the breast, press it tightly against the cone. A turkey has wattles which start at the top of his neck under his bill. Make these wattles with a narrow piece of wax, attaching one end to the top of his neck underneath his bill and bringing the wax down to the middle of his breast. Shape head, breast and wattles. Make eyes by pressing a pencil point gently into the wax where eyes should be and turning the pencil point around several times. Put enough wax on the feet so that the turkey will stand easily, making underside even and flat.

The tail is made of fairly heavy paper cut in a semi-circle to fit snugly around the pine cone about one inch from the back end of the turkey. Color it black and brown to resemble feathers. Insert this between pods with a little glue on back to hold it securely.

More than 30,000 read the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine every month. Subscribe now and receive a free premium.

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS
Olinda Carolyn Wiles

November is full of many cares and responsibilities in caring for a

farm flock if it is not properly housed. Often there is not enough sunshine or even enough light in the poultry house and sometimes too much ventilation, where window lights are broken out. Be careful of drafts, for drafts and dampness lead to colds, and colds often develop into



Mrs. Olinda Wiles

roup—a disease that is not easy to conquer.

Provide plenty of feeder space. One foot of hopper space is sufficient for 5 hens. Also plenty of roosting space and see to it that the newly housed pullets find the roosts the first few nights. This will prevent a lot of trouble later on. Each fowl needs about ten inches of roosting space. Do not overcrowd your buildings, for a small flock well housed and well cared for show far greater returns in proportion than overcrowded flocks.

I like to start my poultry record each year when I have my flock culled and housed in October. There is some very interesting reading in looking back over some of my old records. In one place I find I sold eggs for fifty-two cents per dozen for setting purpose, and another place I find where I sold them for nine cents a dozen on the market. Egg prices are one thing the farmers' wives "have to take it and like it". Unless by building up a trade of steady customers and always selling large, fresh eggs, we are not able to do much about the price.

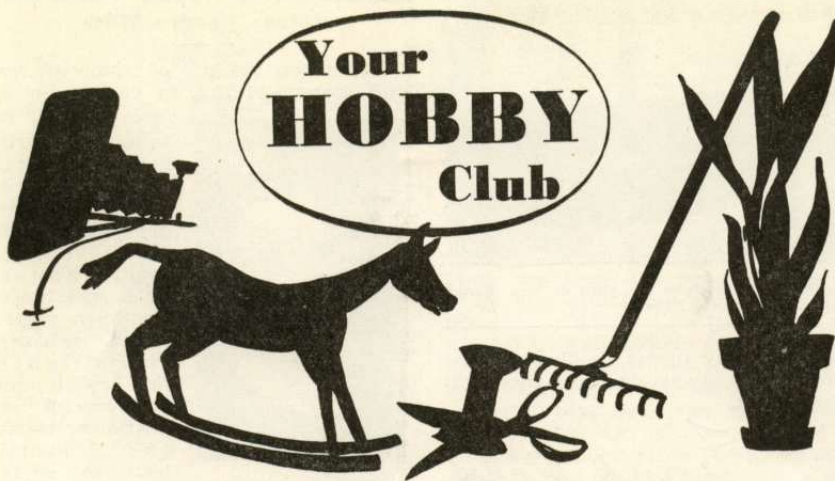
Poultry raisers generally can anticipate a better demand for birds at central markets, such as Chicago and New York, during the Hebrew holidays. With increased demand, prices tend to strengthen about the time these occur. Of course it is necessary to confine the flock we wish to sell, and have them fat and ready for market a few days ahead of these holidays.

There is no more advantage in selling a poor chicken than there is in selling a poor hog. And with the present plan of grading chickens that are put on the market, sometimes a quarter of a pound less than a four or five pound average, will be the cause of you taking as much as three cents a pound less for your chickens.

When fattening poultry for market, do not feed a mash that has a high cod-liver oil content or you may have chicken meat but it will have a fish flavor. I knew of a case of this happening, and the meat was so off flavor it was impossible to eat it. The odor of fish could be detected very plainly while the fowl was roasting.

