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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA
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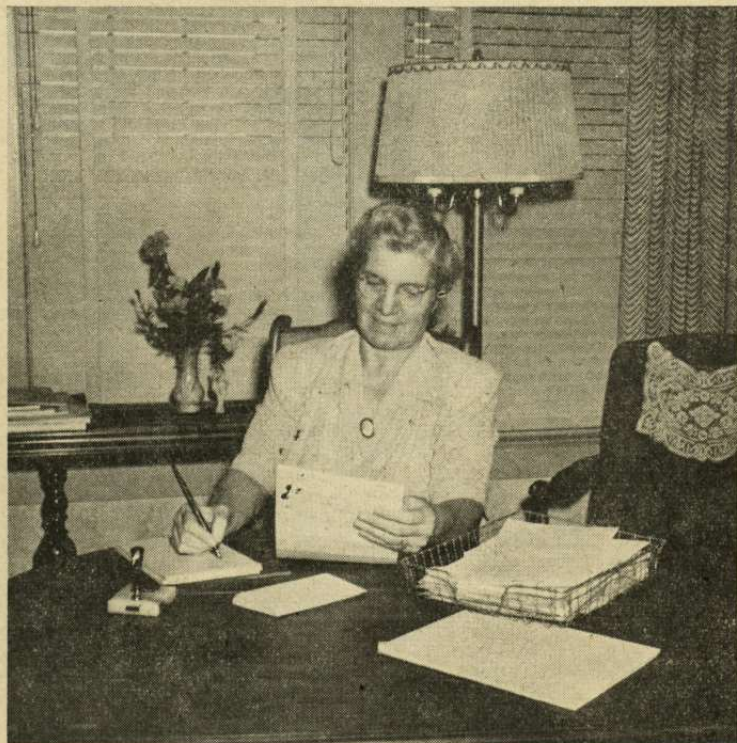


Photo by Frank Field



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor.
M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.
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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

THINKING OUT LOUD

I wonder if the children can come home next Thanksgiving, 1945.

Women are like dogs, really. They like to fetch and carry, and appreciate a little pat on the head once in awhile.

We never get into a hole so deep that some one can't pull us out if we just reach up our hands and give them a chance. Some folks hate to acknowledge they need help.

We have no more right to burden our friends with our troubles and take away their happiness than we have to go to their homes and steal their Sunday hats.

"When I don't like folks, I try to do something for them. Seems like that is the only way I can weed out my own meanness."—Mrs. Wiggs.

All of us wish a beautiful old age! It is a lovely and inspiring thing. None of us will achieve it at a single bound, we must begin while we are young. Thus we approach the "last of life for which the first was planned."

"Faithful and self-forgetting service and the love that spends itself over and over again, only to be repeated again and again, is the secret of happiness."—Kathleen Norris.

Are you able to disagree without being disagreeable. I find that in an election year many people find this hard to do.

Let us remember that our neighbors have trouble enough without unloading ours onto them.

Did you hear about the paratrooper, the strangest casualty of the war? A cow sat on him in a fox hole.

WHO WILL BE PRESIDENT?

During a political campaign I remember this verse written by an Englishman.

"Politics, oh; just a lark, don't you know,

Just a nightmare in the dark, don't you know,

For you work all day and night

And then after all the fight

Why! Perhaps the wrong man's right

Don't you know!"

Yes, by this time next month we will know who will be President for the next four years. Whether it be Dewey or Roosevelt, there will be a big job for every American citizen, helping provide jobs for the boys returning to our communities. This should be a personal obligation of each one of us, for these boys deserve the best their country can give them. Let us especially try to help those who return handicapped in some way, not as an act of charity but as a privilege to do something for one who has considered no sacrifice too great to make for his country and loved ones.

Dear Friends,

You will receive this magazine just before election day so let me urge everyone of you to go and vote. It is more important this year than ever before. We are told that the women's votes will determine who will be president, in this election, so make a special effort to vote. It is only when people lose interest in the government of their country, that dictatorships develop. It has happened in other countries. It could happen here.

Although our country is still at war, we still have much to be thankful for, this Thanksgiving. Of course we had hoped our families would be united again, but the war still goes on and on. If you cannot have your loved ones with you on Thanksgiving Day, invite in lonely friends or neighbors for a good old fashioned dinner. As you stand around the table, clasp hands and sing, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

None of our children can be home this year. This is the first Thanksgiving we have been alone. We will have a family gathering of brothers and sisters, most of them alone, too. We are thankful that all of our children are well and busy, happy in the work they are doing to speed the day of victory. We thought that Margery might teach this year but she decided to continue in defense work. Word comes from Australia that Wayne has finished officers school and is now a Lieutenant. I think he has gone back to the front again. No word from Howard for several weeks so imagine he is on the move again to "destination unknown." Don is still in the United States and Ted is very busy, finishing his last year at Yale, after which he hopes to be a Chaplain in the army.

We have been having papering and painting done since I wrote you last. I wish you could come and see me while things are so clean and bright. Yes, come before my wheel chair scrapes the paint off of the door ways. I try to be careful but scratches appear. Some one should follow me with a can of paint and a brush repairing the damage I do.

As many of you know, Gertrude Hayzlett, who has been my helper in the Kitchen-Klatter office for many years, has moved to California to make her home with her father, who is alone in his home and really needed her. Gertrude will benefit by a

change from office work, and enjoy the climate and scenery of California. Mr. Hayzlett is going too, of course. He has been there before, so it will not be quite such a thrill for him. Their four sons are in the army and two daughters in homes of their own. We all miss Gertrude but are glad she is having this wonderful experience.

I had a good letter from Edith Hansen recently. She asked to be remembered to all of her friends. No, she isn't broadcasting in California, just enjoying being a "homebody" again. Their son, Don, the marine, is now over-seas. Harold is in high school. There are several of their former Norfolk friends in Richmond so they have many pleasant times together.

I really appreciate all the letters I receive from our readers. Have you written me lately? If not, write soon and often.

Your friend,
Leanna.

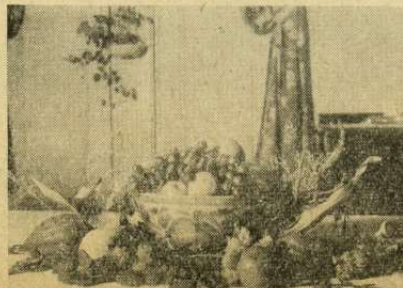
THANKSGIVING

Tonight

I thank Thee, Lord, for this my bed
An unbombed roof above my head,
And Thy good gift—my daily bread.
How comes it we can only know,
Belatedly through other's woe
The gratitude we always owe?

—Anon.

If we are truly grateful for the blessing we receive, we open the door of our hearts for other gifts of God's love. Freely we have received, freely we should give. "Actions speak louder than words" is an old adage, but a true one. Live your gratitude. Do some good deed every day. Share your worldly goods with those less fortunate than you.



The centerpiece on our table last Thanksgiving was arranged by my sister, Helen Fischer.

Come into the Garden

THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Thanksgiving Day is truly a joyous time everywhere, with its well-filled tables surrounded by happy re-united families. Thus it has ever been in the past and thus it will always be in the future, although again this year there will be many vacant chairs. It is not merely a date on the calendar, changeable at will, but a flexible institution according to family habits and needs. It is a welcome event anywhere, but somehow doubly significant on the farm where most of the food appearing on our Thanksgiving tables is produced. Shortages do not bother here, because substitutes may be used, in fact, we really could set our tables almost entirely with food grown right on our own acres—and have done so.

