

TX1  
K57X  
C1

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA  
Price 10 cents



• Vol. 9

OCTOBER, 1944

Number 10 •



*Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts*





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.  
LUCILE VERNES, 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

Dear Friends,

"Oh, suns and skies and clouds of June,

And flowers of June together  
You cannot rival for one hour  
October's bright blue weather."

I wish I had room for all six verses of that lovely poem written by Helen Hunt Jackson. We will be sorry to see frost come this year for our back yard is a riot of color. Way down in the farthest corner is a weeping willow tree that grows unbelievably fast. Some day I want to build a play house for my little granddaughters beneath its trailing branches. I can never give up hoping that some day they may live closer to us.

Before the first frost I must bring in my poinsettia. We let it dry out and rest in the cellar all winter. In May we brought it up into the back yard and cut it back severely. Now it is again several feet high and looks as if it will have fifteen or twenty blossoms on it. I used plenty of Vigoro and the leaves are a lovely dark green. I didn't get a good picture of it last year but will try again. I have really never seen such a large poinsettia plant. Did you know there are white ones? I hope to have one some time.

We hear from our widely scattered family every week and of course, I am kept busy writing letters to them. Some one suggested I write one letter and have copies made but it seems they each have their own problems and need a more personal letter. At our house as it is at yours, the writing is left to "Mother." My husband says he never knows what to say, yet when he does write a letter, it is really a good one.

To bring history up to date, Howard is in the South Pacific somewhere, Lucile is in San Francisco, Wayne near Brisbane, Australia, (censorship permits him to give his location now), Frederick (Ted) is in New Haven, Conn., Dorothy and Margery in Hollywood and Donald at Colorado Springs, Colo.

A friend recently wrote me she thought that it was too bad that after raising such a big family, we had no one at home with us. We look at it this way—there may be a time, most surely will be—when we will have to have their care but as long as we can get along without them they should be allowed to live their own lives. As long as they are happy and well and we hear from them once in awhile,

we enjoy our life, alone, in the old home for we are both very busy—no time to be lonesome or blue.

Things are happening fast on the European war front and I hope that before this letter reaches you, peace will have been declared. Although the boys may not be home for several months it will be good to know the battles are over—each one of us must do all we can, individually to help them find jobs and become adjusted to civilian life again.

"The Last of the Garden" relish has been made and jars all labeled and tucked away on the cellar shelves. I can't see how anyone can dislike the job of canning. Every time I screw a band on a fruit jar I have that satisfied feeling—money saved, points saved—food for my family when they need it.

Now that the busy season is over you will find time to write me that letter I have been looking for. I'd like to have a letter from each of you at least once a month.

Sincerely your friend,

—Leanna.

## ARE YOU GUILTY?

Mrs. Wiggs said, "Don't go and get sorry for yourself. That's the thing I can't stand in nobody. There are always lots of folks you kin be sorry for besides yourself." Today I am sure all of us know of many people who need our sympathy, who need friends. A sure cure for self pity is to be helpful to as many people as we can, in as many ways as we can. When you can't find anyone to help, nearby, write to that boy or girl in the service who was once your neighbor and friend.

## TEEN AGE ADVICE TO PARENTS

Parents aren't strict enough, say teen age boys and girls. If they were in their parents' shoes they would keep closer tab on their habits and their friends. Parents and boys and girls should talk things over between them, what is right and wrong. These girls and boys oppose smoking, particularly the girls, as it cheapens a girl and damages her health.

Though these teen age youngsters often tell their parents they are old fashioned, in their hearts they know what is good for them.

## THINKING OUT LOUD

Did you ever stop to think that the most important thing you wear is the expression on your face? Hang a mirror in the kitchen and glance in it often. Don't let those wrinkles become a permanent fixture. Smooth them out by thinking pleasant thoughts.

Henry Ward Beecher once said, "There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in while another closes its cup and lets the dew run off." God rains His goodness on all of us. Are our hearts open to receive it?

If every one would live up to the Golden Rule there would be no more wars.

Those of us who need to reduce should try this simple exercise, turn your head from side to side.

It is the small leaks that sink the ship. Just so, it is the small leaks in our pocket books that keep us from getting ahead. We are apt to say, "Oh, that is only a nickel," but it takes only 20 of them to make a dollar.

Add a good book to your library every few months. Books are friends we can always have with us.

If you want to be happy, don't try to do just the things you like but like the things you have to do. My mother used to say, the way to raise girls was to find out what jobs they did not like to do and then have them do them.

Do not falter or shrink  
But just think out your work  
And just work out your think.

—Waterman

There are times when to keep quiet is much harder than to talk.

We each have all the time there is but there is a big difference what we do with it. Success doesn't happen. There are hours of hard work behind it.

Sing as you work. A light heart makes light work.

## THE PLEDGE OF THE AMERICAN HOMEMAKER

I pledge the nation that my mission Will be to practice good nutrition; To plan those meals which every day Yield energy for work and play; Meals which supply the strength that wins,

With protein—mineral—vitamins. I pledge my service to the nation To do my part in conservation. The rules of cooking I'll observe. Each bit of food I will conserve. With all the problems to be faced, I'll do my best to outlaw waste. I want to do my bit and more. To help America win the war.



# Come into the Garden

## OCTOBER IN THE GARDEN

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

The final chapter in our garden ends with October. By the end of the month everything edible will be out of it, except probably salsify and parsnips which may remain in the ground all winter to be dug in spring when the ground loosens up. On rare occasions in mild winters even in our more northern section, there once in a while comes a day when a few of these may be dug. If for some reason it is not feasible to leave them undug where they grew in the garden, they may be dug, packed in boxes with dirt or sand around them and buried in some convenient spot, cutting the tops off of course.

Carrots should be dug as late as possible. Cut the tops back and let them dry a little before packing in barrels, boxes or stone crocks. We pack ours in a large stone jar and cover the top and all air spaces possible with dry autumn leaves. Paper, sand or soil may also be used but the leaves seem to be the best material for this purpose if available, as they usually are at this season of the year. Other root vegetables such as beets, rutabaga or turnips may be stored the same way. Keep in a cool frost proof room.

Cabbage may be stored in pits dug in the garden for this purpose, lined with hay or straw, the same being put over the heads before the dirt is filled in. The cabbage is pulled, the stalks being left on. Some may be pulled, piled head downward in some protected corner outside and covered with old rugs. These should be used first. A slight frost will not harm them. Others may be wrapped in newspapers and stored in the basement.

Onions are best stored in regular onion bags or crates which are well ventilated. These bags may be hung in a cool room. Squash and pumpkin require a frost proof room with moderate temperature, one which has no moisture in the air. It is best to can these right after the first of the year if there is a surplus. When canning these, cook down well before processing. This takes fewer jars and the pumpkin is ready to put through the sieve and use. A potato ricer is good for sieving the mashed pumpkin to remove lumps. There are so many varieties of squash now on the market that everyone should be suited. The individual squash keep well and may be baked whole.

With today's modern method of storage in refrigerator lockers, a great deal of time and trouble has been saved in the conservation of food. However, since many of the above named vegetables are not adapted to locker storage, a great deal of food may be carried over during the winter months by proper methods of home storage. Check often on the keeping qualities of winter vegeta-

bles, using up as soon as possible those which lend themselves less readily to long keeping. A full cellar is the best possible insurance against a hungry winter.

## ARISTOCRATS FOR YOUR GARDEN

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

### Part I

Although there are more than a hundred varieties of hardy lilies available providing blossoms of the most delightful sort throughout the growing season, many gardens are without a single lily of any description. Only a few have even two or three kinds. Lilies are aristocrats of the first order and it is a delightful surprise to find with what ease various varieties may be grown if given a suitable location.

Fall is a good time to set out lily bulbs. Thus October is an ideal month to prepare a fine lily bed. Have it ready for the bulbs which the nurseries will be digging and shipping after Jack Frost cuts down their tops.