Feed wisely and feast accordingly.

Your HOBBY Club



HOBBIES Mrs. R. H. Marks

"If your nose is close to the grindstone rough,
And you hold it down there long enough,
In time you'll say there's no such thing
As brooks that babble and birds that sing.
These three will all your world compose—
Just you, the stone, and your worn old nose."

—C. M.

Webster gives one definition for "hobby" as,—"a favorite subject of discourse, thought, or effort."

Isaac Walton once said of his hobby, angling,—"God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation". This seems to be true also of collecting or whatever you have chosen as a hobby, whether for pleasure or for profit.

Hobbies are varied enough for all and far too numerous to try to list here. What one chooses to do in his spare time that gives him keen delight is his hobby, tho not always recognized as such, whether it is making things, doing things, learning things or acquiring things. It isn't necessary to collect Oriental porcelain, Dresden figurines, Italian lace, old furniture, etc., etc., that are expensive. Look thru the Hobby Club list in Kitchen-Klatter News for inexpensive collecting and join us. You may find "out-of-doors" hobbies interesting. Flowers, birds, butterflies, nests or trees create a love for Nature and require little expense. Scrapbooks need only a little time to develop into volumes of information which you will never want to part with.

I know of church circles that have held hobby shows and charged for seeing the exhibit and included a light lunch. It is surprising what fine collections will be exhibited and the interest shown. Treasures are often hidden in homes that are never heard of only thru these displays. These exhibits are interesting, entertaining, educational and enrich one's life. Don't conceal your hobbies for thru them happiness is gained.



On May 1, 1938, I decided to have buttons as my hobby. Today, September 7, 1940, I have 9,302 buttons that came from all 48 states, Washington, D. C., and 25 different countries. I have a cape and dress covered with buttons. The cape has 4,832 buttons and the dress 3,796. I have a map of the United States made with buttons. Altogether the buttons weigh over 40 pounds. They come in sizes from the smallest made to a very large size.—Mrs. B. A. Cratty, Clearwater, Nebr.

Mrs. Carl Hensen of Cumberland, Iowa, asks if any of you have the Sampler pattern that has on it a verse something like this:

"Come in the evening, come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, and come without warning."

Mrs. Hansen's hobby is little ships and boats. She would like to exchange. Poems—Mrs. Allen Ramsey, Box 337, Sutherland, Iowa.

Salt and Pepper Shakers—Mrs. B. H. Helton, Grant City, Mo.

Iris, Old Glass and Figurines—Mrs. W. W. Lusby, Fayette, Mo.

Buttons—Miss Louise Kaufman, Wichita, Kans.

Handkerchiefs—Mrs. V. F. Thurman, Turner, Kans.

CLASSIFIED ADS

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SELL?
Make use of this ad column.

Rate of 5¢ per word. Minimum charge 50¢. Payable in advance.

CROCHET ROUND LACE TABLE COVER. 54 inch Mercerized, Pineapple design, \$3.50; 42 inch unbleached cotton \$2.50; 26 inch and 18 inch, \$2.00. Mabel Howard, Nemaha, Nebr.

FOR SALE—21 Best Quality Xmas Folders, \$1.00. Religious, Birthday, Get Well etc. All kinds. PP. Lillian Gavin, 445 N. Clark St., Forest City, Iowa.

BUFFET SETS stamped on imported oyster linen, rose design, 50¢ each postpaid. Zelda Hatch, Melbourne, Iowa.

I AM BLIND. I make small coin purses that sell for 25¢ postpaid. Mrs. Nellie Worcester, 1529 W 18th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

LOOM RUGS MADE TO ORDER. Old Colonial patterns or plain with stripes. Write for particulars. Mrs. Elmer Sellers, 1223 Wayne, Topeka, Kans.

