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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

## Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER  
Shenandoah, Iowa



A long while ago there came to the sleepy little town of Bethlehem three wise men, seeking a glorious Star. It was not a star that shone in the heavens which they sought, but a Star that was destined to shed brightness and the joy of living upon all generations to come. And lo, the Star they sought was found!

In gratitude for the success of their mission these wise men presented gifts to the Babe in the manger. And in an atmosphere of great rejoicing the Spirit of Christmas was born. All this happened two thousand years ago, but Christmas is still being observed. Gifts are bestowed, there is great rejoicing and a festive air—despite the grim burdens of war that hang over us. Our homes, our communities, our cities—all are touched with the magic spell of the Christmas Spirit.

May the spirit of Christ be felt in every home during this holiday season, and may the discovery of the Star bring great peace and joy. Each member of our family extends to you his warmest wishes for a truly happy Christmas and New Year.

### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS IN 1943

The greeting card publishers have made a new war time contribution to the Christmas card family, and to the war effort as well. Special cards have been designed to encourage the giving of war stamps. One card which I have seen said,

"Hello there! Merry Christmas,  
And when you have a minute,  
Take out your War Stamp Album  
And put my present in it."

Stuck by one corner, to the card, was a 25¢ war stamp.

I've been sitting here this afternoon trying to see with my mind's eye just how our Christmas tree will look with a baby sitting near it—and probably reaching for the ornaments on the lowest branches. It's been a long, long time since we had a baby in our house for Christmas, and I'm sure that Kristin will make up the gap that we felt. No one can really fill the places of those who are gone, but a baby goes a long ways towards lifting one's spirits when "the night before Christmas" rolls around.

For some of you this will be the first Christmas that you've had without all of your boys and girls at home. For us it is the second Christmas that we've had to think of our boys far away, and for many of you it is the third Christmas. I guess that if all of us parents could ask for just one gift it would be the assurance that next Christmas will see our boys and girls all at home again with a good peace won.

At this date we're not exactly certain who will be here to help decorate the tree. We're positive that Wayne won't be for he is thousands of miles away in Australia. We're almost equally certain that Donald won't be for he was home on furlough in October. But it's possible that Frederick will be home from Yale where he is studying for the ministry, and Howard said in his latest letter that he *might* get a furlough in December. If he comes I think we'll have to revive the old custom of giving him a pop-gun on Christmas Eve, for he would find it funny to have a pop-gun after spending months handling a Browning machine-gun.

Lucile's and Dorothy's plans are not very definite. Lucile is waiting for a train reservation at the time I write this and hopes to be in Hollywood for Christmas. Frank, Dorothy's husband, plans to take a two week's vacation in December and come to Iowa to spend Christmas with his parents. If he does this, Dorothy will not return to California until after Christmas.

Margery will be home from Pella, so this accounts for all of us, I guess, and will give you an idea of what will be going on here during the holidays. It's been eight years now since all of our children were home for Christmas,

but the memories of those earlier days are so bright and happy that sometimes I almost think I can see my children looking out of the windows before Christmas and hoping for a heavy snow to "make it easier for Santa Claus."

In October I made a big batch of decorated cookies to send to Wayne, and at that time it seemed strange to be cutting out little trees and bells, but when I make my next big batch it will call back real Christmas memories. As I've told you before, we always have a big tray of decorated cookies in the house during the holidays—it just wouldn't be Christmas without them. The girls say that they want to establish this custom in their own homes for their babies, and it gives me happiness to think of this tradition being carried on through the years.

It would be nice if you could stop in and see me this winter afternoon. We have some fresh cinnamon rolls just out of the oven, and I'm sure that Dorothy would be glad to make us a cup of coffee (she makes wonderful coffee). I'm finishing a quilt top for Lucile, and if you brought your sewing along we could get something accomplished while we talked. It's pleasant to realize that by means of letters we can visit together. At least the ups and downs of the world can't take that from us.

And so it is time to say goodbye for now. To you and yours we send our warmest wishes for a Christmas in which all Faith and Love is renewed.

Lovingly yours,  
Leanna

### CHRISTMAS WISH TO OUR READERS

Wherever there is sickness,  
May Santa Claus bring health;  
Wherever there is poverty,  
May Santa Claus bring wealth;  
Wherever one is weeping,  
May tears to smiles give way;  
Wherever sadness hovers,  
May joy come Christmas day.  
To every heart that's aching,  
May peace and comfort come,  
And may an outlook rosy  
Supplant each outlook glum;  
May friends now separated  
Reunited be to stay,  
And everyone find gladness  
Upon this Christmas Day.



Our youngest son, Donald Driftmier and his niece, Juliana Verness.

# Come into the Garden with Helen



Mrs. Albert O. Hove, Decorah, Iowa and her gloxinias. Some plants have leaves measuring 8 x 10 inches.

## MY EXPERIENCE WITH GLOXINIAS

By Mrs. Albert O. Hove

Gloxinias have been my friends for more than 25 years, so some of my bulbs are more than 20 years old. Others I have grown from seeds to bulbs. I have them of all ages and about 14 different colors.

Seeds I scatter on top of loose soil in any flower pot. In warm weather they seem to start in a short time. They must be watered every day. I take leaves or slips from some and put them in a glass of rain water in a hot sunny window. In about two or three weeks they have fine roots and can be transplanted in sandy soil. Their growth depends on the temperature so it may take longer to sprout them.

I do not rest the young plants, but when they have grown and the leaves seem to wilt, usually the latter part of the summer, about August or early September, I change the soil on all of them, taking black garden soil and a little sand mixed well with a little dab of soil from outside the hog house. Transplant bulbs into large clay pots. Have good drainage in the bottom and water well with rain water. The tops usually get damaged some by transplanting, but still I save all I can as the sap may go back into the bulbs to feed them.

Along in October the large leaves begin to wilt. I then take a couple of newspapers and wrap around each plant and put them in the clothes closet where it is dark but won't freeze, and forget them until after New Years. Then I examine them to see if new sprouts have shown up.

If they have sprouted, I take them into the light, cut off the dry tops and water well. In a few weeks there will be buds on them. The older bulbs make 80 or 90 buds.

Later when the snow melts and spring rains come, I take about half

a pail of liquid from manure, thin it out and water all the plants.

The leaves of some of my gloxinias measure 8 to 10 inches long, without the stem which is 4 or 5 inches long. Some of them are budded now and will bloom again before I can rest them. Some are already resting. By April or May the Gloxinias are one solid mass of large bells.

## GLOXINIAS

Olga Rolf Tiemann

Gloxinias are among the loveliest of all house plants. The velvety leaves are as beautiful as the richly colored, bell-shaped velvety flowers. This lovely growth comes from a tuber which should be potted in a soil mixture of about 3 parts good garden loam, 2 parts rotted manure or leaf mold, and one part sand. Plant the tuber near the surface and just barely cover with soil. Water very moderately until new growth shows.

Gloxinias require plenty of light but avoid too much direct sunshine. An east window seems ideal. If a south window must be used, set the plant back of the curtain or behind other plants.

Because of the hairy foliage care should be taken in watering. It is perhaps better to set the pot in a pan of water and leave until moisture shows at the soil surface. When sprinkling the leaves use rain water if possible and at room temperature. It is just as well to allow the foliage to dry thoroughly before returning the plant to the window.

After the plant has finished blooming, most people continue watering, but more sparingly, until the plants show a tendency to become dormant. The pots are then set away in a somewhat cooler place until new growth starts in the spring. All the tubers do not remain dormant for the same length of time. Whenever new growth is noticed, that plant should be watered a little and brought to the window again.

