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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

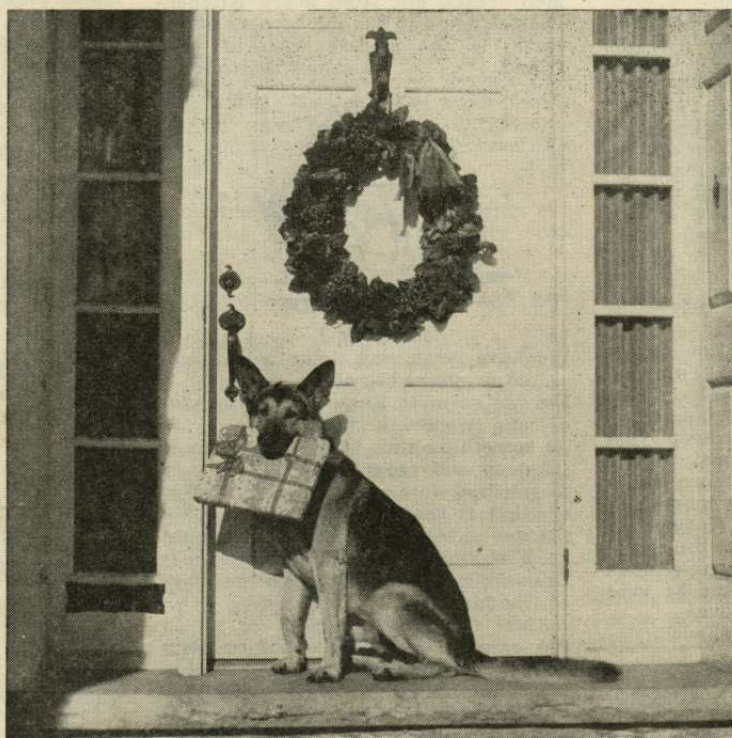
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

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My Dear Friends,



As Christmas time draws near, those of us whose families are away from home this year, like to think of the wonderful Christmases when our children were small.

At our house there were many letters written to Santa and mailed in a hole in the big pine tree in the back yard. Sometimes there would be a letter there from Santa, himself.

In a box of family keepsakes I have this letter which I think Lucile, the oldest of our daughters wrote for Santa.

"Dear Teddy and Wayne,

I have had many letters to write lately and I see your names are on my list. I have been watching you very, very, very closely of late because it is only three more weeks until Christmas. I have noticed two very serious matters. You do not help your mother in the morning. You quarrel and tease each other and make too much noise. If you love your mother, keep quiet. Dress yourselves quickly and wash and comb your hair before breakfast. Another thing—do you always say your prayers? I'm afraid not. There is no excuse for not saying them.

Teddy, you are a very fine boy to run errands for everyone. You wait on your sister Lucile very nicely (Lucile was on crutches then) but let me warn you once more to keep your voice low. Wayne, you must control that temper of yours—no more fights, please. Dorothy could be more help with the housework and Margery, if you don't stop sucking your fingers, I won't bring you a doll. Donnie, don't you throw any more spoons at your daddy.

With love,
Santa Claus"

Howard is the only one of the children not mentioned in this letter but he must have been about fifteen. One thing Howard will miss this Christmas will be a gun. (Or will he?) Until these last two years that he has been in the army, it has been one of our family jokes to give him a pop-gun on the tree. As a boy he teased for a gun every year but we were afraid for him to have one because of the danger that the smaller children might get hold of it. Howard is in the 96th Division with MacArthur's 6th Army and I imagine he is having more shooting to do than he cares for. Wayne is assigned to 6th Army

Headquarters, so you can be sure I read all the news from the S. W. Pacific. Donald is still in Colorado. We are hoping that we can have a real family reunion a year from this Christmas.

Now may I wish each one of you a blessed Christmas. Your joy in Christmas will be a reflection of the happiness you bring to others.

May each one of you be blessed by the light that shines from the Star of Bethlehem. We do not ask for material gifts this year. We only pray that peace may come to this war-torn world, that we may have love and compassion for all, tolerance for our fellowmen and courage to face the future. May "Peace and Good Will to Men" reach out from every Kitchen-Klatter home to the far corners of the earth, is the sincere wish of your friend,

Leanna Driftmier.



PEN-FRIEND

We have never met, have never talked or shaken hands,
But we seem to know each other for our friendship stands
As something that is precious, that is deep and permanent,
A spiritual intercourse, each letter that is sent,
Creates a secret thread of thought that links us heart to heart,
Drawing us together though our lives lie far apart.

We cannot share the comfort of a cozy fireside talk,
We cannot share the joys of music or a country walk.
But we go on explorations of another kind,
Seeking our adventures in the region of the mind.

Sometimes we are closer to our pen friends though unseen,
Than we are to those with whom we live the day's routine.
Nearer in the Spirit than to those whom we can see,
A pen friend tried and true, can be a real affinity.
—A pen-pal in England.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Each year I steal a printed line
To greet you unseen friends of mine,
To wish you all the day may hold
Of joy and happiness untold.