DOLL CLOTHES. Dress, slip, panties, nightgown, pinafore or housecoat, \$1.25 postpaid. Coat and bonnet, 50¢ extra. Or what have you to exchange? State size. Mrs. Art McCleerey, 3rd St., Mapleton, Ia.

APRONS MAKE NICE CHRISTMAS GIFTS. Fast color, neatly made aprons for 50¢ PP. State whether you want small, medium or large size. Mary J. Sage, Clarence, Mo.

SPECIAL FOR VIEW CARD COLLECTORS. Post Card Views of ALL State Capitol Buildings, 2 for 5¢; 25¢ a doz. An easy way to get those hard-to-get views. Gertrude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL CROCHETED POT HOLDERS for Christmas gifts. Pattern No. 1—50¢ per pair. Pattern No. 2—30¢ per pair. White with red or blue trim. Mrs. C. W. Carlson, Rt. 2, Humboldt, Iowa.

DAILY SCRIPTURAL VERSE ART CALENDARS as Christmas gifts, 30¢ each or four for \$1.00 PP. Mrs. Arthur Adamson, Milo, Iowa.

HOBBY HOUSE NEWS—10¢ single copy, 75¢ year. Box 222, Corning, Iowa.

A FARMER'S WIFE SELLS SLIPS THAT SATISFY. Brassiere tops in sizes 30 to 44 - \$1.10 C.O.D. Fitted tops or built up shoulder straps, 46 to 50, \$1.50 C.O.D. White rib knit, 4 gore, elastic back, adjustable straps. Dresses - Hats - Lingerie - Hose. Clara Heaton DeLambert, Pierson, Ia.

LETTERS ARE COMING to Mrs. Helen Fischer from all over the United States these days commending her on her fine book, "The Flower Family Album." This "Family Album" has taken flower lovers by storm, so order your copy today from Mrs. Helen Fischer, Shenandoah, Iowa. Price \$1.50 P.P.

Shakers and new small plates.—Mrs. Martin Schwede, Norfolk, Nebr.

Dolls and aprons.—Mrs. Edwin Strate, Hoskins, Nebr.

Dogs, bath towels, salt and pepper shakers.—Mrs. Harry Schwede, Hoskins, Nebr.

Hot pan holders, tea towels, fancy pillow tops.—Mrs. Ed Bernhardt, Norfolk, Nebr.

Cancelled postage stamps, postmarks, Indian head pennies, radio pictures and sales tax tokens.—Mrs. Everett Roberts, Kanona, Kans.

"My hobbies are all quite 'new' but very interesting. I collect pitchers (I especially love old ones), vases, U. S. stamps, views, post marks, coins and cacti. I love all things of nature, all sports, and reading. Of course, my pet hobby at present is my little magazine, which is really fun as you know."—Inez Baker, Carbon, Iowa.

Poems.—Mrs. J. A. Scholz, Huron, Kans.

OUR KIDDIES CORNER



JESSIE'S JACK-O-LANTERN JOKE

By Mrs. F. A. Zappe

The day before Hallowe'en, Jessie and Elsie were sitting on the back porch at Elsie's house. They were looking at the three small pumpkins Elsie had found in her small garden and it wasn't easy for the girls to decide how they should divide three pumpkins between them.

"Jessie," said Elsie, "if we could have as many pumpkins as 'Sour-Puss' Johnson has in his field, we wouldn't have to fuss about such things. As it is, I think you may have one, I'll take one and I'll save one for Bobby, the little crippled boy next door."

"Well, I suppose that's the way to settle it, but I do wish I had more than one little pumpkin to work on. I think Jack-o-lantern making is so much fun."

"Yes, Jessie, I think it is too, and I feel almost ugly that some people have so many and we have so few."

"There's old 'Sour-Puss', he has pumpkins and everything, but he seems to hate everything and everybody—especially us children!"

"Now Jessie, maybe he wouldn't be that way if people would surprise him by showing him kindness in spite of his mean ways. Every year his place is a sight after Hallowe'en; it's topsyturvy and the windows are always smeared with soap and wax! Sometimes I almost feel sorry for him!"

