

TX1
K57x
C.1

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Price 10 cents



• Vol. 8

NOVEMBER, 1943

Number 11 •



Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.
LUCILE VERNESSE, 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

I do not ask, O Lord! that life may be a pleasant road;

I do not ask that Thou wouldst take aught of it's load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring beneath my feet;

I know too well the poison and the sting of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead;

Lead me aright—

Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—through peace to light!

—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Dear Friends:

I've been sitting at my desk this morning looking out over our garden and trying to realize that the few golden and purple flowers that are left will be the last we'll see until next spring. It seems only yesterday that we uncovered the rose bushes and made ready for summer, and now those months have flown by and we're putting the rose bushes to bed for the winter once again. It's a comfort to look out at the bittersweet that's climbing up over the clothes line pole for this means that we're sure to have color on our dining room table during the cold months that are ahead.

The best thing that October brought was a visit from Donald. He graduated as a weather-forecaster from Chanut Field, Illinois, and stopped here to see us enroute to his new base at Colorado Springs. We had almost given up expecting him when he came in quite late at night, so we got up and dressed, fixed a lunch, and sat around the kitchen table talking until after midnight. Those of us with sons in the service know few pleasures greater than seeing them when they come home on furlough. If only we could stretch the days into months!

Wayne is now stationed in Australia after a year and a half in Hawaii. Many of you have boys there too, so I thought you'd be interested in reading a few extracts from his last letter—you'll find this on another page. And on the same page you'll find a letter from Frederick. He is happy in his work at Yale University, and I mustn't forget to tell you that he sends his regards to all of you who listened when he broadcast from KMA this spring and were kind enough to write to him.

And speaking of Frederick—you'll no doubt be interested to hear that his trunk finally arrived from Egypt

after many months in transit. It wasn't in very good condition and many of the things he treasured were broken or missing altogether, but he packed up a big box of curios that he thought we would enjoy and sent it on to us. We have some fierce looking Arab knives in the library, and several nice pieces of pottery; some of the things were too precious to leave out where they could get knocked off of a shelf and broken.

Dorothy and little Kristin are visiting with Frank's parents at Lucas, Iowa. Kristin turned the corner at three months when the doctor finally found food that would agree with her, and almost overnight she began to look like a different baby. All of us who've had a hard time getting a baby started (in our family it was Dorothy who couldn't get straightened out until she was six months old) know what a relief it is when they finally pick up and begin to thrive. Kristin laughs out loud all of the time now, coos almost constantly when she's awake, and loves to sit on my lap and look all around.

Lucile and Juliana are in Minneapolis now with Russell's parents. Juliana learned to sit alone before she left and my but she did look cute sitting on a blue blanket in the middle of the library floor. It was quite a sight to see Juliana and Kristin together on that blanket. They studied each other for long minutes, reached for each other's hands, and had a language of their own that they used to talk back and forth. Lucile will write a good long letter next time telling you about her stay in Minneapolis.

Howard is on manoeuvres out in Oregon, Margery is busy with her school work at Pella, and this brings us all up to date on family news. Things happen so fast in our house that a few months almost changes the picture entirely. I had a letter the other day from a friend who had moved to Colorado and somehow missed out on our magazine for a time, and when she received the July number and read about my two granddaughters she could hardly believe her eyes.

I have some sewing lined up for winter evenings. I plan to make some wool quilts for my girls, and I want to help with layettes that a group of us are making as part of our contribution to war relief. There are your letters to anticipate every day, boxes to send to our soldier boys, and

always three meals to cook, the house to keep picked up, and the other jobs that most of us have to make time for somehow. The high spot of the day is always the moment when Mart returns with the mail from the post-office, so this winter let's keep in close touch with each other. Friends need each other now as never before.

Lovingly,
—Leanna.

WANT A RIDE, BUDDY?

Have you passed by any service men recently who were standing at the side of the road hoping for a ride? I hope not, because the few moments it takes you to stop may mean to the soldier the difference between a good visit with the home-folks or just a hasty hello and goodbye. Every minute of a furlough is precious and none of us like to think of boys losing any of it by waiting patiently on the highway for a ride.

This was brought home to us forcefully when Don returned. He got off of the night train at Red Oak and was fortunate enough to get a ride with Shenandoah folks who were just starting towards home. He said later that they only passed one car the entire trip, so if it hadn't been for a generous driver Don would have lost some of his brief visit with us by walking along the highway at night.

Service men cannot thumb a ride. They can only stand and look hopeful. Let's see that we don't drive past them with no concern for their predicament.

GLIMPSES AHEAD

With women in the army and navy, and with women in defense jobs, the homes that we knew as children are gone. I am of the old-fashioned group, I think, for I like to bake my own bread, can fruits and vegetables, embroider things for my house, and sew for my family.

Our generation had time for all of these things, and took for granted the fact that we should do them. But this is no longer true. The generation that followed us has bigger jobs to tackle than fancy work. These children of ours are taking their places in the world of industry, and sometimes I wonder if they will ever be content to return to their homes after the war is over.

Well, I hope they will for I still think that a woman's greatest happiness lies in building a happy home. But I hope as well that a goodly share of the household drudgery that has always gone into building a happy home will be a thing of the past in the world that will open up to us after peace comes again. The hours that will be saved shouldn't belong to us to be frittered away. It is those hours that belong to our community and to our children. My generation would have given a great deal to have enough time to better serve our churches and homes, so let us hope that our children will truly make worth-while the freedom that will be theirs.

Come into the Garden with Helen

GROWING CHARM MATERIAL

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

"Mary, Mary quite contrary
How does your garden grow?"
Strawberry popcorn, Devils Claws,
Angel Trumpets all in a row.

Yes indeed, and that's a good way to grow charm string material, right in the vegetable garden in a row; at least that is how I grow mine. Their seeds are planted in the ground in the spring, preferably the least productive ground as they do not require a rich soil nor a great deal of moisture. In fact they ripen better if such is the case. Mine are planted near the early radishes and lettuce; taking the ground they vacate when they are used up. This ground has never proved satisfactory for a second crop of vegetables since it is sloping, has clay soil and is inclined to be rather dry in midsummer. It is really not wasting good ground to grow charm material here.

Martynia or Devils Claws are planted at least 18 inches apart. They will not come up until the soil is warm but it is alright to sow them early. In fact they will self sow and stay in the ground all winter. They tend to sprawl, have odd orchid-shaped colored flowers and the queerest seed imaginable. I have always grown the ones having red or lavender bloom, but this year had a yellow one which came from seed sown a year ago. It grew to be an immense size with very large seed pods. It will be interesting to see how these develop. When ripe, the green milkweed-like covering of the pod splits and peels off leaving a black bird-like object. It now looks like its name-unicorn from the horn-like projection. When thoroughly dry this also divides and we have the Devil's Claw. They may be gathered in clusters or used individually. These may be made up in various ways for Thanksgiving decorations or used in Charm Strings.

There are several varieties of colored popcorn. It is best to only plant one kind a season if you want to keep it from mixing. I usually alternate the varieties in different years. Strawberry popcorn is the most popular, being dwarf and easy to grow in a small garden. I have mine in two rows planting the kernels a foot apart. This insures pollination. One might also grow them in blocks, planting the seed three to a hill. Pink popcorn and Paisley or speckled popcorn add variety to a collection of such material. The pink has a dainty sheen like tinted pearls, Paisley is of any number of colors. Squaw corn variegated is often used in Thanksgiving displays. It is much larger of course than the or-

namental popcorns. Strawberry popcorn pops into tiny dainty kernels.