One gloxinia grower writes that she does not store or rest her gloxinias at all but cuts off all but the first two leaves next to the tuber (if the plant is long and lanky, she cuts away all the foliage) as soon as they finish blooming. She continues to water as usual and in a few days new growth shows and the plant is in bloom again in 2 or 3 months. By using this method her plants bloom 2 or 3 times a year.

Like African-violets new plants may be started from the leaves. However, if the old tuber sends up several shoots, one of these may be cut off and rooted. Such a plant will bloom sooner than a plant started from a leaf.

## A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Christmas is not simply a date on the calendar, nor must there be a special place to commemorate that date—one might be at home, surrounded by family and friends and still not have the Christmas spirit. It does not necessarily mean a season of giving and receiving gifts, or a time of feasting, frolicking, reunions or family gatherings, although all these do contribute to what we think of as Christmas. Christmas does mean, the broadening of ones spirit, kind thoughts and the desire to help others, the forgetfulness of self and the wider vision. And so it is that our boys in service whether on sea, land or in the air may truly observe Christmas, even though far from home and loved ones; the home folks too may make this season a happy one by using every means possible to make it a bright and happy one for some one else, even though the home circle may be broken for a little while. We have our choice—we can make it a sad one by useless regrets or we can make the joybells of Christmas ring out on the frosty air by our own cheerful acceptance of a different Christmas than in the past. Many have already realized this in the past few years; many will experience it for the first time this year. Let us rejoice that the One whose birthday we commemorate unites us with our loved ones, wherever they may be or however widely separated. The peace He brings is not a man-made peace but that of the spirit. It is only when we are at peace with ourselves in our own hearts, that we can be at peace with our fellowmen.

Since one of the great comforters of pain and grief have always been flowers let us try this season to have fresh flowers in our homes, either blooming plants or cut flowers if they are obtainable. If our boys have had some favorite flowers, let us have those if we can. There is something about fresh flowers or blooming pot plants that brings life into the dulllest room. It is like the presence of a little child, brightening up the most gloomy spot. Its very fleeting beauty seems to endear it to us "The rose that blooms its little hour is prized beyond the sculptured flower." Fresh flowers are the rarest and most subtle of compliments so if you wish to give a beloved one a very special gift, one that will touch and warm the saddest heart, why not remember them thus. It will bring joy and gladness and a memory that will remain fresh and beautiful long years after the flowers have faded. So give flowers for Christmas; may your Christmas be the happier for the giving of them.

## RARE PLANTS FOR GIFTS

Give rare plants as Christmas gifts. It is possible now to buy many foreign plants grown in China, Africa and the East Indies. These have beautiful coloring and unusual blooms and fruits.

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

## CHAPTER SIX

When we were little children and Grandfather Field came to spend Christmas Eve with us, he always trotted a grandchild or two on his knees and sang a song that his own children heard many years before on Christmas Eves at Sunnyside Farm. The song goes like this:

"Up on the house, no delay, no pause  
Clatter the steeds of Santa Claus,  
See what a bundle of sleds and toys,  
Ho! for the little one's Christmas joys.

Chorus—

Oh, Oh, Oh, who wouldn't go?

Oh, Oh, Oh, who wouldn't go?

Up on the housetop, click, click,  
click,

Down through the chimney with  
good Saint Nick?"

There are many verses in which everyone from baby Jo to old Rover are accounted for, but the first verse alone is enough to call up the whole picture of Christmas Eve with Grandfather Field. He added so much to every holiday that all of his grandchildren vied with each other to have him for the big event, but one year he wasn't with any of us for he was playing the role of Santa Claus in a church program at Redlands, California—and he was then more than eighty years old! No one could have enjoyed Christmas more than he did, probably because he had such deep love for little children.

Christmas Eve meant a church program to the Field family, just as it does to us today. Grandmother Field's gift to her girls was a beautiful new dress, one that she had spent much time and thought in making, and this dress was given to them on Christmas Eve in order that they might all have new dresses for the program. All of the children were expected to take part in this program, and one time as the evening was drawing to a close Grandmother Field heard a stranger behind her say, "Well, they shook the Field tree pretty hard!" He had no idea that he was sitting directly behind Mr. and Mrs. Field, but his chance remark became a family classic that was repeated for years.

After the program Santa Claus arrived (usually Grandfather Field) and distributed gifts, the same gifts that we know today: a mosquito bar sock filled with hard candy and one orange. It was a comfort to have this treat for the long ride home, and I suppose that most of the socks were empty when the horses turned into the driveway at Sunnyside. But there were real socks to hang before everyone piled into bed, and then Christmas morning brought the presents. There wasn't an elaborate assortment of gifts, but there were games, plenty of games. Both Grandmother and Grandfather had learned in their teaching that games can be genuinely educational, so Christmas brought a fresh set of authors, map puzzles that were to be put together, and quiz games of different kinds based on history and geography.

One year there were no presents at all. This state of affairs was caused



The Field Family in 1890.

by Aunt Jessie who was then nine years old. She had been sent to Illinois to spend a year with her Grandmother and Grandfather Eastman, and as the holidays drew near the entire family began to worry about her. What if she grew homesick on Christmas Eve? How much fun could she have, just one little girl with two elderly people? The more they thought about it the more they worried, and finally they decided to take all of the money that had been set aside for Christmas and buy a beautiful doll for Jessie.

It was a beautiful doll, the most beautiful doll that any of the Field children had ever seen. But it needed clothes before it went traveling to Illinois, so everyone pitched in to make it a wardrobe. Aunt Helen says that she can still see the bright red leather handbag that she made to put over the doll's right arm! When every garment had been finished the doll was carefully packed and shipped to Jessie, and on Christmas morning no one gave a second thought to the fact that there were no presents at Sunnyside because everyone was thinking so hard about what Jessie must be doing and thinking as she found her beautiful doll and all of its clothes.

Another year the most important gift was something that Grandmother Field received. She had long wanted a really good bread pan, one to be used only for the bread to raise in; but cash was short and somehow it never could be stretched far enough to cover the pan. Therefore it was a thrilling moment when Frances Johnson, one of the girls who lived with them for years, took some of the money that she earned teaching school and bought a wonderful pan. When she reads this I imagine that her memory will go back over the years too, and she will see again the Christmas morning at Sunnyside farm when everyone was so excited over the shining bread pan. It was used as a centerpiece on the table for Christmas dinner! In later years Grandmother

Field received expensive gifts from all parts of the country and from other countries too, but I doubt if any of them brought a bigger thrill than the bread pan from her thoughtful girl, Frances Johnson.

There were several families of relatives with whom Christmas dinner was shared. Aunt Helen says that she remembers all of the children presenting real programs for the grown-ups on Christmas afternoon, and everyone, from the oldest to the youngest, took part with recitations or songs. Sometimes it was a play that Aunt Helen wrote and rehearsed for several weeks in advance. These plays were taken very seriously, and Aunt Helen even made costumes for the various parts. Those of us who want our children to be able to appear in public without feeling self-conscious should find a lesson in Grandmother and Grandfather Field's insistence that their boys and girls learn to contribute willingly to family, church, and school entertainments.

The picture on this page was taken shortly after Christmas in 1892. We prize it very highly for it is the only one in which all of the family appears. The dignified young man in the back row is Uncle Henry. Next to him are Aunt Martha, Uncle Sol, and Aunt Helen. Mother is standing beside Grandmother Field, Aunt Jessie is sitting in front of the table, and Grandfather is holding Aunt Sue on his lap. It must have been quite a chore to get everyone into the photographer's for this picture, but we have been grateful many times over that the effort was made. Such family portraits are a priceless heritage down through the years.

