

TXI
K57X
C1

Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Price 10 cents



• Vol. 8

OCTOBER, 1943

Number 10 •



Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Life is not living just for today,
Life is not dreaming all the short
way;
"Tis living for others, to lighten their
load,
"Tis helping your brothers, and trust-
ing in God.

My Dear Friends:

My! how the months roll along! It seems just a week ago that I wrote to you in the September magazine, and here we are with the October number getting ready to go down to the printers. I know that all of us mothers feel the same way about *Time*—it can't travel too swiftly toward the days of peace and the return of our soldier sons and daughters. From the tone of our boys' letters they are hoping to be at home again before another year rolls around. I'm sure that all of us feel we can ask for no greater happiness than that which will come when we see our children walking into their own homes again with the long months of war behind them.

I know that many of us are doing the same thing these days—packing Christmas boxes for overseas. Do you know that only one box a week can be mailed to any soldier? If several in the family circle are sending boxes, arrange to start one each week. *This is important.* Our boys went away well equipped with handkerchiefs and socks, but probably by now these need to be replaced. Hard candies in tin or glass containers will be appreciated, and I'm going to put a package of raisins in Wayne's box for he is very fond of them. He has also requested stuffed dates, and Dorothy is packing these for him in a tin box. Well, I'm sure that no one in the world knows better what to send a boy or a girl than his own mother!

Our youngest son, Don, expects to finish his course in weather forecasting and to be sent into active service very soon. He is now at Chanute Field, Illinois, but we hope that he will be able to come home on a furlough before he is sent overseas.

What fun I've had these days grandmothering my two little granddaughters! No, I'm not spoiling them (this is to reassure those of you who have written and said: "I know it's a temptation, Leanna, but don't spoil them"). They are both very good little babies and learning new things with every day that passes. We try to arrange their days so that they

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.
LUCILE VERNESS, Associate Editor.
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor
M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

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

both sleep at the same time, and the girls certainly fly around when they're down for naps. That's when diapers get washed, formula is made, and the house is straightened up. Things will seem very quiet and lonely around here when Kristin goes to visit her Grandmother and Grandfather Johnson at Lucas, Iowa, and Juliana goes to visit her Grandmother and Grandfather Verness in Minneapolis.

I really should write to "Believe It Or Not" about a friend of mine. Inside of two years she has become a wife, a mother, a step-mother, a mother-in-law, and a grandmother. Generally that much happiness does not come to one woman in such a short time.

This past summer has no doubt been the busiest one you've ever known, but isn't it a thrill to see the shelves full of canned fruits and vegetables? Canning is one job that brings results you can see for a long time. The other day I heard a woman say, "Well, my neighbor didn't can a thing this summer and if she gets along all right during the winter I'm not going to can anything next summer. It was too much work." As far as I'm concerned I would rather have my shelves full of food even though it did mean a lot of work. How about you?

Write when you can, even though it may be only a card. During these times of strain and anxiety it means a great deal to feel that others share the same problems, and I'm grateful that we can keep in touch with each other through letters and through this magazine. It means a great deal.

Lovingly,
—Leanna.

A CHRISTMAS BOOK

Now is the time to start making a scrap book for your soldier boy's Christmas box. If your son enjoys cartoons or comics, you will want to save these. Jokes, and short stories would also be enjoyed for our boys like to read things that take their minds away from the horrors of war. Making these scrapbooks for soldiers would be a good pastime for club meetings. Why not suggest it to your group of friends.



My husband and I with our two granddaughters, Juliana and Kristin.

SWAT THAT FLY

For every fly that skips our swatters
Will have ten million sons and daugh-
ters

And fifty-seven billion nieces
So swat him into countless pieces.

With the threat of infantile paralysis abroad in our land, it is very important to keep your home free from flies. If it is impossible for you to buy new screens to replace the worn out ones, patch and darn the holes for the flies *must* be kept out of the house. They not only carry germs of poliomyelitis, but also of other contagious diseases. If you can't buy a fly swatter, you can make one very easily. When our children were small, I used to pay them one cent for every 25 flies they killed. This kept them occupied, rid the house of flies and gave the children pennies for their missionary banks.

If your children are in school, be sure there are screens on school room doors and windows. If there is an outdoor toilet, keep it carefully disinfected.

CHRISTMAS PACKAGES

Even though you don't get the "Last of the Garden" pickles made on schedule time, get that Christmas package off to your soldier boy between September 1 and October 15. These packages must be not more than five pounds in weight, 15 inches in length and 36 inches in length and girth combined. They must be marked "Christmas Gift Parcel."

SAVE THE VITAMINS

"Time" Magazine tells us to pick our vegetables and fruits in the late afternoon if we want to get the most vitamins out of them for they lose vitamin C at night or on cloudy days. Shaded plants lose starch, sugar, proteins and minerals, too. Cattle do better if pastured in the late afternoon rather than in the morning.

MY PLEDGE

During the coming month I promise to save at least one tablespoon of fat for the government every day.

Come into the Garden with Helen



SEEDS AND SEED PODS

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

At this time of the year especially, our attention is more and more drawn to seeds and their jewel-like caskets. Nature has made countless numbers of exquisitely designed containers for her precious seeds. Their structure is varied; their composition diversified to meet their requirements. She employs different methods of opening these caskets and scattering their contents.

It is interesting to examine the many curious seed pods and to note how carefully so many tiny seeds have been packed in so small a space. At first unnoticed as it begins its growth in a soft green state, the seed pod gradually develops and matures quickly before we have even realized it. The tiny springs open and the seed flies out in all directions. Nature is very prodigal or we might say even wasteful in her seed sowing; but she has to be if more plants are to be grown next year. Hence she packs thousands of tiny seeds in very small containers. The very forces which aid her in distributing seeds often destroy them; water and wind may work both ways here.

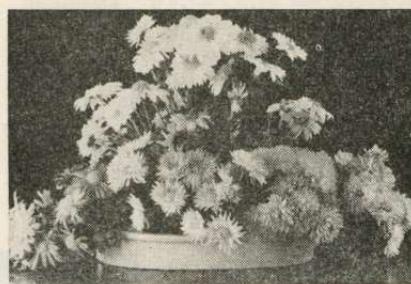
Beauty of design as well as utility has been employed in the construction of seed pods, no matter how tiny the seeds they contain. Take for instance the pointed pod of the Portulaca or Rose Moss, its little cap springs off at just the right moment revealing the silver seeds which lie like tiny jewels in its cup, easily spilling onto the ground below. Quite different is the cradle which holds the floss of milkweed fastened securely to each flat brown disk, folded ever so carefully and compactly in its green cocoon until the time of bursting. Its seeds will float lazily on every passing breeze like silken parachutes.

Each family of flowers seem to have rather definite characteristic seed pods; almost all the pea family have their seeds in long pods; the Sweet Pea, Lupin and Cassia for example. The Cleomes or Spider Flowers hold their seed pods out all along their tall stems leaving two skeleton-like threads dangling when the seeds explode and fall. Pansies and Violets split their ripened seed pods, sending them in every direction. Geranium seeds are always easily identified by the odd way they split and curl upward.