Angel Trumpets or Datura are of several different kinds. There is the usual large white one seen most often in gardens and there is the tall Florida variety with white blossoms striped with blue or purple. These have slightly differently shaped prickly pods, the seed of the latter being black instead of a dull orange as in the former. The seeds are shaped like tiny ears. Remember, however, all the Daturas are strong narcotic plants, every part of them. Use caution when growing them.

Okra is easily grown. For purely decorative purposes perhaps the White Velvet is best. Its pods are a creamy velvety white and when dried have the soft brown of the horns of young deer. The entire stalk may be pulled up and dried. Better garden soil is required for Okra.

The success in growing gourds seems to differ with the season. I have found it best to take a chance and plant them right in the ground in the spring, keeping bugs under control with a good dust or spray and then in the fall, pulling the vine when frost threatens, hanging it on the garden fence. My favorite gourds are the small spoon gourd, the pure white one and a small hard pumpkin shaped gourd. All gourds make good Thanksgiving decorations.

HOUSEPLANTS AS A HOBBY

Houseplants are one of the best possible means of giving a cheerful atmosphere to the home—a thing that is much to be desired in these days when everyone's spirit is inclined to slump.

A windowful of thriving healthy plants need not entail much expense. Look about your garden and see what you can find that will do well in the house. Many of the annuals will make ideal house plants. If you have a very sunny window, try a double yellow nasturtium. There is one drawback to nasturtiums, and that is their susceptibility to aphids and the danger that they will move over to your choice houseplants. Petunias are also good in a sunny window. The tiny Harmony marigolds can be grown indoors. You will probably find small new plants already started in your garden that can be potted with little trouble.

Did you ever grow grapefruit, orange or lemon seeds in a pot and watch them develop? They have shiny dark green leaves and sturdy little stems that are very attractive and they thrive with a minimum of attention.

There are a few simple rules that must be followed if you wish success



Leanna Driftmier with her two granddaughters, Kristin Johnson, 3 months old, and Juliana Verness, 7 months old.

with houseplants. Wash the leaves regularly to remove all dust and dirt that collects on them. This allows light and air to get to all the breathing pores in the leaves, so they can function properly. A few plants such as the Saint Paulias and the primrose have the downy type of leaves that should not come contact with water. These should be cleansed by brushing them with a soft cloth or brush.

Keep your plants out of drafts and don't overwater them. On the other hand, don't allow them to become excessively dry. Keep the air moist through vapor pans on radiators, moistened peat moss beneath the plants, or by setting pots on gravel-filled troughs that have an inch or two of water in them for evaporation, but do not allow the pot to rest in water.

Don't keep the house too warm. That is one of the foremost causes of failure with house plants. Try to keep the temperature below 70 degrees. Unburned gas which escapes from gas burners is very injurious to house plants.

Keep a sharp watch for insects and diseases. The very best plan is to buy an inexpensive hand sprayer and do preventive spray work rather than wait until some damage is experienced and then try to remedy it.

And last, but by no means least, do feed your plants. The amount of available plant food in a small pot is soon exhausted and no plant will thrive when its roots are not receiving food. Complete plant foods for house plants may be secured in small packages, either in powder or tablet form. The tablet form is preferable for this purpose, because it is so convenient to use. Manufacturers include complete directions on the package. Read them carefully and follow them for best results.

"I love my Kitchen-Klatter. It is the nicest magazine any home-maker can ever hope to have. I read and look them over time after time. I want to thank you for it because it takes a lot of hard work to make it so complete."—Mrs. Amos Webb, Maxwell, Iowa.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FIVE

During the years that Mother was growing up on Sunnyside farm, a good share of the family income came from Grandfather Field's truck garden. He was a wonderful gardener, anything would grow for him, and during the summer months all of the family pitched in to help him. Aunt Helen often had charge of the berries, and Mother helped her make hundreds and hundreds of boxes for the season's business. There was a large orchard of cherry trees too, and every morning the cherry pickers walked out from town to work at Sunnyside. Mother and Aunt Susan were right up in the trees with the others, and Grandfather used to say that what with their having boy hair-cuts and wearing overalls and being so much help to him, he really had four boys rather than just Uncle Henry and Uncle Sol.

After a busy, busy summer it was almost a let-down to start back to school. All of the Field children went to the Fairview School about a mile west of Sunnyside. Often we take this road on our evening rides, and Mother says that she never drives over it without remembering those long ago days when she trudged along in a neat sleeve apron, her long black braids tied with red ribbon, and a dinner pail in her hand. On the road home at night they generally stopped to fill their empty dinner pails with things that grew along the road, particularly the purple burrs that Grandmother had taught them to make into little baskets for their playhouse.

On one occasion Martha returned home with a really choice collection. She wanted very much to be a doctor and the study of anatomy fascinated her, so one day she decided that she would present a complete skeleton to her anatomy class at school. As luck would have it she knew where a dog had been buried by the side of the road, and every afternoon on her way home from school she dug carefully and smuggled a few bones to the house in her dinner pail.

One evening she was unusually late returning from school and Grandmother called from the living room to find out what had kept her. There were guests from town in the living room, but this didn't stop Martha for a moment. She simply hurried in where everyone was sitting, rattled her dinner bucket gayly, and announced that at last she had the complete skeleton of a dog! The sound of the rattling bones startled the guests considerably, but Grandmother didn't scold her—she knew that all real education is not learned in books, and that eager curiosity once squelched is never again quite so compelling.

It was curiosity of a very eager sort indeed that accounted for one of Grandmother's worst surprises. This incident happened shortly after the county fair when all of the children were still excited over the balloon ascension that they had witnessed. It had seemed such a simple matter to



Leanna Field (Driftmier) and
Helen Field (Fischer).

get that balloon into the air that they decided to try it themselves when Grandmother had a good fire in the kitchen range.

Their opportunity came when Grandmother entertained several guests from town. She asked them to stay for lunch, and consequently had a fine fire going. She was so busy entertaining her guests and cooking that she didn't see the children climb out of an upstairs window with a flour sack and string, and then crawl cautiously up on the roof without mishap. It was their plan to hold the sack over the chimney until it filled with smoke; then Aunt Susan was to pull the slipnoose that would release it into the sky.

After they had weighted down the edges of the sack with bricks they waited breathlessly for their balloon to ascend. But alas! instead of going up it went down, bricks, sack, and all. They tore off to the orchard at once and sat there feeling very guilty, while Grandmother wondered what in the world had gotten into the stove to make it start belching out clouds of smoke. She had some of her famous biscuits in the oven and her guests had made several comments of anticipation, but there were no biscuits that night. It wasn't until the next day when the stove pipe was taken down that Grandmother learned what had happened, and even then she was at a loss to know how a pile of bricks and an old sack could have gotten into her chimney!

Weekdays were crowded to the brim in summer and in winter, but when Sunday came around the usual activities ceased. Everyone was up early on Sunday morning so that the chores could be gotten through with in good time, and after these were done everyone dressed and went to church and Sunday School at the Congregational church in town. Grandmother and Grandfather helped to organize this church and always took a great interest in its activities. The roads had to be absolutely impassable to keep the Fields home from church, and often they ploughed through mud, some of them in a two-seated carriage, and the others following in a single buggy.