Because Thanksgiving Day is a day of re-unions, perhaps Kitchen-Klatter readers of this column would like to meet our large family—nineteen in all, including the four sons-in-law and the six small grandchildren who gather together around one big table on this day to give thanks to the One from whom all blessings flow. This is also our wedding anniversary—the thirty-third this year—so it has an added significance to us as a family. This small farm near town has been in the family for nearly sixty years and as a child, most of my Thanksgivings were spent here with my mother's people. Most of our married life has been spent here also, our seven children have grown up on this farm although only Harriet, who finishes high school this year, is left. Like most families, we have a young son in the services of Uncle Sam—Joe, who is now in a Naval Air Technical Training Center in Memphis. Ruth attends Northwestern Bible School in Minneapolis while the four oldest daughters, Doris, Winnie, Bee, and May, are married and have small children. Winnie lives in town, while the other three live on farms in our county. So you see our Thanksgiving table is pretty well filled.

Since my English father was a florist and a gardener, a pioneer in our part of the state, and because of early associations with the art of growing lovely flowers, it was my good fortune to have a liberal education in their culture from one who knew them very well indeed. I also owe a debt I can never repay to Helen Field Fischer for much that I have learned in addition to the knowledge which I inherited. Through her gentle guidance, I have learned much, made many unseen friends, and am still adding daily to my fund of knowledge. Many others will agree with me on this.

Growing plants leads naturally to helping others do the same. This I have endeavored to do on this page on flowers and gardens. As we all grow older, many of the activities of

younger days have to be given up and new ones take their place. House plants are fine to keep us in touch with the enjoyment of our interest and Round Robins enable us to visit our friends without leaving home. Truly in these difficult days do we find many things for which to give thanks to the Maker of all good things.



Regal Lilies with Baby's Breath and Blue Delphiniums. Picture by Olga Tieman.

A LETTER FROM "THE STICKS"

Dear Mrs. Driftmier:

When we were discussing the November Kitchen-Klatter flower article you ask me to include something about myself and tell where I lived—you thought the readers would enjoy this personal note. I cannot think of anything interesting to write about myself but I can tell where I live—I live "out in the sticks!" Now that is what someone said when we bought this improved farm with modern home more than 20 years ago—and she was surely right. It is one of the finest farms in Atchison County about ½ mile from the Iowa line and raises bumper crops of all kinds—corn, wheat, alfalfa, brome grass, etc.

The garden is the same fine rich, black loam but there are sticks everywhere—sticks to mark this plant and that—sticks to mark the rows—sticks to mark where one must not step or walk for fear of trampling on choice or baby plants—sticks to mark where new plants are to be set or old ones removed—sticks to encourage vines to start climbing, to support shallow-rooted plants or lend support to aristocratic ones—sticks in flats and in flower pots to anchor plants or help support too heavy branches. "The Sticks" is an apt and fitting name. But anyone with wide vision that can see between and beyond the sticks and the weeds will always see flowers—

Some old, some new,
Some red, some blue
Or in a color mix—

But always flowers at "The Sticks".

Florally yours,
Olga Rolf Tiemann.

Aristocrats for Your Garden Part II

Lilies show their aristocratic temperments by not neighboring well with all plants in the border. Sturdy Tigers and Red Russians ably hold their own against more aggressive companion plants but weaker sisters are more satisfactory when they do not have to fight for living space. It is well to plant them in a bed of their own and set only shallow-rooted plants as Pansies, Violas, Nierembergias or low-growing ferns at their feet to keep the soil cool.

A number of Lilies for such a bed may be grown successfully from seeds—Corals, Regals, Formosanums, Cernuums and Concolors are almost as easy. These just mentioned may be planted either in late fall or early spring. Construct a seed frame, (in a sunny, well-drained location), any convenient length and about 32 inches wide so that one can reach easily across to plant, weed and cultivate. Provide a lath cover or use burlap sacks to shade the seedlings during the hot midsummer. Make rows about ½ inch deep and about 4 inches apart. Plant the seeds on a layer of sand. Cover with sand, then with soil. Place a name label at one end and a stick to mark the end of the row. Before the plants are up it helps greatly to know just where the rows are.

The seedlings must not lack for moisture but the soil must never be soggy or the bulbs will rot. Keep them growing as fast as possible in order to reach blooming size in the shortest length of time.

The plants should be left undisturbed in the seed frame the first 18 months. The exception might be the Formosanums. They sometimes bloom the first year from seed and if they appear crowded, they should be reset to their permanent place as soon as they are large enough to handle. When winter comes if the tiny lily bulbs seem to near the surface, add about an inch of soil. Then mulch with excelsior, evergreen boughs or similar material.

—Olga Rolf Tiemann.

MY PRAYER

Dear God, please take care of him,
Where ever he may be:
Watch over him and comfort him,
And keep him safe for me.

Please give him strength and courage,
God,
I know the aching pain
That he must feel for all things here
He longs to see again.

Thank you, dear God, for love like
ours
That reaches o'er the sea;
And thank You, God, for keeping us
Together, spiritually.

Please keep him trusting, loving me
Until we meet again:
And tell him every night how much
I love him, God. Amen.
—By Mrs. Elsie Hull.

Lost in the Mail—*Lucile's letter containing her copy for "The American Family" to be published on this page. It will appear in the December issue. You will enjoy this letter from Johnnie Field.*

(This letter from Lt. John Field, flier in the Southwest Pacific apparently written just before the drive on Morotai and the Palaus, has been received by his father, Frank Field.)
Dead Dad:

Still not much doing in this area, as you have seen in the newspapers. But things will get rolling again soon, and when they do your little boy, John, will be as busy as a German dodging Russians.

I haven't flown a mission this week and don't see much prospect for a mission or two in the near future either. The Jap is just naturally getting beaten down in this area.

Oh, yes, as I predicted a few months ago, the New Guinea campaign is all over except the shouting. So, naturally, we shall move on to greater pastures eventually. No telling how soon, and I hope that I can get home before anything drastic happens. But, then, if I don't I'll be home after it has quieted down again.

I've had a lot of fun in New Guinea, and it will seem kinda strange to get back to flying over towns and streets and farms and such. But I'll love it just as long as it is in the good old U. S. A.

I'll miss the fog of early morning and the ever changing, always beautiful sunsets. I'll miss the rugged country with its mountains whose tops reach up to get the sunlight on top of the clouds. And the vast Kuni valleys, with the floors of green or brown, as the seasons come and go. I've always wondered what I would find over the next range of mountains that is always just ahead, and what is at the source of this river or that one. Starting far up the valleys on through the mountain foothills and on up into the snow-capped mountains. They start as a Spring or a freshet of melted snow, and wind up a mighty yellow road, barely moving; in the heat of the day as warm as dish water. They are truly roads for they are the only means of travel over these vast distances. Unless it is the way we travel, there are only the trails and the rivers, the rivers preferred because they go everywhere and are infinitely easier to traverse than the little footpaths through the jungle, more often than not stooping rather than standing. For the fellows that make them they are rather like pigmies, although the fellows whose business it is to know those things tell us that they are not even faintly related to the African race of the little half-sized men. But what I'll miss most is the good old down to earth jungle, the basic thing from which all things in this part of the world are gotten. The natives are born in it, and they die in it. I wasn't born in it, and I certainly don't expect to die in it.