To some, the day may be made sad
By missing loved ones, lass and lad,
But chins up, try to spread some cheer,

For Christmas comes but once a year.
—Leanna.

"JUST VISITING"

This is Christmas! And with it comes the good wishes we have in store for friends like you.

"No room in the inn." Is it still true that there is no room in this world for the peace and goodwill promised on that Christmas Eve, so long ago?

Christmas! Friend, 'tis Christmas
If there's no joyous way
To give a festive package—
Give some love away.

—Curless

Can you kiddies guess this one?
"What happens to a cat who crosses a desert on Christmas Eve? He gets Sandy claws. (Santa Claus)

Instead of sending just a greeting card to that friend whom you haven't seen for so long, write a newsy letter. Make Christmas a letter writing time. I'm guessing you will receive some mighty appreciative letters in return.

While we are busy planning Christmas for the young people, don't forget the very old. They have spent a life time making others happy and now they find most of their happiness in memories of other Christmases. Let's make the day real for them.

How glad we are that the "Lights are on Again" in England, and that the Christmas bells can ring once more in many of the European countries.

None of us are as good as we ought to be but Christmas shows us that we can be better than we usually are. More unselfish and loving.

Christmas secrets, don't you love them! Children slipping in the side door with bulging packages or father trying to sound innocent when he asks what size hose you wear. Will you ever forget the smeary little gifts the youngest made at school? Of course you won't. These are the happy memories we have when our children are grown and gone. God bless them!

Did you ever notice that the darker the night, the brighter the stars seem to shine. This is true of the Star of Bethlehem. It will not fail us now in these dark days. It's bright rays of hope reach to the far ends of the earth, bringing a message of assurance to all the world, from America. "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Come into the Garden

THE POINSETTIA

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Interesting stories have been woven around some of our flowers and the Christmas legend told in Mexico about the Poinsettia is one of these.

The story tells that many years ago a Christian church there had a custom of bringing great quantities of flowers to its sacred shrine at Christmas time. One year as people were bringing their floral offerings, a child stood by the roadside weeping bitterly. An angel appeared and asked her why she was crying on such a joyous day. She sobbed out that she had no money with which to buy flowers for the Christ Child. The angel bade her dry her tears and pluck the tall plant growing at her side. The child thought it only a weed but obeyed.

As the little girl held the plant in her hands, the leaves began to glow with a soft red light and when she placed it upon the altar, it seemed the most beautiful of all. The legend says that since that night the Poinsettia has been the best-loved Christmas flower in that land where it grows so freely. This is only a fanciful tale of course but when we see the Poinsettia with its glowing red leaves at Christmas time, it can be a living reminder to us that it is not the value of the gift that Christ recognizes but the spirit with which the worshipper brings his gift.

A true fact about the Poinsettia is that it was named for Joel R. Poinsett who was at one time U. S. Minister to Mexico. He found it growing as a weed but sent it home for cultivation. It has proved to be an extremely interesting plant to have in our windows in such climates where it may not be grown outside.

If we observe the growth of a Poinsettia during its blooming period we will discover that it is not brightly colored flowers that makes the plant so attractive but the bright red leaves or bracts surrounding the odd little fat flowers, yellow and red, each with a "honey jar" almost running over.

The Poinsettia must be kept in a warm, sunny window and not permitted to suffer for water in order to do its best. If the plant becomes either chilled or too dry it may lose all its leaves and be very unattractive.

After it has finished its seasonal mission and commences to present a more or less disheveled and tired appearance, set the pot out of the way in a place where it will not freeze, and forget it until warm settled weather comes in May. By that time it will look quite dead and hopeless but be not dismayed. Cut the old plant back to 2 or 3 inches and pot in fresh rich soil. The tops that were removed will look like nothing more than dried sticks but you will be surprised what latent life lies therein. Cut them into 5 or 6 inch lengths and set three or four in a pot. Each one will take root, develop foliage and

bloom by Christmas.

Sink the pots in a sunny place in the garden. Water only moderately until the new growth is well started. After that they will require extra watering during the entire summer unless it is an extremely wet year. A little extra fertilizer added according to directions will make fine dark green foliage. Sometimes the roots grow so vigorously that they push down through the drainage holes in the pots. Twist the pots around occasionally during the summer to discourage the roots from becoming established in the soil. The shock of having much root growth of this kind removed in the fall might cause the plants to wilt and drop their leaves.

Since sudden changes in temperature will also cause a Poinsettia to drop its leaves, it is necessary to bring the plants inside to a sunny window at the first approach of cool nights—a plant without leaves would surely be a disappointment instead of a joy at Christmas time.

THE FLORIST'S SHOP AS A SOURCE OF GIFTS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

One of the greatest pleasures of selecting gifts for Christmas is the visit to the greenhouse or florist's display shop. Here we also enjoy feasting our eyes on all sorts of blossoming plants which have been carefully grown to perfection over a period of many months just for this need—something gay and bright to bring out the true Christmas spirit. Not only do we find plants and flowers here, but also suitable containers for them together with Christmas greens and candles.