Jessie had taken the seeds out of her pumpkin and was taking a good look at it as she tried to decide what to do next. Elsie's last remark made her stop everything and she almost shouted.

"Feel sorry for that old crab? How could you! I don't and I'm going to make this Jack-o-lantern look just like him,—and see if I don't."

"Say, Jessie, that's a bright idea—but—I still feel a little sorry for him, because he misses so much fun."

Jessie just looked at Elsie and frowned, then she went back to her pumpkin carving. As she cut and sliced, she talked to herself.

"There, that will do for an eye. Now—for a nose! The mouth will be easy. There's just one way to make that—clear down at the corners! Sure, just like old 'Sour-Puss' himself!"

Elsie could hardly keep from laugh-

ing as she listened and looked up from her own carving. Both girls were so busy they didn't notice the approach of someone through the back gate.

Jessie kept on talking to her pumpkin.

"Now, Mr. 'Sour-Puss' Johnson, you are looking pretty much like yourself. When I put a candle in your empty head and I light it, you'll look just as mean as you are! Oh yes, how about a few of those pumpkins in your cornfield? They'll just go to waste, and if you knew how much the boys and girls would enjoy them I'm sure you'd give them some. But, Oh no, you'd never do a thing like that!"

"But I would!" laughed Mr. Johnson, "if they'd come and ask me instead of trying to steal them."

"Oh! Oh! 'Sour-Puss'—I mean, Mr. Johnson, excuse me. I didn't know you were—here!" gasped Jessie, whose face had suddenly turned very red.

"That I know very well," chuckled Mr. Johnson, "and I never knew until now how much fun children can have with a few old pumpkins. Neither did I realize how people felt toward me until I overheard your talking, Jessie."

"Oh! I'm so sorry," stammered Jessie, "but I—I'm glad you aren't angry."

"No need for an apology, Jessie. I've brought a lot of this on myself. I'm a selfish man and I work hard, but I know I've been missing a lot of fun by spending so much time on myself. Just to prove that your 'Sour-Puss' Jack-o-lantern is a success, I'm inviting you and your young friends to come over to my place tomorrow evening and to help themselves to all of the pumpkins they want. More than that, I'll give a prize to the boy or girl who makes the happiest Jack-o-lantern and a prize to the one who makes the sourest!"

"Really, Mr. Johnson, do you mean it! Oh, that will be twice as much fun as soaping windows and doing damage! I can hardly wait to tell all of the kids!" shouted Jessie, as she dashed toward the playground where many of her friends were playing.

The children agreed that the Hallowe'en party at Mr. Johnson's was a big surprise and loads of fun.

When is it a good thing to lose your temper? When it's a bad one!

What is better than presence of mind in an accident? Absence of body.

Why is there no such thing as an entire day? Because each one begins by breaking.



Does he look happy! Earl Hamlin, 12 years old, of Van Nuys, Calif. Earl is a grandson of Mrs. Frank Hamlin, of Griswold, Ia.

GUESS THESE

What is the best thing out? An aching tooth.

What is always behind time? The back of a clock.

Why is a peddler like the covers on a bed? Because he usually gets turned down.

When are you nearly related to a fish? When your grandmother is a good old soul (sole).

Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels in a desert? Because every watch has a spring in it.

Why do you always put on your left shoe last? If you have put on one, the other is left.

Why is coffee like an ax with a dull edge? Because it must be ground before it is used.

What magazine gives the best report of a fire? A powder magazine.

When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.

TONGUE TWISTERS

(Scribner's Commentator.)

Here are some tongue twisters worth working upon:

I sniff shop snuff; you sniff shop snuff.

A bloke's back brake block broke. The short sort shoot straight through.

A HEALTH ACROSTIC

By Margaret M. Morton

(This may also be used as the basis of an effective poster.)

Have a clean handkerchief each morning.

Exercise outdoors each day.