I went fishing the other day out in the lake and didn't catch anything but a bad sunburn, but the trip was interesting for other reasons. The road leads right down to the water's edge, so we took a Jeep, threw a life raft in it, and right after dinner off we went. We didn't pick the spot for the launching very well and we found ourselves in a hot, breathless neck of the lake, about a mile from one of the more open stretches of water. So, in order to keep a little cooler, off came the shirts. That's where the sunburn came in. It took us about an hour to go that mile, as we at that time still had hopes of catching a few fish. There weren't any banks that we could see, as the sago swamps on both sides were in water up to the first fronds and continued back in toward land as far as the eye could penetrate, which was about 15 ft. As we slowly paddled down toward more open water it grew deeper until at the depth of 6 ft. we couldn't see the bottom any longer. But while we could, there were literally thousands of little gold fish flashing around near us. They were from 2 to 5 inches long, and were just as Gold as any Woolworth ever sold. But, not even they were biting, so we continued.

We had buzzed the native villages many times, but never had the opportunity to have a good close look at these water dwellers. So we paddled over to a village and looked around. We were politely snubbed by the inhabitants and practically ignored. But, in true tourist fashion, we ignored them too, and went on letting our curiosities guide us. The houses are built out from the land anywhere from a foot to 20 feet. They are mostly built with sago branch sides, floor, and beams, and sage leaves for roofing. Incidentally, the starch from the Sago tree also forms the main vegetable content in their diet. The only thing that they don't use the Sago for is clothing, and if clothing were needed they could probably manage that, too.

Inside the houses there was nothing much but a few old shreds of cloth, assorted wooden or clay pots and bowls and there were even some made out of coconut shells. Also a few spears, bow and arrow, etc. Other than that, nothing. I take that back. In each one there was always a piece of tin or a large flat stone to build cooking fires on. I don't know what they used before the white man introduced them to tin. More stones I guess. All personal possessions, such as we know them, are carried around the neck or waist in a small leather bag. Usually a couple of fish hooks, an old knife, his betel nut powder pouch and a nail or two, are all they contain. Mind you, these are the possessions of the so-called civilized "coastal native." The hill native's possessions are cut in half, consisting of just what he can make with his own two hands. For, not 20 miles back in the hills the vast majority of natives have never seen a white man, and have probably only head rumors of their existence. And farther back in the interior of

the island, the native has probably heard of the existence of a body of water larger than his own river, only in folklore.

But to get back to the natives at hand. We naturally didn't go inside the houses but only glanced in the front or side when we paddled by. But, there were old men and women lounging in the shade, too lazy even to keep the flies off themselves. Wives and young women preparing for the evening meal, and little naked children paddling and splashing around and under the houses. The sanitary problem is very simple. Wastes of all kinds are merely thrown out the side of the house and into the lake. What little the fish don't eat drifts away with the current to become waterlogged and eventually sink. The men were nowhere to be seen. Probably the energetic Dutch have them out working some place. In every village, for every inhabited shack there is at least one that is abandoned, a wreck. I don't see when they build new ones, for the ones they live in are practically ready to fall in. And yet, the old ones get older and the abandoned ones sink into the lake, and still no new ones are built. The whole picture tends to be just a little bit on the slovenly side, but they're happy, and if they are happy then why should I worry about them. For that matter, if they are unhappy, why should I worry about them?

To pinch this off short, we didn't even get a nibble, but did learn a little more about the natives in these parts. We returned home, beaten but unbowed. Speaking of the Dutch Government, reminds me that they are going to give us 20 percent of our pay in addition to our regular pay, just for helping to free this area. This is for the months of June, July and possibly August. If it is for three months I will have collected free of charge around 180 fish. Pretty white of them, eh?

Well, I must close and tell Pappy to try and do what I suggested in that little matter. The necessary equipment is enclosed.

Love to all,
Johnnie

BOOST

"A friend lent me some copies of Kitchen-Klatter Magazines, and you can't imagine how I enjoyed reading them. I've been a listener to your program for some time now and am greatly interested in your cheerful talks about your children, grandchildren and your home. I also enjoyed the pictures in the copies I saw. Enclosed please find a check. I am ordering the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine for one year."—Mrs. Marvin L. P. Albers, Meckling, South Dakota.

COVER PICTURE

The picture on the cover this month is of me, answering some of my radio mail.

—Leanna.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"What should parents do when daughter 16 marries man of 56?"

"As for what I would do in a case of that kind, let me tell you what was done in my case and it worked out so that everyone concerned has been happy for nearly eleven years. You see, I married a man who is 38 years older than I and whom I had known only a very short time.

When I went home for my clothes, after breaking the news by letter, my Darling Aunt (who had been a grand substitute, since God had called my own mother home while I was an infant) greeted me with a kiss and these words: "Dear, I could make an awful fuss and say you can never come home and bring your husband with you. But I won't. None of us could be completely happy that way. So I'll say, "God bless you," and if you love him we'll try to, too, and welcome him into our family circle."

Isn't that much better than as if they had been unkind? Christian love can do wonders to overcome such obstacles. I just pray that I will be as gracious when the time comes for my two daughters and two sons to choose their life companions.

I hope this will inspire the mother from Illinois to accept her daughter's husband kindly and save herself, maybe, the loss of her daughters love. I believe it is better to face such a disappointment gracefully, (I know my people were disappointed at the time of my marriage), than to spoil the future for four people and maybe some day depriving even more of the natural love between grandchildren and grandparents." — Summerfield, Kansas.

"Maybe this marriage will be one that will turn out all right. We never know for sure even though we may wonder just how the future is to be.

You could, of course, have this marriage annulled but would this be the right thing to do? If you would, perhaps your daughter would try to forget by doing far worse things. Things which I dare say might bring more disgrace than you feel you are now experiencing.

As I understand it, you do not know this man. The only thing is that he is forty years older than your daughter. Aren't you judging him a bit too harshly when you know nothing of his character? Remember in the Bible it says, "Judge not that ye be not judged." Why not take him into your home and learn more about him? I'm sure you'll make your daughter far happier and it is your daughter's happiness you are seeking and thinking of, isn't it? If it is proved to be a mistake, well, we can't change what is already done anyway, and if it is proved not to be a mis-

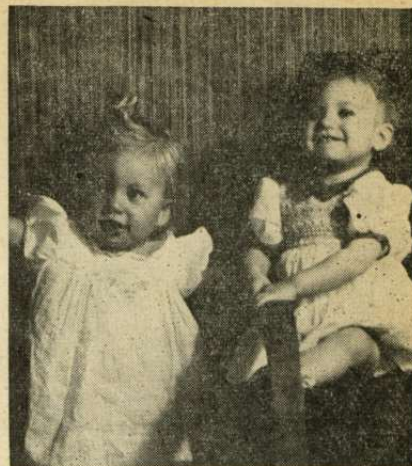
take, wouldn't it be far better to take him into your family in the first place?"—Sully, Iowa.

"Your daughter is now a married woman and you had best give your daughter and husband your blessing, no matter how undesirable the marriage may seem to you. When parents fail to gain their children's confidence from early childhood, it is a very sad state of affairs, and as much as I hate to say it, that is obviously what has happened in this case. May we parents all learn a lesson from this sad case."—Omaha, Nebraska.