"Here I am again as I surely do not want to be without the Kitchen-Klatter magazine. It is the best paper in the house for me. I enjoy all the letters from Ted, Lucile, your husband and all of you. They are so interesting. I get so much good out of the helps and recipes."—Mrs. Henry J. Ohm, Yutan, Nebr.

# From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "It was always the custom in my husband's family for his parents to decorate the Christmas tree alone after the children had gone to bed, and to give them their first sight of it on Christmas morning. I feel that our children would get much more pleasure out of helping us decorate the tree, and although we haven't had any arguments about it, I'd like to have you express your opinion."—Minnesota.

**ANS:** I agree with you. I firmly believe that children get tremendous joy out of helping to decorate the tree, and it means more to them because they've helped to make it beautiful. In our home we always decorated the tree all together two or three nights before Christmas, and in many ways this particular festivity was the high point of the holidays for us. Even the smallest child was allowed to help by handing ornaments to Dad, and after it was decorated we always had something to eat and made it a "party" evening.

**QUES:** "The past two years I've been troubled because our three children are interested only in receiving Christmas gifts, not in giving them. For several weeks before Christmas all we hear is "I want" and they don't show any enthusiasm for giving. Did you have this problem in your home, and if so, how did you handle it?"—Nebraska.

**ANS:** No, in all honesty I can say that we didn't have this particular problem and I think that we avoided it by the following plan: as soon as each child was big enough to know what pennies would buy we gave him a little bank several weeks before Christmas and told him that when the right time came he could go down town and buy gifts with the pennies that came out of his bank. The older children took the younger ones shopping and they had great excitement buying little gifts for everyone—they even put their money together to buy a new pan for the dog or a bow for his neck. All of the emphasis was placed on giving, not on receiving, and it worked out very well.

**QUES:** "Our little five-year-old daughter sings very nicely and has learned a lovely Christmas song. She's been asked to sing it at our church program on Christmas Eve, but my husband feels that she's too young to give a public performance, particularly in view of the fact that our primary department has always given a program in which the children appear as a group, not as individuals. Would I be doing wrong to go against his wish?"—Ill.

**ANS:** If "going against his wish" would create hard-feelings and tension in your home I think that you had

better quietly drop the subject. Nothing of this kind is worth clouding your holidays for. Personally I don't think that she's too young and I know you'd get happiness out of hearing her sing the song for an audience, but unless your husband agrees amiably, put this little disappointment behind you and forget it.

**QUES:** "This seems such a foolish thing to write about, but it makes a big difference to me, Leanna. As a rule my husband is careful with his money and not given to extravagance, but last Christmas he gave me something that we couldn't afford at all—a fine fur coat. It was paid for, of course, but it upset our family finances for several months. Now he's beginning to throw out casual hints about a diamond ring and I don't want one at all under the circumstances, and yet I don't want to hurt his feelings. What can I do?"—Missouri.

**ANS:** You can find a number of occasions to say casually that you don't care about having expensive jewelry, but if Christmas brings the ring, don't you dare put up a fuss! Most women would be happy if their husbands cared for them enough to get joy out of seeing them have nice things, so if a ring comes your way accept it gratefully and bear in mind the fact that some things are much more important than money.

**QUES:** "Last year just before the holidays my sister and her husband lost their only child when his sled was struck by a car. This tragedy eliminated Christmas for all of us, but now with the holidays coming again I'm wondering if I should ask them to share the day with our two children, or if it would be a greater kindness to call on them the 25th and not ask them to our home?"—Illinois.

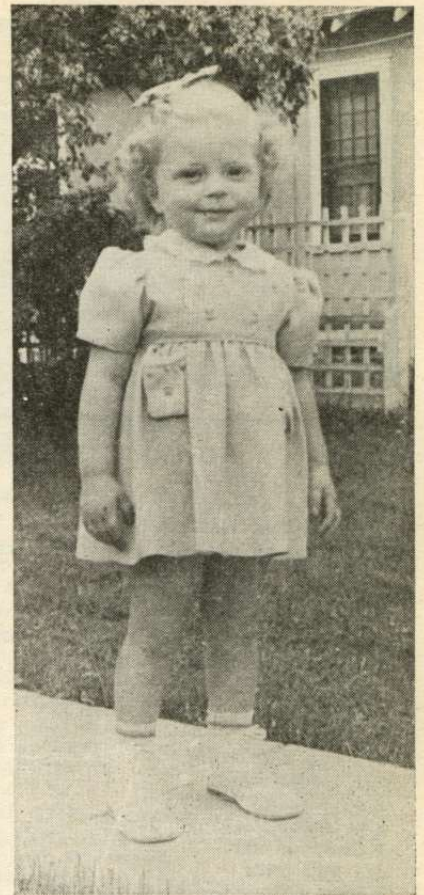
**ANS:** One can recover from such deep grief only by turning his life outward, not inward. Ask them to your home. Ask them to help you give your children a happier Christmas by their presence. And this year you must find some needy children to help, children who really need Christmas so badly that your sister and her husband can be interested in them. It's a hard thing to do, I know, but it's the only way that the burden they bear can be lightened.

## PRAYER

What can a mother find to keep  
Her heart alive and warm,  
When suddenly her boy becomes  
A man in uniform?

What can she give him he can hold?  
What armor can he wear  
Against the wintry hail of death?  
What shield is there—but prayer?

—Revah Summersgill.



Elizabeth Lee Howager, age 2 years, great granddaughter of Mrs. Chas. Landstrom, Axtell, Nebr.

## A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

A strange old Christmas legend is found in different countries of Europe. According to this tale a busy housewife was cleaning her home when she heard a knock at the door. It was the three wise men, asking the way to Bethlehem. They invited the woman to go with them and bring her gifts to the Christ child. The busy housewife hesitated. She really wanted to see the wonderful Child, but she hated to leave her work. She told the wise men to go ahead. She would finish her cleaning and soon catch up with them.

So the Wise Men went on, and the housewife finished her sweeping. She didn't stop until every speck of dust was gone. Then she caught up a toy or two and still holding her broom hurried after the Wise Men. She was too late to find them. No matter how she searched, she never did discover either the Wise Men or the Christ child. According to the tale, every Christmas since then the busy housewife walks through Europe. She still is searching for the Wise Men and the Christ child. Since she cannot find the Christ child, she does the next best thing and gives her toys to children who need and deserve them.

There is quite a moral in this curious old legend. Aren't we all too much concerned with the petty details of life? We neglect the Christ child while we worry about things like dusting and sweeping.—A Reader.



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

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### **HOW?**

"Of course, I'll gladly gib de rule  
I make beat biscuits by  
Tho' I ain't so sure dat you can make  
Dem just de same as I.  
'Cause cookin's like religion is,  
Some's 'lected and some ain't  
An' rules don't no more make a cook  
Den sermons make a saint."

### **LUCILE'S WHITE CAKE**

1/2 cup shortening  
1 1/4 cups sugar  
2 cups cake flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon salt  
3/4 cup milk  
3 eggs whites, beaten until stiff  
Cream the sugar and shortening until fluffy. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt and add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Lastly add the egg whites, folding them in carefully. Bake in two layers in a moderate oven until the cake leaves the side of the pan.—Lucile Driftmier Verness.