Select a cool spot sheltered from the south that they need not endure the excessive heat certain to occur during midsummer. This location may be north of buildings if it is out far enough so the lilies can get at least several hours of sun each day. A tall trellis along the south edge of the bed planted to vines gives fine protection. Tall annuals such as giant Marigolds staked so they will not tumble out of position also provide the desired protection to a lily bed and do not rob it of moisture as a shrub hedge or trees would do. Then look to the drainage. If there is any chance that water may stand, make a raised bed that there may be no possibility of the bulbs rotting on this account. Lilies like a soil that holds moisture but it is death to them to go wading.

Plan to have some of the shorter varieties like *Lilium tenuifolium*, *L. cernuum* and *L. concolor* at the front of the bed. These are among the first to bloom in the spring. *L. tenuifolium*, also sometimes listed as *L. pumilum*, is a delightful coral red. *Cernuum* opening the first part of June is an unusual shade of rosy lilac. *Concolor* has erect, red star-shaped flowers. The Price variety of *L. formosanum* is also dwarf but blooms later. It has white funnel shaped blossoms so large they look almost clumsy on the short plants.

*Lilium michiganense* is a lily native to the middle west. The bulb is made up of small thick scales that remind one of grains of corn more than lily scales. This lily has leaves in whorls around the stem and is very attractive when it opens its red orange flowers in the latter part of June. As the *Michiganense* finishes blooming the stately Regals open their white trumpets with yellow throats. They make the garden very beautiful and very fragrant.



Jimmie Bill and his Aunt Olga Tiemann's *formosanum*.

Tiger Lilies bloom in July. They are very sturdy and can tolerate more heat and drought than most lilies. The odd little black balls that form in the axils of the leaves are called bulbils and are a modified form of bulb. They may be planted an inch deep when mature (this will be at about the time the plants are in bloom) and will grow into blooming size plants in 2 or 3 years.

*Lilium henryi* opens toward the latter part of July and *L. speciosum* toward the middle of August. Both of these varieties bleach easily in the sun and should be set in the shadiest portions of the bed. *Henryi* grows quite tall. *Speciosum rubrum* is a lovely white heavily suffused with pink and spotted with crimson. The petals are reflexed with wavy margins. The variety *album* has white blossoms. There are many other varieties of lilies but space will permit mention of only one more—the lovely late blooming varieties of *L. formosanum* which close the lily season. There are a number of different strains some being pure white and others with delicate coloring on the outer petals.

## BABIANA'S

By Pansy M. Barnes

The bulbs, with which we are most familiar, such as tulips and hyacinths are scarce and high now. So it is a good time to experiment and enjoy something different.

Bailey says that *Babiana* corms—planted three or four in a four inch pot in Autumn will give attractive bloom in March.

The spike of showy flowers is less than twelve inches tall and often fragrant. They come in azure blue and also in mixed hybrids.

The name, *Babiana*, comes from the Dutch for baboon, because those animals dig and eat the wild bulbs in South Africa.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Yes, Mother had been so busy and happy in her college work and later teaching, that she did not think seriously of being married. Probably she didn't even regard Dad seriously, at first, but he was a good friend of Aunt Helen and Uncle Fred Fischer, and since Mother was visiting in their home she naturally saw a good bit of him.

Mother says that Aunt Helen came very close to playing the role of a match-maker in the situation! She once asked if she didn't think that Dad was very nice, and she pointed out the fact that it would be nice to have a ready-made family. Howard and I had been living with Grandfather Driftmier and our aunts since our mother's death, and it was us that she referred to when she mentioned a ready-made family. Mother listened politely to Aunt Helen, but when she returned to California in September she thought that she was going back heart-whole and fancy free.

There were many letters written during the fall and early winter and when Christmas rolled around she was wearing an engagement ring on her finger, and plans had been made for a June wedding. It must have been around this time that a picture was taken which we used to think was just about the most romantic photograph that we had ever seen in our lives. In this picture Mother was sitting at her dressing table, and Dad's picture was standing on it, and the entire thing was a reflection in the mirror of the dressing table. My, when we used to ask her about the photograph it seemed downright thrilling to us that Dad's picture should have been on that dressing table far away in California!

During that winter Grandfather Field had a large chest made for Mother, and all of her linens and the many gifts that she received at various showers and parties were kept in it. Later it was shipped to Shenandoah, and all through these years it has been in our home. As long as I can remember we have kept extra bedding in it, and although it is a huge thing and takes up a lot of room, I don't imagine that we will ever part with it. Last year Margery thought that it needed sprucing up and consequently it is now covered with a rose quilted top, but underneath it is the same old chest that was shipped back from California almost thirty-two years ago.

In June Mother returned to Iowa to be married. She has said that she left her home that day with such mingled feelings that she couldn't decide if she were glad or sad. Grandmother and Grandfather Field could not go with her and it was hard for them to see her leave for she had been with them more closely than any of the other children. She wanted to return and marry Dad, but it was



Lucile and Howard Driftmier, 1914.

painful to wave goodbye to her parents and to know that Grandmother was keeping a brave face only until she had disappeared from sight. It helped that Aunt Jessie, who had been in California for a short time, was returning to Iowa with her—that is, it helped Mother although Grandmother must have felt doubly bereft to have both girls leave at the same time.

When the train reached Fremont, Nebraska, Dad was there and boarded it. He and Uncle Fred Fischer had driven to Omaha together, and Uncle Fred waited there while Dad went on to Fremont—he couldn't wait for the train to reach Omaha! (This was another detail that we always thought was romantic. You know how children are—Mother and Dad are just Mother and Dad and it is hard to imagine these two people getting on trains to meet each other just like they do in the movies!)

Uncle Fred met them in Omaha and they drove back to Shenandoah to visit with Fischers until their marriage ceremony was performed. There aren't many brides who can step directly into a house that has been completely made ready for them, but that was the good fortune Mother had.

During the last month while Dad was waiting for her to return from California he rented a house directly across the street from Fischers, and fixed it all up from top to bottom. In fact, he did such a thorough job that the only things left for Mother to buy were a waffle iron and a vacuum cleaner. Dad wanted another bookcase too, so they went down town and bought these things together on the day of the wedding.

The ceremony was performed at twelve o'clock on June 25th, 1913. It was a very quiet wedding, not only because Mother preferred it this way since Grandmother and Grandfather could not be there, but also because Mother and Dad are both very practical people who have never enjoyed fancy affairs. Only the immediate members of the family were present, and after the ceremony had been read a dinner was served to the guests.

This wedding dinner is the only genuinely vivid memory that I have of the event. I was only three, but I still remember sitting at a table on the back porch with all of the other children who were present, and how

much commotion there was because we all spilled food and water and otherwise made quite a mess. Come to think of it, there must have been about eight or ten of us at the table, so it's no wonder that there was considerable confusion.

Among the papers that I have here on my desk is a clipping, now somewhat ragged and yellow, from the Shenandoah paper of June 27th, 1913. Perhaps you would enjoy reading it too, so I will include it at this point.

"Mart H. Driftmier and Miss Leanna Field were married Wednesday at noon at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Frederick Fischer. Just the relatives were present, twenty-six in all. Henry Field and Mrs. Fischer had stripped their gardens to decorate the house, using daisies and "blue flowers", the flower of happiness. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. J. Turner. A bountiful dinner was served by Mary Tyner, and then the guests were invited across the street to inspect the new home which had been put in readiness by Mr. Driftmier. The bride, formerly a popular Shenandoah girl, and graduate of the Shenandoah high school, has lived in California the past seven years, having moved there with her parents, Hon. S. E. Field and family. Mr. Driftmier is manager of the Mutual Telephone Company, and at this busy season of the year could not be spared long enough to go to California and back, so Miss Leanna returned with Miss Jessie Field who has been on a trip to the coast. After the bride's sister, Mrs. H. E. Eaton (Martha) is well settled in her new home in Des Moines, Mr. and Mrs. Driftmier expect to visit there, but for the present will make no trip."

Wedding pictures were taken in the afternoon, and then everyone went across the street to see the new home. About six o'clock the guests left, and then Mother prepared supper, the first meal in her own kitchen. Yet in many respects it wasn't the conventional first meal, for in this instance it wasn't just the bride and groom who sat down to eat it. Instead there were five at the table, Mother and Dad, and Aunt Anna Driftmier and Howard and I.