Some seeds trust to their outside edible covering, often highly colored, to attract the attention of birds or animals and thus be distributed far beyond the confines of their native growth. The ornamental shrubs belong to this class, and the fruit trees.

Some are so hard that they must lie in the frozen ground to have their shell cracked in order to germinate. Very large seeds are often hollow and light in proportion to their size; and will float long distances on water until land is reached; for example the cocoanut.

To get back to our own gardens, what seed is as curious as that of the Unicorn Plant—Devil's Claw? It looks like a small black bird as it clings to the plant when ripened after the outer green coat has split. Yes, seeds are interesting to study; it is a far cry from flower to seed. Who would dream of the strange transition they make and isn't this one of our best proofs of immortality? Study the seeds in your garden—they are more interesting than you think.



Chrysanthemums.

QUEEN OF THE FALL FLOWERS

*Olga R. Tiemann
Westboro, Missouri*

"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," then it's 'mum time in our gardens and what a glorious time it is. The brilliant colors of Autumn are reflected in their dazzling blossoms. Add to this the pungent fragrance and the diversity in form of blossoms and we can do no less than name them the Queen of the Fall Flowers.

Some will be blooming in September or earlier, and later blooming types will continue the splurge of color until freezing weather. If you have neglected to plant 'mums in your garden, now is the time to study the varieties while they are blooming and plan to include your favorite in next Spring's planting. They are not difficult to grow and can survive with a minimum of care. Therefore they are a wise choice during this busy time when gardeners are "all out" for Victory.

If there is extra time, 'mums will pay tenfold for added attentions. They do better if divided every spring. Each single shoot set in rich earth in a sunny, sheltered location will make a large bush by fall. A desirable place

is on the south side of a house close to the foundation. No plant, however, does well directly under the overhanging eaves.

'Mums require moisture to reach the peak of perfection. Cultivate them frequently until July; then conserve moisture by mulching the plants with lawn clippings, straw litter or peat moss.

Most varieties (except the dwarf) are inclined to grow tall and lanky. Pinch these back twice before the end of June for bushy, compact plants that bear more blossoms. Each branch produces many buds. If fewer blossoms—but larger and more perfect—are desired, remove most of the buds as soon as they appear. Thus the strength and nourishment will be used by the fewer number remaining and furnish larger and better blossoms.

Consult your favorite nursery catalog for the most desirable ones. There are many types and colors to choose from. The Cushion type—Azaleamum—is dwarf and blooms early. It is like a large round sofa cushion completely studded with red, white, yellow, pink or bronze blossoms. Korean hybrids may be grown from seeds and will bloom the first year. There are types with shaggy blossoms, types that look like single shasta daisies, button and pompon types, and others.

Light frosts are not injurious but should a killing frost be impending before the 'mums have bloomed, cut the stems and bring inside. If some of the buds have developed far enough to show color they will open beautifully if kept in a cool room or on a back porch in deep containers of water. Cut the stems under water and remove all submerged foliage. Change the water before it commences to get foul. These blossoms as they open will provide material for lovely bouquets for several weeks when the frost has laid low all plants outside.

After the ground freezes, cut the Chrysanthemum stalks to lay over the plants for mulch. This with the addition of Nature's offering of tree leaves will provide enough protection for the hardiest kinds. A heavier mulch is necessary for those not so hardy. Pot shoots of varieties that are tender and carry over in a very cool, light window.

WE ARE STILL LUCKY

Back in 1938 the average American ate about two and one-fifth pounds of meat each week. Today, the U. S. wartime meat ration is two pounds a week. In other words, the average American is now eating just about as much meat as he did five years ago. That's a lot more than our fighting Allies get . . . and our Axis enemies too. American war meat rations are about twice those of the average Britisher; two and one half times that of Germans, five times as much as the Hollander, and about seven times greater than the allocations to Belgians and Italians. That makes the American meat pinch pretty weak by comparison.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FOUR

Mother was born on April 3, 1886 at Sunnyside farm. She was named Leanna after an old school friend of her father's, and she has told us that when she was a child this seemed very romantic to her and she thought that her mother was most unselfish to permit it! Certainly it's a name that is heard only rarely, although in recent years she has had quite a few little namesakes throughout these middlewestern states. One mother who had named her baby Leanna sent us a picture of the child, and she looked very much like the first pictures that were taken of Mother for her hair was also long, straight, and black. It was Mother's hair that was responsible for her nickname, "Little Chickawaw;" her brothers and sisters thought that she looked like an Indian papoose.

It is miraculous that we had the privilege of knowing Mother for she almost died when she was only a few months old. The summer of 1886 was unusually warm, and there were many cases of cholera infantum in the community. Mother became ill with this dreaded disease and in a short time she was too weak to cry. Good old Dr. Bailey made many trips to Sunnyside and did everything within his power to save the baby, but in a short time he had to tell Grandmother and Grandfather Field that nothing more could be done.

Aunt Helen and Aunt Martha have never forgotten this afternoon. They were down at the windmill tank waiting apprehensively for some word from the house when they saw Dr. Bailey's horse coming at a run up the road. In a little while they were told to come to the house, and when they tiptoed in they found Grandmother weeping and Dr. Bailey closing his bags. Nothing more could possibly be done.

Grandfather was standing beside the bed and when they asked him if they could kiss the baby he shook his head. No, she was too weak, but they could pat her little hand if they wished. And then just at that moment Grandfather thought he saw the baby struggle for breath, and he picked her up instantly and called for someone to fill a small tub with warm water. Neighbors who had come in to help ran for the tub at once, although they were convinced that poor Mr. Field was beside himself and didn't realize what he was doing.

When the tub was brought he lowered the limp little body into it again and again. The baby gasped a few times and then began breathing more steadily. When Grandfather saw this he wrapped her in a warm blanket and offered her a small quantity of milk. She hadn't eaten anything for days, and when the family saw her purse her lips and began taking the milk they all laughed and cried together. She had been such a dear, good little baby that they didn't see how they could give her up, and the joy they

felt when she finished the milk and then settled down into a natural sleep is still remembered after all of these years.

When we were children we took for granted the fact that this story would have a happy ending. And the miracle of surgery that saved her life a few years later—we took that for granted too. But now we appreciate how narrowly we missed not having Mother . . . and our minds stop right there for we cannot imagine such a thing, not in a thousand worlds. Perhaps even though we're grown we're right back to the days of happy endings again! The picture on this page dates back to 1886 when Mother had just recovered from her critical illness. How busy Grandmother Field must have been.

Martha alone would have kept any mother busy for she was the instigator of many of the stories which we heard in our childhood.

It was Martha, for instance, who refused to be punished. If she were sent upstairs to the spare room to think over her faults she promptly opened the trunks and dressed herself up in all kinds of costumes. Then she paraded back and forth in front of the windows while the others stood down below and watched admiringly. When supper time came she persuaded them to fill a small bucket with food and raise it up to the windows by a clever pulley system that she had devised. Mother says that she cooperated in this foxy trick more than once, but then Mother would—she could never refuse anyone in trouble and Martha was certainly in trouble if supper time found her

in the spare room.