"To the inquirer who wanted to know what to do in the case of a young daughter having married a man so much her senior, I'd like to say that it seems to me most advisable to make the best of a truly bad situation or of one that appears so on the surface. After all, we do owe our children all the good we can be to them; not accepting this man into the family circle will only aggravate the situation and will, in time, if not at once, embitter the daughter and surely her husband will feel bitter toward her family if he is so treated. Hatred never can do anyone good—neither the one presenting it nor the one who is the recipient. Both are injured physically, mentally and especially spiritually. In time, no doubt, the daughter will see the error of her ways, but since it is too late, she will need her own family's well wishes and affection to weather the storm. After all, perhaps the right kind of an older man is to be preferred to some younger ones; it may be "better to be an old man's sweetheart, than a young man's slave."—LeMars, Iowa.

If we were in her parents place I would feel we had utterly failed in teaching and raising her as we should. I know lots of children are impulsive and apt to do things they were warned against and know to be wrong but in all probability this girl will need her parents now more than she ever has and if the daughter can put up with him all the time surely it will be easier for them to be respectful to him as they have to be rather than give the girl up entirely. She is going to need council and advice now that only a mother can give. Don't deprive her that. If she loves this man and he isn't allowed to go to her home, she won't go either and the parents will sit and "think and wonder." If they are allowed to come home you can see and judge lots of things for yourself. It will take lots of prayer and patience for everyone to be happy."—Wymore, Nebraska.

Editor's Note—I wish to thank all of these friends for their letters. They express my opinions exactly.



Juliana and Kristin, our granddaughters.
August 1944.

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

Of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published Monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa, for October, 1944.
State of Iowa
County of Page, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared M. H. Driftmier, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

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

Publisher, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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

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

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

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

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

M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1944.

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



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Cream of Corn Soup Roast Fowl
Pop Corn Relish
Stuffing and Giblet Gravy—Creamed White Onions
Baked Hubbard Squash Mashed Potatoes
Jellied Cranberry Pickles Celery Curls
Cabbage, Carrot, and Raisin Salad
Hot Rolls — Butter
Salted Nuts — Coffee
Pumpkin Pie — Cheese
Sweet Cider

PUMPKIN PIE

(2 seven inch pies)

Line pans with crust
1 1/2 cups pumpkin
2 egg yolks
2/3 cup brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 1/2 cups milk
1/2 cup cream
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 lemon rind and juice
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 egg whites beaten stiff and folded
into the above ingredients. Fill the
pie shell. Bake in a 450 degree oven,
15 minutes, and in a moderate oven
325 degrees for 30 minutes longer.
(Lemon may be omitted.)

MINCE MEAT

Combine and cook slowly for sev-
eral hours.

4 pounds of cooked lean beef,
chopped
2 pounds of chopped suet
1 peck of peeled, chopped apples
6 cups sugar
2 quarts cider
4 pounds raisins
3 pounds currants

Grated rind and juice of 2 oranges
and 2 lemons, 1 teaspoon cinnamon,
mace, clove, teaspoon salt, 2 quarts
of canned cherries. Pickled peach
juice or grape juice may be added.
Watermelon preserves can be sub-
stituted for citron. Seal in hot sterile
jars.

SPICED CRANBERRY JELLY

1 quart cranberries
2 cups boiling water
Boil four minutes
Put through sieve
Add 2 cups sugar
4 cloves and 2 sticks cinnamon
Boil 5 minutes. Remove spices.
Pour in glasses to cool.

STEAMED SUET PUDDING

1 cup suet (chopped fine)
2 cups bread crumbs
1 cup raisins
1/2 cup citron (or nut meats)
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
1 beaten egg
1/2 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1/2 teaspoon salt
Pour batter into a greased dish.
Cover closely and steam two hours.
Serve it hot with a sauce.

DRESSING FOR FOWL

There is no set rule for dressing.
It should be light and moist and
flavored to suit the taste. The base
is usually dry bread or rice. For a
chicken, use 4 cups diced bread, 1
pint of oysters fried in a little butter,
3/4 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pep-
per, moisten with milk or liquid from
oysters. If one does not have oys-
ters, use chopped onion and poultry
seasoning to taste.

MOLDED COTTAGE CHEESE

1 tablespoon gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
(Dissolve by placing over hot
water)
Combine
2 cups cottage cheese
3/4 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup cream
1/2 cup Philadelphia Cream
Cheese
12 stuffed olives chopped
1/4 cup chopped nut meats
Add the cooled gelatine. Pour in
mold and chill.

Save waste grease—help win the war!

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With an order for six of the books for
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CRANBERRY RELISH

1 quart cranberries, ground
1 orange, ground
2 cups sugar
Mix and let ripen for several days
in the ice box. A good relish with
meat.

SUNSHINE CAKE

6 eggs
1 1/2 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups cake flour
4 tablespoons orange juice
2 tablespoons rind
4 tablespoons water
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar
Put sifted sugar into a bowl. Sep-
arate eggs and add yolks to sugar,
beat, adding little orange juice and
water mixed together until the 1/2
cup has been used and mixture is
thick and lemon colored, add rind.
Sift flour and measure 1 1/2 cups,
sift with salt and sift lightly into egg
mixture, beating well. Beat egg
whites, add cream of tartar and beat
until stiff. Fold whites into mixture
using wire beater. Pour into un-
greased tube pan, bake at 250 to 325
degrees graduating. Bake 60 to 70
minutes. Frost with powdered sugar
and orange juice.—Mrs. Kate Brogan.

MACARONI HOE

2 ounces green peppers
2 ounces red peppers
2 pounds cheese
1/2 gallon cooked macaroni (11 1/2
ounces, dry).
2 dozen eggs
1 1/2 ounces parsley, minced
1/2 gallon milk
1 pound soft bread
1 1/3 teaspoons salt
16 2/3 cups white sauce with peas
and mushrooms
Put green and red pepper, cheese,
and cooked macaroni through meat
chopper. Beat eggs. Mix all in-
gredients. Pour in three buttered
bread tins, and bake in pan of hot
water at 325 degrees for one hour.
Cut in 4 ounce slices. Serve with 1/3
cup of sauce. Serves 48.

THE DESERT PRINCE

By Sue Conrad

CHAPTER TWO

Yes, out of the old cabin there came a man. We could see that his clothes were very old but they were neatly patched and he was so tall and straight and walked with such a kindly, dignity that instinctively I remarked, "Well! Here comes the Prince of Wales himself."

Later I remembered these words and wondered at them. As we pulled to a stop opposite the cabin our "Prince" came over to the car and in a most cultured voice and courteous manner asked, "Are you looking for a place to camp?" We assured him we were and he immediately walked a little distance away where there was a nice level spot under the cottonwood trees and said, "I think you will find it very comfortable about here. It is shady and close to the spring and level for your camp beds and stove." We thanked him and he touched his hand to his ragged straw hat and turned and walked quickly back into the cabin. I hope he did not notice the expression on the faces of the three little girls for they were staring in utter amazement and as soon as he was safely out of sight Francie whispered "Mother! who is he?" She in her childish frankness was putting into words the question that was in the mind of each of us. But I tried to answer her calmly, "I don't know Francie. We will probably become better acquainted with him before the week is over."

We all went busily to work "setting up our camp" and soon had it done and the camp stove lighted and our coffee pot and skillet on and I was just breaking some eggs into the skillet.