Mother had asked Aunt Anna to come and stay with us until Howard and I were accustomed to our new home. I have been told that the first few days we continued to go to her when we needed our clothes buttoned or attention of any kind, but one evening after a week passed Aunt Anna went to Mother with tears in her eyes and said that she was no longer needed. She said that they were tears of both joy and sadness, joy because we were going to Mother as to our own Mother, and sadness because it was a wrench to her to give us up. It is only since I have had a child of my own that I can appreciate what this meant to her. She had us as her own children for more than two years, and I understand now what she felt when she said that it took her a long, long time to get over the feeling that the house was empty and lonely.

(Continued in November Issue)



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "Won't you please say something about a situation that I'm sure many of us find ourselves in today? My husband's business has been hit hard by the war, and we're not even able to hold our own these days. We have bought more war bonds than we could afford to buy, I've sewed for the Red Cross and worked on salvage drives, and we've done everything possible to help the war effort. Yet during the last bond sale the committee implied that we weren't patriotic because we simply couldn't meet the amount that they had set for us. I really feel that people should be more understanding before they speak idly about so-and-so not doing his part."—Missouri.

**ANS:** It seems to me that this problem speaks for itself, and it can almost pass without comment except for the fact that I should like to remind all of you who work on bond sales that if people are working to help, as this woman is, it doesn't behoove anyone to criticize the amount of bonds purchased. For a great many people these are hard days financially and the word sacrifice means sacrifice when bonds are purchased.

**QUES:** "I have always prided myself on getting along well with my in-laws, Leanna, but this past year my husband and I had a misunderstanding with his brother and sister-in-law, and since then we haven't gone back and forth to each others' homes, although we've kept up appearances by being friendly when we meet at church or on the street. It has always been our custom to have family dinners on Thanksgiving, and now that the time is coming closer I am wondering if I should include them?"—Nebraska.

**ANS:** Of course you should include them, only I cannot see why you wait until Thanksgiving to reopen your friendship. In these days when many and many a family would give the world to have Thanksgiving dinner with all of the loved ones together, it doesn't seem like common sense or Christian living to drift into enmity. Frankly, family quarrels always distress me. Please patch up this one as quickly as you can.

**QUES:** "Do you think that children should call their parents by their given names? My neighbor's youngsters refer to their father and mother as Edith and Frank, and it grates on my ears, particularly since my children are beginning to call us Louise and Jim. Perhaps I'm just behind the times."—South Dakota.

**ANS:** Then I'm right behind the times with you, for I don't like to hear it. I really feel that "Mother" and "Dad" sound much, much better, and I have a hunch that many of you friends agree with me.

**QUES:** "My seventeen-year-old daughter belongs to a crowd of girls who have little parties after football and basketball games—there are five girls, so with their boy friends it makes ten young people. I have discovered that I am the only mother who stays on deck when these parties are held; it seems that the other parents go out for the evening. I don't stay in the living room, you understand, but I'm someplace in the house, and my daughter resents it and says that the other mothers can't understand why I don't go out. Do you think also that I am mistaken in my belief that either the father or mother should be in the house?"—Kansas.

**ANS:** Indeed I do not think that you are mistaken. It has always been my opinion that a crowd of young people need to have an older person in the house, and I'm afraid that a good many parents have learned to their sorrow that they should have taken this attitude.

**QUES:** "About a year before our son went into the army he married a young girl whom all of us had known for several years, and we were pleased about the marriage. Several weeks ago I heard that she was going out with another man, and at first I couldn't believe it, but several days ago I happened by chance to see her with him and I can't mistrust the evidence of my own eyes. Do you think I should talk to her about it, or write to my son, or what? It has me worried half to death."—Minnesota.

**ANS:** I can't advise you too strongly not to mention it to your son. I feel that it is little short of criminal to burden boys on the battlefield with such problems. I really don't believe that I would talk to her either. She would resent it, and might write him a letter which would lead him to believe that you had been having trouble—and this would worry him. Why not sit tight and wait to see what Time brings to pass, for sometimes it works out better solutions than we possibly could.

**QUES:** "I have been asked to teach a Sunday School class of fifteen young boys, most of them twelve-years old, and it troubles me because I feel that boys of this age need a man. I tried to explain this to our minister, but I'm sure that he thinks I was merely trying to get out of the job. Do you agree with me that a man is preferable for teaching boys of this age?"—Illinois.

**ANS:** Yes, I do. As my children grew up I had an opportunity to watch this, and it seemed to me that when the boys reached junior high school age they took more interest in Sunday School when some friendly young man taught their classes. If a man can be secured for the job I think that it would be preferable.



Sgt. Lowell Baker, Britt, Iowa, who was injured in a plane crash.

### I PRAY FOR YOU

I pray for you while you are far away,  
My thoughts surround you both by  
night and day;  
I pray that where so e'er you have to  
go,  
Divine protection you will always  
know.  
I pray for you because you're dear to  
me,  
Because between us rolls a deep blue  
sea;  
I ask that angels guard you in each  
place  
From all the perils you will have to  
face.  
I pray for you—my every thought's a  
prayer—  
That God will bless and keep you in  
His care;  
I ask that safely you'll return to me,  
When peace is won and ours the vic-  
tory.

—By Olive Mercier.

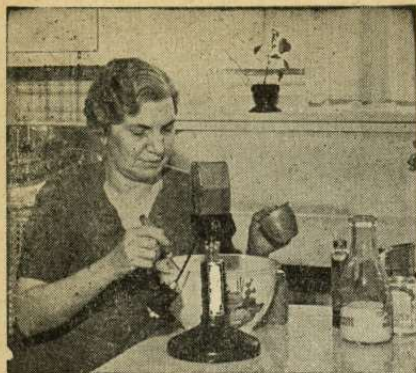
### WAR BONDS

Hark! all Americans and lend me  
your time,  
I've a story to tell you, intended to  
rhyme.  
There's a war being fought, in case  
you don't know,  
And things like that cost plenty of  
dough.  
Our soldiers keep calling for more  
tanks, jeeps and guns  
Remember, they're fighting for keeps,  
not for fun,  
They're fighting to keep that of which  
they are fond,  
The least you can do is buy some  
more bonds.  
Take all the savings you had laid  
away,  
Go down to the bank, buy war bonds  
today.

—Roger Mitchell (Age 16).

Buy War Stamps and Bonds  
Bring Victory Soon!





### TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

Wash, cut out core and cook tomatoes. Run through sieve and add juice and salt, sugar, onion salt, and celery salt to taste. Seal in sterilized jars.

### MEXICAN SUCCOTASH

- 1 gallon cut-off corn
- 1 quart chopped red and green peppers
- 1 quart chopped onions
- 8 cayenne peppers
- 1 quart hulled beans
- 8 teaspoons sugar
- 6 teaspoons sausage seasoning
- 3 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 pound of bacon
- 3 quarts of water
- 3 cloves of garlic

Cook for fifteen minutes, stirring often, then put in jars and proceed same as for corn. Process for sixty-five minutes at ten pounds pressure or three and one-half hours in hot water.

### LEMON CHIFFON PIE

- 2 egg yolks
- 8 tablespoons sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 tablespoon grated lemon rind
- 3 tablespoons unstrained lemon juice
- 1 package lemon Jello
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 egg whites
- 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar

Beat egg yolks with spoon in top of double boiler, stir in half of sugar, (4 tablespoons), salt, rind, and unstrained lemon juice (juice and pulp). Cook over boiling water, stirring occasionally until thickened, about ten minutes. Stir boiling water into flavored Jello, then beat the hot custard into it with rotary beater. Cool thoroughly until mixture begins to set (from 25-45 minutes). Then beat slightly to break up and let stand while making meringue.

Make meringue by beating egg whites with cream of tartar until stiff—then gradually beat the other half of the sugar into it. Continue beating until mixture is stiff and glossy.