Martha was willing to try anything. When Uncle Sol staged his wild west shows and wanted someone to balance a walnut on his head while he shot it off, Martha was the willing volunteer. Sol shot so accurately that they could never understand why Grandfather Field spoiled everything by putting a stop to it instantly when he discovered what was going on.

It was Martha and Sol who were on such good terms with Grandfather's purebred Jersey bull (he was named Dolliver after the famous Iowa statesman) that when he had to be taken to another farm they offered to get him there. They hitched an old horse to the road cart and started off leading Dolliver behind by the nose. He behaved beautifully until they were almost in sight of their destination and then he stopped and pawed the

earth and bellowed loudly and let it be understood that he'd not go another step.

They coaxed and pulled and pleaded. Nothing happened. Then they tried twisting his tail, switching him, scaring him, and putting dirt in his mouth. Still nothing happened. Then in desperation Martha said that she'd try riding him, so she made a daring leap from a nearby bank. "He'll go like the wind if he starts," she yelled as she made the jump.

She was right. He lunged and started off like a cyclone, and they entered the farm gate at a terrific pace, Martha astride Dolliver and Sol tearing along behind in the road cart. The people who saw it laughed until they were sick, and for years they teased Martha about the spectacle she made dashing into the farm yard astride a Jersey bull. Was she dismayed? Not in the least.

In fact, nothing dismayed Martha. She was ready for everything and could always attempt a solution. One of these attempts came when three or four of them had been hunting ground squirrels in the pasture on a hot July morning. It occurred to them that if they coupled up the windmill they could pump some water to pour down the squirrel holes, but to do that they needed a necessary bolt—and it couldn't be found. After a long search Martha generously suggested that she stick her finger through the holes while the others caught the water that was pumped. It was a fine idea, just how fine we found out when we asked Aunt Martha one day why her finger was so crooked!



This picture was taken in 1886 shortly after Mother had recovered from her critical illness. Aunt Helen and Aunt Martha are standing; Aunt Jessie is sitting next to Mother.

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "Everyone thinks that I should be the happiest woman in the world, Leanna, because I have a lovely home, two fine children, and plenty of money to spend, but all of this doesn't mean much to me for the simple reason that my husband seems a stranger, not a companion. He thinks that since he's provided well for us he's done his duty. He never talks to me, never goes with me anywhere, and I'm not exaggerating when I say that he regards me in the same light as a piece of furniture. I'd give up everything I have to live with him happily, to share things with him. Why don't men understand how we feel about only creature comforts?"—Mrs. J. S., Kansas.

ANS: If I could answer this question I'd be entitled to a seat with the wise people of our world! I only wish that a good many men could see the letters on my desk year in and year out that express what this unhappy woman has expressed. A lovely home, fine children, and plenty of money are meaningless if a woman doesn't have her husband's interest, understanding, and love. You men who may happen to read this—don't let the sun go down tonight without showing your wife in some way that you appreciate her. It matters more than anything else in the world.

QUES: "Should I help my son learn to read at home? The class he is in seems to go so slowly, and I know that he can learn faster than most children."—Missouri.

ANS: Don't rush your child. From my experience as a teacher and a mother I feel that children should never be prodded and hurried. I think you'll save yourself anxiety and your child later difficulties if you let him progress with the others. If he is exceptionally bright he will set his own pace and you can follow it with the right direction.

QUES: "The teacher in our district has always lived in town and driven back and forth, but this year because of gas rationing she is boarding with us. I have three children in school and don't want any trouble or comment because they will see more of her than the other children. Can you give me any pointers?"—Minnesota.

ANS: When I boarded with families who had children in my school I found that everything went more smoothly if we were on the same basis at home that we were on in school. Don't allow your youngsters to call the teacher by her first name. Don't discuss personal problems when the children are present, and keep a sharp eye open to see that they don't take advantage of the fact that they see her in their home. Ask her to report the first indications of trouble.

QUES: "I've been engaged to a man for over a year, and before he went into the army we frequently dis-

cussed our wedding plans and planned for the future. He has just been home on a furlough and although we were together a great deal he never once mentioned marriage or talked about the future as he once talked. I've been wretched since he went away, and now I'm wondering if I should write and ask him if he wishes to break our engagement"—Nebr.

ANS: Don't jump at conclusions or do anything so drastic as writing to him to ask if he wishes to break your engagement. This is a case where you must be patient and allow time to take its course. If he wishes to break your engagement he'll tell you soon enough, so don't invite trouble where none may exist.

QUES: "We have one child, a daughter aged eleven, and this past year her father and I have been distressed because her crowd of friends, the children she started to kindergarten with, have pointedly left her out of things. We can give her every advantage, she's nice-looking, and I'm at a loss to know why she should be snubbed. When I talk to her about it she cries. Do you think I should talk to the mothers of these other children about it, or even to the children themselves?"—Mrs. C. C. A., Ill.

ANS: I cannot urge you too strongly to do nothing of the kind, Mrs. C. C. A. I've never known a situation of this type to be helped by such tactics, but I've known such troubles to become much worse by approaching the parents or children, particularly the children. Don't discuss it with your child again; never, never make any reference to it. If she opens the subject you can talk it over, but otherwise ignore it. Since she's an only child are you certain that you haven't made her demanding and bossy? Study her personality with clear eyes and be sure that you're not at fault. If you are, start right now to undo the damage.

QUES: "My eighteen-year-old boy is a senior in high school and although our local draft board has given him permission to finish he wants to quit right now and enlist. Am I right in feeling that he simply must graduate before he enters the army?"—Iowa.

ANS: Yes, I think you are. Tell him how important it is for him to have his high school work complete before he goes, stick by your stand, and don't argue. He may feel bitterly now and your home life may be hard this year, but in time to come he'll thank you.

"I enjoy your program very much and also your little paper. This fall Mother was here to visit and I gave them to her to read. She said, 'My, aren't they nice. I read every word.' Her birthday is the 12th of this month so Sister and I want to send her a year's subscription for her birthday."

—Eagle Grove, Iowa.



Cabin where Dr. Higley lived in 1873 when he wrote "Home On The Range". Sent by Gertie Van Riet, Downs, Kans.

FRIENDSHIP

There may come a time in the lives of many of us when the love and loyalty we have for a friend or friends may be put to a severe test. It will not be because we may suffer the inconveniences of having to leave our homes and our work, lose sleep, etc., to give aid to a friend in trouble, nor will it be because we must dig down into our pocket books to give him financial aid, but it will come when that friend gets himself involved, perhaps innocently on his part, in some sort of scandal, gossipy tongues begin to wag, public sentiment turns against him and "fair weather" friends desert him. What are we to do? Are we to stand by him and risk getting our own "feathers" singed a bit by the fiery tongue of gossip, or should we play safe and stay away from him, with the excuse, "he got himself into this mess, let him get himself out of it?"

This is a time when we must be guided by our own conscience and not by what other people say and do, and then do what we feel is right. We may change neighbors and even friends, but ourselves we must live with as long as life lasts. And long after the gossips have dropped and forgotten the scandal that affected our friend, for a fresher, choicer morsel, our own conscience does not forget and its accusing voice reminding us that we were cowards when the real test came, is not a pleasant thing.