In making purchases, it is a good plan not to wait until the last minute to select Christmas plants or flowers. Not only is there a better selection, but also one may be better able to pick a good-weather day to do it in. This is very important, for the quick change from the warm moist greenhouse to the cold out door air is very detrimental to most plants, causing them to lose their leaves, especially the Poinsettias. If several plants are to be given to different friends, it is better to make several trips rather than to leave plants or flowers too long in an unheated car. If plants are given several days in advance during the early part of the week before Christmas, it not only helps the florist out in these days of help shortage but the recipient also derives greater pleasure. If small Christmas trees are purchased, they should be kept outside away from the sun until needed.

Poinsettias should be put in a place where cold drafts cannot reach them. They should be kept rather on the dry side. If blooms are cut, dip the stems in hot water or sear them with a hot iron to prevent loss of sap and consequent wilting. Plants however should not be allowed to become too dry, as



An English Ivy vine, supported by a wire makes a very unusual Christmas wreath.

the leaves will turn yellow and drop off. Cyclamen, Begonias, Christmas Cherries, and Peppers, Azaleas, and African Violets all present a bewildering array to choose from.

When selecting a plant, give special thought to its future home. Very often, of course, a plant full of bloom, perhaps at its peak, is given to a friend in very much the same way that we give a bouquet of flowers. When the bloom is done, the plant is set aside or else is given to someone who will care for it and carry it over to a following season. But the true plant lover nearly always appreciates a plant full of buds, with only a few open, realizing that there will be much enjoyment in it for many months to come. A plant like this brings color during its blooming season and livens up long winter days.

On the other hand, sturdy foliage plants may be given which will with care last several years. These do not demand much sun and add their decorative bit to modern rooms especially if placed in suitable containers. Not only are these the old favorites but some of the more odd ones as climbing fig and Rosary vine.

A gift of Mistletoe, Holly or other Christmas greenery is always acceptable and should be given in advance of the day itself, to be used in decorations. Baskets of fruit and flowers combined together bring joy to the shut-in appealing both to the eye and to the appetite. The more substantial flowers such as chrysanthemums might be chosen to decorate the fruit basket. Amaryllis bulbs, already potted are good gifts suggestive of Spring and if showing a start of green will prove fascinating to watch develop. These now come in many shades, including white.

Along with the Christmas greens will be found the candles. The old, old, custom of lighting the way for the Christ child will not be replaced by modern electrical devices.

In making a visit to the florist we will receive our own special gift—the blessing always felt when in the midst of lovely blooming plants.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

One of the pleasant things about writing a family story is the opportunity to back-track, so to speak, and cover incidents that would be difficult to fit into a formal account of people and the things that happened to them. This way I can take my time in putting down details that we children want to be sure to remember, for to us this family story is the best link that we can have with the past—and time is moving swiftly even as I write this story, so it is a link with the present and with the future, as well. Consequently I want to go back now and write about some of Dad's experiences in years gone by when he didn't suspect that the future would bring a time when his seven children would be interested in these experiences.

Dad was born October 7, 1881, on a farm four-and-a-half miles northwest of Clarinda, Iowa. His father and mother had moved to this farm after their marriage the previous year, and the bulk of the land was raw prairie. I know that when we were small children and drove past this place on our Sunday afternoon drives it was hard for us to realize that most of the land had never been touched until Grandfather Driftmier plowed it for the first time. In the same way we could never visualize his descriptions of Clarinda as it looked when he moved there at the age of five with his parents, and his sister Anna and brother Harry.

Around 1890 Grandfather moved his family to the house on East Tarkio street that we think of as the family home, since it has been occupied now by the Driftmiers for over fifty years. Directly across the street lived Uncle Joe Driftmier and his family of five children, and there was an unusually close bond between the two families for Uncle Joe and Grandfather were brothers, and Aunt Hannah and Grandmother were sisters. This meant that the twelve children (Uncle Joe's five and Grandfather's seven) were more like brothers and sisters than cousins, and double-cousins, at that.

With such a crowd there was almost no end to the good times that could be stirred up. One particularly successful game invented by Dad and called "Busy Clerk", was the mainstay for a number of years. This game really revealed Dad's early interest in business, for he fixed up an impressive amount of make-shift goods and kept his clerks hopping, although he was the busiest clerk of all. Even now, years later, members of the family laugh when they recall the feeling and energy that they poured into this game.