I looked up when I heard a little gasp of surprise from one of the girls. I almost gasped myself! There came out of the door through which our "Prince" had disappeared what I at first thought was the queerest looking little woman I had ever seen. As she came closer I saw that it wasn't the woman, but rather the clothes, hair, and hat that made her look so queer. Her dress was of plain cotton material that had once been blue but was now faded and patched in several places. Her straw hat was frayed around the edge and there was a hole in the top. Her gray hair had once been bobbed as was the universal style then but it had been so long since she had been to the barber or the beauty shop that it hung straight down and touched her shoulders all around. But shining out from under the frayed hat and between the unprepossessing mop of hair was one of the daintiest little smiling faces you could imagine.

Yes, undoubtedly she was a lady of refinement, I thought, even before I heard her soft voice speaking in such perfect English. "How do you do?" she said, "My husband and I were wondering if you wouldn't like to come into the cabin for a little visit this evening? It will be a little cool

after the sun goes down and we can have a fire in the fire place." I told her we would be very happy to accept such a kind invitation and tried not to let my voice show the excitement and curiosity that was fairly consuming me. When she left I had a distinct feeling of being honored by that invitation and I could hardly wait to get supper over and the dishes washed. The little girls were almost shivery with joyful anticipation and even forgot to say "ouch" as I brushed out their wind-tangled curls.

None of us knew exactly what to expect as we entered the door of that little cabin. What would its contents furnish or this evening's visit bring forth that would help us solve the mystery of these people?

(CONTINUED IN DECEMBER ISSUE)

WHITE FLOATING SOAP

1 can lye

1 quart rain water (Mix together using stone jar.)

Melt two quarts strained fat

Add to cooled lye mixture:

1/2 cup liquid ammonia

2 tablespoons borax

Stir cooled fat into cooled lye mixture being sure all is cool. Stir slowly (using wooden spoon or paddle) for 5 or 10 minutes or until mixture is like thick syrup or fudge.

Pour into molds. I use peach crates lined with old rags which have been wet. I also fold newspapers heavily in the bottom to absorb any excess amount of moisture that might leak through. Cover and let stand for six or eight hours and cut and lay to dry. Store later.

JUMP OUT IF YOU CAN

Can you draw a circle around a person that he can't jump out of? Yes—Draw it around his waist.



Four of the Five Sisters. Helen Fischer, Sue Conrad, Jessie Shambaugh, and myself. The other sister, Martha Eaton lives in Des Moines.



AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

Leanna has asked me to write you "something personal" but honestly, nothing about me that's personal is the least bit interesting. Never-the-less, I'll try.

I was a school teacher before I married a farmer. Now with sixteen years of married life behind me, with a son nearly fifteen and three others, 11, 9, and 8, to keep me busy, I am again teaching school.

The oldest son takes his dinner and goes south to meet a car. The three small sons and I have two ponies that we ride the nearly two miles to our school.

When I get there and everyone else does too, I have ten boys and two girls. Of the ten boys, eight are in the eight to eleven years old group. Believe me, those eight would keep me busy if I didn't have the other four.

The days are just too short. We are always busy, always interested and usually happy. The only time I have to relax or rest is the time it takes to ride to and from school. I would never be able to get it done if Cecil, my husband, and the boys weren't so good to help—anyplace and anytime. It's the same at school. The school is in our home district, just five families. The boys and girls are so very good about keeping it clean and helping with the things that must be done.

This is Gene's first year in high school. He thinks it's fine and enjoys both the studies and the social side which I consider an important part of school. We are lucky to have a complete staff of good teachers in our school.

I'm not claiming much credit for extra work. Thousands of other women are doing as much. The one thing I miss the most is a little quiet time to rest each day and I can do that when the war is finally won.

I try to begin each day fresh, uncluttered with yesterday's troubles and worries. I firmly believe that tomorrow when it comes will take care of itself. I shut the schoolhouse door on all of my home worries and I try to shut my home door on all my school problems. I am continually reminding myself that a really good businessman once told me that a woman couldn't manage a career because she tried to carry it around with her twenty-four hours a day while a man usually left his at the office. I am trying not to be the kind of a woman he was talking about.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Does sickness come to a home in cycles? I read that some place and often hear the remark that, "It all comes at once."



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Justine was in the hospital a week with the flu, then little W. F. developed a stiff swollen knee and the doctor suspicioned polio. He was rushed to the hospital and treated for two weeks. It proved to be an infection, possibly caused from the dye in the rug on which he crawled. Caring for four-year-old Karlene and cooking for the men folks caused me to neglect to check with the scales and here I am with some "excess baggage" to dispose of.

Mrs. Burck of Kansas said she was careless about her diet since she found it so easy to follow the eight-day schedule to take the weight down. Well, I am guilty of the same thing but one must be careful and not carry it too far or the "fat" will be harder to absorb. When I am at home it is easy to follow the schedule the first week in the month and forget calories—within reason—the other three weeks. This month it will mean a two weeks schedule for me.

One lady writes—"Mrs. Pitzer, you say fluids retained in the system increase the weight, yet in the eight-day schedule you advise many liquids, how come?"

The answer is this. Weight caused by retention of fluids in the system is not fatty tissue, this water will be released from the tissues and thrown off within a couple of weeks. I advise taking the extra fluids to help avoid wrinkles, by giving the tissues time to take up the slack caused when real fat is being absorbed.

True, scales will not show such a rapid drop but when it does come you will be in better health with fewer wrinkles. I want to help you reduce but not at the expense of health. You will notice a feeling of lightness and less nerve tension after your first loss of three or ten pounds, then scales may remain the same for a couple of weeks. During this time take the panting breaths following each meal and chew food very thoroughly as the saliva helps to digest the starch in foods. It keeps it from collecting in your storage room. When this storage room is crowded some organ will go on the war path, and it is usually the liver, followed often by gall bladder attacks.

Mrs. R. H. Danner helps in the Tech High School Cafeteria in Omaha, Nebraska. She writes we should see the way the food disappears when those hungry youngsters come in for lunch. They often make 150 pounds of hamburger.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Christmas is coming closer and closer and with everyone puzzling over their Christmas lists—what to get for this one and that one—you will surely welcome this suggestion that will not only solve your gift problem but help our shutin Neighbors. Over in Jackson, Michigan, at 402 Van Buren Street, lives a woman who, though shutin herself, has conceived a way to be of service to others who are also handicapped in one way or another. In one corner of a room in her home, Margaret Nickerson Martin has installed a large glass showcase and the walls are lined with shelves and all are filled with articles made by shutins from all over the country. This little "shop" is open every afternoon and evening and customers are always welcome. Orders for articles are mailed out to people who cannot come in. Margaret Nickerson Martin has wonderful taste and you can safely tell her how much you want to spend and a little about the person who is to get the gift, and be sure of getting just the right thing. Among the articles in the shop are shaker sets turned out by a wheel chair invalid, stampcraft cards made by a shutin in North Dakota, butterflies made of tiny glass beads in bright colors, necklaces and corsages from a sanatorium in California, holders, crocheted flower corsages, lapel ornaments, rugs of various kinds and a host of other things. Mrs. Martin herself has a way with words and has several books of poems that will touch your heart. Several of the poems have been made into wall mottoes and plaques which are for sale as well as the book. Shutins who do fine work are invited to send a sample to Mrs. Martin. If the work is salable, she will help you sell it.