Even though our friend has erred, it is still our duty to help him, not by condoning his wrong doing, of course, but by helping him to profit by his mistake, giving him the moral support, the knowledge that someone still believes in him will give, help him to regain his own self respect and that of others.

—Kitchen-Klatter Reader, Iowa.

"I keep all the Kitchen-Klatter Magazines and read and re-read them. I lent some to my sister and she said, 'This is the best paper or magazine I've ever read. Leanna makes you feel she is talking right to you.' Which I can say the same!"—Mrs. Walter Reins, Dawson, Minn.



"Recipes Tested in the **Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen"**

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

TOMATO CONSERVE

2 quarts fresh or canned tomatoes
2 cups seedless raisins
2 lemons
6 cups sugar
1 cup nutmeats

Wash and chop raisins, peel and core tomatoes, cut lemons into small pieces, skin and all. Mix and cook all ingredients except nuts till thick, then add finely chopped nuts. Pour into sterilized jars and seal at once.—Mrs. A. P. Nelson, Rt. 1, Osceola, Nebr.

GOLDEN LAYER CAKE

2 1/4 cups cake flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 large eggs

Sift dry ingredients, add shortening and 2/3 of the milk. Stir 2 minutes by the clock. Add unbeaten eggs and rest of milk and vanilla. Stir 2 minutes more, then pour into two layer cake pans and bake about 30 minutes at 350 degrees.—Dorothy Driftmier Johnson.

SALMON TURBOT

Make a white sauce of 2 tablespoons butter and 3 tablespoons flour, and 2 cups milk seasoned with salt and pepper. Put layer of salmon in greased baking dish, cover with layer of onion, season with salt, pepper and butter. Add white sauce and then a layer of moistened read crumbs. Bake.

LEMON CUSTARD CAKE PUDDING

2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon sugar
Cream these together
3 beaten egg yolks
1 cup white syrup
5 tablespoons lemon juice
1/8 teaspoon salt
Grated rind of 1 lemon
4 tablespoons flour

Mix in order given. Lastly add 3 well beaten egg whites. Stir well but do not beat. When smooth, pour into a baking dish and bake 45 minutes in medium hot oven. Set in pan of warm water. Can be served with whipped cream or a sauce.—Ernestine Callile, Stanton, Nebr.

ANGEL FOOD PIE

1 cup crushed pineapple
1 cup cold water
1 cup sugar
1/8 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 tablespoons corn starch
3 beaten egg whites

Mix pineapple, water, sugar and salt in double boiler. When mixture has reached boiling point, add cornstarch which has been dissolved in a little cold water. When cornstarch is cooked, set off and let cool. Now, fold in egg whites and put in baked pie shells. Cover with whipped cream, and sprinkle with chopped nut meats. Makes two pies.—Mrs. Myrtie Gray, Browning, Mo.

BUTTER STRETCHER

Take 1/2 pound of butter and let stand at room temperature till soft. Stir with a spoon till creamy. Beat in 1 egg, using a rotary egg beater or other (do not use electric beater). Heat 1/2 pint (1 cup) light cream (evaporated milk may be used) to body temperature. Beat the cream into the butter mixture one tablespoonful at a time. A little salt may be added if desired. Place in refrigerator. Should be removed from refrigerator about 20 minutes before using or it will be a little crumbly.—Thelma Nelson, Exira, Iowa.

LIVER LOAF

1 quart canned liver
1 cup milk
1 medium sized onion
Salt to taste
1 cup cracked crumbs
1 egg

Put liver and onion through the food chopper, add salt and crumbs moistened with the egg and milk. Mix well and pack into a buttered baking dish set in a pan of hot water. Cover with greased paper and bake for 1 1/2 hours in a moderate oven, 325 to 350 degrees.—Mrs. Frank Goodwin, Ottumwa, Iowa.

MARSHMALLOW NUT PUFFS

Dip marshmallows in hot cream, flavored with vanilla, until outside of marshmallow is soft. Roll in finely ground pecan meats, moist shredded cocoanut or chocolate decorates. Flatten slightly and chill.—Mrs. Harry A. Anthony, Valley, Nebraska.

KITCHEN-KLATTER COOK BOOKS

Any 6 for \$1.00

- Vol. 1—Cookies and Candies
- Vol. 2—Salads and Sandwiches
- Vol. 3—Vegetables
- Vol. 4—Cakes, Pies, Frozen Desserts and Puddings
- Vol. 5—Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals and Meat Cookery
- Vol. 6—Pickles and Relishes of all kinds, Jellies and Jams
- Vol. 7—Household Helps Book

Price: 25c Each, or any 6 of them for \$1.00 Postpaid

Order From
Leanna Field Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

VEGETABLE SOUP MIXTURE

5 quarts chopped tomatoes
2 quarts sliced okra, or
2 quarts small green lima beans
2 quarts corn
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons salt

Cook tomatoes until soft, then press through sieve to remove skin and seed. Add other ingredients and cook until thick. Pour into hot jars. Process 60 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 3 hours in hot water bath, then complete seal.

CARROT AND ORANGE MAR- MALADE

6 carrots
3 oranges
1 lemon
Sugar

Dice the carrots and cook them until they are tender, in as little water as possible. Cut the oranges in small pieces and add the juice and grated rind of the lemon. Measure the carrots and fruit, and add two-thirds as much sugar. Simmer the mixture until it is clear. Turn it into jelly glasses, and when it is cold, cover it with hot paraffin.

ORANGE MARMALADE

3 C. sliced oranges
3 C. sliced lemons
18 C. water

Soak 24 hours, boil 10 minutes, let stand 24 hours. Add cup for cup sugar. Boil until jelled, about 45 minutes. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.

SWEET POTATOES

Can potatoes immediately after digging. Select potatoes of uniform size and color and unbroken skins. Wash carefully. Boil or steam slowly until skins can be rubbed off. Do not stick with a fork or other instrument. Slice, quarter, or leave whole, according to size. Pack into hot jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Cover with freshly boiling water, or with boiling syrup, or can without liquid. Process 2 hours at 10 pounds pressure or 4 hours in hot water bath.

WHITE SYRUP CAKE

1 1/4 cups white corn syrup
 1/2 cup sour cream and finish filling cup with butter
 2 tablespoons white sugar
 2 eggs
 2 1/4 cups flour
 2 1/4 teaspoons baking powder
 1/2 teaspoon soda
 2 teaspoons vanilla
 1 teaspoon salt (it takes more salt for a syrup cake)

Warm the corn syrup until soft, but do not boil. Cool. Beat the syrup, sugar and butter till very light and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, beating after each addition. Into 1/4 cup of the flour put the baking powder and soda and salt. Add the vanilla to the cream. Add the 2 cups of flour to the sugar mixture alternately with the cream and beat very thoroughly. Add the last 1/4 cup to which you added the baking powder etc., the last thing, and stir them in lightly. Bake either in loaf or layer pans till done, in moderate oven. Use your favorite filling.—Florence Jones Noel, Unionville, Mo.

SOFT GINGER COOKIES

No Sugar.