Thanksgiving and Christmas were the high points of the year, and most of them were spent at Grandmother's home in the country northeast of Clarinda. Uncle Joe and Grandfather hired livery hacks or bob-sleds, depending upon the weather, and an early start was made for the five-mile



Mart Driftmier and sister, Anna. Taken in 1893.

trip. Most of the time there was snow (which meant a bob-sled), and I'm sure that the old song, "Over the river and through the woods to Grandmother's house we go," must have been written by someone who made just such a trip as the Driftmiers made on Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The Christmas customs that we have always carried out in our home were the customs that Grandmother and Grandfather Driftmier started in their home. Grandmother always made big platters of decorated cookies (to this day we children still look for the special kind of silver candy balls that call back such vivid memories to Dad), and because there was so little money for gifts and decorations she invented all kinds of substitutes that would give her children pleasure.

Dad left school at the end of the eighth grade. This, I think, is the one step he has made in his life that he has never been able to feel philosophical about. He has always deeply regretted the fact that he didn't have a good education (none of us have ever met anyone who did a better job of educating himself!), but back in those days it didn't seem important, and what *did* seem important was the fact that his family needed his help.

Now most boys of fourteen or fifteen wouldn't be too greatly concerned over such a situation; as a rule, that sense of responsibility doesn't come until much, much later. But the one outstanding characteristic of Dad's personality throughout his entire life has been his sense of responsibility, (there has never been a time and there will never be a time when he will refuse help that lies within his power to give), and so as a young boy going out to his first job it never occurred to him to do anything but ture over his entire wages to his mother.

He did a little bit of everything in the next few years. He worked as a farm-hand for several farm owners northwest of Clarinda. He worked for A. A. Berry, a pioneer seedsman in Clarinda, and after a ten-hour day of the hardest kind of physical labor he went home at night and studied books on merchandising and advertising. He worked as a carpenter too, and made the standard wage of 50¢ a day, a far cry from the present when a carpenter makes that much or more in a half-hour. When we were children we liked to have him point out the barns and houses on which he had worked. And there was an interval when he sold and installed lightning rods.

Probably the first job he had that gave him any real sense of an accomplishment was working in an implement store. This gave him an opportunity to sell machinery, to observe how business was managed, and he made the most of it. He was working in this store when Grandmother Driftmier died in 1900. Her death came only a short time after she returned to Clarinda from a stay in New Mexico where Grandfather had taken her in the hope that a change of climate and altitude would arrest her illness.

Dad was nineteen when his mother died, and his sister Anna was not quite seventeen. Together they managed the home, for Grandfather's work as a traveling salesman kept him out of town for weeks at a time. It helped to have Uncle Joe Driftmier and Aunt Hannah across the street, but the big problem of keeping the family together fell upon Dad and Aunt Anna.

In the spring of 1901 something happened that both directly and indirectly changed the course of Dad's life. He contracted typhoid fever at that time and was seriously ill for a number of weeks. Recovery from typhoid is one of the slowest things in the world, and during the long days that he was trying to get back his strength he turned over in his mind the feasibility of going to Oklahoma. It had just been opened for settlement and the land boom was on in earnest. Everyone was talking about the wonderful new opportunities in Oklahoma Territory, and Dad decided that perhaps there he would find something more to his liking.

He had no business going, of course, for he was still miserably weak and unable to work more than a half-day, but he was so eager to get ahead that he left Clarinda in the autumn of 1901 and went to Oklahoma City. It was then a town of about eight-thousand without a paved street or a sewer—no one had even dreamed about the great resources of oil that were to be tapped later. It was a boom town and there was plenty of work for anyone able or willing to lift his hand, so Dad went to work as a carpenter. He wasn't strong enough to put in a full day's work, but somehow he managed to make enough to live on.

After spending a few months in

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FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "Last Christmas my husband and I gave our only son and his wife a \$500.00 bond with a little note attached saying that we wanted it to serve as the beginning of a nest-egg for the new home that they hope to purchase after the war. You can imagine, then, how shocked and hurt we were to learn that they cashed the bond to buy some new living room furniture. Do you think that we should come right out and tell them how disappointed we are, or should we just hold our tongues and let the matter go?"—Minnesota.

ANS: I can well imagine how disappointed you felt about this, but really, what good would it do to have a scene over it? The bond has been cashed and the furniture is in the house—none of that can be undone. It seems to me that this is a situation where it is genuinely better to "hold your tongue" and let bygones be bygones, for scenes that arise from such a situation are bitter and can never be forgotten.

QUES: "I am worried half to death over this problem, Leanna. Our son went into the army two years ago and has been overseas for several months. We asked his wife and baby to come and live with us for the duration, but she refused with the explanation that she wanted to live independently in her own home. We could understand this all right, but what we can't understand is the fact that she has gone to work and left the baby in charge of a lazy, careless young girl who neglects him badly. He is always dirty when I see him, chewing on candy, and otherwise hasn't decent care. Since she refused to live with us I hate to bring up the matter again, but I can't stand to see the baby so neglected. What do you think that I should do?"—Missouri.

ANS: If I were you I would have your husband talk with her this time since you said in your letter that you had done all of the talking previously. Ask her again to live with you, and if she refuses, ask her if you may take the responsibility of the baby during the day while she is at work. Tell her frankly that you feel he needs better care, and offer to give it—at least this would save her money. If you know her parents, contact them and ask them to approach her on the matter. Try these things first and let me know what happens, please.