Paralea K. Bobell, 608 S. New St., Apt 8, Springfield, Ill., wants to exchange view cards in lots of 5 or 10 at a time. She has been a shutin for many long years. Mr. and Mrs. Fenelon L. Miller, Rt. 2, Wooster, Ohio, are in need of cheer. They live alone in a little house in the country. They are not able to write but would enjoy getting cards or letters. Miss Hazel Abbott, 150 St. Botolph St., Boston, Mass., wants letters. She will answer all who write. Mrs. Joni Miller thanks you who wrote to her. She enjoyed hearing from you but is not able to write much.

A case that appeals to me a lot is Orin Hoffmeyer of 237 E. Virginia St., Sebring, Ohio. He has had arthritis for 15 years and suffers terribly. His body is badly drawn, and he is unable to do any thing. Can't even feed himself. He just lies in bed. Letters would mean much to him. That isn't much to ask.

When I write you next month, it will be from my new home in California. I am hoping to hear from a lot of you. Send your letters to Leanna and she will forward them to me. Be sure to tell me about the shutins you know who need cheer.



OVER THE FENCE

Mrs. H. Keesh of Emporia, Kansas, suggests that those of you who have been troubled with dark damp cellars, buy a box of Household lime, which comes in powder form, and sprinkle it over cellar floor and sidewall.

Miss Lois Bock, of Westside, Iowa, was fifteen on October 15. She would enjoy some letters from girls her own age.

Zoanna Field Fishbaugh has returned from the west coast where she has been with her husband Robert Fishbaugh of the Navy. Robert is in foreign service, now. While in California she called on Hope Field Powak, in Berkeley and talked to Lucile Verness in San Francisco. Lucile lived so far out she didn't have time to go to see her.

Frank Field and his family, in fact all of us, were very much disappointed that John did not get a furlough in this country, after his fifty missions were completed. He is kept on active duty in the Pacific. He has sent home many interesting souvenirs.

Ruth Shambaugh, my sister Jessie's daughter, is back at Iowa University this year getting her Master's Degree in Journalism. She is editor of "Frisol" the University magazine. Editing a magazine must run in the Field blood.

We are all so thankful that Edythe Sterlin has recovered from her recent operation so nicely. Her friends remembered her with hundreds of cards and letters. Her room was brightened by flowers and plants sent her by listeners.

I am going to nominate for our Kitchen-Klatter good neighbor of the month, Mrs. David Litner, Washington, Iowa. She has opened her home to a young soldier's wife with two little girls. She had been to ten places and no one would rent to her because of her children. Mrs. Litner writes, "This little mother was lucky enough to keep her babies. We had to give ours up. God is giving me this chance to help this mother and her babies."

We are all saddened to hear of the death of Ed Hinks, husband of our Kitchen-Klatter sister, Irella Hinks, who has been writing the "Stitch and Chatter" column for us. May God comfort and bless her in her sorrow.

Invest that "Pin Money" in war stamps.

PROTECT OUR MEN

Hold Thou their hand if they must go,
To yonder fields unknown,
Hold Thou their hand that they may
feel

That they are not alone.
They are so far from those they love,
Although in prayer they're near,
Into Thine arms we place our men,
This takes away all fear.
And if temptation tries to lure
Them from the narrow way,
Protect them Lord, protect them well,
Abide with them we pray.

—Mrs. Alma Dey.

MY BOY

Come here, you little rascal,
And sit upon my knee,
Stop your constant fidgeting,
And listen once to me.

I want to kiss your dimple,
I want to rough your hair
I want to bounce you up and down
And squeeze you all I dare.

I want to hold you—hug you,
And love you all I can,
I must not waste these precious years,
For soon you'll be a man.

Junction City, Kans.

My Dear Radio Friend:

How I do enjoy you at 1:30 each day
and always hate to miss hearing you.
The January Klatter is so good as
they all are. I can hardly wait until
they come. I'm enclosing \$1.00 for
another year. We just couldn't get
along without it. We read it, then I
send it over home for mother to read,
my two sisters and also my Dad.
Mamma says Daddy enjoys as much
as she does and that's lots.

Mrs. Joe Ellis,
Windsor, Mo.

Dear Leanna,

I am sending in my renewal to
Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I may be
late but I hope not too late for the
February issue. I must have it.
There are so many interesting and
helpful things in Kitchen-Klatter. I
don't know what I like best. I have
saved every issue since I started get-
ting it. I only wish there could be
more of it.

Mabel Cox,
Davenport, Iowa.

Dear Leanna,

I am enclosing an order but have
written it on a separate piece of paper.
Some time ago I sent for your mag-
azine and after I read them sent them
to an aunt in California. She enjoyed
them so much. She wrote me that
she showed them to some Iowa friends
and one lady said "Give me that ad-
dress, I want to subscribe for that mag-
azine. I used to go to school with the
Field Children." Of course I don't
know who she was but probably you
do by now.

Mrs. Fred Woollis,
Corydon, Iowa.

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest
way.



Staff Sgt. Jack N. Clayton of St. Joseph, Mo., has been with the 5th Air Force in New Guinea. He has finished his 50 missions and is back in the United States.

THINKING OF YOU

In dreams I see you up there in the
blue,
As you wing through the air with
your gallant crew,
For you are always in my heart,
Though we are many miles apart.
One of the treasures I hold most
dear,

Is a photo of you on my table here.
Your silver wings I proudly wear
And for you each day, I breathe a
prayer.

May God protect you from all harm,
Safe in the shelter of his arm.
He knows each plane that is in the
sky,

Not one escapes his all-seeing eye.
He who sees the sparrow fall,
Will always answer when you call
So when dangers force your path as-
sail

Just trust in God, He'll never fail.

—Miss Rosa Mae Rinard.

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 wheresoe'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 so deep a
sea,
I ask that angels guard you in each
place,
From all the perils you may 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.

—Mrs. Raymond Joseph.



We should now be ready to start
on another egg record. The flocks
should be culled and housed before
cold weather.

In order to keep the flock free from
loafers it is necessary to cull often.
In selecting your hens for your "Vic-
tory Flock" choose those that have
come into production early and main-
tain a high level of egg production
through out the winter and well into
the summer months.

When handling hens move delib-
erately and without frightening them,
as undue disturbances cause a slump
in your egg yield.

Rough handling may cause per-
manent injury to the egg producing
organs and stop production for all
times. Give your hens plenty of
light. Wash glass windows and use
glass substitutes if glass windows are
not available, in place of boards or
sacks. New muslin is a good substi-
tute for glass windows that are
broken.

I washed the eleven windows in my
one brooder house and have it ready
to go into retirement for the season.
There are still fourteen to be washed
in the chicken house which I hope to
have done long before this appears in
print.

In cleaning up my summer equip-
ment before putting it away I ordered
new parts for my two brooder
stoves and since they have now ar-
rived they are stored away with the
stoves ready to use next spring. In
that way there will be no worry about
long delayed repairs next spring. All
feeders and chick water fountains
are cleaned and disinfected and
stored away also. I am feeding my
hens a good supply of ground feed in
hoppers and I find that if I stir it up
whenever I am in the poultry house
the hens take more interest in it. I
also feed them stock beets I grew in
the garden. I toss a dozen or so out
on the ground and then take the
corn-knife and with a few good
whacks I have them so the hens can
go right into the heart of them. They
never seem to tire of them.

Poultry care is made up of a lot
of little jobs that do not look import-
ant but really are. Be on the look-
out for disease, and when you find
a bird not just up to par—do some-
thing about it. A sick hen can do a
great deal of harm in a short time by
spreading disease through drinking
fountains and droppings. One normal
disease hazard is overcrowding. Most
poultry raisers are trying to do their
part to bring about victory by po-
ducing eggs and meat but experienced
poultry raisers know that disease in
the poultry flock will not bring this
about.