1/2 cup melted lard
 1 cup molasses
 2 tablespoons milk
 1 cup flour
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
 1/4 teaspoon cloves
 1 teaspoon soda

Mix melted lard, molasses and milk, then add dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Add 2 1/2 cups more flour. Chill. Roll about the size of a walnut. Flatten with fork tongs, dipped in cold water. Bake in greased pan 8 to 10 minutes in 350 degree oven.—Mrs. Earl Robertson, Shannon City, Ia.

MINCEMEAT PUDDING

4 egg whites
 1/2 cup sugar
 Pinch salt
 1/4 cup mincemeat
 1 teaspoon vinegar

Place egg whites and salt in bowl and beat with rotary beater until foamy. Add sugar, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition. Continue beating until mixture is very stiff and will stand in peaks. Fold in mincemeat and vinegar. Pile in a buttered 8 inch baking dish. Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (325 degrees) 30 minutes. Serve with soft custard sauce, using the yolks.—Mrs. Axel Floberg, Box 85, Randolph, Kans.

CEMENT

1 quart wood ashes
 1/2 cup table salt

Enough water to mix well

This cement will hold anything. It will be dark at first but turns white as it dries.—Mrs. Howard Teague, Whiteside, Missouri.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KINKS

Rub Salt Through the Holes in basket of percolator. This will open them up and if you do it every once in a while, they will not become clogged.—Mrs. Gladys Eckman, Atchison, Kans.

When Making Flour Paste for Papering, try putting a piece of sal soda the size of a walnut to each gallon. The paper will not crack and sticks tighter than glue.—Annie E. Flint, Omaha, Nebr.

Peanut Butter and Sugar make an inexpensive but tasty frosting.

Use a Clean Powder Puff for polishing and cleaning silverware. Place a small piece of camphor in your silverware chest to help prevent tarnishing.—Mrs. Jake R. Rindels, Shell Rock, Iowa.

When Washing Linoleum or Cogoleum Rugs, put 2 tablespoons of liquid wax in the water for each rug. When they are thoroughly dry they have a waxed appearance, yet aren't so slick as when waxed in the usual manner.—Mrs. Glenn Westrum, Lorimor, Iowa.

Melt Used Paraffin Wax with a cup of water, strain through a cloth into a shallow pan with sloping sides. When the wax hardens, it may be lifted out of the pan and is ready for use again. It is easier stored if molded in a square pan.—Mrs. N. W. Kingrey, Omaha, Nebr.

When Buttons Lose Their Shiny Luster from many washings, apply some clear nail polish. They will go through several washings and still look bright.—Mrs. C. E. Smith, Breckenridge, Mo.

Get a Piece of Asbestos the size of the top of your stove. Cut a hole to fit over one large burner and put frying pan over this when frying or broiling anything that pops grease all over the stove. When finished, remove asbestos and you will find your stove as clean as new. Being fireproof, the asbestos can be used indefinitely.—Mrs. H. L. Hveem, Boyd, Minn.

Use Your Slide Top Syrup Pitcher to hold soap powder. Also, to keep vases upright in the cemetery, use a heavy wire bent like a steeple to put over the vase and into the ground.—Mrs. Joe Eckhardt, Dallas City, Ill.

When You Discard Old Overalls, cut off the buttons but leave a piece of the material around the button. Then when you need a button on a pair of overalls, hold the button in place and sew on the patch of cloth around the button. Often you can slip the button through the old hole and leave the patch of goods underneath. I sew on machine whenever possible. It makes them quite secure.—Mrs. Chas. Coffman, South English, Iowa.

To Keep Glass Castor Cups from sticking to the floor, cut paper circles the size of the glass cups and slip them under the cups. If you use them under some articles of furniture that must be moved often, put a little glue on the paper and stick it to the cup.—Mrs. James W. Johnson, Redfield, Iowa.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Will answer some questions in this column this month as I have neglected the letter writing during the canning season. I usually mail the Health Booklet as soon as order is received, but the letters must be sandwiched in between times.

Treatment for intestinal trouble is rest, liquid or light diet, (no uncooked foods) cool water and some doctors advise drinking quite strong hot tea. Fruit juices are recommended but not as much as they were a few years past. If trouble persists more than 24 hours consult your doctor.

Formerly the blame was placed on the hot days with cold nights for the intestinal trouble during the fall months. Now they are eyeing with suspicion the harmful bacteria found on fruits and vegetables. These should be scrubbed and all eyes, or spots where the bacteria may have collected be removed. We have been warned for years of the danger from not having cleaned the potatoes thoroughly before cooking them with peeling on.

Yes, butter substitutes are safe and nourishing and these butter substitutes should be used instead of butter IF you are allergic to milk products.

Parsley has a real health value, it contains vitamin A. Let's all have a large pot of it growing this winter, use it for food as well as a decoration.

If you cannot eat early varieties of tomatoes, try the later ones as they contain less acid. If you are sensitive to all varieties, then avoid catsup, tomato soup, and juice. However some folks can eat them cooked whereas the uncooked ones cause trouble. So called "cold sores" on the lips and canker sores in the mouth are often after effects of some foods to which you are allergic and tomatoes stand at the head of list.

Talk over your food problems with your friends as it is the allergic individual who makes the most wonderful discoveries along the line of food sensitiveness. It was an allergic lady who discovered that persons sensitive to raw onions, could eat them with comfort if they were first sliced, covered with boiling water for an instant, then dashed in cold water for a second, drained and set in the air for half an hour before being eaten. This method releases the onion gas which is usually the trouble maker.

Instead of worrying every meal about "excess baggage" you will find it easier to first get the weight near normal then follow the eight-day schedule once a month.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is a lovely Sunday afternoon, the kind of an afternoon that you can truly call golden. There is a soft wind blowing, and something in the air calls up pictures of red sumac, a blue haze over the hills, and pumpkins stacked near a big white barn. It will be a month before we really see these things, and I'm glad that this year I'll be here for at least the opening of autumn. I have always enjoyed it, but after several years of California's almost changeless weather our Iowa Indian Summer will mean a great deal to me.

Never has time flown so swiftly as the six weeks that Juliana and I have spent here. It seems as if only a few days had passed since we got off the train in Omaha, but the calendar tells a different story. And Juliana tells a different story too for she's changed a great deal since we left Hollywood. In fact, when I look back it seems to me that she was really quite an infant when we first arrived because she's acquired any number of tricks that she didn't know then.

With Dorothy and Kristin here too we have a busy, busy house. At times it seems like a genuine nursery, and Dad says that if we get any more baby equipment he'll have to build on another room. It's been years since there was a highchair in our kitchen, but there's one in it now, and a little jumper chair as well. These days we're taking our first walks in a Taylor-Tot, and Juliana enjoys it so much that she looks daggers at her carriage when we go near it.

You should see our clotheslines these days! Every morning Dorothy and I hang up rows of diapers and shirts and nightgowns and dresses. I don't know how two miniature human beings can go through so many articles of clothing in twenty-four hours, and every day I think: now tomorrow there won't be so much. And then tomorrow comes and we're both out hanging up the usual assortment. In days gone by I always thought that there was plenty to do in this house, but I don't know what I was thinking about when I contrast those days with the present in which Juliana and Kristin are involved.