QUES: "Every year our Aid Society has a very successful white-elephant sale just before Christmas, and at the last meeting of our committee I was appointed to write and ask your advice about a problem that we face every year. A member of our Aid laughingly boasts that she is the early bird that gets the bargains, for she is always the first one in when

the doors open and invariably selects the most attractive things. She pays for them, of course, but the point is that the few extra-special things disappear immediately and we would all like to have women from other churches get a chance at the best items. Can you suggest what we could do about this?"—S. D.

ANS: The only solution that comes to my mind is to announce this year that no sales will be made to Aid members for the first three or four hours. You can explain that you want a good showing of articles for the women of other churches, and that it has been decided to limit sales to Aid members for this reason. No one could be hurt or angry about this decision, and it seems to me about the only workable solution.

QUES: "It has always been the custom for our Woman's Club of the church to take layettes that we make ourselves to needy expectant mothers at Christmas time, and this year since I have been appointed chairman of the committee I should like to ask about a problem that has always distressed me. A group of three or four women make the call and present the layette, and I've been present on some of these calls and have seen the sad embarrassment of the mother-to-be. It seems to me a more gracious and Christian thing to have the call made by only one woman in a very informal fashion, and since I am chairman this year I would like to make such a proposal if you think it would be alright."—Kansas.

ANS: Indeed I do think that it would be all right. It seems to me that the fewer women who go on such missions, the better. It is very nice to receive a layette, but think of the chagrin any of us would feel if we were unable to provide clothing for an expected baby of our own!

QUES: "This year it is my turn to have the Christmas dinner and I'd like to have you settle an argument that has come up between my husband and myself. There are nine children in our family connections ranging from three to eleven years of age, and I'd like to set a large table for them in the kitchen. I have expensive rugs and china, and I hate to see the havoc that I know will result. My husband says that their table should be set at a corner of the dining room. Is he right?"—Iowa.

ANS: Yes, my friend, I think that your husband is right. If there is any one day in the year when children should have extra privileges it is Christmas Day. A table in the kitchen is more practical, of course, but Christmas belongs to children and I don't think that they should be closed off on this day to spare the rugs and china.



Our son Wayne sent this picture to show us where he attended Christmas services at the camp where he was stationed in Australia.

NOT FORGOTTEN

A nice long letter came today

From a soldier across the sea;
"I'm inclosing a little snap," he writes,

"'Cause I thought you'd like to see

The altar some of the fellows have built

Of bamboo, sticks, and such—

It has meant an awful lot to us,

Tho it doesn't look like much,

We think of that little altar,

As thru the jungle we plod;

We may be thousands of miles from home,

But we haven't forgotten our God."

I wish you could all see that little snap—

The altar so simply designed,

Beautifully banked with flowers and palms

And leaves thru the bamboo entwined.

We worry so much about the boys

Who are fighting on foreign sod,

But aren't they in safe keeping when

They haven't forgotten their God?

—Lucille Veneklasen.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN

Count your garden by the flowers,

Never by the leaves that fall;

Count your days by golden hours,

Don't remember clouds at all;

Count your night by stars, not shadows,

Count your life by smiles, not tears;

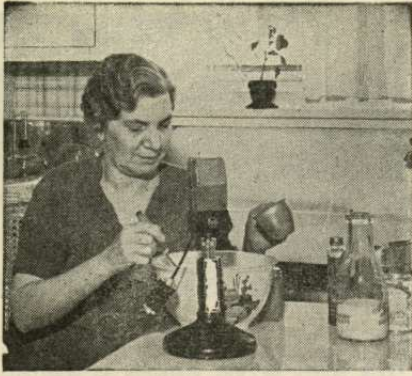
And with joy through all your lifetime,

Count your age by friends, not years!

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Oklahoma City he went to Shawnee, about forty miles east, where the shops of the Choctaw and Gulf Railroad were located. (This is now a part of the Rock Island Railroad System.) Dad had always had a boyish ambition to work on the railroad and he tried first to get into train service. When this failed he got a job in the yards checking freight cars, an improvement over carpentering as far as his health was concerned. But this particular job was responsible for one of the hardest times that Dad ever knew, and for teaching him what he says is one of the best lessons he ever learned in his life. Next month I want to tell you how he managed to live for a week on 65¢.

(Continued in January)



READY RULE

This rule above all others heed,
Have ready everything you need,
Before you start be sure to read
The recipe, then work with speed.
—Mrs. Sidney Seath.

MACAROON PIE

- 10 large soda crackers
- 1/2 cup of chopped nut meats
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 3 egg whites
- 1 scant cup of sugar
- A little flavoring

Beat egg whites stiff and as you beat add the baking powder, then the crackers (which have been rolled, but not too fine) then add nuts, sugar and flavoring. Put in a buttered pie pan and bake for 1/2 hour. When cold serve with whipped cream.

CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 quart cranberries
- 1 cup celery
- 2 oranges
- 2 cups of sugar
- 1 cup of nuts
- 2 tablespoons gelatine
- 1 cup of water, salt

Grind cranberries and oranges (be sure not to have white of oranges in it) and 1/2 of an orange peeling. Add sugar and 1/2 of water. Bring to a boiling point and add gelatine, which was soaked in the rest of the water. Cool and add chopped nuts and celery. Pour into molds, cut in squares and serve on lettuce leaves.

MACARONI LOAF

- 1 box macaroni or spaghetti
- 1/2 cup cheese, minced
- 1 pint rich milk
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups stale bread crumbs
- Small onion, shredded
- 1/2 cup celery
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley

Boil macaroni in salted water until tender and drain. Brown bread crumbs in butter. Heat milk and add beaten eggs after it cools a trifle. Combine with all other ingredients and pour into baking dish lined with buttered paper. Bake 3/4 hour in second pan containing hot water. Serve turned out on platter and covered with tomato sauce.

“Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen”

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

FINNSKA KAKOR

- 3/4 cup butter
 - 1/4 cup sugar
 - 2 cups flour
 - 1 teaspoon almond flavoring
- Roll 1/4 inch thick cut into strips 3/4 by 2 1/2 inches. Brush with slightly beaten egg white sprinkle with sugar and very finely chopped almonds. (Mix the sugar with almonds.) Bake 15 to 20 minutes in 350 degree oven. Makes about four dozen. Bake on ungreased pan.

ICE BOX COFFEE CAKE

- 4 cups flour
 - 1/4 pound butter
 - 1/4 pound lard
 - 3 tablespoons sugar
 - 1 teaspoon salt
- Crumble this mixture between fingers like pie crust until mixture looks like coarse meal. Add one cake fresh yeast which has been dissolved in 1 cup lukewarm milk. Add 3 egg yolks. Just stir altogether. Set in refrigerator over night. In morning divide dough into and roll out thin. Now dot with butter, then sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar and chopped nuts. Roll like jelly roll and pat down in pan using a large cookie pan. Makes two long coffee cakes. Let rise in warm place 2 1/2 hours. Bake in slow oven about 300 degrees or so 3/4 of an hour. Ice while warm with powdered sugar mixed with milk or cream and vanilla. Any fruit would be a nice filling.



Christmas Eve at the Driftmier's. My husband distributing the gifts from under the tree.

STICK CANDY

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1 teaspoon flavoring
- 1/2 teaspoon cream tartar
- 1 tablespoon glycerine
- 1/2 teaspoon soda

Boil all but soda and flavoring until brittle, take from fire and add soda and flavoring. Turn into buttered pans. Pull and draw out to slender strips. Roll on a breadboard dusted with powdered sugar.

BUTTERSCOTCH

- 1 cup brown sugar
 - 1 cup white sugar
 - 1 cup molasses
 - 1/2 cup butter
 - 1 teaspoon vinegar
 - 1 tablespoon vanilla
- Boil to soft ball stage. Pour in buttered pan, cut in squares.

PENOCHÉ

- 2 cups brown sugar
 - 1 cup thin cream
 - 1/2 cup white sugar
 - 1 tablespoon white corn syrup
- Boil until it forms medium hard ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from fire, beat until creamy and add 1 tablespoon vanilla and 1 cup nut meats, pour on greased pan.

CHOCOLATE NUT CARAMEL

- 2 cups gran. sugar
 - 1 1/2 cups corn syrup
 - 2 cups cream
 - 1 cup butter
 - 1 1/2 cups English walnuts
 - 3 or 4 squares chocolate
 - 2 teaspoons vanilla
- Put sugar, syrup, butter, and 1 cup of cream over fire and stir until all boils vigorously, then gradually add other cup of cream. Do not allow mixture to stop boiling while the cream is being added. Boil until it forms hard ball in cold water, remove from fire and add chocolate and nuts. Beat until the chocolate is melted, and pour on buttered platter.

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
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THE LOST PRINCE OF THE DESERT

By Sue Conrad

CHAPTER THREE

Yes, as I stepped across the threshold of that little desert shack, I wondered what would be there that would help unravel the web of mystery which had woven itself about these people.

Although I tried not to seem curious and to greet our new found friends with quiet courtesy, my eyes were caught and held by the beautiful picture which hung above the old stone fireplace. It was a reproduction of an oil painting of the grand canyon. Ah! so our friends were lovers of natural beauty! We were seated in the few very crude chairs which were about the wall and the little girls perched up on the bed—all eyes and ears. As I sat down, I glanced over at the table just opposite and there to my amazement I saw a fine Graflex camera. I had been wanting to buy a good camera so thought this would be a good subject to start conversation. I asked if this was a good type of camera to take desert pictures with and immediately Our Prince began telling me how to pick a camera and going to a chest at the other end of the cabin, he brought out several more very fine cameras, some of foreign makes. How I did long to ask him how he happened to have them, but I didn't wish to seem rudely curious.