Right here I would like to quote for you the blessing that was always asked by Grandfather Field at the table. It is one of the most vivid memories that we have of him, and in our minds it is associated particularly with hot summer afternoons when we returned from church and Grandfather came to eat Sunday dinner with us. We could hear his cane tapping very briskly far away (even when he was in his eighties he walked swiftly), and then when he reached the house he picked up the baby and played with him until dinner was ready.

When Mother called us we went into the dining room and sat down and waited expectantly. Then Grandfather lowered his white head, folded his hands, and asked this blessing:

"Kind Father, have mercy upon and bless us. Sanctify this food to our use. Watch and guard us. Keep us from harm. Forgive us our sins and save us at last, for Christ's sake. Amen."

We all think that it is the most beautiful blessing we have ever heard, and through these many years we have never heard it without thinking of Grandfather and those long ago days when he was here to ask it at our table.

Grandmother's early interest, fine sewing, was the thing that she truly loved to do. She made every stitch that her five daughters wore, and the plainest garment never looked carelessly made. School dresses for winter were made of dark wool, often turned again and again, but the lovely white collars that were worn on them saved them from feeling like hand-me-downs. Those little collars bore the mark of Grandmother's skill, and love for her girls. She always found time to whip on an edging of fine lace, or to embroider some delicate little design in the corner.

I think that Mother must have inherited this particular talent from Grandmother, for she has often said that her favorite hobby was making clothes for Dorothy, Margery, and me. She has told us that she doesn't know how in the world her mother ever found time to take the extra stitches that saved a dress from being commonplace, and in my turn I can say that I don't know how Mother ever found the necessary time. Some of the loveliest things she made for me date back to the years when Donald, Margery and Wayne were all under five, and she had a big house to keep up, and most of the time very little help. I wonder if she knows that I can still see and almost smell the beautiful embroidered wool flowers on a green winter dress that was the joy of my life?

Yes, I'm certain that Grandmother Field's pleasure in sewing for her girls came down to Mother full-fledged.

It's not the house that makes the Home,
In this world so big and wide,
But the kindly deeds and words alone
And the love that dwells inside.

By Aunt Berta Gideon,

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO THE WORRIED MOTHERS

Scarcely a week passes throughout the year that I don't open a letter from some mother who writes anxiously: "I feel so discouraged about trying to get my children to help me, Leanna. They're really good children and I can't complain about their grades or their behavior away from home, but oh dear! how can I get them to do their daily tasks without nagging endlessly? It causes such hard feelings in our home and I'm very unhappy about it, yet their work simply **must** be done."

This is the kind of a letter that always makes me wish we could turn to a magic figure of some kind and say, "Make my children want to do their work," and presto! the children are completely reformed in the twinkling of an eye—and everyone lives happily ever after. But there isn't any magic figure to turn to, and there isn't any sure fire method of getting children to change their ways. About all we can do is to pick up a bit of experience from this mother, and another bit of experience from that mother, and put it all together as best we can.

It seems to me that the most important thing about teaching children to work is to work with them. I think it's absolutely necessary to begin doing everything with a child that you expect him to do, and don't leave him alone with a big job until you're sure that he knows exactly what to do. And even though he reaches the stage where he does things alone, never withdraw your interest and enthusiasm.

I think that children get off on the wrong foot in their attitude towards daily chores because they're thrust in the direction of a job, ordered to get it done at once, and then ignored. For instance, let's look at a little girl who has learned to wash and wipe the dishes. Her mother is busy with a thousand other things, and so the youngster is ordered to do the dishes and put them away. Everyone disappears from the kitchen, and the little girl suddenly feels that there is nothing in the world except this great mountain of dirty dishes—and nobody loves her or she wouldn't be left with such a dreadful job.

The chances are that this youngster will grow to hate the very sight of a dishpan, and as she gets older she'll use every possible excuse to get out of lifting a hand in the kitchen. She's the child who is nagged at endlessly every day, who develops a reputation for being absolutely worthless in the house. And ninety-nine times out of a hundred her mother is going to forget that there once was a day when this same child pleaded to be allowed to

wash the dishes, and begged earnestly to have the dish towel so that she could wipe just one cup or plate.

I've never yet seen the youngster who wasn't eager to help with every single thing that goes on in the house. They want to help make a cake, and run the carpet sweeper, and wipe dishes, and iron, and help hang up clothes. It makes them feel important and grown up to be doing the same things that their parents do, and too, they love to feel that they are really a help. Their early efforts to work in the house or out in the yard are genuine gestures of love.

That's the way they begin, but most of us kill their interest and loving willingness to help by realizing suddenly just how much help we have at hand. Then things change overnight. If Mary Jean can wash dishes she can just take them as her daily chore. If Louise can iron flat pieces there's no reason why she can't do **all** of the flat work every week. If Edward is big enough to wax the floors he can give them a good going over every Saturday. And that's the way it goes.

I believe that if we want our children to do their work happily and of their own free will, we should see that we don't shove too much off on them. It's an awful temptation when there is so much to do, but it's being penny-wise and pound foolish. In the end when they're at the age where they could be of really great help to us, we'll find that it's more work to get them to move than to do the job by ourselves. Remember this when you think to yourself that you simply can't take time to work along with them.

I think it's important also to notice every small thing that they do, particularly when it's done of their own accord. When your little girl first starts setting the table, take time to compliment her; there may be only one piece of silverware on straight, but notice this one and ignore the rest. Praise is the most wonderful of all tonics. It will accomplish what hours of scolding and talking-to fail to change. Don't be careless with your praise. Children are extremely quick to catch the hurried and insincere remark. Look at what has been accomplished with all of your attention, and when you praise the child be sure that you pick out some one thing for special attention. He knows then that you really see what he has done, and truly appreciate it.

Change jobs just as frequently as you can. Don't ask Mary Jean to wash dishes every night week in and week out. Give her something else to break the monotony; just because she does the dishes very well is no excuse for running a good thing into the ground.

One last angle occurs to me and



Mr. and Mrs. Elroy Wilkie and Joan of Harlan, Iowa. Mr. Wilkie is now in Australia.

A PRAYER FOR ONE IN SERVICE

As you bravely face the dangers
That confront us everywhere,
May God shield you and protect you
With his loving, watchful care!
And if duty guides your footsteps
Where the foes of freedom roam,
Whether brief or long the journey
May He bring you safely home.

—Sent by Mrs. Dale Brown,
Glidden, Iowa.

* * * * *

it is this: let's bend every effort to make our children feel that they are working in **their own home**. Far too many youngsters feel resentfully that they're doing these daily chores for mother and dad alone—they have no sense of accomplishing things in a home that belongs to them just as much as it belongs to mother and dad. Don't hammer away on the subject—simply make it clear by action and love that their work is deeply appreciated because it helps to make a more attractive home for every single person in the family.

QUES: "I'm a girl twenty-one years old, the only daughter in our family, and I'd like to ask your advice about a problem that I'm facing. Do you think it's good taste to have an elaborate wedding in these times? I'm marrying a soldier when he has a furlough in December, and I think it should be a simple ceremony at home. However, my mother had always planned that I'd have a big church wedding, and finally she said that she'd accept your opinion on the subject if I wrote and asked. May we have your opinion?"—Missouri.