Those two babies are as different as day and night. Kristin is extremely active, and even at two months poor Dorothy has had her almost walk out of the bathinet more than once. She's constantly in motion, and she expresses her likes and dislikes in very positive ways. Juliana, on the other hand, doesn't care much one way or the other about anything. She's perfectly contented to remain in one place and watch the world go by from that vantage point—she evidently sees no earthly reason for exerting herself simply to watch things from another spot on the floor. Mother says that Frederick was very much like this when he was a baby, but remembering all of the places that Frederick has been as an adult I can only conclude that if a six-months old baby

seems contented to remain in one spot it doesn't indicate that wanderlust won't crop out later.

In the afternoons I've been working out in the office while Juliana takes her nap, and I'm surprised to see how many, many of your names I remember from earlier days. I recall getting cards of congratulation when I graduated from high school, and later there were warm letters of congratulation when I sold my first short story. There are many memories connected with these names, and now it gives me such a glow of pleasure when I read your references to Juliana. She's a very fortunate baby to have so many friends who wish her well. In her baby book I've written about this so that when she's older she will appreciate it. It isn't every little girl who has her first princess style dress cut from a pattern sent by a thoughtful friend of her grandmother's from a town in Kansas!

Dorothy has just called up to tell me that we're ready to take some pictures now, so this must be all. We're going to take some of Kristin and Juliana with their grandmother and grandfather, and we do hope that they turn out well enough to share with you. Pictures mean just a few minutes of getting "fixed up" you know, so now I must fly to comb a little blonde head of hair that just *won't* curl!

—Lucile.

WHO AM I?

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the world.

I am more deadly than bullets and have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege-guns.

I steal, in the United States alone, more than three billions of dollars each year.

I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the weak and strong, widows and orphans know me.

I lurk in unseen places, do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless. I am everywhere, in the home, at the mill, on the streets, or wherever man will venture.

I bring sickness, pain and misery, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush or kill. I give nothing, but take all.

I am known by all, yet none betray me.

I am your worst enemy.

I AM CARELESSNESS.

MORE CHOCOLATE

Food administrators assure us that if shipments continue at their present rate, there will be more cocoa, baking chocolate and sweet chocolate available than during the past year. Maybe that will mean more boxes of fudge and chocolate cookies for our soldier boys. (Please, some more sugar, Mr. Food Administrator!)



AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

Don't you love it?

"Oh, suns and skies and clouds
of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather."

Isn't there something special about living when you feel that urge to hold each day forever and ever? I think we only feel that way when we are as nearly happy as humans ever are. But these are days when gathering grapes along the roadside, cupped in the hollow of my own hills and covered by a sky of that particular shade of blue that sets poets dreaming, I would have time stand still—for me.

All of that, and psychologists would hoot and tell you that is the retreat of an over-worked mind. Oh well, I do love our middle west in the fall—but then its grand in the winter and the spring and the summer.

Do I hear a loud voice saying, "Maxine, you are supposed to tell us something to take our minds off our troubles."

I did. I told you to get out under the October skies and see Old Mother Nature getting ready for winter just as she did last year and the year before and all the years before that. You can feel the peace in your heart of knowing that this too will pass away. Sometime again the world will have peace and children will be fed and people will walk under blue skies unafraid.

Have you asked yourself lately if you are doing all you can to help win this war? It is a good time and a fine idea to check up. We still need to save kitchen fats. There is work at the Red Cross rooms for those who can go. There is other work that can be done at home for those who have time but must stay at home. If you cannot go to work in defense work, it may be that you can lighten the home burdens of those who can. When you are trying to think of that something more to do, remember those older people who are lonesome because their young folks are away in the services or in defense work.

In this time of need we who must stay at home cannot but feel at times that our small tasks are of little help, we would like to do some thing great and heroic. It is some help to know that everyone away from home dreams that home things will remain unchanged while they work and fight to protect them.


**Practical Poultry
POINTERS**

By Olinda Wiles

We are coming to the time of year that we can expect decided changes in the weather, with hot days and cool nights. It is easy for chickens to take cold for they cannot pull up a blanket, or put on a coat, but wear the same coat of feathers except at molting time, so we must take care of these changes by proper housing.

The pullets should be brought in and confined to their winter quarters until they become accustomed to them and then may be turned out during the day. The first time I turn mine out, I wait until near evening, then be on hand to watch if any should stray to the old quarters. Usually after the second time I have no more trouble and they will return to their feeding troughs for their evening meal.

If possible, keep hens and pullets separate until the hens have finished their molt. A poor, half naked hen, has enough trouble without being picked and chased by a pullet all dressed up in its new winter clothes.

Then there is the problem of preventing colds and roup from getting a start in your flock. Protection from exposure can go far in helping with this. Get rid of all weaklings, as it is usually the runty pullets that lack vitality that take cold first. It pays to go out to the poultry house at night and listen for any sniffling or sneezing, for this can indicate where any danger is and the infected fowl can be removed before the entire flock becomes infected.

Good feeding is another need for the flock that is to escape colds and roup. I know we say a great deal about this but it is impossible to say too much about it. It does not profit us to keep one more chicken than we can feed the best possible ration. Feeding sour milk or buying some form of condensed buttermilk will help a great deal. Cod liver oil furnishes vitamin A which is another good protective food against colds.

Do not crowd your flock and see that there are no drafty cracks or broken window panes to cause unnecessary drafts. Keep the floors dry. Damp litter is a germ breeder and besides, it will harbor mites and lice.

After all our long hours spent taking care of the chickens during the summer, we will begin to reap our reward after we have placed our flock in the laying house, in the form of eggs, but eggs will not be forthcoming from a diseased or poorly housed flock.

Can any of you beat this record? Mrs. John Van De Riet of Downs, Kansas, has had children in school or some of her family teaching, for 52 years and last year she completed 50 years of preparing school lunches.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

The first thing I want to report is that Florence Cunningham has her glasses and is most happy about them. She and I both thank each and every one of you for your interest and help. I'm sure that life is going to be easier and pleasanter for Florence, now that she is able to use her eyes again.

So many shut-in folks ask me if I can get something for them to do to help pass away the time. Reading material is often asked for and right now we have a request for things to read from Mrs. Emma Ackerson, County Home, Morgantown, W. Va. I'm sure many of you have books and magazines that you would be glad to pass along. If you are sending books, there is a special postage rate of 3c per pound that you will want to take advantage of. Mark BOOKS in big letters on the outside of the package.

Another thing that is often asked for is jig saw puzzles. I will not give the names of those wanting them here, for there are too many of them, but if you will write me that you have some jigsaws to give away, I will send you the name of someone who wants them. Many calls of this kind come from county homes, and private hospitals where more than one person gets enjoyment from your jigs.

Have you some quilt pieces to share? We have several requests for them. Mrs. Bertha Brown, Dry Creek Rt. 1, Moss, Tenn., would like to have some. She has been bedfast for a long time due to heart trouble and other complications. She and her husband and two daughters live on a hill farm and the girls help with the farm work so Bertha is alone a great deal. She likes to write letters, too, but cannot unless she has postage. Mrs. Ida Branson, 309 Oakland Ave., Mountain Grove, Mo., is an elderly lady who is unable to do anything but piece quilts. She cannot write much but perhaps if you would enclose an addressed postal she would be able to let you know she got the pieces.