When there was a pause in the camera conversation, I heard Francie saying to the little old lady, "Is that really a violin up there?" I looked where her little finger was pointing and sure enough, there hung a violin case so I turned to "The Prince" and said, "Do you play the violin?" "Well", he answered, "I did play a little but I have no more execution, no more execution." His wife heard him and quickly spoke, "He played in the Chicago Symphony for many years."

After much persuasion he took down the violin and played for us—an aria from one of the great operas. Although he was very apologetic we could see that he had been a wonderful violinist. Where was all this going to end? What were such people as these doing out here in this dirt floored cabin, dressed in these ragged clothes, outwardly tramps—I was snapped out of my reverie by a question which was being very timidly asked by the little old lady, "Did you ever cut hair?"

Well! I had cut the girlies hair a few times and as I looked at hers I felt that I couldn't make it look any worse, so I answered, "Yes, I have, a few times." "Well, would you be willing to cut mine?" I assured her that I would be glad to and we set the time for the next morning after breakfast.

After this the conversation drifted to many subjects but none that gave us any clue so the identity of our strange new friends and so we bade them goodnight and went to our tent, there to be awake for sometime, wondering.

The next morning as soon as breakfast was over I hurried to the cabin to find my little friend was all ready with a chair and scissors, out by the back door. As I was doing my best to cut off the long-neglected gray locks I saw that her head was very dirty so rather timidly I asked, "Would you like a shampoo while I am here?" "Oh! would you? I would be so thankful!" She hurried into the cabin and brought out hot water and towel and soap and as I washed that hair I was amazed at its softness and beauty. When it was clean and I had pressed it into waves back from her little cameo face—the face of a true lady—I said, "Now! if you just had a black silk lace dress you would be ready to step right out to the opera."

She looked up at me, and with a quizzical face said, "Would you like to see my clothes?" Rather taken back I caught my breath and said, "Why, Y-Y-Yes!"

We went into the cabin and she led me over to a trunk and opened the lid. Then I knew why she had smiled. There on top, lay a black silk lace evening dress. "I had these when I came over from Hawaii on the boat but I put them away when we came out here." Then the flood gates of her heart seemed to fly open and she told how her husband had been an aerial photographer in Hawaii but had been in an accident and so badly injured that the doctor had ordered complete quiet and rest and they felt that the best place to find this was on the desert.

In order to have something to occupy his mind he had been panning gold from the tailings of a nearby mine and was fast regaining his health and strength.

"And when he is completely well, will you go back to the city?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know," she answered, "You see we are expecting an inheritance and we thought we might not go back till we got it."

An inheritance! This was interesting! I fairly held my breath for her next words. "Yes, you see my husband is related to Queen Victoria and expects to receive a portion of her estate as soon as it is all straightened out."

I drew a long breath! So this was the reason for the princely bearing and the very evident English appearance. He was of royal blood—or was this all just an hallucination?" I will never know, for when we next visited Cottonwood Springs the little cabin was empty.

But to me he will always be "My Prince of the Dessert" for:

If you feel that in your veins,

There flows the blood of kings

You can not say harsh ugly words

Or do unworthy things.

But you will walk with kingly mean

And you will hear folks say,

As you pass by them on life's road,

"I saw a Prince today."

"I feel that of all things I can dispense with, Kitchen-Klatter would be the last, as it is so near my heart." Mrs. John Callahan, Grundy, Center, Ia.



AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

To those of you who are wondering how I get along teaching school after fifteen years away from the job: I am practically wearing out my clothes changing them. I put on a housedress at six in the morning to get breakfast and prepare the five lunches we carry and my husband's which I leave on the table. I change to slacks at eight o'clock and ride a horse nearly two miles to school where I change into the prettiest dress I have clean. (Remember how you enjoyed each lovely dress or accessory the teacher wore when you were a pupil?) At four o'clock I proceed in a reverse order until I am back in bed.

This is a nice time of year to think about getting our friendships in repair. In these times, friends are so likely to be separated either by distance or time and friendships are like beautiful, tender plants, easily lost. Nothing in life means much unless we have friends to share our joys and triumphs. Likewise no sorrow or disappointment is so heavy if we have friends at our side. This in no way means that we are privileged to dump every burden and every tale of woe (real or imaginary) into a friend's long-suffering ear. That isn't fair. Nor do we have any right to tell our friends of their shortcomings, or of their families' shortcomings. Leave that to their enemies. On the other hand, friendships require a little time and some kindly deeds as well as thoughts. They will not wait until you finish a year long job or make another ten thousand dollars. Friendships are built like an old stone wall, carefully, one stone of kind deeds at a time until you have a real friend.

Old friends are grand. I have heard that old friends are the best. But in times like these, it's a good idea to reach a hand across the street to Mrs. New Neighbor and see how fine a new friend can be.

If you want a friend, just be one. Sometimes it doesn't work that way. We be and be and be and still it didn't make a friendship. Don't let it discourage you and make you afraid to try again. Every kernel of corn that is planted doesn't turn into an ear of corn but the most of them do.