### **PUFFED RICE BUTTER SCOTCH**

1/2 cup water  
1 heaping cup brown sugar  
1 tablespoon vinegar  
Pinch cream tartar  
Mix and boil ten minutes then stir in 2 tablespoons butter. Continue boiling until it hardens in water. Flavor to taste. Lift from fire. Add 3 cups puffed rice. Stir. Pour in buttered pan. Cut or break.

### **OLD FASHIONED COOKIES**

1 cup brown sugar  
1 cup molasses  
1/2 cup shortening  
2 beaten eggs  
1 cup flour  
1 teaspoon soda  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
2 teaspoons ginger  
1 teaspoon salt  
Flour to roll  
Heat the sugar and molasses, but do not boil. Stir in the shortening and let cool. Add the beaten eggs. Put the 1 cup flour and other dry ingredients all into the flour sifter and sift into the mixture, beat well, then add enough more flour to roll. Roll rather thin and bake 8 to 10 minutes in a medium oven.

### **APPLE GOODIES**

3 cups sliced apples  
1 cup sugar  
1 1/2 tablespoons flour  
1/8 teaspoon salt  
3/4 cup rolled oats  
3/4 cup flour  
3/4 cup brown sugar  
1/4 teaspoon baking powder  
1/4 teaspoon soda  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 cup melted butter  
Mix flour, sugar and salt with apples and sprinkle with cinnamon. Place in greased baking dish. Sift the 3/4 cup flour with the baking powder and soda. Melt the butter, add brown sugar and rolled oats. Combine with flour mixture. Spread over apple mixture. Bake in 425 degree oven ten minutes then reduce heat to 350 degrees and bake 30 to 40 minutes longer or until apples are tender. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

### **CELERY AND CHEESE**

1 cup grated cheese  
1 cup milk  
2 tablespoons butter  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons flour  
1/4 teaspoon pepper  
2 tablespoons grated onion  
1 cup cooked spaghetti  
2 cups diced celery  
1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs  
Make a white sauce of butter, flour, milk and seasonings. Add cheese. Add cooked spaghetti and celery and onion. Place in greased casserole and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake 30 minutes in 350 degree oven.—Mrs. E. M. Englund, Lincoln, Nebr.

### **APPLE SAUCE CAKE**

1 cup cooked, unsweetened apple sauce  
1 cup brown sugar, packed in cup  
1/2 cup butter or lard  
1 teaspoon soda  
2 cups flour, or more if needed  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1 teaspoon allspice  
1 teaspoon nutmeg  
1 cup chopped raisins or nutmeats  
Cream butter and sugar. Add spices, soda, baking powder and flour, sifted together. Add applesauce. Add nuts or raisins. Beat well. Bake in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes or till done. Good topped with whipped cream.—Mrs. Glenn Day, Lake City, Ia.

### **PEANUT CLUSTERS**

1/2 cup dark corn syrup  
1/4 cup molasses  
1/8 teaspoon salt  
1 tablespoon vinegar  
2 tablespoons butter or margarine  
2 1/2 cups shelled peanuts  
Mix syrup, molasses, salt, vinegar and cook till a little forms a hard ball in cold water. Add butter or margarine. Pour over peanuts. Drop by tablespoons on greased surface. Makes 20.

### **SPRINGERLE COOKIES**

1 pound flour, sifted  
1 pound sugar, sifted, or 1 cup sugar and 1 cup white syrup  
4 large eggs  
Butter size of walnut  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1 teaspoon anise seed or oil, added to sifted flour  
Mix sugar, butter, eggs and baking powder and beat for 15 minutes. Then add flour, using 1/2 cup extra in case syrup is used. Then press out with picture forms or roll out and cut in squares. Place cookies on boards and let stand over night. Bake in 370 degree oven.  
These cookies are different and lend themselves particularly well to packing, as they do not crumble.

### **WHITE PEPPERNUTS**

1 pound flour  
1 pound sugar  
4 eggs  
Grated rind of 1 lemon  
3-oz. citron, cut fine  
1 tablespoon cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
1 teaspoon cloves  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
Sift flour and sugar together with the spices. Beat egg yolks and add the flour mixture. Add lemon rind. Lastly add beaten egg whites. Roll out 1/4 inch thick and cut in squares. Bake in a quick oven. Will keep a long time.—Mrs. A. R. Redman, York, Nebr.

### **BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS**

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  - 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: 25¢ Each, or any 6 of them for \$1.00 Postpaid

Order From  
**Leanna Field Driftmier**  
Shenandoah, Iowa



## CHRISTMAS TABLE DECORATIONS AND FAVORS

South Sioux City, Nebr. "A piece of wood intended for the kitchen range or furnace makes a beautiful candle holder. A piece 6 inches in diameter is split in half. Do not remove the bark. On the curved side, bore holes with the brace and bit, the size needed for the candles. Varnish and keep from year to year to use at the holiday season."

Eddyville, Iowa. "I think favors using candles are nice for Christmas. Last year I made some using English walnut shell halves filled with wax. A small candle is stuck in the wax. Candle holders made of large gum drops with a life saver stuck in one side for a handle and a small candle stuck on the top of the gumdrop make nice favors. Use red or green gumdrops."

Ackley, Iowa. "If you have any Silver King in your garden, break off branches of it and stick them in a flower pot. Paint the branches with glue and while it is wet, sprinkle on artificial snow. Place this on a mirror sprinkled with the snow."

Greene, Iowa. "Last year our centerpiece was a big glass bowl piled high with brightly colored pine cones. Around the bowl were sprigs of evergreen." A sprig from a pine tree with the cones painted with silver or gold paint is attractive.

Vermillion, So. Dak. "I helped decorate a Christmas luncheon table. For favors we used spruce twigs set in marshmallows, a narrow strip of red cellophane tape tied around the candy. On these little trees we used a bit of angel's hair. The centerpiece was a grouping of red and white tapers set in a bed of green spruce branches with small red and silver Christmas tree balls among the green."

Taopi, Minn. "Did you ever make ginger bread boys and girls (cookies) with their hands joined together and stand them in a bowl of popcorn? I also make snow men out of marshmallows. Gum drops or popcorn trees make gay decorations for the Christmas table. Plant in a flower pot or bowl a branch of barberry having plenty of thorns on its branches. On these thorns stick small colored gum drops or popcorn. The branches may be first dipped in starch or glue and sprinkled with artificial snow. For favors one could fix tiny trees by each plate."

## POPCORN BALLS

1 cup corn, pop and sprinkle with salt.

Melt 1/4 cup butter or margarine in skillet.

Cut 1/2 pound marshmallows in quarters.

Arrange layers of popcorn and marshmallows in skillet, cover and heat slowly until marshmallows partially melt. Then mix in well and form into balls.—Mrs. Chester Hutchinson, Lake City, Ia.

## "IT'S GOING TO BE CHRISTMAS AGAIN!"

Olga Rolf Tiemann

"Mother, Mother! Put up the decorations quick! It's going to be Christmas again!" Thus spoke my wee lad one day some weeks after Christmas in days when I had to look down to see his face instead of up as I do now.

"What makes you think it is going to be Christmas again so soon?" I questioned. "The Christmas Cactus has got buds!" he said. "Come and see!"

Sure enough. His sharp eyes had discovered the new buds that would result in a second blooming period about Easter time which is not unusual for a Christmas Cactus, even after a profusion of Christmas blossoms.

Most of us set our plants outside (in their pots) for the summer in a shady location. The pots may be plunged to the rim in the soil or if it is too large a plant with overhanging branches, the pot may be set in a larger bucket of soil to keep it from drying out too quickly. Bring the plants in to a sunny window before frost and be sure not to over-water although they require more water than other types of cacti. Over-watering may result in the buds dropping. Turn the plant frequently in the window so that buds form on all sides.