ANS: I know how much plans can mean when they're turned over and over in one's mind over a long period of time, but since you've asked me I'll say that I don't think elaborate functions of any kind are in good taste these days. We really shouldn't spend the time or the money on them, and I believe that most people feel quite critically towards ambitious parties and weddings.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

THANKSGIVING DINNER MENU

Cream of Corn Soup
Popcorn Garnish
Roast Turkey or Chicken
Baked Onions Dressing and Gravy
Mashed potatoes
Hot Rolls
Jellied Cranberries Relishes
Carrot, Pepper and Cabbage Salad
Pumpkin Pie Coffee

ROAST TURKEY OR CHICKEN

Wash fowl, remove all feathers and singe. Be sure inside is thoroughly cleaned. Fill with stuffing. Cross drum sticks, tie and fasten to the tail. Dredge with flour, salt and pepper. Sear in a 500 degree oven for 15 minutes. Then reduce heat to 325 degrees and bake slowly, allowing 15 minutes for each pound. Baste every little while.

Dressing

2 cups cooked rice or dry crumbs
1 1/2 cups oysters and liquor
2 tablespoons green pepper
1 tablespoon onion
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper

BAKED ONIONS

Select onions of even size and peel off outside skins. Boil slowly for 45 minutes. Drain. Place in casserole, salt, pepper and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in 350 degree oven for 35 minutes.

JELLIED CRANBERRIES

Pick over and wash 1 quart of cranberries. Add 1 cup of water and boil until the berries are soft. Run through a sieve. Bring to a boil again and add 2 cups of sugar. Stir well and pour in glasses.

PUMPKIN PIE

2 cups strained pumpkin
1 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon ginger
1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 cups rich milk
2 eggs
Pour in crust and bake in 325 degree oven for 1 hour.

SUET PUDDING

3 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup finely chopped suet
1 cup molasses or honey
1 cup sour milk (buttermilk preferred)
1 cup raisins

Sift dry ingredients together. Combine the suet, molasses or honey and milk. Add dry ingredients, gradually stirring the raisins into the last of the flour. Pour into an oiled pan and steam 3 hours. Serve hot with pudding sauce. For the sauce set 2 cups of water on flame to boil. Mix 1/2 cup sugar and 2 tablespoons flour and stir into the boiling water and let boil about 2 minutes. Remove from fire and season with 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg and 1 tablespoon butter. Serve hot.—Mrs. Claud Twidwell, Frankfort, Kansas.

GRAHAM CRACKER PUDDING

2 rounding cups graham cracker crumbs
2 teaspoons baking powder
4 tablespoons brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 cup raisins

Combine dry ingredients and stir into beaten eggs and milk combined. Add butter last. Steam 1 hour.

WHEAT NUTS

3 1/2 cups whole wheat flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup syrup, honey or molasses
1 cup sour milk or enough to moisten

Spread in buttered baking pan and bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Then break into pieces about the size of hickory nuts and return to oven to thoroughly toast. Put through food grinder. Serve with milk or cream and sugar or honey as you do grape nuts. Delicious.

BAKED BEANS

Bring to a boil 1 quart navy beans and 1/4 teaspoon soda. Boil 5 minutes, drain and then add

1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup bacon, chopped
1/2 cup chopped onion
2 cups tomato juice or canned tomato

Enough more water to cover
1 tablespoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard

Bake three or four hours. These are better than boughten baked beans. These may be baked for an hour or so and then canned, cold packing for 3 hours.

LIGHT AS A FEATHER GINGER BREAD

Pour 1/2 cup boiling water over 1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup molasses
1 beaten egg
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/4 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

Sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture. Bake in 8 inch square pan in moderate oven (350 degrees) for 35 minutes or until done. Cool in pan. Frost if desired.—Mrs. A. L. Manning, Monroe City, Mo.

HEALTH BREAD

1 cup oatmeal
2 cups boiling water
1/2 cup molasses or syrup
1 tablespoon lard
1 teaspoon salt

Mix and let cool. When lukewarm, add 1 cake compressed yeast and stiffen with white flour. Let rise. Make into 2 loaves, let rise again and bake 40 minutes in moderate oven.—Mrs. George Richter, LaGrange, Mo.

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. 6—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: 25¢ Each, or any 6 of them for \$1.00 Postpaid
Order From
Leanna Field Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

WAYNE IN AUSTRALIA

Dear Folks,

It is such a problem for me to keep track of time any more but I am sure I should write you a letter. Did I tell you that when on board the ship coming down here, I saw a moving picture that had my old friend Kay Stewart Proctor in it? It was an experience to be out in the middle of the Pacific and see a movie of a very good friend. I also saw an Air Corps Short that had Gray Carpenter in it. To see "Carp" was quite a surprise.

After we landed in Australia, I spent one of the most uncomfortable weeks I have ever spent. You probably know that the seasons here are just the opposite of what they are in the U. S. and after having spent a year and a half in a semi-tropical climate, it was a shock to run into cold weather. I wore a wool uniform and underwear and even though we had a coal stove in our tent, I put on more clothes to go to bed than I wore in the daytime.

I like Australia. I have already received many kind words from civilians. These people over here must be very similar to the type of early Americans that settled the west a couple of generations ago.

One of the first things I noticed when I talked to an Australian was their accent. They call a train a trine, a steak a stike. They call the conductor on the train a "snapper". They are similar to our pioneers in their food habits. They eat a great deal of meat, eggs and potatoes. Their meals are quite cheap. At the Red Cross the other night we got a good T-bone steak for 24¢ in our money. That included the dessert and coffee. Maybe I can put on a few pounds while here.

Love,
—Wayne

RULES FOR TABLE SETTING

All silver should be placed in the order in which it is to be used, commencing from the outside and using in toward the plate.

Forks should be placed at the left with the tines turned up.

Knives should be placed with the sharp edge turned toward the plate, at the right.

Spoons should be placed at the right of the knives with the bowls turned up.

All silver is placed parallel to the length of the tables or at right angles with it, never slanting.

The bread and butter knife is the one exception, and may be placed slanting across the plate.

Glasses are placed at the right, near the point of the knife.

Bread and butter plates are placed at the upper left hand side. The spreader may be placed on the plate or beside it.

The napkin should be simply folded and placed at the left of the forks.

The cup and saucer should be placed on the right, on a line with the plate.

Place salad plates at the right.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

When the nerves begin playing tricks on you try smiling. Make a worried grouchy face and you will feel



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

that way. On the radio I heard—when a smile is passed along you can't tell where it's gone but it isn't lost and may banish miles and miles of trouble.

The act of laughing stimulates the internal secretions and increases abdominal circulation which in turn aids digestion.

At last I can really smile—for the paper to print the Food Sensitive Booklet arrived and now the orders are filled. Thanks a world for your patience and if you have not received your order let me know.

Most authorities consider calcium, iron, and phosphorus the important minerals. A shortage of these may be responsible for the rickets, and so called "growing pains" in children, and when adults have the same pain it is spoken of as rheumatism, or arthritis. Our ancestors really thought there was pain attached to growing.

Seldom is anything written about the individual's normal weight. We are supposed to be clipped off at the same weight at a certain height and age. Many of us have inherited tendencies toward overweight and should not try to be clipped to meet the average. Build of the body should be considered, abnormal bulges should be looked upon with suspicion of glandular trouble and especially is this true with the person who is sensitive (allergic) to certain foods which cause this glandular disturbance.

A death in a home recently brought to my attention how we neglect children and young folks when troubles come. Folks talk about the joys of childhood, but it is doubtful if an adult past 50 is capable of suffering as a child does. Remember how you felt when your pet dog was killed, or the day it rained when the school picnic was planned, you thought you would—just die. Think of the sleepless nights when the girl took your boy friend away from you. Nothing can move you now, and nothing fills you with despair as it did when you were younger. You now know nothing is final, there is a tomorrow and the world moves on, but the children and young folks have not reached this stage of hope, confidence, and calm philosophy.