When putting chicken in the locker,
cut it up and fill in quart or two-quart
glass jars. It won't have the locker
taste nor dry out.—Mrs. Gottfrid Pol-
son, Cleghorn, Ia.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE LITTLE RATTLEY BUS

Darling Kiddies,

I wish I could sit on the porch steps with you all around me as we did in this picture, and that we had little Susan and Neil with us too, for I have the best story to tell you. Since you are so far away I will have to write it for you.

I'll send it to Costa Mesa to Marilyn, Steve, Skippy, and Buddy after you read it, send it to San Bernadino to Dicky, Davey, Joni, and Neal. They can send it to Susan. Now here is the story, and most of it is true. Maybe I fell asleep and dreamed a little of it.

Since I have been in Shenandoah staying with Aunt Leanna and talking over the radio, I have gone back and forth to Clarinda a good many times, to work in my Polomeme Pottery Shop for you know how Granny Sue loves to make things out of clay.

There have been so many soldier boys that have wanted to ride on the bus these days, and also many plain people who don't have gas for their cars, that they have had to hunt up a lot of little old rattley buses that were really too old to work, and ask them to help out. They are doing a fine job. Often I have to ride in one of these rattley buses because I am only going 20 miles.

One day I was waiting at the bus depot. Down the street came the most beautiful shiny, big silvery bus. It was swaying back and forth as if to catch more glittering sunbeams to throw at us. Its head lights were sparkling with pride and as it pulled up to the curb I could almost hear it say, "There, did you ever see a more beautiful bus." The driver stepped out, straightened his tie and pushed his drivers hat a little more to one side. "All passengers to Kansas City aboard," he said. Then I knew I had to ride on the little bus for I was only going to Clarinda.

Here it comes, down the street, rattley bang—rattley bang. You could tell by the way it pranced along that it was a gay, good-natured little bus, and I even thought I saw it smile at the big shiny bus—a friendly little smile—I knew right then, that I liked that little bus even if it was ragged and rattley.

The driver of the little bus helped me in, stowed away all the baggage and we were ready to start. The driver of the big shiny bus shut the shiny door and stepped on the starter. Yes, he stepped on the starter but all we heard was a clattery clanging noise. He tried several times to start the engine but the noise only grew louder.

The big bus turned its bumper around a little and I thought I saw



Sue Conrad and 7 of her 9 grandchildren.

tears in its headlights. It was so embarrassed. The little bus smiled back and what do you think he did. Slowly the little old rattley bus moved forward, and I am sure I heard a happy little chuckle as its bumper touched the bumper of the big bus and pushed it slowly up the hill, where, with a cough and a sneeze, the engine started and big bus sailed on ahead.

The little bus tried its best to keep up for it was afraid it would be needed again. It just danced along, smiling from head light to head light. It seemed to me in its rattley voice to be saying,

"I may be rattley
I may be small
But I can help big folks
After all."

There Sweetiepies, did you like that story? Run and play and be good kiddies. I'll come to see you again, some day.

—Granny Sue

A DIFFICULT CHOICE

One day my mother said to me:
"If you could choose just who you'd be,

Would you be queen, or prince, or king?

Just 's'pose you could be anything." It seemed quite wonderful to me To think of all that I might be Of stately queens and princes bold, Who wear gold crowns and scepters hold!

I though and thought for 'most a day,

I thought so hard I couldn't play, But every choice has had this bother, Unless I'm I, I'd not have mother.

—Charles Ralle.

TO KEEP YOU GUESSING

Read these riddles aloud to the family, withholding the answers and see how many can guess them.

What never asks a question yet requires many answers? A door knock-er.

What yesterday was, and what tomorrow will be? Today.

A word of three syllables, seek until you find, which has in it twenty-six letters combined. Alphabet.

If you see three pigeons on a tree, and shoot two, how many will remain? None, the third will fly away.

I am taken from a mine and shut up in a wooden case, from which I am never released, and yet I am used by almost everybody. A lead pencil.

A CORN COB FLYER

This is an outdoors game. Stick three long feathers in a piece of corn cob. Throw it up in the air and watch it spin about.



Mary Jane has a half-pint of milk for her cat. But, there are a number of cats in the picture. Just how much milk would she need if she fed them all?

OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For Subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

Rug Weaving and Crocheting.—Miss Ruth Bunn, Runnells, Iowa.

Postmarks any size.—Mrs. Kate Brogan, 6540 Poppleton Ave., Omaha 6, Nebraska.

Pot Holders, Wash Rags, and Little Aprons.—Mrs. V. F. Thurman, Turner, Kansas.

Will exchange Shakers and Miniature Shoes. Prefer old shoes with a history behind them.—Mrs. Arvil Dunagan, Easton, Minnesota.

Will exchange Novelty Buttons.—Mrs. Roy K. Neff, Route 1, Millersville, Pennsylvania.

Paper Napkins.—Mrs. H. C. Carlson, Route 2, Box 20, Windom, Minnesota.

Will exchange Miniature Dogs.—Mrs. James Griffin, 548 McKinley Avenue NW, Carrollton, Ohio.

Dressing Dolls. I have several antique dolls over a hundred years old.—Gusta M. Getscher, Riverton, Iowa.

Will exchange Dogs.—Mrs. Bertha M. Taylor, 856 1st Street, NW, Mason City, Iowa.

Penpals and Cactus Plants.—Dolores Larsen, Box 245, Bancroft, Iowa.

Will exchange or pay party for inexpensive piece of embroidery work. (About 15c).—Loretta Mae Shaw, Lexington, Missouri, Rt. 1, Box 76.

Wants Jig-saw Puzzles and Scrap Book material to pass on to other shut-ins.—Mildred Woodbury, 209 S. Throop Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Will exchange Print Pieces for buttons and buckles, or will exchange Viewcards for pictures of churches.—Martha B. Christians, Rt. 1, Adrian, Minnesota.

Will exchange Match Book Folders, Postmarks, View Cards, and Odd Buttons for miniature cats.—Mrs. Mike Otten, Little Sioux, Iowa.

Salt and Pepper Shakers.—Mrs. Frances King, Ireton, Iowa.

"I'm interested particularly in any old colored glass or china slippers that have a regular pattern, as amber in Daisy, button pattern-blue, brown, etc., or any in real milk glass. Am looking for a piece of antique glassware in cranberry or blue, as well as any genuine milk glass pieces. May exchange for something they collect or would buy. Write first."—Mrs. A. Hiett, 510 N. Main Street, Monmouth, Illinois.

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

"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.

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SMALL BASKET like one described in Stitch and Chatter column 12¢. One fully equipped Worry Room, \$1.00. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, Munden, Kansas.

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CROCHETED POT HOLDERS in the shapes of cups, watermelons, fans, pumpkins, stars, birds, rose petals, leaves, and panties, 85¢ pair. Mrs. Will Kracke, Hope, Kansas.

BABY CLOTHES: Layettes, made to order. Dresses of swiss, batiste or dimity, 1 and 2 year sizes, \$2.50. Pinafore, beautiful print material. Price \$2.00. Note "ad" in October number for night shirts. Laura Mitchell, 712½ S. Locust, Grand Island, Nebraska.