Then about this time of year commence looking for those buds and when you see them "put up the decorations quick!" for "it's going to be Christmas again!"



## EASILY MADE GIFTS

Cedar Rapids, Nebr. "An inexpensive present for a little girl is to cut cardboard in five inch squares. Trace different pictures on the cards and punch holes in the outlines with a darning needle. Put these cards in a box with some lengths of colored yarn and the big needle."

Ackley, Iowa. "Buy a yard of cheese cloth. From a piece of print cut a mitten. Button hole this on the middle of the cheese cloth, leaving a place at wrist to put your hand in. This makes a nice dust cloth."

Hamlin, Kans. "A cute whatnot is made from an old clock frame, a wooden one with the working parts taken out and three little shelves put in. This was hung on the wall."

Silver Creek, Nebr. "For my little niece I made a doll house from a packing box. The windows were made of cellophane. It was furnished with paste board furniture."

Shenandoah, Iowa. "Cunning plaques for dining room or kitchen may be made from a pair of saucers. Plain dark glass makes pretty ones. Cut a piece of cardboard to fit back of saucers and glue in place, first inserting a loop of cord to hang by. Put a pretty decalcomania on front of saucer.

## HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

"Hopeful Christmas" is my wish to you instead of Merry Christmas this year. The world moves on and we



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

I appreciate the letters you write me about your joys and cares, but it had not occurred to me that you might be interested in some of my joys and cares until Mrs. Copenhaver of Plainfield suggested I should tell you about the recent happenings in our home.

Good news first: Karlene Ardis Epley our three year old grandgirlie is taking good care of Walt and me while her mommie (Justine) is in the hospital with new baby brother. Her visit will have to be lengthened into several weeks as she developed Whooping Cough and should not expose baby brother, Walter Floyd.

Now for my peeve—gas oven exploded burning my arm and hand quite severely and that is bad enough, but a woman's vanity works overtime when some front hair and eye brows are singed off. Several ladies had asked for a kodak of me and I had decided to have some taken, but now I better wait awhile for the best is bad enough.

Edith Whittier, of Wesley, Maine, wants this answer.—Milk can cause the extreme drowsiness if you are sensitive to it. So much is said about the value of milk in the diet that we lose sight of the fact that it may not agree with every one. One lady said she would "sleep like a log" all night and awaken with a cold if she ate ice cream in the evening. Or if she drank milk during the day she became drowsy and developed a cold in her head. Her so called "colds" were probably a sinus irritation caused from the sensitive reaction of the milk. Being allergic to milk she should also avoid milk products, such as cream, cheese or butter.

You may shorten many a long weary night for the blind or ill person if you remove the glass cover from the hands of the clock so they may reach out and "feel" the time.

If severe illness comes to your home in the night, turn on all the lights in the house. You will be surprised how much encouragement the light will give, which in turn will give the patient a sense of security.

**FREE.** With each order for a set of 6 Kitchen-Klatter Cook Books you get a set of leaflets showing designs and instructions for making favors.—Leanna Driftmier.



### AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

Outside it is cold and gray and I just put another stick of wood on the fire. It sounds warm and cozy roaring up the stove pipe. An airplane flies over so close that the sound fills the room, but I do not even go to the window. It is ours. I do say, as I say to every one that I hear, "God go with you and bring you safely home again."

It is Christmas time, and while for many of us, it cannot be a Merry Christmas, it can be a Happy Christmas. There are so many whom we can remember and help to have a little cheer. There are the parents and wives and children who are separated from their soldiers and war workers. There are the workers themselves. And I am not deliberately neglecting the boys and girls in service. I am taking it for granted that your first thought was for them.

A group of us were visiting at the home of a friend whose son is overseas. There was no evidence that he was absent. There hung his work coat and over the door was his gun just as he left it. Someone suggested that it was morbid to leave things to remind the family of an absent son. The mother answered the remark with what I think was the finest explanation of her idea that I have ever heard.

She said: "If John were to walk up the walk tonight and see us all reading around the table in the living room, I wouldn't want him to think our circle had no place for him. If he should come at bedtime, I wouldn't want him to see that someone else had his bed. You see we think he is coming home someday and we want him to know that there is a place waiting for him."

From then on I belonged to the school of thought that says "It is not too soon to be planning a place for our boys when they do return."

Here is something else to think about. My I am thinking hard this month. That goes with shucking corn. I have lots of time to think as we follow those long rows up and down. (They don't go up and down. It's contour and they go round and round.)

Are you teaching your children that they will be happiest if they strive for perfection? Or are you teaching them that there are always substitutes for the things they cannot have.

Save kitchen fats, even though it may be only a tablespoon full a day. Your government needs it badly.

### A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Juliana and I have had quite a trip since I last wrote to you. In October we went to Minneapolis to visit Russell's parents, and Juliana met her Grandmother and Grandfather Verness for the first time. I had to take my train in Council Bluffs and fortunately Donald was home on furlough and could drive me there. We had a long, long wait and although it was late at night and pretty cold, we walked up and down the station platform together and visited. Donald held Juliana and when a big troop train pulled through and many of the boys leaned out of the windows and whistled and waved to us, we decided that they thought Juliana was Donald's baby—and that it was a sad war-time parting. He looked so tall and handsome in his air-corps uniform that I'm sure Juliana would have liked the whole idea if she hadn't been sound asleep with her head on his shoulder.

In Minneapolis we also became acquainted for the first time with Juliana's little cousin, Kristin Solstad. She was born eighteen days after Juliana, and her daddy has never seen her for he is with the Marines at Guadacanal. I was certainly interested in watching both babies play together—they seemed like twins as far as size was concerned. And when they were both dressed in their blue velvet coats and bonnets and taken out in the carriage together, we could hear people remark as they passed by: "Oh, look! twins!" I always felt that twins would be quite a problem in every respect, and after being around Juliana and Kristin for almost three weeks I found myself wondering how anyone with twins ever managed at all.

We had a happy visit in Minneapolis, and it was good to see old friends again. I found great changes, of course; some of our dearest friends were in the army or navy overseas, while others were at various camps in this country. Out of all the old crowd whom we enjoyed during the three years that we lived there, only a few were left. It was hard to realize that friends who had sat around our dinner table many a winter evening were now driving caterpillar trucks sixty miles south of the Arctic circle, building roads in China, and probably standing a lonely guard someplace in the South Pacific. Our Christmas cards will pretty well cover the world's surface this year.

I found such a change in Kristin when I returned to Shenandoah. She is now a gay, healthy little baby who laughs so loudly that we can hear her all over the house. Dorothy thinks that she ought to put on more weight, but it's plain to be seen right now that Kristin is going to be tall and slender—just like her mother! She's almost as tall as Juliana at this very minute, and the words "wiry" and "active" aren't nearly graphic enough to describe her. It's fun to watch Juliana and Kristin in the morning when they have their breakfast. They



My two daughters, Dorothy and Lucile and their babies, Kristin and Juliana.

grin happily at each other, play with their food for a few moments while they make faces back and forth, but finally get down to the serious business of eating their bowls of cereal.

My thoughts are turning west these days because I'm waiting for my reservations and beginning to think what a wonderful moment it will be when we reach the big Union station in Los Angeles and see Russell once again. He won't know Juliana when he gets his first glimpse of her—she was a little thing traveling in a basket when he last saw her, and now she's really quite grown-up! She looks like a regular little girl and acts like one, so I'm afraid that he will have to get acquainted with her all over again.