A SOLDIER GIVES THANKS

A letter written by one now "missing in action" to his parents lists the three things for which he was thankful:

1. First of all for our Heavenly Father. How impossible it would be to carry on without Him. If only people knew how great a power prayer is.

2. I thank God with all my heart that I was born an American.

3. I thank God for my own family. I know that you are behind me in everything that I do. It would be hard to carry on if I weren't sure of this. Don't spend your time worrying about me, spend it praying for me. I fear nothing, not even death, if God would have it so. What a wonderful assurance it is to know you are ready when your time comes.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1933

Of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published Monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October, 1943.

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, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, 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 29th day of Sept., 1943.

(Seal) Nellie Mygatt, Notary Public.
(My commission expires July 4, 1945.)

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS



AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

Hello, November. This month, in years past, found me ready to settle down to a winter's quilt and comfort making and looking forward to long visits with old friends.

This year I will still be picking corn. We have never been a family that drew sharp lines between "His" work and "Hers" but the shortage of farm labor has demanded that "Her" help with "His" and do "Hers" on rainy days and at nights. This is true all over the country.

How did you manage? When anyone asks me that question, I am stumped. We just manage with a sense of humor. Can you imagine that those hired men of other years who are now in the fighting over there can have the luxury of a fit of temper? We decided that we could at least keep laughing.

Humor meets a good many difficult situations in life with the same ease that oil gives to a piece of machinery. It is a practical necessity in building a happy marriage or raising a family.

Sometimes it is a little hard to call forth. Mine almost got buried under a pile of hay the day no one told me a light tug would trip the hayfork letting the load of hay fall before it reached the barn door. I held too tightly and dumped the whole load into my upturned face. I managed to laugh along with the boy on the horse and the man in the mow. I also managed to treat that rope as gently as a cake in the oven.

* * *

I read the most interesting article about Madame Chiang Kaishek. It enumerated her claims to greatness and began with "being one of the world's best wives." It went ahead to say that she put her husband's interests, aims and dreams first. She could guide but would not lead. She might counsel but never command. She might suggest but she would never insist. Certainly an ideal to shoot at.

Just today I also read, "It takes a wiser man to take advice than it does to give it."

Which brings me to one of my dreams, that we may someday have courses in our public schools that will teach our young folks as much as anyone knows about making the most of our associations with each other. To my mind, there are subjects more important than algebra and Latin.

Have you taken a walk with someone you like this month?

* * *

Have you visited school this fall? We should all keep an even sharper

eye than usual on our schools this year. A little help at the right time may save a lot of grief later.

Did you put the same kind of sandwiches in your school lunches twice last week? If you did, you are slipping.

* * *

Back to the subject that is always on our minds. It must have been an old maid who wrote that wisecrack about marriages being made in heaven. Every wife in a successful marriage knows it is made by constant study and hard work.

Neither do I believe that marriage is a truly 50-50 proposition. While the husband is more concerned with making the living, the wife is more concerned with making a happy home and a successful marriage. Shall I add "usually" or shall I just let my bare neck stick out?

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

(Our son who has returned from Mission work in Egypt and is studying for the ministry. L.D.)

Dear Folks,

Today I began the second great adventure of my life. As I sat in the train traveling from New York City, watching the New England scenery pass by I thought how nice it would have been if someone from home could have bid me good-bye at the station. My heart was filled with mixed emotions; I was happy to be on my way to Yale, and yet somehow a bit afraid too. Would my health hold up under the stress of a hard school year? Would I make grades of which I could be proud? Would I be able to finance myself? When would I ever be able to go home again? These were the questions that pounded through my mind keeping time with the click of the wheels on the rails as I rolled on toward New Haven.

I arrived here at the Divinity School of Yale just at noon. Yale is an immense university with many beautiful buildings, and our buildings here at the Divinity School are some of the nicest. Situated on a spacious site in the heart of a beautiful residential section the campus is impressive. All of the Divinity School buildings are in the Georgian Colonial style which perpetuates the tradition of eighteenth-century New England. On the crest of the slope lies the green, with buildings on three sides. There are beautiful, aged trees everywhere, and being away from all traffic the campus is as quiet as Union Seminary campus was noisy. I fell in love with the place at first sight.

I spent the better part of an hour visiting the different dormitories to select a room. I finally decided on a room on the first floor. I moved in, unpacked my bags, put everything away in the drawers, and then sat back to relax and become acquainted with my new home. It was then I learned that I had taken a room which had already been reserved for someone else. There was nothing for me to do but move out. I soon found another nice room and once more


settled down. Late in the afternoon I asked the dormitory supervisor where the bedding was for my bed. I was informed that I had to furnish my own bedding. I had to rush downtown before the stores closed and buy all new bedding. I thought that I would be able to buy a good blanket for two or three dollars, but the cheapest one I could buy cost me \$7.98. My sheets and pillow cases cost me more than five dollars. I never before realized that sleeping was such an expensive proposition. The girl I marry will have to bring her own bedding with her. Remember, Mother, don't give me silver when I marry; give me bedding; I can afford to buy the silver myself.

I enjoyed my work in New York, but I was glad to leave the city itself. It is nice to be where there are many theatres, museums, and fine restaurants if you can afford to patronize them. Of course the museums are free, but one can't spend all of his spare time in a museum. The nicest thing I did while in New York was to take a three hour boat ride around Manhattan Island. If you are ever able to visit New York, you must make that excursion. We sailed up the Hudson River to the Harlem River, then down the Harlem River to the East River, and then down around the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. We saw the famous French Liner Normandie that is now under repairs after the terrible fire that sunk her many months ago. From the Hudson we could see the town mansions of Mr. Schwab and Mr. Hearst, and of course we had a wonderful view of all the skyscrapers. The tall buildings in New York do not amaze me as much as the transportation system. It seems almost incredible that under all those tall buildings and traffic-packed streets there are hundreds of railroad tracks carrying fast express trains. Many of the large shops and hotels have underground entrances for the use of subway passengers. One can walk for blocks underground going from building to building and station to station without once seeing daylight. And the express highways above ground astonish me no end. As bad as the traffic is now, I hate to think what it must be like in peace times when there is plenty of gasoline.

The New Yorkers are extremely kind to the service men. As I worked with service men at William Sloane House they all told me how pleased they were at the treatment given them in New York. There are literally hundreds of Service Men's Centers all over New York. They are given free tickets to many things, and half price tickets to others. Thousands of women in New York are devoting most of their time to work with service men. The English boys told me that they were completely dumbfounded at the grand treatment they received in New York. The nicest place for service men in New York is the William Sloane House YMCA, and I hope that many of my friends will learn of it and go there when they have a chance.

With my love,

—Frederick



Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

THE A.B.C. OF POULTRY CARE

Avoid drafts in the poultry house.
Be sure of good ventilation.
Cull carefully.

Do not overcrowd.

Eggs are the interest on your principle.

Feed a balanced diet.

Green feed helps make a good coat of feathers.

Have plenty of drinking fountains, full of water.

Ice water isn't good for chickens, especially in the winter.

Just a cold can cause lots of trouble in a flock.

Keep the hens free from lice and mites.

Litter should be changed often to avoid dampness.

Molting hens need extra care and protection.

Never feed any grain that shows signs of mold.

Oats make an excellent feed for pullets.

Provide plenty of grit and oyster shell. Quiet handling of the flock insures a better egg yield.

Reserve some chickens for table use. Sell all surplus cockerels early.