Carefully fold the meringue into cooled custard. Pile into cooled baked pie shell. Place in refrigerator or ice box until set and well chilled before serving. Serve ice cold.—Mrs. Walter Reins.

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

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### GREEN TOMATO MINCE MEAT

- 1 peck green tomatoes, chop fine, drain
- 1 peck apples chopped fine
- 1 pound or less of suet
- 10 cups brown sugar
- 3 pounds of raisins
- 1 pound currants
- 1 quart molasses
- 2 tablespoons each of allspice, clove, and cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons salt
- 1 cup vinegar

Add more vinegar if needed. Also can add as much water or fruit juice as tomato juice drained off. Mix well and cook until thick. This makes nine quarts and keeps fine. When making pies add one tablespoon of butter to each pie.

### STUFFED PEPPERS

- 6 green peppers
- 1 cup cooked macaroni
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 cup cooked tomatoes
- 1/4 cup grated cheese
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine macaroni, bread crumbs, and tomatoes. Cut slice from stem end of peppers and remove seeds. Blanch in boiling water two minutes, drain and fill with macaroni mixture. Sprinkle top with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes.

### COTTAGE CHEESE SAUSAGE

- 1 cup cottage cheese, drained dry
- 1 cup cracker crumbs or dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 teaspoon powdered sage
- 1/4 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion

Mix all together and roll in cakes. Roll in corn meal or cracker crumbs and fry like sausage.—Mrs. Earl Cochran.

### HOME MADE PAINT REMOVER

- 1 pint starch made thick like you use on wash day
- 4 tablespoons lye

Apply to surface and let stand 10 minutes. Remove with a brush and water. Be careful not to get any on skin or in the eyes. Rinse with vinegar water.—Mrs. Ollie Miller, Atchison, Kans.

### KITCHEN-KLATTER COOK BOOKS Any 6 for \$1.00

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

With an order for six of the books for \$1.00, I will send you, free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures. Price 25¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 6 books. Postpaid. Order from Leanna Driftmier Shenandoah, Iowa

### LAST OF THE GARDEN PICKLES

- 2 quarts of green tomatoes
- 2 quarts cucumbers
- 1 large head of cabbage
- 1 dozen mangoes
- 2 bunches of celery
- 1 head of cauliflower
- 2 quarts of small onions
- 2 quarts of green beans
- 2 quarts of shelled beans
- 2 quarts of lima beans
- 6 tablespoons of mustard
- 4 tablespoons of tumeric
- 1 cupful of flour
- 4 cupfuls of sugar in cold vinegar
- 4 quarts of hot vinegar

Chop the tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, mangoes, celery, and cauliflower, and onion, and scald in salted water. Cook the green beans, shelled beans, and lima beans, and mix with the other vegetables. Mix the mustard, tumeric, flour and sugar and add the vinegar. Let boil with all the ingredients added for 5 minutes, then seal. This recipe makes about 15 quarts.

### ROYAL DIVINITY

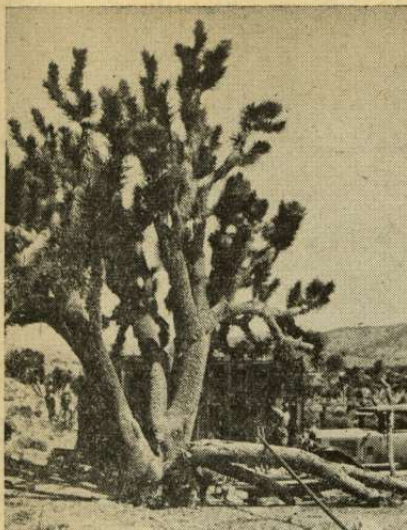
- 3 cups sugar
- 1/4 cup white corn syrup
- 3/4 cup water
- Boil to soft ball stage.
- Beat 2 egg whites
- Add 1/4 teaspoon cream tartar

Pour half of syrup over egg whites and beat well. Boil remainder of syrup to "crack" stage and add to egg mixture. Beat and when it begins to harden add 1/3 cup chopped nuts, 1/2 cup candied cherries or maraschino cherries, 3/4 cup candied pineapple. Drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper.

### A DESSERT

Animal crackers immersed in molded gelatine dessert for childrens parties. Pour the gelatine mixture into individual molds, filling about 3/4 of the mold. Cool, and when gelatine is beginning to set press an animal cracker or toy fish into surface so it sticks. Pour over enough more liquid gelatine to fill mold.—Mrs. Raymond Becker, Box 3, Okabena, Minn.





The home of the "Prince" on the desert.

## THE LOST PRINCE OF THE DESERT

By Sue Conrad

### CHAPTER ONE

"Have you ever crossed the desert in the spring  
And listened to the sigh  
Of wind along the sands? And heard  
That strange coyote-cry,  
Or cheery calling of a bird  
As it rose on sun-lit wing  
Into the cobalt sky?"

The desert voices! And the desert  
like a sea  
Of colors waving in the light,  
So grateful to the beauty loving eye.  
Here was no dull monotony  
Of shrub and rock and tawny sand  
Or level wastes to distant mountain  
height,  
But acres of wild-flowering  
Of infinite variety  
Upon a lovely smiling land—  
The desert in the spring!"

I was going to start my story with "Once Upon a Time" but if I should do that, you might think it a fairy story and this is a true experience that happened a number of years ago when my three daughters were little girls about nine, eleven, and thirteen years old. They are all married now and in homes of their own, but I am sure they have never forgotten this trip.

We had decided to spend the spring vacation of a week somewhere on the Colorado Desert where it would be very quiet and restful and where I could see and study the desert wild flowers, many of which were in bloom at this time of year.

At this time we were living in Redlands, where I was teaching, so we were not far from either the mountains or the desert. A friend had told us of a place called Cottonwood Springs, located about thirty miles off the main road, which sounded like an ideal spot for there was plenty of good water there—a thing which is very important in choosing a desert camp—the wild flowers were very

profuse around there—and by no means of the least importance—there was an old cabin there in which we might set up camp if there was no one in it. This cabin had been built by some old prospectors and deserted, making it a welcome home for little desert creatures or the few humans who might find such an off the road place.

It was quite a task deciding what we should take so that we would not run out of food of any kind for a whole week and still have things that would keep in the heat of the noon-day, for even in April the thermometer on the desert climbs to the 100 mark in the middle of the day although at night you need blankets. We finally got the food, bedding, camp stove, army cots, camp chairs, and ourselves packed into the little old Chevrolet and off we started—trying our best to think whether we had forgotten anything important before we were too far away.

From Redlands we went out through Beaumont and Banning, Whitewater and Indio, then through the little desert towns of Thermal and Mecca. If you have a good California map you can follow our trail this far but after that you will not be able to see the road unless you have a very detailed map, for it was a little sandy desert road leading into the very heart of the desert.

But oh! what beautiful flowers there were along that little road, the yellow of the Desert Sunshine or Incense Bush (so called because the branches were burned for incense in the old missions)—the bright blue of the Indigo Bush and the Desert Smoke Tree—the scarlet of the Desert Trumpet or honeysuckle—the red violet carpets of Sand Verbenas mixed with white of Desert Primrose which turn pink as they grow old (I always wished people could be like that.)

Of course we drove slowly through this flowerland and often stopped to examine some especially beautiful specimen. We even had to dig down into the food boxes and find a lunch for it was the middle of the afternoon before we saw the bunch of trees in the distance which we knew must be the cottonwood trees that were to mark our camping spot. Many times we lost sight of them as we wound through the dry wash and around sandy hills. Even at the very last we thought we were going to fail because the road went up a very steep rocky hill and the desert rains had made it almost impassable but with much pushing and coaxing, Chevy finally managed it and we saw the roof of the cabin and the lovely cottonwoods whose shade by this time looked very welcome to us.

As we rounded the last turn where we could see the whole cabin we saw something that gave us quite a start and not a little misgiving for out of the door of the cabin there walked a man.

(Continued in November Number)

Buy War Bonds and Stamps!



## AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

The next time you all gather around the kitchen table with the children all off to school and a little time to catch your breath before the day's work begins in earnest, why when you do, Maxine will be gone up the road with her boys to school. And I am not alone. In our own county many mothers have dusted off their certificates and are back behind the desk they used many years ago. In my own case it has been fifteen years.

In the resulting hurry and scurry to finish up the work at home, I have been using a lot of little boy labor. In the midst of getting the windows washed with the spray pump, I had a laugh. When we were youngsters at home, a neighbor of ours refused all offers of neighborly help because she was "Sot in her ways". She wanted everything done exactly to please herself. I began to wonder, "Aren't we all?"

I must say it took some effort on my part to watch the boys stack the sink full of clean dishes, scald them and leave them under a clean tea towel to dry. But they assure me that they read that a dish towel is simply covered with germs.

They waxed the floor like it was a holiday by sticking their legs through the sleeves of an old wool jacket and pulling, turn-about, on the tail.

Don't think for a minute that I am able to persuade them to do everything. They balked completely at picking dry baby limas. So far I have two baskets and a tub full of dry pods. Some dry evening we will empty them in the wagon and tramp the beans loose and winnow them by pouring them from tub to tub. It is a long, slow process and led to—

### THOUGHTS THOUGHT WHILE BENDING DOWN TO PICK A BUTTER BEAN

I wonder how the commercial firms harvest butterbeans. Why doesn't someone produce a bean that ripens all of its pods at the same time? A smart weed is really smart, because it hides under a bean vine until the farmer's wife thinks she has a moment to rest and then shoots up to three feet overnight.

### THOUGHTS THOUGHT WHILE SITTING DOWN TO PICK BEANS

It does seem that I can raise a lot of things we do not care to eat. My peppers grow by dozens and only I eat them. My beets all came up and grew, for a few quarts of pickles.



## HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Sorry to have been so slow in answering your letters and filling the orders, but I had a full time job keeping pace with lively four year old Karlene and W. F., age nine months while their mommie was ill in the hospital. Everyone back to normal, even grandma.

This is the time of year when folks with rheumatic tendencies begin to have stiff painful joints. The weather does not cause the trouble but surely does aggravate the pains. There are a number of different causes for the trouble and one that heads the list is infection, next comes eating more starchy foods than the system can care for. We are fed up on vegetables and fruits and naturally crave more bread, cereal, pastries, in fact most foods containing flour. These foods may cause no trouble if eaten in moderation, or a great deal of exercise is being taken, but if the system does not need all the starch it may collect in the joints causing a chalky deposit.

The oxygen we get from the panting breath exercise will help the system to care for the starch before it collects in the joints. This panting exercise is explained in the eight-day health schedule or a recent issue of Kitchen-Klatter.

Answer to question—You say the hives come on three hours after breakfast lasting three or four hours, and want to know if you could have suddenly become sensitive (allergic) to coffee. Yes, it is possible but not probable. I suggest for a few days you avoid eating foods containing eggs, milk, cream, and citrus fruits for breakfast. (What can you have? Goodness, you tell me!) If the hives do not return then add one of these foods at a time, if the hives then return check off that food from your diet. Wait 24 hours and add another. Keep a list of what you eat. It is possible the hives may come from food eaten the day before, as often it may take 24 hours for an allergic reaction to be noticeable.

When the skin is cleared from the hives, remember the digestive tract may still be inflamed and swollen, as hives attack the inside tissues the same as the outside ones. A dose of Epsom salts will relieve some folks but it is wiser to find the cause and avoid those foods.

Now back to the heartless advise about your breakfast. If I want to avoid trouble I must eat only bacon, toast, coffee and cereal with no cream or milk. What is the saying about getting used to anything?

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

The many letters that have come lately make me sure that fall and winter are just around the corner. Our Neighbors who are not able to be out of doors, are always anxious for letters during the cold seasons. Which makes it nice all the way round, for we have more time for letter writing now than when there is out door work to do.

Mrs. Marie Woolf, Lynch, Nebraska, has been bedfast ten years with arthritis. Think of that! But in spite of her illness, and in spite of having two sons in service, she is such a cheerful soul that her neighbors like to visit her. Do send her a card.

Evelyn Allen is eleven years old. She has rheumatic fever and is unable to work. She is in bed, though she can sit up part of the time. Her heart is bad, also. She would like cards or small toys, dolls and such. Address 2824 North 66 Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska. This is a Convalescent Home and there are twelve little girls there.

Would you like to help someone earn an operation? Mrs. Mamie Lakomecki, 5128 W Medill Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois was in a car accident five years ago. She is in a wheel chair now and thinks that if she could have an operation it might help her so she could walk again. She is doing crochet work to sell. Write her about her work.

Dennis Peltz, age 12, has been at St. Mary's Hospital, Columbus, Nebraska, for ten months. He was badly burned—nobody knows quite how it happened, but he was making a bonfire and his clothing caught fire. He has suffered so much. His folks live quite a way from the hospital so are not able to be with him all the time, though his mother is with him as much as possible. Cards would help pass the time for him.

Cards would help cheer Mrs. Myrtie Myers, c/o Roy Baringer, Hardy, Nebraska. She has a broken hip.

Mrs. Libbie Anne Novak, Elberon, Iowa, c/o Telephone Office has made 22 trips to the hospital since 1936. She is able to be in a wheel chair so during the day she tends the telephone switchboard which is in their home. She tells me she pieces quilts when she has pieces. Can we do something about furnishing them for her? Right now she is making a powder puff bedspread which calls for nearly 2 thousand pieces of print. She also collects toothpick holders.

Another arthritis sufferer is Mrs. C. T. Boston, 1226 J St., Lincoln, Nebraska. She collects miniature dogs. Would enjoy letters.

Don't forget to write to your Chief Good Neighbor, Gertrude Hayzlett. Tell me about yourself and your shut-in friends whom we might cheer.

Mrs. Nadine Hughes, Elkhart, Iowa, would like to know how to autograph souvenir plates or dishes.



## OVER THE FENCE

Write a letter to Mrs. A. E. Dieks, Rt. 3, Albia, Ia., if you would be interested in exchanging flowered feed sacks for a pieced quilt top. Just write her and tell her what you have.

It will be of interest to many of you to know that Doyle Blackwood is now on a station at Chattanooga, Tenn. He also conducts a church choir. Both James and Doyle have babies now.

Mrs. J. Leonard, 9215 Lyndale Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn., has a birthday, September 24, and would enjoy hearing from others with birthdays on that day. Her hobby is flowers, both real and artificial.

You will be glad to know that Sgt. Lowell Baker, son of Mrs. Ray Baker of Britt, Iowa, who was severely injured in a plane crash while training, is improving very nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jones of Reserve, Kansas, have a son George Jr., who works in a Field Hospital in New Guinea. His mother was thrilled by a letter from a wounded soldier, who felt he owed his life to the fine care George gave him. I know his parents are proud of him.

A friend at Ankeny says to make a spray of corrosive sublimate and wood alcohol (the druggist can tell you the proportions) to get rid of bed bugs. This is poison so keep it away from the children.

Bonnie Miller, of Brashear, Mo., to whom many of you sent gifts and cards, received anklets, thirty-four hankies, hair ribbons, gum, lockets, perfume, pictures, bath towels, and almost three hundred cards and letters. She is not able to answer your mail so wants me to thank you for her. She is slowly improving from the severe burns she received.

Mrs. Fred Raddatz of Waterloo, Nebraska, writes that reading the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine is just like attending a monthly club meeting. Thank you, Mrs. Raddatz. That is just the way I want you to feel when you read this magazine.

Save your waste paper. The situation is serious.

If you haven't sugar to bake cookies for that boy or girl in the service, have your local bakery prepare a box of goodies for you to send.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is the first letter that I have written to you from San Francisco, and as I sat down at the desk I thought with just the tiniest twinge of nostalgia how different everything is from the night that I sat down at the kitchen table in Hollywood and told you that it was the last letter I would write to you from there.