This will be the best Christmas we've ever had because it's the first year we've ever had a little child in our home. Russell and I always went through all of the customary Christmas ritual of a tree with presents under it, a dinner, and friends around us during the holidays, but there was always something lacking—and that something was a baby. It isn't much fun to try and make a merry Christmas without a little child, so this year we're eagerly anticipating having a tree for Juliana, and presents for her under that tree, and just for Christmas day itself a big red ribbon to tie on her hair. I want her to have as many happy memories of Christmas as I have to enjoy now that I'm grown—and I'm sure that she will.

With the thought of Christmas my thoughts turn too towards Wayne who is so far away in Australia, towards Howard "someplace on maneuvers" in Oregon, towards Donald at the base of the Rockies in Colorado, and towards Frederick in Connecticut. It can't be a truly gay and merry Christmas until they are at home again, until all of the families so widely scattered because of the war are once more united. But to them and to you I can say that there is enough comfort in the knowledge that we're struggling towards a better world to be able to say to each other, "Let this be a blessed Christmas."

Russell and Juliana join me in sending to you the season's greetings.

Always sincerely,  
—Lucile

## Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

NOTE: Mrs. Wiles sends me the following account of the sudden death of her husband which occurred November 1st. When our dear ones leave us after a long and painful illness, we are prepared for the separation but when, as in the case of Mr. Wiles, the end comes without warning, it is even harder to give that loved one up. "In this sad hour you're not alone For all the grief that you have known Is felt by those who love you. For all of us who hold you dear Are praying that His Peace be near, The Peace of Him above you."

**YORKTOWN.** (Special) — Clyde Wiles prominent farmer southeast of here, died very suddenly this Monday noon while at the home of his neighbor, Robert Warden, who recently injured his ankle and is unable to do his own work. Mr. Wiles had finished at the McNutt farm with his mechanized corn picker, and had started getting out the crop for Warden. He had gone to the house for dinner, and was sitting waiting for the ladies to finish their work when he suffered a heart attack and died immediately. He had not felt well last night, but not ill enough to cause alarm.

When he found that the dinner was not ready, he remarked that they need not hurry; he would just sit down. The ladies heard a slight noise, and found he had fallen from his chair.

He is survived by his widow, a daughter, Mrs. Steve Estovich of Chicago, and son, Merle, of Clarinda.



Reading from left to right, John, Frank Field's son who is a bomber pilot in the South Pacific and Howard Driftmier, our oldest son who is in camp in the United States.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps  
for Christmas gifts.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzett

I've been sitting here tonight thinking about Christmas. It isn't going to be a happy one in many homes, at least not in the sense that it usually is when we have our families around us. But we can keep our hands so busy and our minds so occupied in helping others that the vacant places in our own home circle won't seem so large, and the resulting feeling of having done our bit for someone else will be worth more than mere happiness.

Christmas seems especially a time for children so I am telling you about some children to whom you can send a bit of cheer. Little Shirley Ann Steele is eight years old and for two years she has been suffering with rheumatic fever. She has to stay in bed—and she gets so lonesome. There are no other children in the home to amuse her. Address her in care of Mrs. Willard Steele, DeKalb, Mo.

Ronald Weiss, Rt. 6, Bloomfield, Iowa, is just half-past-ten. Due to an accident when he was three years old, he has never been able to attend school much nor to play like other boys do. His hobby is view cards, and he is just as happy with ones that are not new. Most everybody has received postcard views of places that they would like to give to someone who would enjoy having them.

Wayne Kriegler, 3162 South 15th Street, Omaha, Nebr., has been an invalid since birth, and he is now twelve years old. He is a bright little chap and happy as the day is long. He collects small dogs—china ones. A shower of dogs would delight him.

Linda Lou McCullough has trouble with her eyes. She has just had the fourth eye operation—for cataracts. Her mother tells me her eyes are improving but it is a long, slow process. She is in the hospital now. I don't know how long she will have to stay, but you can write her at Box 33, Somerville, Indiana. Her mother will see that she gets her mail. Linda Lou is seven years old.

Ruth Clark, 1023 Third Ave SE, Jamestown, North Dakota, is interested in stamps. Would like to exchange.

Florence Haigh, Alma, Wisconsin enjoys letters. She has been suffering for some time with a bone infection that keeps her from going places or doing much. She is twenty-one.

Some of you have asked who needed some real help and I have been asked to tell you about Mrs. Emma Frady, Rt. 1, Clermont, Ga. She has been bedfast for many years, suffering from arthritis. Her widowed daughter cares for her, besides working at anything she can do to make a living for them. Her little eight year old grand son is also a semi-invalid. I'm sure you can think of some way to help them. Probably it would be best to write Mrs. Frady and see what is needed.

And now, may I wish for you a Christmas that is made happy because you were a Good Neighbor to someone else. God bless you all.



## OVER THE FENCE

Does anyone have the directions for knitting the shell backed mittens, with the twisted strip between the shell stripes? Mrs. Nellie Wood of Sac City, Iowa, would like to receive this information.

Mrs. Charles Greer of Easton, Kansas, wishes to thank the friends who wrote to Bobby when he was recovering from the severe burn on his leg. He is much improved now.

Mrs. H. F. Volberding sent me a box of carrots grown from seeds sent her by her soldier boy in Africa. He is a prisoner of war now. The carrots were a lovely orange color and a fine flavor. They may have been raised from seeds sent to Africa by an Iowa Seed Co.

I am sure none of us will complain about our sugar ration if we stop to think of our friends in England who love cookies and candies, too, and who get only 3 ounces of sugar a week now.

Mrs. Hugh Losey of Unionville, Mo., would like to hear from mothers who had sons on the ship with Franklin Roosevelt, Jr.

A new grandson makes 29 grandchildren for Mrs. Emma Chamberlain of South Sioux City, Nebr. She also has 19 great grandchildren.

If your birthday is October 12, Mrs. C. Vandelaar of Leighton, Iowa, would like to hear from you.

Mrs. Ralph Simmons of Grinnell, Iowa, would like to have the directions for making clover leaf lace.

Bob Field, Frank's oldest son, was married November 11th, to Miss Elsie Anderson. Bob is employed by the Earl E. May Seed Co. We all wish for them a happy married life.

Mrs. H. P. Brawdy of Massena, Ia., writes to twenty-four boys in the service each month. Her husband has been in a hospital in Australia.

Philip Field, my brother Henry's son, and his wife have gone to Hawaii to work for the War Department. They are both expert accountants.

If you were born on November 4th, please write to Erna Blunk, New Sharon, Iowa.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps  
for Christmas gifts.



## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

Marilee went slowly down the country road one December evening. She was on her way home from school. It was cold and she had her chin tucked down inside the collar of her coat to keep it warm. She went slowly because she was thinking.

Other Christmas times she had had a tree, a lovely tall tree with red and white lights all over it. This year Grandma Snooks said there was not likely to be a tree because Grandpa had no time to go to the Big Woods after one.

"Chicka-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee.

If you have troubles, just tell them to me."

What was that? Marilee's chin came up out of her collar and she looked all around. Flying along the hedge row was a little chick-a-dee and on his back was, you guessed it, The Thumblety Bumblety Elf.

Marilee was so full of her trouble that she did not even stop to say "Hello."

"Oh, Thumblety," she said, "I cannot have a Christmas Tree this year." It all came out with a rush and then she stopped because a sob in her throat threatened to choke her.