Now I am not expecting anyone to memorize those rules, but each one could be a very good topic for discussion by itself.

Speaking of memorizing, I have been trying for the past two weeks to memorize the books of the Bible—something I have started to do several times and never finished and by the time I try it again I have forgotten the first few I had managed to memorize. My trouble is, I can't seem to concentrate on the topic long enough to get much accomplished.

I had planned to do this while washing dishes and had them written and pinned up over the table where I could see them. Well, I would start out by reading over a line, then saying it over to myself several times. Then the phone would ring and I would answer that and go out to call my husband to the phone—then back to the same line. Decide I should put more water in the teakettle—back to the line—find a pan that needs some scouring—find the steel wool not usable—get another piece—start to scour—back to the same line—it doesn't sound right, look at my list—find I have been saying them in the wrong order—start over—wonder if there are more tomatoes to be canned—decide to go and see as soon as the dishes are done,—wish I had more jar lids—wonder if I have enough jar rubbers—back to the line—happen to remember I must mail my letters before the carrier gets here. Have finished the dishes—mailed the letters—picked a bucketful of tomatoes—looked for more lids. Decided to take my paper down and lay it away until some time when I could concentrate better.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Christmas is coming closer every day and Christmas is a grand time to extend a bit of cheer to our shutin friends by giving them a market for the things they make, and kill two birds with one stone by filling your gift box at the same time.

You probably have not bought your Christmas cards yet. You will find the cards that you get from Clarence Powers, 301 Cherokee St., Marietta, Georgia, nicer than you can get from ordinary sources for twice the price. He has several different kinds but the ones I like best are 21 in a box for \$1.00. Do try them.

Vernon P. Ewing, Rt. 2, Goff, Kansas, has for sale 2 pairs of shakers for one dollar and includes a package of patriotic seals.

One of the prettiest head wraps I have seen in many a day comes from the hook of Mrs. Maud Smith, 203 W. Reed St., Red Oak, Iowa. She makes them in either the long narrow style or three cornered style and in almost any color you can think of, and in rayon, mercerized or fine wool yarn. Prices from \$1.25 to \$2. You can't help liking them.

Jake McKinney, Box 45, Dublin, Texas, has a clever pocket size checker and chess board—with chess and checkers included—that he sells for 20c. They are fine for service men, or for a handicapped person. Jake also has patriotic seals for sale—a big envelope full for a quarter.

Edna Eberline, Wellsburg, Iowa, makes beautiful round rugs—she weaves them over a buggy wheel. Write her for price. They are very durable and would make lovely gifts.

Bernadine Kessler, 519 E Wheeling St., Lancaster, Ohio, makes felt butterflies for use as decorations on pilloptops, lampshades, drapes, etc. They are 15c and 25c each.

Mrs. Emma Sparks, Shenandoah, Iowa, makes paper flowers that are really beautiful. I don't know her price but if you send the amount of money you wish to spend, I'm sure she will send you your money's worth and more. Mrs. Sparks is an arthritis sufferer and her hands are so badly drawn that it is a never-ending wonder to me how she can use them.

Here is a different sort of request. Maude Barr, Masonic Infirmary, Plattsmouth, Nebraska, is making some short story scrapbooks to send to hospitals and she would like to have some Sunday School papers and cards from which to get the material.

I was a bit disappointed in the response to my request last month for jigsaw puzzles. Only two people offered puzzles.

A good many people lately have asked for names of shutin children who would like letters and perhaps little gifts. I have very few such names. Do you know some invalid child? If so, send me their name—send to Gertrude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Iowa. I'll pass them along to someone who can send them a bit of cheer.



OVER THE FENCE

Mrs. Chas. Greer of Easton, Kansas, wishes to thank all of you who sent Bobby cards, letters and gifts when he was in bed with his injured leg. He received 90 cards and letters, 36 packages and with the money sent him he bought a hammer for his "very own". He is improving nicely.

Mrs. Fred Lammers of Greeley, Nebraska, has 16 cousins, six nephews and one son in the service, as well as a niece in the SPARS. Her family is well represented in this war.

Mrs. H. C. Miller of Grafton, Iowa, would like to hear from anyone named Clara, born November 24, 1877. Are you her twin?

The club to which Mrs. Lee Earnest of Missouri Valley, Iowa, belongs gives each member \$1.00 when they entertain, with which they are to buy themselves a gift. She used her \$1.00 for a yearly subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

Donald Hansen, seventeen year old son of Edith Hansen the morning home maker, who enlisted in the Marines, has received his call and left for duty.

Gordon Hayzlett, youngest son of Gertrude Hayzlett who helps me in my office, was home last month for a few days leave. He is in the radio branch of the Air Corps, and is now stationed at Miami Beach, Fla. All four of Gertrude's boys are in the service. One is over in the Italian area, one is in the Coast Guard on the west coast, and the other is in an Indiana camp.

Read the little ad column. The friends who advertise there would be glad to receive an order from you.

Mrs. M. M. Bliss of Osborne, Kansas, has had daughters in or teaching school for 53 years. She operates a fancy work shop in Osborne called "The Wee Little Shop".

Irene Benton of Granada, Minn., would like to organize a club of friends whose name is Irene.

"You seem like a very dear friend to me, not just like a voice coming over the radio but a really true friend. I even picture you in my mind when I hear you visiting with us. Oh and Kitchen-Klatter is the best little magazine published, without a doubt."



FOR THE CHILDREN

THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

Marilee came walking slowly down the path to the flat rock under The Big Willow Tree by the Little Brook. Her eyes were wide open this Saturday afternoon for if she had learned nothing else from her friend, The Thumblety Bumblety Elf, she had learned to open her eyes and see the insects and birds in the world around her. She had first lived in the Big City and was lost and lonesome in the country. The Thumblety Bumblety Elf had changed that. He had shown her the little insects that lived such interesting lives all around her and had taught her to see as she looked which is a lesson we all have to learn. Do not think for one minute that you are seeing just because your eyes are open.

Today Marilee had laughed at a saucy little red squirrel that sat on a fence post and scolded her, maybe for coming too close to his storehouse full of nuts. She had waved her hand at a scolding blue jay that followed her along the path, talking blue jay language all the way. Lots of her summertime friends were gone and the wind was sharp and chill. She thought The Thumblety Bumblety Elf might be gone too and was very much relieved to see him hop upon the flat rock and wave to her about as soon as she came in sight.

"Ho, there," he called waving his hand in its tiny grey mitten. "What is on your mind today?"

"Oh, Thumblety, I am so glad to see you. I am trying not to think how lonesome I will be if I have to stay here and have Thanksgiving without my Mamma. I was sure you could tell me a story or something."

"And that I can, Marilee. A very special story, a long time ago story. You see little boys and girls have been helping celebrate Thanksgiving for years. You have read in your history books about the first Thanksgiving that the Pilgrims had with the Indians."

"Oh, yes, and how the Indians brought deer and wild turkey and the Pilgrims had corn—maize, they called it and so do the British."

"Now how did you find that out?" asked The Thumblety Bumblety Elf.

"That is where my Daddy is now and he wrote and told me," she answered.

"Well, that was part of my story about this little pilgrim girl. They had come all that long way across the ocean. It was so far and the only mail was messages brought by a kindly ship captain. And that took weeks and weeks. They were so glad to have enough to eat that they had a Thanksgiving Day even though they could not write to their folks back home. And when the big day was over this little girl and her mother were very

busy all the long winter.