Well, where to begin? There is so much to say that I'm at a loss to know where I should start. I think I will tell you first about the place where I am now living. This is a house, not an apartment, although those of you who think of a house as a building standing in a yard with a parking in front and lawns on either side have the wrong impression about this particular house. In San Francisco ninety-five percent of the homes are built in a solid row with a flight of steps in front that go up directly from the street. One wall of this house is the wall of the adjoining house; on the other side there is a passage not more than three feet wide between us and our neighbors. There is a locked door at the end of this passage, the street end, and the only way to get into the back yard is to go through it. There is no front yard—only the street. And if you merely passed the house in front you would have no way of knowing that in back there is a big yard with a high solid wall enclosing it.

Do I like this kind of a house? No, I can't say that I do. I like the idea of a front yard, and of side yards too. But that isn't the way people live in San Francisco. No doubt my eyes will become accustomed to it in time, but at the present moment I still find myself longing for the big spacious lawns and gardens of southern California.

Juliana and I are alone here all day for the friend with whom we are living goes to her government office around eight in the morning and never returns before seven or eight at night. If this were an apartment I'm afraid that I would find time dragging badly indeed, but thank goodness there is a backyard and Juliana can play in it safely. I'm going to build her a sand box of some old lumber that is piled in the garage, and then she can have many happy hours pouring the sand in and out of her little dishes and buckets.

I had been told too that San Francisco is a cold, foggy city, but I had absorbed so much California sunshine the past four years that I thought anything in California was equally warm. That was my mistake. On this August day I'm sure that those of you in the middlewest are wondering when it will cool off, but I have both heaters going and Juliana is wearing a heavy wool sweater over her dress. I have been here for almost a month now and I could count on both hands the number of hours that the sun has shone.

One thing that I notice is the absence of planes. In Hollywood we



Juliana Verness, picking a flower for mother.

were accustomed to hearing them overhead a great share of the time, but up here days can pass without the sound of one. But one thing that we rarely heard in Hollywood was the sound of heavy guns firing. Here we live not far from the Presidio and when the guns are fired it shakes the house. At first I thought that it was an earthquake.

A few days ago Margery Conrad Sayre and little Susan came to see us. They live not far from here, but soon expect to move down the Peninsula. I wish that I were as fortunate as they have been in finding housing. I am extremely anxious to find either an apartment or house for us so that Russell can join us in November, but at least five-thousand people must be embarked on the same search. I'll have to say to you what I've said to utter strangers whom I've met in stores or on the street: if you hear of anything, please let me know!

I hear Juliana awakening from her nap, so this must be all. And I do hope that in my next letter I can tell you that I've found a home of our own, and that all of our furniture can come out of storage and join us again.

Always sincerely,

—Lucile.

A soldier from the South Pacific sends these lines of verse by an Australian poet, Adam Lindsay Warren:

Two things stand like stone—  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own.

## "SENTINEL"

## GUARDS YOUR FOOD

Prevent odors and tastes of one food penetrating another by keeping a "Sentinel" in your refrigerator. Yes, cantaloupes, fish, onions, butter, milk and other foods may be kept in the refrigerator safely if you place a "Sentinel" on the top wire shelf. It absorbs odors. Price \$1.00 Postpaid.

Order from Leanna Driftmiller,  
Shenandoah, Iowa.



By Olinda C. Wiles

I recently received a letter from a farmer in Nebraska asking me if I deemed it advisable to keep a large flock of hens for next year's laying flock considering the price of eggs and the cost of feed. He was short of feed and had to buy most of it. But that would not make a great sight of difference in the long run. It is hard to advise one and after all my opinion would be just the opinion of one person, but I will repeat here what I wrote him.

In a recent issue of a daily paper I found an article on the "egg proposition" for the coming season, "Quote": "An official of the W. F. A. said 'he wished he knew' what they (The W. F. A.) were going to do with between 100 and 150 million dollars worth of eggs bought this year." The deputy director of the W. F. A. said that over five million cases of surplus eggs had been purchased in order to support prices at 90 percent of parity.

If the law stays on the books and egg production continues at its present high level the W. F. A. might have to do the same thing next year. That means that 100 to 150 million dollars of the tax-payers' money would be invested in eggs that we have no use for. Allowing for ware house spoilage of dried eggs, and if shipments of dried eggs to Great Britain continue, and if they can be used to feed the people of liberated countries we may cut the loss to 10 million dollars.

Had it not been for the supporting price on eggs the production would have dropped and then there would probably have been a shortage. Many people have cut down the number of laying hens in their flocks.

It remains to be seen if Congress amends or repeals the law of price support. If it does our eggs will probably drop to 10¢ a dozen or even lower, some predict as low as 5¢ a dozen. At present the W. F. A. has enough on hand for a complete 14 and one-half months supply. So the prospect does not look any too encouraging for the coming season. My best advice would be to watch what Congress does with the "egg support law."

Another thing that seems to be bothering some people is the small eggs they are getting. Some people are so thrilled when they get a small egg and are sure their pullets are laying—Oh No—an old hen can lay a small egg too, especially if she has laid out one clutch of eggs and rested a while and then starts in again. Or sometimes the last few eggs of a clutch are small. Pullets brought in to production too soon before their bodies are completely developed often lay small eggs all the first season.

## ON THE BACK PAGE

There is a picture of Olinda Wiles' home and also the lovely poem she wrote when friends advised her to sell her farm and move to town.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf stayed so late watching Marilee play with Thumper, the pet white rabbit, that he hated to start down the long road home, and anyway his chick-a-dee-airplane was scolding a little over having to go out of his way to take the elf-man home. The best thing to do then was to stay all night. That is just what Thumblety did. He curled up in the half of a milkweed pod that was level. The other half made a little roof over his head and the little bit of silky fluff that was left covered him up.

When morning came he opened one eye very slowly, trying to think where he was. The moment he remembered, he peeked quickly over the edge of his milkweed pod bed, and sure enough, not ten feet away, was Thumper, the white rabbit.

Thumper was standing on his back legs looking through the wire at Marilee coming down the path. From the wiggly tip of his pink nose to the powderpuff tip of his tail, he looked glad. He looked so glad that Thumblety Bumblety could not help noticing someone else who looked very, very sad. That someone was a little grey and white kitten who sat under a bush by the side of the rabbit hutch and peeked out sadly as Marilee went by to get the rabbit.

Thumblety stayed hid to see what would happen.

Marilee stooped down to pick up the pet rabbit and though the little kitten crowded as close to her feet as it could she did not seem to see it.

When she had gone back up the path with her rabbit, The Thumblety Bumblety Elf slid down from his resting place and stood in front of the little kitten.

"Good morning, little kitten," he said, "Why do you look so sad?"

"I am sad because I want so much to be a pet kitten and Marilee never thinks of petting me," said the little kitten and it was so busy being sad that it did not even stop to wonder where the little elfman came from.

Now Thumblety was a very wise little elf as we all know.

He asked the little kitten, "Have you tried being very nice to Marilee?"

"Yes, I have," answered the kitten. "I brought her the biggest mouse I ever caught and when I laid it at her feet she said, 'You naughty cat, you take that horrid dead mouse away from here.' The kitten shook her head sadly at the thought of strange people who would not be pleased with a very fine mouse.

"Did you ever purr for her?" asked the little elf.

"No I did not. She will not pet me and I cannot purr when I am unhappy."

"Will you try this? Go sit under her chair where she is holding her pet rabbit and purr as loudly as you can," said Thumblety Bumblety.

The little spotted kitten did as she was told.

Marilee, sitting in her chair with the rabbit on her lap, was surprised to hear such a loud purring.

"Thumper," she exclaimed, "Can that be you?" Then she laughed and answered herself, "Of course not. Rabbits cannot purr."

She began to look all around. When she looked under her chair and saw the little spotted kitten sitting there purring for all the world like a fairy's airplane, she got down on her knees and gathered the kitten into her lap right along with the rabbit.

"If you want to be my pet kitten so much, you shall," she said.

There they sat when Thumblety came walking up the path with his cheery, "Good Morning."

### TONGUE TWISTER

Six thick thistle sticks. Sister Sue sews shirts for friendly fat folks. I saw six long sleek slender saplings.