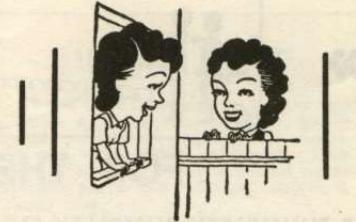
Mrs. Charles Neufeld, Missouri Valley, Iowa, would enjoy a shower of quilt pieces. Mr. and Mrs. Neufeld celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary not long ago, and shortly after that Mr. Neufeld passed away leaving her alone. She has arthritis and is not able to get about much, but can piece quilts and likes to. I'm sure she would enjoy letters and cards also.

Stop and think! Have you done your Good Neighborly deed today?

RECIPROCITY

Grace M. Fouts

I wonder if you really know
How much to you I justly owe.
To meet your smile along the way
Puts courage in my hardest day,
And I'd walk round a block or two
To hear you say "Well how are you?"
And see the twinkle in your eye,
Your wave of hand, and so I try
My friendship to reflect to you
And maybe bring you courage too.



OVER THE FENCE

A card from John Field, Frank Field's son who is a dive bomber pilot, said that the next word they had from him he would have flown 12,000 miles. Your guess where he will be is as good as ours.

Edith Hansen, the morning homemaker at KMA, has moved to within a block and a half of our home. She will be seven or eight blocks from the KMA studio but she says she will enjoy the walk each morning. I am glad she will be closer to me. We can see each other more often.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl May have been visiting their son Edward and his wife in Mexico City, Mexico.

Mrs. C. Geers of Royal, Nebr., has a son who is a Seabee in the South Pacific. They captured a little wild pig which they have for a mascot. They pooled their canned milk to feed it. When they ran for a foxhole it would go, too.

A listener wrote me that her husband never gave her any money but sometimes after she had worked hard all day, he would throw a dollar on the kitchen floor, as he left the supper table. Can you imagine such a *bashful* man?

Neva Franklin of Schuyler, Nebr., writes that an old coal bucket makes a fine chore pail. It is so handy for dipping into feed bins and filling feed hoppers. The children use a steel coaster wagon and wheel barrow when doing heavier chores.

Who is going to rule the world after the war?

Not Churchill

Not Hitler

Not Roosevelt

Not Il Duce

Not Stalin

Not Tojo

But if you will note the initials of each one, you will have the answer.

—Sent by Elizabeth Schmidt,
Dundee, Minnesota.

Do you know where the jeep got its name? When they were manufactured and sent to the American soldiers, there was painted on the side two letters, G-P, signifying General Purpose cars. At once the boys called them "jeeps".

The stork is hovering over the homes of several of the KMA broadcasting staff. More news later.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

Last month we left Marilee sitting on her big flat rock under The Big Willow Tree by the Little Brook with her good friend The Thumblety Bumblety Elf and all of his friends who were making a circus for Marilee.

Just as we had to go, The Thumblety Bumblety Elf promised Marilee that he would show her some insects that did tricks. She was astonished. I should say she was. Her eyes flew open wide and so did her mouth. When she could get it shut again, she said, "Thumblety, I can't believe it. I just can't. Monkeys and dogs do tricks, but bugs, why they just crawl."

"Do they?" Thumblety asked soberly. Then he laughed and clapped his hands against his knees and shouted in his shrill voice.

"Yoo hoo," he called. "Yoo hoo Snapper, come here."

Here came crawling half a dozen brown bugs, slick and shiny. They were about half an inch long and slender. When they stopped in front of the little elf, he bent down and turned one of them on its back. At once the bug gave a quick flip with its head and sprang up into the air landing easily on its six feet. It reminded Marilee of the acrobats she had watched at a really circus who could stand on their feet, spring into the air, turn a somerset.

The first time he did it, she was too astonished to speak. The second time, she laughed until her yellow curls danced all over her head.

All of the other insects gathered around and watched the snapping bug acrobat.

At the back of the crowd was a big gray fellow about an inch and a quarter long with big brown and yellow eyes painted on the back of his head. He came crawling clumsily to the front of the crowd.

"I can do that, too," he said gruffly.

"Can you?" asked Marilee, drawing back from him a little.

"Yes, just turn me over."

Thumblety Bumblety Elf stepped forward and carefully upset him. For a moment he lay perfectly still, then quicker than quick, he gave his neck a flip and jumped into the air. He lit just as easily as the little brown fellow had. Marilee and all the insect friends cheered and stomped and clapped until he had jumped himself out of breath.

When he was through, The Thumblety Elf looked up into a small tree that leaned above the flat rock and said, "Mr. Walking Stick will you come down." In a friendly aside to Marilee, he explained, "Mr. Walking Stick can walk into the grass in front of you

and even though you are watching him, you cannot see him when he stands still."

Marilee was used to the little elf's queer friends by now but she could see what she was looking at and you cannot blame her if she thought he was telling her a joke.

She did not have time to say anything though, for here came a walking stick. His name fit him to a T. His body was long and green like four inches of a green stick and each of his six legs was jointed and bent like small green sticks. On the front of his head were two long feelers, but they looked like two green sticks.

As he paused in front of the flat rock, the little elfman said, "Mr. Walking Stick, I would like to have you show Marilee how you can disappear right in front of her eyes."

Mr. Walking Stick only nodded his head and walked slowly into the grass by the side of the flat rock. Marilee watched him as hard as she could but her eyes had to blink and once when they blinked she could see him no more. He just wasn't there. She looked and looked but he was not to be seen.

Puzzled she turned to The Thumblety Bumblety Elf. "Thumblety, he just isn't there. I didn't see him go, but he has gone."

Again Thumblety laughed and laughed. He did like to play tricks on Marilee. In fact he liked jokes of all kinds and could laugh just as hard when they were jokes on him, which is quite a nice thing.

When Marilee had tired of looking in the grass, he called, "Come out, Mr. Walking Stick."

Right before Marilee's eyes a stick came to life and started to walk. It's six long green legs started to move and there was Mr. Walking Stick.

If you want to see these friends of Marilee's just keep your eyes open. The little brown snapping bug lives on the porch or in your woodhouse. The big gray one I met crawling across the yard by the swing. As for Mr. Walking Stick, he likes the garden and the trees and only very sharp eyes ever see him at all.

CARAMEL CORN

Melt 3 tablespoons butter in a heavy skillet. Add 1 cup of sugar and stir until the butter and sugar combine, making a caramel syrup. Have 2 or 3 quarts of popped corn in a pan. Pour this syrup over the corn, stirring so that each kernel will have some syrup on it. Be careful not to let the syrup cook too long. It should be a light brown.

Fill your War Stamps book this month.