"She did not have to go to school for there was no school—and there were no pretty picture books with little stories in them for little girls to read. Instead even the little girls were busy all the day helping to spin the yarn and weave the cloth for all their clothing. When that was done, it still took hours and hours to sew it into coats and dresses and warm blankets, for all the sewing was done by hand."

Marilee sighed a wee little gusty sigh, thinking of the quilt Grandmother had helped her start and how slowly the pieces went together.

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf did not understand for he said quickly, "But even the little Pilgrim girls did not have to work all the time and this particular little girl had a very happy idea. She took an ear of the maize and when the grains were all shelled and ground into meal, she wrapped the big end of the cob with a white cloth. On this she marked two eyes and a nose and a mouth with a burnt stick from the fireplace. From the pile of maize, she carefully sorted some of the brown silks and tied them with a bit of yarn around the dolly's head. Can you see what she was doing?"

Marilee nodded her head. Her eyes were shining and she was already planning to make a dolly like that for herself and for her best friend, Ann, down at the little country school.

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf nodded his head in satisfaction. He went on with the story.

"For a long time, she looked and looked for a bit of cloth to make a dress for her doll. She wrapped it in her own tippet, but each time she had to go out she had to unwrap the doll and it looked so cold and bare. Can you imagine how glad she was when her mother said she should have the bit of old scarf that was left when she made an old dress of hers over for the little girl?"

Marilee forgot that she was lonesome. She was so busy thinking of the dolls she could make from Grandpa's corncrib and Grandma's scrap bag. If you don't believe it was fun, just you try it some cold stormy day.

RIDDLES

What musical instruments have I in my ears? Drums.

What part of me is a trunk? Chest. What part of my face has two lids? Eyes.

Where have I two caps? Knees.

What have I on my hands and feet that are used by carpenters? Nails.

What part of me is a lofty tree? My palms.

What have I that are scholars? Pupils.

What two playful animals have I? Calves.—Patricia Hendrick, Holdrege, Nebr.



Frederick Driftmier and a pigmy in South Africa. Frederick is holding up a black viper snake, 56 inches long.

THIMBLES

Ask Mother if she knows how a thimble got its name. Thimbles were once worn on the thumb. That was many years ago in England. Because these first thimbles were shaped like a bell they were called "thumb bells". This was gradually shortened to "Thimble".



Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

HAT PIN HOBBY

November 9, 1939 I attended a sale in Nortonville, Kansas. Among other things I bought was a hat pin holder and two hat pins. One was sterling silver in the shape of a man's head, the other a plain black head. On the way home it just came to me I wanted to make hat pins my hobby. I told my husband, but he just laughed and said I probably had all I would ever get. To date I have 342. My oldest pin is 87 years old, one 77, and several over 50 years. The longest pin measures thirteen and one-half inches. I have pins from eighteen different states, Washington, D.C., France, China, and the Philippine Islands. It is my aim to get one from every state in the union. I also collect hat pin holders, but have only five so far. I have a note book I put names and addresses of those giving me pins, also a description of pin and as much of its history as possible, and a number. Then I put a corresponding number on the pin.

Hatpins are of comparatively recent origin in that the fashion of wearing hats was begun only about the seventh century. Hat pins of today resemble very much the hair pins of old, and probably were hair pins originally.

In the early 1900s, hat pins of such length were used as to make them a source of danger to other people's eyes. In 1909 a bill was introduced in the Illinois state legislature: To limit the length of women's hat pins to nine inches, and make them take out permits for longer ones, just like all deadly weapons.—Mrs. A. C. Mauzey, Cummings, Kansas.

HOBBIES

View cards—Bob, Jimmie and Ray Thornton, 908 So. Bradford, Kirksville, Mo.

Crocheted pan holders. Has over 200 and 40 of them are of her own design.—Mrs. Daniel E. Kane, Seneca, Wisc.

Postmarks cut 2x4 inches. Will exchange.—Ruth Reed, 208 Ky. Ave., Indianapolis, Iowa.

Pencils. Has from all states except Vt., N.H., Miss., and Ala.—Mrs. Vernon O. Smith, Rt. 2, Flanagan, Ill.

Holders. Wants pen pals.—Mrs. Frank Mauer, 1115 No. 9 st., Colton, Calif.

China shoes. Will exchange for your hobby. — Mrs. Arthur Allard, Knoxville (city), Iowa.

View cards.—Mrs. W. S. Frank, 1408 Seventh Ave., Greeley, Colo.

Souvenir pencils. Will exchange with those in western or southern states.—Mrs. Jas. Mayo, 463 E. Ross St., Toledo, Ia.

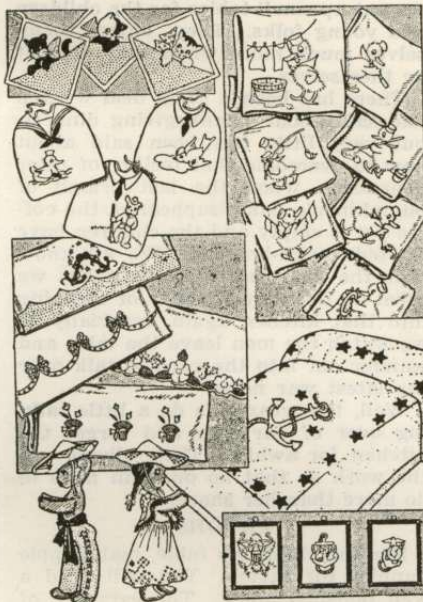
Salt and pepper shakers. Will exchange buttons or view cards. Evelyn Lundberg, Gowrie, Ia.

Teatowels, hankies, postmarks.—Will exchange. Mrs. Geo. Witcofski, 901 W. Mary St., Beatrice, Nebr.



SWANEE AND NANCY, two of the entertainers you hear from KMA the last few weeks are not new in radio. Swanee worked on WOW way back in the days when it was WOA and Nancy has been in since 1927. They have been heard from many of the middle west stations. Swanee is Swedish and, though Nancy is English, they sing many Swedish songs together. Each Saturday they have a program that is of special interest to children, besides their usual programs of old-time songs and hymns.

GIFTS FOR BABY. Crocheted toelless shoes, pink, blue or white, 65¢. Bibs to match, 50¢. Ruth A Harris, Oakdale, Ia.



GIFTS? BAZAARS? TRY THESE.

This collection of patterns is a treasure, for it brings you variety, from toys to household linens. Panholders, bibs, pillowslips and teatowels will all be fun to make, and aren't those dolls clever! You will want to make several of these for Christmas gifts. In the patriotic vein, we have for you a bed spread. The center is 30 inches tall and the stars about seven inches from point to point.

Make many of your gift and bazaar items from this one collection. C9500-S. Price 25¢. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Ia.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 50,000 people read this magazine every month. 5¢ per word. \$1.00 minimum. Payable in advance. When counting words include name and address. Rejection rights reserved.

PINK PLATYCODON, 60¢; Hardy Amaryllis, 75¢; Christmas Rose (Helleborus), 85¢; Speciosum Rubrum Lily, 50¢; 5 Tritelia, 35¢. BOOKS: "Flower Arranging—All Year", (Cary), \$1.50; "Legends of Flowers" or "Shrubs" (Quinn), \$2.50; "Window Gardening" (Buxton), \$1.50; "Begonias" (Buxton), \$1.50; "Lilies" (Preston), \$1.25. Crawford Gardens, Salina, Kansas.