FROM SUE TO YOU. My handmade pottery. Order for Christmas gifts this month. Busy Day Vase and matching Figurine, \$1. Window Sill Bulb Bowl, different and beautiful, 2 Narcissus bulbs free, \$1. Sue Conrad, Box 467, Shenandoah, Iowa.

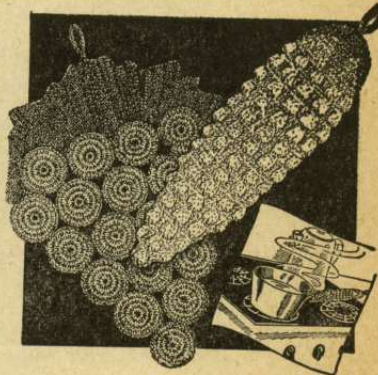
"I like the magazine so very much. I heard you read a letter where the lady cut out what she wanted to keep. I sure don't cut anything out of mine. I'd have the whole paper cut to pieces. I just keep it all—don't destroy one paper. I can hardly wait for the next one to come."—Mrs. J. W. Gray, Botna, Iowa.

"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 Driftmier,
Shenandoah, Iowa.



For jiffy work with your crochet needle, two panholders come right from the Victory Garden to the kitchen to help with the cooking. Golden yellow corn and regal purple grapes look almost good enough to eat, but do their job of preventing burned fingers. Make some for yourself, some for the bazaar, and some for Christmas gifts. Complete directions for both the corn and grape panholders are included in C9674, 10c.

Order from Leanna Driftmier
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2 STITCH AND CHATTER

By Irella Belle Hinks

AN OLD THANKSGIVING CUSTOM

It was the custom in New England to place five grains of corn in a little dish at each place at the table. The story is that in the days of our Pilgrim-Fathers, a granary burned just before the feast. Only a few grains of corn were saved, but five were placed before each one and the family gathered around their frugal board and were thankful for their five grains of corn which they would use as seed corn. The moral of this story is that each one of us has something to be thankful for.

Everyone is able to give pleasure in some way. One person may do it by coming into a room, another by going out. Once, in by gone days, I memorized these lines:

Books are keys to wisdom's treasure,

Books are gates to lands of pleasure,

Books are paths that upward lead,
Books are friends—come let us read.

Let me suggest that you read "Mother of the Smith's" by Lorraine Car. You will smile and you will weep with this mother who wished, only, for three things—a blue bowl in which to put red apples; a blue gate on which her small son might swing and a blue dress with a white collar. All three wishes came true, but, well, do read it. I just must go back to the gift shop in a near by city, for there I saw just the right gift for my uncle. I was unwillingly hurried away because of the "al fluloofia" hay waiting at home. I really need something on that order myself and I wonder if you do. It was a fully equipped "Worry Room" about the size of a book. In side the door there was a chair for quiet worries, a pacing rug for active worries and rows and rows of labeled drawers, even a closet for private worries and a compartment for extra worries, yes, and a paper basket for worn out worries. I believe the idea was to file or store away worries for a week and then with a clear mind—go in and worry each worry through before going on to the next. Yes, I just must go back.

Shall we make a pair of pillow cases? Face the case with plain material or strips cut on the bias. Either two or three inches in width. Above in center, of case, baste a pretty basket and then whip it down. (Flowers may be embroidered in top of basket.) To crochet the basket use No. 30 crochet cotton in light rainbow colors and No. 11 hook. Start at bottom of basket. Make a chain of 25 st.

Row 1.—22 dc on chain (thd over once).

Row 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.—22 dc on the 22 dc of previous row.

Row 7.—Make 8 shells of 4 dc each. 1 shell in 1 st dc, miss 2 dc, 1 shell in next repeat across, making 1 shell in last dc of row.

Row 8.—Make 9 shells. 1 st and last being made in end dc and others between shells.

Row 9.—10 shells. Continue rows until 8 have been made.

Row 14.—Will have 15 shells.

Row 15.—2 dc in 1 st dc of shell, 1 dc in each dc across row, 2 dc in dc at end of row. (62 dc in all).

Row 16.—Make small scallops across top—ch 2, 3 dc in next dc, miss 1 dc, sc in next, ch 2 repeat. (20 Scallops).

Row 17.—Handle. Fasten thd in 7th scallop and make a shell of 4 dc, ch 2, shell in top of last shell, ch 2, repeat shell on top of shell with ch 2 between until you can bend handle



AID SOCIETY HELPS

TALENT MONEY

You have all heard the parable about the talents that were hidden away, and the others that bore fruit, haven't you? It has been said that none of us truly express our genuine abilities and talents, so in a very small way this is an excellent plan whereby we can unearth some of these talents that we possess. The rarest thing in the world is originality, but if you once stumble on to it there is no limit to what can be done.

Take one lowly twenty-five cent piece, for instance. When you first hold it in your hand and realize that it must go out into the world and multiply itself as many times over as possible—well, that is the time you will probably wish for a powerful and vivid imagination.

You've been given this quarter, then, and in three months you are to report the result of your efforts. Take heart! The first thing you can do is buy some outing flannel and make two little nightgowns trimmed with featherstitching and a French knot flower or two.

When the three months is up have everyone report and turn in his money. How much you'll raise I don't know, but I do know this: that when the report is finished and the money is all in, your head will be spinning with the original and unique ideas that your friends have had for making their quarters grow. You'll go home and read the parable again, just for good measure, and you'll never quite forget.

THANKSGIVING SALE

A food sale, specializing in cranberry jelly, pumpkin pies, and other Thanksgiving foods would surely be a money maker. Orders should be taken the week before.

JUSTIFIABLE

Judge—"Mr. Smith, what do you have to say about speeding 50 miles per hour?"

Mr. Smith—"Well, sir, I had just heard that the ladies aid were having a rummage sale, and I was hurrying home to save my other pair of pants."

Judge—"Case dismissed."

Put that Pin Money in War Stamps.

TABLE DECORATIONS

No one should have a hard time finding table decorations for Thanksgiving Day. The trouble is that there are so many things to choose from. Even though you will not have a large family gathering on that day, plan a beautiful centerpiece for your table.

A table decoration does not always have to be in the center of the table. Why not place it at one end for a change? Seat the family on three sides of the table. On the fourth side have a wooden bowl filled with vegetables or a vase of lovely chrysanthemums, yellow and bronze, on either side of which burn two yellow candles. There is nothing like candles to give a festive atmosphere to a meal.

TABLE FAVORS

Pop Corn Turkeys are made, using a pop corn ball for a body, with a fanshaped tail made of construction paper. The head is made of cardboard. These need no feet.

A CORN CONTEST

1. Used as a pipe. Corn cob.
2. A flower found in a cornfield. Corn flower.
3. A small building for storage of corn. Corn crib.
4. An eastern college. Cornell.
5. A part of the eye. Cornea.
6. Meat served with cabbage. Corned beef.
7. An angle. Corner.
8. A brass valve instrument. Cornet.
9. A stone of the corner of a building. Corner stone.
10. A bread famous in the south. Corn bread.
11. Used as silage. Corn fodder.
12. Used as thickening in cooking. Corn starch.
13. A small nut. Acorn.
14. A district in the U. S. suitable for raising corn. Corn belt.

over and center top will touch bottom of basket. (About 30 shells). Fasten last shell to 7th scallop from other side.

Leave length of thd long enough to thd into needle every time you start or finish for a neat fastening.

(Note: The day after Mrs. Hinks wrote this, her husband died very suddenly).