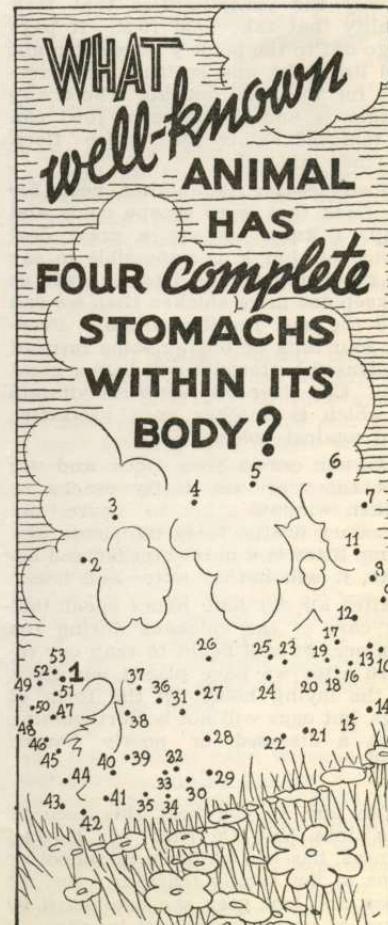


Jimmie Graham, grandson of Mrs. R. C. Graham of Oketo, Kansas, and his pet pig.

FIVE DOTS

This is a drawing game. Make five dots on a piece of paper, wherever you like, far apart or close together or in a straight line. The other player has to make a drawing of a person, using one dot at his head, two at his hands and two at his feet.

FOR THE CHILDREN. True Comics. 64 pages in color. 12 issues for \$1.00. A substitute for trashy comics. It's heroes are real, men and women your children should know and admire. An ideal birthday gift. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.





AID SOCIETY HELPS

I am always glad to have you write and tell me what your Society is doing to make money this year. Our readers are always looking for new ideas. May I hear from you?

A WALKING GRAB BAG

A friend sends this money making idea that is new to me. If you are having a sale, a dinner or social gathering of any kind, have a walking grab bag working for you. Dress a man or woman in a striking costume, having many deep pockets. They can also carry several brightly colored bags. These pockets and bags should contain packages of all kinds of things, with the prices marked on them.

One bag can contain penny packages for the children and another nickle packages. Holders, dust cloths, aprons or soap may be found in the pockets. Try this idea at your first opportunity. I am sure you will find it successful.

MOTHER GOOSE MARKET

If you've been wracking your brains for something new in the line of a bazaar or sale, why not try a Mother Goose Market? It's highly original, not much work, and will provoke all kinds of favorable comment from those who attend.

Arrange your booths as usual along the sides of the hall, and above them have signs bearing the names of Mother Goose characters. If you know someone who is always the happiest when dabbling with paint and cardboard, have them do gay pictures for you that can be put across the front of the booth. Any child's book of nursery rhymes that is illustrated would give you good ideas for these.

A few suggestions that you might use for this Mother Goose market includes the following: Jack and Jill—a huge pail from which coffee is served; Higgledy Piggledy—fresh eggs or deviled eggs; Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary—plants, seeds or flowers; Jack Horner—a big "grab bag" pie; Miss Muffet—butter and cheese; Old King Cole—chicken pie; Little Tommy Tucker, sandwiches; Mary Had a Little Lamb—knitted woolen baby jackets, etc.; Little Jack Horner—plum puddings; Diller a Dollar—place to pay for things that you buy.

A program of nursery rhymes dramatized may be given during the evening.

SAVE KITCHEN GREASE

FORTUNE TELLING MAGIC BEADS

A number of colorful glass beads are placed in a saucer of water. The players are blind folded and each in turn must dip his or her fingers into the saucer and take out a bead. The color of the bead is significant of their future, yellow for money, red for fame, blue for a voyage, green an uneventful life, and white for happiness.

FATE REVEALED

Write the fate of your guests on pieces of yellow paper cut in the shape of pumpkins. Hide these around the rooms. After each one has found a fortune, have them read.

A WITCH'S CAULDRON

In some secluded spot, place a witch's cauldron. This may be a large black kettle covered with black crepe paper. The kettle should be half full of water, in which floats the letters of the alphabet. A witch in charge of the cauldron hands the guest a dipper with which she is to scoop up two of these letters. These indicate the initials of their future life partner.

A WISHING RING

Wind a barrel hoop with orange and black paper. Hang it in a doorway. Hang a small bell from the top of the loop. A soft rubber ball wrapped in orange paper is given to each person, in turn. They must make a wish and toss the ball through the hoop. If they ring the bell, their wish will come true. If they do not ring the bell, they must tell what they wished.

STUNTS

Ask the guests to name five objects as yellow as a pumpkin before ten can be counted.

* * *

Draw a Jack-o-lantern with the eyes shut.

* * *

Pin the missing tail on the witch's cat.

* * *

Tongue Twister: Peter Pumpkin picked a peck of pickled pumpkins.

LUNCH

For a centerpiece use Jack-o-lanterns or a mirror surrounded by autumn leaves. On the mirror place rosy red apples and purple grapes. For place mats cut orange paper in the shape of pumpkins. On each side of the centerpiece have orange candles in black candle holders.

Simple refreshments are appropriate during war times so serve orange ice with little white cakes and coffee, or what would be even more simple, doughnuts and cider.

Another menu might be a salad with brown bread and cream cheese sandwiches, olives, hot chocolate with marshmallows, nuts and raisins.

HALLOWE'EN

No Hallowe'en party is complete without a ghost story. Seat your guests on the floor, in a circle, and let the glow of the Jack-O-Lantern be the only light. Have the following story read, in a low ghostly voice. There must be two people to assist, one to start the articles and one to receive them. Articles should be chilled.

A GRUESOME TALE

It is the truth and not a myth
That there once lived a man named
Smith,

Alas, it was his bitter lot,
To murdered be, quite near this spot.
(Groans and pauses)

Now we have with us his remains,
So first I give to you his brains.
(Pass sponge dampened with
ice cold water)

Now next I pass, as you surmise,
The murdered victim's mournful eyes.
(Two ice cold grapes with
skin removed)

His veins through which flowed blood
so red
Are now all clammy, cold and dead.
(Pass long strips of cold
Cooked macaroni)

And now your shuddering touch reveals
The teeth with which he ate his meals.
(Pass kernels of corn)

And next your startled nerves prepare
To touch the late lamented's hair.
(Pass cornsilk)

The ear with which he often heard,
Alas, now hearkens not a word.
(Pass a large fig)

His hand no longer yours can hold,
Alas, it now in death is cold.
(Pass kid glove filled with
cold, damp sand)

And now his sheeted ghost in white
Is standing in our midst tonight.
(Ghost suddenly arises in
corner of room)

Ere he departs with woeful groans,
Just list to the rattling of his bones.
(Ghost moans and suddenly
rattles bones and chains)

(Lights on)

BEAN BAG BOARD

For a bean bag board you will need a piece of thin board, beaver board or heavy card board. Cut holes in it, making them about four inches square. Put one hole in the middle and one in each corner, not too close to the edge of the board. Over the center hole paint the number 25, and over each of the other holes the number 10.

Now you are ready to make the bean bags. These can be filled with corn if you do not have beans. Make the bags $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size. Do not fill them too full. Lean the board against the back of a chair, or if played outdoors, against a tree. Stand several feet in front of it and try to toss the bags through the holes in the board. A certain number of points agreed upon counts the game. The player who first scores this number, wins.