NOVELTY PINS. Handcarved, maple-leaf shape, 3 inches, made of cedar, safety catch, \$1.00. Mrs. Harold Madsen, 1907 Franklin, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

LOVELY MEDALLIONS to be set in pillow cases. Rose or star design. All colors. 2 for 35¢. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, Munden, Kans.

SHAKERS—China and Plastic. Write for list. Maude Mitchell, 1237 - 7th Ave. No., Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Rickrack Lace for Pillow Cases. 75¢ pr. Embroidered pillow cases, \$2.00 pr. Miss Helen Chuldt, Poyette, Wisc.

HEALTH HINTS BOOKLET: Revised Eight-Day Reducing Schedule and general hints. Price 15¢. New Health Booklet: Food Sensitiveness-allergy. 30 health questions answered. Price 25¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

FOR SALE—White Cloverine Salve, with beautiful picture free, 30¢ box. Recommended for burns etc. Salve will always be for sale, although ad is not in the magazine. Esther Cooper, 321 Atwood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

EXCHANGE NOVELTY CUP CAKE SHAKERS for 25¢ war stamp and 10¢ postage. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State St., Barberton, Ohio.

MENDING MADE EASY. Mend as you iron with Press On Mending Tape. Easier, stronger, quicker than sewing. Satisfaction guaranteed. Colors—brown, black, Navy blue, tearose, green, white. 30 x 1½ inches—15¢. Howard Rasmussen, Boonville, Mo.

SAFETY PINS, package 10¢. Order today. Howard Rasmussen, Boonville, Mo.

ATTENTION, VIEW CARD COLLECTORS. Post Card Views of all State Capital Buildings. Scripture text postcards for all occasions. 25¢ a dozen. Gertrude Hayzelt. Box 288, Shenandoah, Iowa.

THE WORKBASKET Pattern Service. Each month's issue includes a large sheet of directions for making all sorts of articles suitable for the home, wearing apparel, novelties etc., also a free transfer pattern. You will be delighted with the Workbasket. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

HAND CROCHETED TABLECLOTH, pin-wheel pattern. All kinds fancywork done. Write. Maude Boehmler, 1713 Franklin St., Cedar Falls, Iowa.

A BOOK OF POETRY

A book of my favorite poems including many I have read over the air. Give this book as a Birthday gift. Own one yourself. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa. Price 35¢; 3 for \$1.00.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

BIRTHDAY BOOKS

Villisca, Iowa. "Our Aid is making Birthday Books. Each person pays 10c to put their name on the day of the month their birthday comes. Some put the name and birthday of all the members of their family in. If one wishes to put the name of a person who has died, a star is put by the name." (Note—I have heard from others who used this idea of the Birthday Book and believe it would be a money-maker. L. D.)

A HANDKERCHIEF BAZAAR

Petersburg, Ill. "Here is a Handkerchief Bazaar that can be conducted alone or in connection with some other money-making affair. The idea is to have at least one handkerchief from every state in the U. S. Each member of the organization in charge of the affair wrote letters or cards to distant friends or relatives asking for the donation of a kerchief by a certain time. Everyone is willing to buy a handkerchief for a good purpose. When all these handkerchieves from places far away were arranged and price-tagged, they were not hard to sell for everyone will buy one either for a gift or for their own use. A nice little sum of money can be made with very little work or expense. The announcements can read like this: The ladies of our Aid will hold

A handkerchief bazaar,
And there will be some hankies there
From places near and far.
The place will be _____
December _____th the day,
So come and buy a 'kerchief
To keep or give away.

A WAR MOTHER'S LETTER

My son, I lean across the miles
And kiss you tenderly;
I hope by day and dream by night
That you'll come back to me.
I cannot tuck you into bed
You are so far away;
I cannot listen to the prayers
That you are wont to say.
I read each scribbled line you write
To glean from every word
The little things I want to know
Of all that has occurred:
Like how your courage keeps you
strong
When face to face with foes,
I'd like to know that you are well
And always on your toes.
I like to think that when night comes
You pray to God above
And tell Him in the same old way
Of your abiding love.
—Anne C. Korpics.

THANKSGIVING

I feel that Thanksgiving Day is a truly American holiday. Christmas and Easter we share with other countries, but starting with our ancestors, Thanksgiving Day has come down to us through the years as a day to give thanks for our blessings.

Since Thanksgiving Day comes in November, after the grains, fruits and vegetables have been gathered in, they play an important part in our table and home decorations. Because of the beautiful colors, fruits and vegetables make a lovely centerpiece for their table. Oranges, bananas, red apples, grapes and grapefruit are some of the fruits to use, or if a vegetable centerpiece is wanted, squash, gourds, red cabbage, red and green peppers, carrots and pumpkins may be used. Autumn leaves placed around the centerpiece look very lovely, especially when arranged down the center of the table.

If the dinner is in the evening, have candles on the table for they will add cheer to the occasion. I like the idea of serving the dinner as our grandmothers did. Let's try their custom of placing all the food except the dessert on the table. Don't you think that folks really enjoy this type of meal? I have found our guests enjoy this more than the formal affairs, served in courses.

If you are entertaining a large family party, don't try to crowd too many at the dining table. No one really enjoys being wedged in so tightly that he doesn't know whether he is wiping his fingers on his own napkin or his neighbor's.

When we have family dinners here, we put up small tables for the children and young folks. They enjoy themselves much more when they are off by themselves.

There has been a great deal written and said about Thanksgiving dinners, but very little has been said about how to overcome that feeling of utter depression when the last crumb of pumpkin pie has disappeared, the coffee pot is empty and the children have started rough-housing. We all know that the dish pan is waiting but we rebel at the very thought of stepping into that kitchen again, especially as we watch the men leave the table and wander out into the yard to talk over the latest war news.

Well, this year let's do a little talking over of our own and forget the kitchen for awhile. Then divide up the work so that no one will have to do more than her share.

FAVORS

For the children's table, make apple bunnies for favors. You will need a well polished apple. The ears are of cardboard, the whiskers, strips of twisted crepe paper. Paste on a pink nose, blue eyes, and red mouth, cut from construction paper.

If your family cannot be with you this year, invite in friends who may also be alone and lonely. Make this a real Thanksgiving day for we have much to be thankful for.

FOOTBALL CONTEST

Answers in Musical Terms.

1. What decides the game? Score.
2. With the score a tie, for what does the better team pray? Time.
3. What does each team want to do? Beat.
4. What do players do on a muddy field? Slide.
5. What do players do between quarters? Rest.
6. What is a game where scores are equal? Tie.
7. What does the line man do? Measure.
8. What kind of a head spoils a good player? Swell.

TURKEY CONUNDRUMS

1. What part of a turkey is used in music? Feet.
2. What does the dressmaker do to turkey? Bastes it.
3. Why has the turkey five reasons for being sad? He gets it in the neck, he gets a roasting, he is much cut up, we all pick on him, and after all this he is in the soup!
4. When is a turkey like a small boy who has eaten too much? When he is stuffed.
5. What turkey feathers find a place on a lady's dresser? Pin-feathers.
6. What part of a turkey is also part of a sentence? Claws (clause).
7. What part of a turkey is oriental? The first part, Turk.
8. What part of a turkey is used on a field of battle? The drumsticks.
9. What part of a turkey assists milady in making her toilette? Comb.
10. What part of a turkey can open the front door? The key.
11. What part of a turkey is a story? Tail (tale).
12. When a turkey is roasting, in what country is he? In Greece (grease).



Juliana Verness, age 7 months.
"Bring on the Turkey!"