### HOW MANY ANIMALS

A farmer said his livestock was all sheep but three, all pigs but three, all mules but three and all horses but three. How many animals did he have? Answer—One of each kind mentioned.



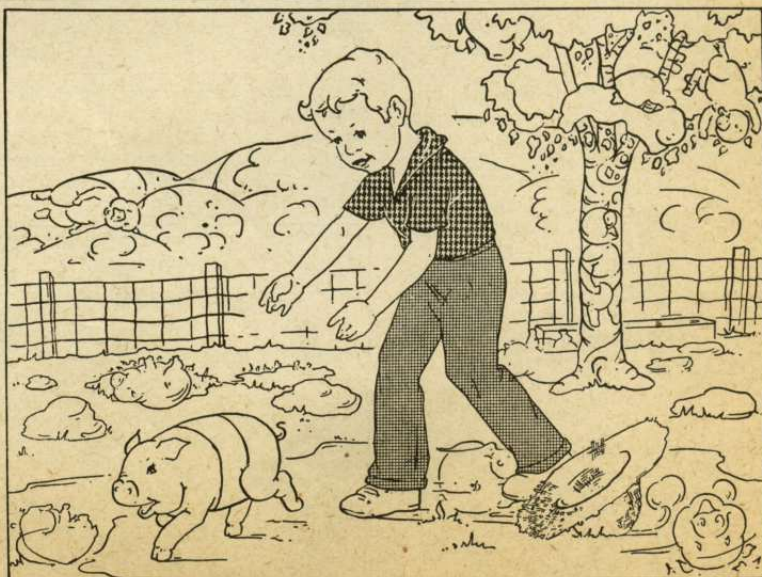
Our daughter Dorothy and baby Kristin.

### A NEW ONE

Take your house number, double it, add 5, multiply by 50, add your age. Add the number of days in the year, subtract 615. The last two figures will be your age. The others will be your house number.

### RIDDLES

1. What coat do you put on, wet? A coat of paint.
2. What is the most curious letter of the alphabet? Y.
3. What seven letters did the old lady say when she went to the cupboard? O I C U R M T.
4. Why won't we have any more popcorn for the duration of the war? All the kernels are in the army.



Donnie always wanted a pet pig, but it was rather hard to catch. There are several more in the picture he might be able to catch. How many can you find?



## OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For Subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

Salt and Pepper Shakers. Will exchange.—Miss Rose Mary Rice, 106 West Valley Avenue, Shenandoah, Ia. Miniature China Shoes. Will exchange.—Miss Deleta Lohr, Corydon, Iowa.

Will exchange Home Sweet Home Chair Back Set for the Colonial Girl design in crochet for chair set.—Mrs. Carl Faber, 2005 E. Collins St., Austin, Minn.

Pieces of embroidery work from each of the States. I have one from Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma, North Carolina, and Washington. Will exchange hobbies.—Loretta Mae Shaw, Lexington, Mo.

Shakers. I have 450 sets. Will exchange. Would like one especially from Nevada.—Mrs. A. E. Miller, 624 E. Marion St., Mishawaka, Ind.

Pot-holders and Shakers. Will exchange.—Mrs. M. G. Seaman, Bloomington, Kans., Rt. 1.

Buttons and Old Tooth Pick Holders. Will exchange.—Mrs. Robt. Frey, Rt. 1, Madrid, Iowa.

Shakers. Will exchange.—Lillian Winter, 500 B St., Washington, 2 D.C.

Vases and Ducks. Will exchange.—Mrs. John H. Boone, Box 397, Orange City, Iowa.

Paper Napkins.—Eva June Crain, Paullina, Iowa, Box 43.

Miniature Pitchers and Pencils. Has over 6,000 pencils.—Nadine Hughes, Elkhart, Ia.

Buttons and Souvenirs. Will exchange. Also likes pen-pals.—Maxine Farrow, R. R. 2., Bancroft, Ia.

Shakers. Will exchange.—Mrs. James O'Connor, Box 422, Emmet, Nebr.

Shakers and Radio Entertainers' pictures.—Miss Pauline Phillips, Rt. 2, Panora, Iowa.

Pencils. Will exchange pencil for pencil or view cards for pencils.—Barbara DeFrance, Garwin, Iowa.

Sewing Baby Clothes and Crocheting.—Mrs. John B. Van Deest, Box 49, Holland, Iowa.

"Dear Leanna, Enclosed please find one dollar for my renewal for the Kitchen-Klatter beginning December. I would hate to miss a single copy, they are so full of helps and recipes and letters. I can't tell what page I like best. I just like the whole magazine."—Mrs. A. R. Ostlind, Rt. 1, McPherson, Kans.

### POEMS FROM MY SCRAP BOOK

A book of my favorite poems including many I have read over the air. This book has in it comforting war poems, and makes a nice gift for a war mother or wife. With an order for three of the books for \$1.00, I will send you, free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures. Price 35¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 3 books. Postpaid.

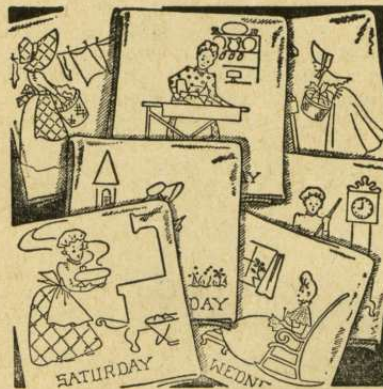
Order from Leanna Driftmier  
Shenandoah, Iowa



The home of Olinda Wiles, Clarinda, Iowa

### NOT FOR SALE

If I were to sell this farm today  
What would I sell besides fields of hay  
And tasseled corn in long straight rows,  
With walnut trees in shady groves?  
To the man that bought it, that's all he'd see  
But this is what it would mean to me:  
A house whose rafters strong and old,  
Have sheltered my loved ones from winter's cold.  
A barn with swallows closely pressed,  
Under the eaves in their little mud nests.  
A walnut tree, with branches low  
Where the children's swing, swings to and fro.  
The spring, whose water pure and cold  
Means more to me than any gold.  
The lilac bush, the apple trees,  
Each one brings back its memories.  
Some day I'll have to leave, I know,  
It's hard to stay, but harder to go,  
But with God's help I cannot fail—  
No mister—this farm is not for sale.  
—Olinda Wiles.



### GRANDMOTHER'S DAYS ON TEA TOWELS

This clever set of tea towels brings you the chores of Grandmother's day. In such appropriate settings, Grandmother is quite quaint and charming. The days of the week are lettered in the same quaint style of that era. Simple outline stitch makes quick work of these towels. Here they are all ready for your embroidery work to be added. The usable-several-times transfer is C9636, 10¢.

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. 5¢ per word. \$1.00 minimum. Payable in advance. When counting words include name and address. Rejection rights reserved.

**FOR BABY**—Lovely Handmade Nightshirts, just like Dad's, in white outing flannel, daintily featherstitched in blue or pink. In 1 year or 2 year sizes. Price \$1.50 postpaid. Buy gifts early. Mrs. Laura Mitchell, 712½ Locust, Grand Island, Nebraska.

**CROCHETED BABY DRESSES**, size 1 year, in white or salmon rose, \$3.00. Crocheted Aprons in white or cream with assorted color trim, \$2.50. Postpaid. Order early for Christmas gifts. Emma M. Stein, Dy-sart, Iowa.

**DELICATELY SCENTED** Chenille Orchid corsages make ideal gifts. Leading colors, 65¢ each. Two or more, 60¢ each. Order several. Freda Poeverlin, Beatrice, Nebr.

**CROCHETED FLOWER POT AND HOLDER**, \$1.50. Crocheted Basket and Holder, \$1.50. Patriotic Holders, 75¢. Daisy Holder, 75¢. Crocheted Dresser Scarfs or table runners 14x21 inches \$7.00. Crocheted Luncheon Sets, one 18 inch doily, four 11 inch doilies, four 6½ inch doilies, four 4½ inch doilies, \$15.00. Hand Knit all wool sweater, Navy, long sleeves, button down front, size 18, \$6.00. Also red wool sweater, short sleeves, button front, size 16, \$5.00. Helen Chuldt, Poynette, Wisconsin.

**EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES**, Pair \$3.00. Crocheted Butterfly Chair Sets, back 13x17 inches, 2 arm rests 6x11 inches, \$3.75. Helen Chuldt, Poynette, Wisconsin.

**CROCHETED POT HOLDERS**, Pear, apple, teapot, dahlia and friendship block, 75¢ each. Flowered Lunch Cloths with crocheted edge, \$2.00. Helen Chuldt, Poynette, Wisconsin.

**SIX CIRCLES CROCHETED CALOT**, 75¢ each. Four Circles Crocheted Hats, 60¢ each. Mrs. M. J. Teigland, Box 101, Elmore, Minn.

**CROCHETED EARRINGS**, any size or color. \$1.00 a pair or 4 pairs for \$3.00. Mrs. Sophia Priest 12614 Wright Rd., Compton, Calif.

**FOR SALE**—Crocheting and Embroidering for Christmas Gifts. Vera Lachelt, Janesville, Minn.

**SAFETY PIN ASSORTMENT**, 30 for 25¢. Needle Assortment, 6 for 10¢. Bob Pins, 14 for 15¢. Order all you need now. Reasonably priced. Howard Rasmussen, Boonville, Missouri.

**FREE!** 2 Paper White Narcissus Bulbs with each order for one of my Pottery Bulb Bowls. These come in shades of green. Also make nice vases. Buy for gifts. Price \$1.00 Postpaid. Busy Day Vase and Free Figurine \$1.00 Postpaid. Sue Conrad, Box 467, 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.

**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.

**YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS** on 500 gummed labels, 25¢. Use on envelopes and stationery. Your boy in service will like to use them, too. Gertrude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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

**SAINT PAULIAS**: White Lady \$1.00. Pink Beauty, Trilby, Blue Girl, 75¢ each. Carefully packed. Mailed special delivery. Azure Babiana Bulbs, 75¢ per dozen pre-paid. Postage to be remitted after delivery. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Ia.



## STITCH AND CHATTER

By Irella Belle Hinks

Nothing great is ever achieved without enthusiasm is the motto chosen by one High School Class and we might add—all the great things of life—love, hope, joy, home, child and faith are expressed in one-syllable words. Some one has said that life is like a cafeteria because there are no waiters to bring success to you—Help yourself.

I wouldn't want my front yard cluttered up with an oil derrick. Would you? A highway near here is decorated on both sides with the tall structures and I don't believe they were placed by a landscape artist, even if they are equal distance apart.

Well, on second thought, I might reconsider. I might even move a few buildings—if they gave faint promise of a little gusher.

I know a splendid way to reduce (Page Mrs. Pitzer!). Ride the implement behind the tractor—a cultivator or a binder—you will enjoy the fresh air, in fact, you will be up in the air about 50 percent of the time. (Remember the rains and the ditches they caused?) The other 50 percent you will be pedaling with both feet or frantically reaching for levers—that are not there, or, at times—just disregarding everything—and holding on with both hands, hoping the contraption won't turn *completely* over. When meal time comes—you will be—just too tired to eat. When the season is over, I'm going down to the scales—if I have the strength. If anyone is interested, I'll report it to you. I weighed all of 133 to begin the season.

Last month we made the Pantee (Panty) pan holder—"Hers" and now let's make "His". Use yarn and a No. 3 hook, so that it will not be too small. Start with a chain of 38 sts. Fasten in 4th st from hook and make 17 dc, ch 1, 18 dc turn. To make a dc, draw yarn through (3 loops on hook), throw yarn over once, pull through two loops, throw yarn over and pull through other two loops.

Row 2—ch 3 for 1 st dc, 17 dc, 1 dc under ch, ch 1, 1 dc under same chain, 1 dc on each of the next 18 dc.

Row 3—ch 3, 1 dc on each dc, 1 dc under ch, ch 1, 1 dc under chain, 1 dc on each dc to end of row.

Row 4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11 and 12 like 3rd row.

Row 13—1 dc in each dc to center ch.

Row 14-15—Same as row 13.

Fasten. (Leave a length long enough to thread into a needle.) Fasten yarn on other side and make other leg. This completes one half of garment. Make other half and whip the two together. Finish top of garment and lower edge of leg by making sc with a different color yarn. To make a sc—draw yarn through. (2 loops on hook), throw yarn over and pull through the two loops.

Chain six at side of top and fasten in row below for a hanger. To embroider initials "His"—print them on a paper, baste paper just above lower edge of leg, then embroider over letters, tearing away paper.

## HALLOWE'EN GAMES

Mark a large square of paper in small squares like a checker board. Write a fortune in each square, give each player a small top which they spin. The square on which it stops tells their fortune.

### FORTUNE TELLING

Cut slips of heavy cardboard, one-fourth of an inch wide and six inches long. Number up to twenty. Put these in a glass and have each player take one. If there are more than twenty players, have more slips. Have an equal number of fortunes written on cards. The player gets the card whose number corresponds with the one he has drawn from the glass. Have each one read his fortune aloud.

### FOUR BOWLS

Place on the table four bowls containing water, milk, vinegar, and nothing. Blindfold the player. Turn him around several times, lead him to the table, and have him put a finger in a bowl. Water signifies a happy life, milk—wealth, vinegar—poverty, nothing—an old maid or bachelor.

### A LUCKY CAKE

Fill a large loaf cake pan with oatmeal or bran (sand would do). In it bury a ring, a small chain, a penny, a button, a thimble, a heart, and safety pin. Players stick their fingers down into the pan and lift out the first object they touch. These signify: ring—wedding, chain—unhappy married life, penny—riches, button—a bachelor, thimble—a spinner, heart—a love affair, safety pin—a large family.

### OTHER GAMES

1 Guess how many seed in a pumpkin.

2. See who can shell an ear of corn in the shortest time.

3. Give each player ten grains of corn. Every time he says "I" he has to give a grain of corn to the one to whom he was talking. See who "goes broke" first. He will be the biggest egotist.

4. Try carrying corn across the room on the blade of a knife.

### HAPPINESS

The thread of happiness is spun From three things woven into one. The first winds ever through and through

In homely strength—Something to Do.

The second gleams like stars above A radiant thread—Something to Love. The third entwines them both in power—

Something to Hope For, hour by hour.

Thus happiness, in each sure part, Lies within reach of every heart.

—Priscilla Leonard.



## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### A CHURCH CALENDAR

To combine a pleasant evening with money making try this idea of the Church Calendar. Four ladies are Seasons. They each pay five dollars. They each choose four months. These ladies each pay one dollar. Each month chooses four weeks. They each pay fifty cents. The weeks in turn choose seven days. They each pay twenty-five cents. If all are represented it means one hundred and thirty-four dollars to add to the Treasury. One could carry it farther, having twenty-four hours in each day. The hours could be children who would pay ten cents apiece. At the conclusion of this project a dinner may be given in the church basement. Have four long tables, each to seat those belonging to a season. The table should be decorated appropriately. The four captains of the seasons have charge of the dinner asking the months and weeks to help. If this plan is used before Christmas there could be an apron sale in connection with it, each lady donating an apron.

### A CHILDREN'S SALE

This does not mean children sponsor this sale but—the ladies of one of the Shenandoah Churches have a sale about Christmas time of children's clothing and hand made toys. They have found this a very workable plan.

### THANKS BOX

The old idea of a "Thanks Box" is still a good one. Buy little paste board boxes, or make them of construction paper. Provide each member of the Aid with one. Keep this box in convenient place and in it put a small thank offering each day. Let all the family give for we all have much to be thankful for these days.

### LUNCH AT FARM SALES

"An Aid Society to which I belong recently sold lunch at a farm sale and cleared \$45. We had about 45 pies and they were gone early and had to go to town twice for more weiners and buns. Two buns and a piece of pie sold for 25c. The pumpkin, apple, cherry and raisin pies were the most popular." — Neola Wilson, Pickrell, Nebr.