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf looked at her and laughed. He always laughed. "Look at all of those great big evergreens," he said, pointing to the long row that sheltered the farm buildings from the cold north winds.

Marilee looked and said, "but Grandpa would never let me have one of those. They are his windbreak."

"Would he let you cut one little branch off of two or three of them—down low where it didn't show?" asked the little elf.

"What could I do with them if he did?" asked Marilee almost pettishly.

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf smiled wisely at her. "You could tie them together at the bottoms and set them in a can or a bucket full of sand and have a little Christmas tree."

"What good would a Christmas tree be without lights? Grandma has just lamps and candles and you know she wouldn't put those on a tree for fear of fire." Marilee nodded at the little elf man to show him that she knew all about the danger of fire.

"That's right," agreed the Thumblety Bumblety Elf soberly. And then his face brightened, "But there are ever so many pretty things you can use. There are rose berries and bitter-sweet berries and buck bush berries. You could tie them here and there over the tree."

Now Marilee was walking up the little hill toward Grandma's house. The Thumblety Bumblety Elf's eyes were looking here and there as his

chick-a-dee airplane flew along by Marilee, stopping now and then to say "Chick-a-dee-dee."

The little elf was naming some of the things that he saw, trying to find something else that would do for trimming on a Christmas tree. "There are walnuts and acorns and pine cones and an old milk weed with a silver lining."

Marilee stopped so suddenly that the chick-a-dee lit so quickly on the branch of the elm tree that The Thumblety Bumblety Elf was nearly thrown over his head.

"Thumblety," she said excitedly, "I could wrap acorns and walnuts in pretty paper to hang on the tree. And wouldn't pine cones be pretty painted white with white shoe polish or maybe red with finger nail polish, and maybe I could have some blue ones with some of Grandma's wash bluing mixed with some of my white shoe polish. And one time I saw pine cones sliced, actually sliced, across you know and the pieces looked like flowers. Wouldn't that be pretty for our tree?"

The faster Marilee talked, the faster she walked, so that she was soon at the door to Grandma's house. But she did not forget to tell her little elf friend goodbye and to thank him for helping her think of a nice Christmas Tree.

And let me tell you, boys and girls, to look around you and see all the pretty things you can use for Christmas decorations. If you can't have a big tree, have a middle-sized one. If you can't have a middle-sized one, have a little wee one set in a spool and trimmed with the tiniest rose berries and wee little candles.

### A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

By Martha Field Eaton

From far away across the sea,  
A Christmas story came to me,  
A legend very, very old,  
To little German children told;  
About some animals, and how  
Things came to be as they are now.

On that glad night of Jesus' birth,  
When angel songs rang o'er the earth  
And wise men, guided by a star,  
Came bringing presents from afar,  
He had no place to lay his head  
Save in a lowly manger bed,  
And so I haven't any doubt  
That there were animals about;  
Perhaps a horse, a mule and cow,  
Behaving much as they do now,  
And if they wakened in the night,  
And heard the song, and saw the light,  
They may have done as we would do;  
They may have seen the Saviour too.

A greedy horse, so it is said,  
Was standing near the Christ Child's bed

And from the manger where He lay,  
He snatched himself a whisp of hay.  
The gentle ox was grieved, and said  
"How rude to eat the Baby's bed!  
I wish my mate were here tonight,  
She'd give him milk, all sweet and white.

She couldn't come, she had to stay  
Beside our baby calf today."

And with his horns he tossed some hay  
Nearer the place where Jesus lay.  
So from that night, the legend ran,  
The horse became the slave of man,  
And for his greed that Christmas night,

He has a dreadful appetite.  
Although he eats with all his might,  
He always wants another bite.

Whereas, mid fragrant meadow flowers,

Whiling away contented hours,  
The cow, who was so kind and nice,  
Enjoys each luscious morsel twice.

The moral, it is plain to see,  
Is that we'd better try to be,  
Not like the horse that Christmas night,

But gentle, loving and polite.



Harry the Hunter doesn't seem to be able to see any Bears, but I am sure you can find a number of them in this picture. How many can you find?

# Our Hobby Club

## HOBBIES

NOTE. It is a good idea to write these friends whose hobbies are listed and see if they wish to exchange before you mail the package. If your name is listed here, please answer the mail you receive, even if it is only a postcard. If you have an interesting hobby, write and tell me about it. Send a picture of it if you have a good clear one.

—Leanna Driftmier

### A PATRIOTIC HOBBY

I have just one son and his name is Parky. I know you will be glad to know what his hobby is. He has an autograph book and collects service men's addresses and autographs, and then he writes to them. He writes letters to every part of the U. S. and to one boy in England and to another somewhere over sea. We live only a few feet from the airport and when an army plane lands, Parky is there with his book. He certainly has met a lot of nice boys and they are so nice to him, too. We have sent these boys cookies and candy, and small gifts, and no one will ever know how pleased these boys are.—Mrs. Reuben M. Kaestner, Lamoni, Iowa.

Postmarks.—Lois Sandt, Bancroft, Iowa. Age 11.

Novelty Shakers.—Mrs. Grace Stewart, Sciota, Ill.

Novelty Perfume Bottles, Pot Holders and Shakers. — Miss Maurine Perks. Bx. 126, Leon, Iowa.

Poems.—Virginia Blume, 1001 Remsen St., Dunlap, Ia.

View Cards, Nature Poetry.—Mrs. Mayme N. Burford, 475 Champlain St., Akron 6, Ohio.

Shakers.—Mrs. Della Roemer, Bx 215, Smithville, Mo.

Novelty Patterns.—Mrs. Clarence Monsma, Sully, Ia.

Dish Towels.—Mrs. John Wilson, 110 N. Main St., Madrid, Ia.

Shakers.—Mrs. Hattie Weddle, Rt 2, Hiawatha, Kans.

Miniature Dogs, Buttons, Advertising Pencils.—Mrs. Ted Pope, Rt. 2, Union, Iowa.

View Cards, Farm Papers, Pitchers.—Mrs. Daisy L. George, Bx 145 Montezuma, Indiana.

### TO DO MY PART ON THE HOME FRONT

- ...To help distribute rationed goods fairly.
- ...To help hold down the cost of living.
- ...To help eliminate black markets.
- ...To bring violations to the attention of my War Price and Rationing Board.

### IMAKE THE FOLLOWING PLEDGE

- \* I will pay no more than Top Legal Prices.
- \* I will accept no Rationed Goods without giving up Ration Stamps.



### GIFT IDEAS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

Vail, Iowa. "It is a simple matter to make a hat tree from an oatmeal box. Simply cover it with wallpaper."

Diller, Nebr. "A cute apron can be made of three of the large flowered handkerchieves. The one in the center is left square. One is cut in two, diagonally, and each piece sewed to the sides of the middle hanky. The third one is cut in two across the middle and pleated onto the bottom. Use ribbon for a band."

Clay Center, Kans. "Make a bed spread of eight turkish towels. Use towels 22x44 inches. Stitch them together, making flat seams."

Clay Center, Nebr. "A wall duster is made of outing flannel or other soft material. It slips on over the end of the broom."

Rockport, Mo. "Place a chore ball over the edges of a cake of soap, leaving the soap showing for a face. Pin securely with a safety pin. On the bar of soap make a face with crayolas. The chore ball makes the hair. Use a knit dishcloth folded in a triangle tied over the head for a scarf."

Soldier, Kans. "Buy some pretty flowered cretonne and make buffet sets and dresser scarfs. Buy lace at the dime store and sew around the edges."