Avoid using a common drinking cup.

Leave coffee and tea alone.

Take milk every day.

Have clean hands before meals.

Remember four glasses of water a day.

Use fresh fruits or vegetables every day.

Let your teeth have a brush often.

Each week take one bath or more.

Sleep long hours with windows open.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

A GIFT SHOP

Now is the time for your Aid Society to be thinking about the possibilities of having a "Gift Shop". Each member may be asked to make and donate several articles that can be sold as Christmas gifts. Crocheted rugs, aprons, luncheon sets, pillow cases and cushion tops are a few items suggested.

The Shop may be located in an unused room of a home, or if enough articles are collected, a room down town might be available and opened for a sales room, the week before Christmas.

One Aid Society I heard about specialized in aprons and held an apron sale. These are always very acceptable Christmas gifts.

Another kind of a gift sale was conducted in this way: all the members of

the Aid brought their gifts to the November meeting. A great many of the articles were sold at the meeting and those left unsold were packed in a suit case. This suit case was taken to the homes of those not at the meeting and many more sales were made. Handmade gifts are always especially appreciated, so a gift sale is generally successful.

A MEASURE SOCIAL

Send out this invitation:
We invite to our social the great and the small

And we do not mind saying we hope you are tall.

For each foot you measure, you bring us two pence,

If you measure five feet, it will cost you ten cents.

For every odd inch it will cost one cent over

So if you are short you are surely in clover.

It's for a good cause that we issue this call,

We hope you'll imagine you are twenty feet tall.

Serve refreshments and have games and a program.—Grace Derr, Centuria, Kans.



MIRRORED CRANBERRIES

Place the contestants, one at a time in front of a mirror. Each one is to hold a milk bottle on the top of his head with one hand and, with a teaspoon held in the other hand, pick up ten cranberries, one at a time, and try to drop them into the bottle. Each cranberry landing inside the bottle counts one towards the score.

TARGET PRACTICE

In a dish pan place a round baking pan and inside that a tin cup. Have the players stand at a designated distance from the target and try to hit the bull's eye. Five cranberries are the ammunition, and each one that lands in the cup counts five, going into the dish counts two apiece and each one landing in the dishpan counts one.

A GREAT NEW PREMIUM WITH KITCHEN-KLATTER



I could think of no more useful premium to give with a new subscription, or a renewal, to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine than this lovely collection of 25 patterns. With winter days you will have time to do fancy work, and these patterns will suggest many useful and beautiful things you can make for your home. Then, too, they will make nice Christmas presents.

Take, for instance, those kitten tea towel motifs at the right. Aren't they the cutest ever! You will be glad to know that several stampings may be made from the transfer of these, as well as all other items shown.

APRONS ARE ALWAYS USEFUL

One never has enough and they are holiday favorites. Juan and Balty, the burro, give a cheerful touch of color. Mexican aprons are very popular.

For the children I have included a reversible doll. Merely by turning the doll first one way then the other, you may have the darkie doll or the golden haired young lady.

Isn't that waterlily luncheon or breakfast set beautiful? It is done in applique and embroidery. Some cut-work patterns are also included, for who wouldn't prize a pair of cut-work pillow slips, vanity set and scarf as a gift!

The three deep sunburned triplets are Violet, Pansy and Daisy. You've guessed it—they are hot pan holders, wide awake and on the job every minute. There you are—at the scrap bag again!

I haven't forgotten two new quilt patterns. We all love to make pretty quilts. The "Tulip and Rose" is applique; the "Field of Stars" is pieced. They will make nice gifts a year from now.

I may be mistaken, but somehow I feel you will appreciate this complete collection of patterns as a premium with your year's subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Send \$1.00 for a year's subscription and add 10¢ to cover mailing expense of the patterns. If you are already a subscriber you can receive it for sending in a new subscription. Spend a few minutes showing your magazine to your friends and receive this pattern collection for sending in their subscription.

LEANNA DRIFTMIR

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