### FOR TEA TOWEL CORNERS

Put this busy sunbonnet girl and her farmyard friends on a new tea towel set. Amusing motifs result when the chickens "help" garden, the ducks "go fishing", the cat "aids" in churning, etc. Two rabbits, two obviously hungry pigs, a pony and a cow complete the designs. The sunbonnet girl herself is on the matching panholder.

C9342, 10c, is the usable-more-than-once transfer of Miss Farmerette and her animal friends. Seven tea towel motifs and the one for a panholder are included.—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

### "Little Ads"

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

**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.

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

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

**PRESERVE BABY'S FIRST SHOES** in lasting bronze finish. Single Shoe, \$1.00. Pair of Shoes, \$2.00. China and Plastic Shakers for collectors, birds, pheasants, alligators. Write for list. Plaque and Shaker Shop, Maude Mitchell, 1237 Seventh Ave. No., Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

**POT HOLDERS, PILLOW CASES, BABY** Booties, Crochet table cloths. Embroidery work reasonable. Marie Macdonald, 3303 Louisiana Parkway, New Orleans, La.

**NOVELTY BLACK WALNUT SHAKERS** in exchange for 25c war stamp and 3c postage. Wauneta Slaughter, Silver City, Ia.

**DAHLIA QUILT.** 30 dahlias, each having 8 petals of gay prints, with yellow centers. Flowers are ten inches across. All cut out to be appliqued on 14 inch blocks. \$1.24 postpaid. Make beautiful quilts. Jennie Burfeindt, Avon, So. Dak.

**FOR SALE,** postpaid. Saint Paulias: Pink Beauty 75c, White Lady \$1.00, Moses-in-the-Cradle 75c, Variegated Chinese Evergreen 75c, Dracena Godseffiana 75c. Old Man Cactus 25c with other plants. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Ia.

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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 35c; 3 for \$1.00.



## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### POEMS FOR DECEMBER MEETINGS

#### THAT CHRISTMAS FEELING

Our house looks as it always has,  
I can see no change at all;  
Same people—same furniture,  
Same pictures on the wall.

But there is something stirring,  
More than Mother stirring cake,  
There's a sweetness in the air  
That spices could not make.

It's that dear old Christmas spirit,  
Not so hard to understand,  
Just loving thoughts for others,  
Bringing Peace to all the land.

Let us treasure all it brings us  
That all the world may say;  
"We will keep this Christmas spirit  
And use it every day."

—Harriet B. Pennell.

#### THE CHRISTMAS STAR

It's hard to think of Christmas  
In a world so filled with strife,  
Where selfishness and hatred  
And wars and crime are rife.

Men seem to have forgotten  
That Christmas, long ago,  
When the Wise Men found the Savior  
Led by a bright star's glow.

That star shines just as brightly  
As it did that Christmas night  
When the Wise Men and the Shep-  
herds  
Followed to that Holy Site.

And today, if men would follow  
That very same bright star  
They, too would find the Savior  
And love and peace—not war.  
—Augusta M. Barney.



### A CHRISTMAS LETTER

Dear Mom and Dad, I know you're sad,  
Because I'm over here,  
And I know, too, that you'll be blue  
On Christmas day this year.

But don't forget there're other boys  
Yes, young lads just like me,  
Who're fighting through the day and  
night  
To end cruel tyranny.

And all their loved ones miss them,  
too,  
Because they're far away,  
But let me tell you how we feel  
About this Christmas day.

### JUST DAD AND I

Sitting alone, just Dad and I  
Listening to the radio  
Living in memory days gone by,  
Watching the fire light glow.

'Tis Christmas Eve, the house is still,  
No patter of baby feet,  
No noise of kiddy cars or mamma  
dolls,  
No horns, no drums to beat.

No older children to play "Santa and  
wife"  
And take the gifts from the tree,  
Then visit near neighbors, sleigh bells  
ringing.  
That Santa their children may see.

No young folks to trim our Christmas  
tree,  
Their happy voices ringing,  
No laughter, no shouts of childish  
glee,  
Or Christmas carols singing.

Yes, we are alone, just Dad and I,  
Our children all are grown;  
Some here, some there, some far away,  
Like birds from the home nest flown.

There's a silver star in our window  
tonight  
That all the world may see  
We've a soldier son on foreign soil,  
Fighting for you and me.

And a blue star for one in the U.S.A.  
Still others wait the call.  
We pray, before another year,  
We may see the enemy's fall.

There's a shining star atop our tree,  
Sign of the Christ Child's birth,  
Guiding the wise men to Bethlehem,  
His birthplace here on earth.

Our Heavenly Father, who loved us so,  
An only Son You gave,  
He came to earth, suffered, died,  
A wicked world to save.

May His shining Star of Peace and  
Goodwill  
Guide us safely to victory,  
Then our soldier sons we'll welcome  
home,  
And men will still be free.

—Mrs. J. U. Jones,  
New Sharon, Ia.

We know the whole world shall enjoy  
A happy Christmas when  
There is a just and lasting peace  
And good will toward all men.

We're keeping Christ in Christmas and  
Bethlehem's Star alight,  
By making sure that dictators  
Don't black-out Christmas night.

Remember this on Christmas day,  
And don't fret, Dad and Mom.  
We're fighting so the world may say,  
"A Merry Christmas, Tom."

—Rose Conlon.



### GAMES TO PLAY ON CHRISTMAS DAY



### TRIMMING THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Have the players sit in a circle, with the leader standing in the middle who says "I have a Christmas tree to trim. What will you give me to put on it?" The player at the beginning of the circle starts with something beginning with A, as ark or amber lights, the next with the letter B, as bulbs or balloons. This continues until the entire alphabet has been used. If the player can't think of anything with his letter, he must drop out of the circle.

### THINGS YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE POSSESSES

1. Some baggage. Trunk.
2. An act of courtesy. Bough (bow).
3. Warm apparel. Fir (fur).
4. Found in the workbasket. Need-les.
5. A wild animal with a queer nose. Taper (tapir).
6. Never sophisticated. Ever green.
7. Existing here, now. Present.
8. Not the head office. Branch.
9. To waste with melancholy. Pine.

### CHRISTMAS PIES

1. C-a-p-e-h.
  2. N-a-r-e-o-g.
  3. N-e-l-m-o.
  4. T-a-r-c-u-r-n.
  5. R-e-c-h-y-r.
  6. P-r-a-g-e.
  7. I-n-a-r-s-i.
  8. E-n-c-i-m.
  9. P-u-m-l.
  10. D-e-a-t.
- 1—Peach. 2—Orange. 3—Lemon. 4—Currant. 5—Cherry. 6—Grape. 7—Rais-in. 8—Mince. 9—Plum. 10—Date.

### CHRISTMAS DINNER

Decide on ten articles for a Christmas dinner, as 1—Soup, 2—Turkey, 3—Gravy, 4—Potatoes, 5—Peas, 6—Celery, 7—Nuts, 8—Cranberry Jelly, 9—Pie, 10—Coffee. Write a quantity of slips, each bearing the numbered name of one of these articles, and place all ten of one kind in envelopes (as ten saying 7-Nuts in one envelope). Give an envelope to each guest. One player will get ten Potatoes, another ten Pies, etc. At a given signal the players must exchange slips until one has the complete menu, the set of ten. Give a cook book as a prize.

### CHARADES FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES

1. A man buying his wife a Christmas gift.
2. A man trying to wrap a Christmas package with a small piece of paper.
3. Trimming the Christmas tree.
4. Mother baking Christmas cookies.
5. Mother making a Mince Pie.