"A friend of mine gave me some back numbers of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and I can truthfully say, I've never enjoyed a magazine more. It is so full of interesting hints and recipes. It's tops from cover to cover. I'm enclosing one dollar for my subscription to Kitchen-Klatter for one year." Mrs. Jack Longbine, Fremont, Neb.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Now I am really pretty dumb and do not know if one letter I received is a joke, sarcasm, or a request in the form of a hint. This is the contents of the letter—"So at last you have found time to give the "Friendly Fat Society" some advice. Hope you keep it up."



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Okay, sister, but why didn't you sign your name? I always feel somewhat squeamish when folks do not sign their name. Don't be afraid, I will not use your name unless I am certain you would not object.

When reducing there are many things to take into consideration, not only calories but from which food you get the calories. A diet must be well balanced as regards the necessary food requirements, or that everlasting craving for food will drive one distracted. This craving often is a cry for more meat or citrus fruits. Eggs and cheese as well as meat remain in the stomach longer, therefore will stave off that cry for food. I hear you say "Oh, those are fattening foods!" Now listen here sister, all foods are fattening if you eat enough of them. A small piece of meat or cheese gives you more necessary food elements than ten slices of bread, and your disposition will be friendly enough so you will sign your name next time you write to me.

Science now warns against eating foods to which we are allergic, as the upset to the system they cause may disturb the glandular system, making it hard to control weight, either gain or loss. You are to be the judge as to whether the foods suggested in the schedule will digest or not. If in doubt take the schedule to your doctor and let him check it.

It is considered unwise to follow a schedule when one has a cold, but personally I find either schedule a balanced elimination diet, when I have a cold or am upset from some other causes—especially eating something to which I am sensitive. Starches and sweets bring on many an achy joint. I read where one doctor said they caused a deposit which could be compared to rust.

Make it a rule to step outdoors immediately after each meal and take a few panting breaths. The oxygen you get from these breaths will help burn the starches and sweets before they become fatty tissue. Go easy on the number of panting breaths you take or you may get dizzy. This sensation of being "oxygen drunk" is not serious but annoying for a few seconds.

If you cannot take flaxseed that is suggested in the schedule, try agar or All-Bran.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

When I wrote you last month I was in Shenandoah. Since then Mr. Hayzlett and I have come to sunny California. It seems like a different world, and we are both a little homesick. Time (I hope) will remedy that. We have been here only about ten days, but I've seen several folks on the street in wheel chairs and have wondered if they might be Good Neighbors. Some day I'm going to get up nerve enough to ask.

There was a big pile of mail from the Neighbors waiting for we when I got here. Some of it will be interesting to you, and it will give you an opportunity to do several good deeds in the next month.

Mrs. May Diefenbacher, Rt. 2 Box 228 A, Mount Healthy 31, Ohio, has had a serious illness and is under orders to rest for some time. She needs cheerful letters.

Reading material—something that is small and light to handle—would be a help to Mrs. Pearl Montray, Box 4, Grant City, Missouri. She has arthritis. Her son is in action in France.

Miss Edith Travis, Sidney, Iowa, has been in a wheel chair for a long time. Her Mother passed away this fall and Edith had to go into a boarding home. She does crochet and embroidery work to help pay expenses. Perhaps you could get some of your Christmas gift items from her.

Mrs. Sarah Grennell, Getman Home, Gloversville, New York, is ill. She would enjoy letters but is unable to write much, so do say that you do not expect an answer.

Pretty cards are indicated for Mrs. Sallie Riffie, Smithville, Missouri. She is bedfast. So is Mrs. Pattie Drake of Santa Fe, Missouri. She is past 80.

Mrs. John Beard, Ulrich, Missouri, is in the hospital and may have to an operation. Cards sent to her home address would be taken to her.

Want to help two people with one letter? Here is your chance. Both Mr. and Mrs. Grover Lee, Rt. 1, Felton, Georgia, have been bed patients for the past five years—part of that time in a Sanatorium. They are 34 and 28 years old. Mail means a lot to them, especially since their radio played out.

A similar case is Mrs. Annie Crothers, 196 Beacon St., Worcester, Massachusetts. She has been in bed 16 months. Her husband is also a shut-in. Annie can do fancy work so why not find out what she does and send her some materials? Several requests have come for quilt pieces. Gather up a bunch and then watch this column for an address of someone who wants them. Mrs. Carrie Rice, 623 Lake Street, Waupaca, Wisconsin, wants pieces of white material to make doilies and print to make into holders.

Note—In Gertrude's "ad" for gummed labels, I forgot to tell the price. They are 25¢ for 500.

L. F. D.



OVER THE FENCE

Special recognition for a job well done goes to Mrs. Libbie Anne Novak of Elberon, Iowa, this month. Mrs. Novak is 52 years old, a wheel chair patient, and the mother of three sons. She lives in the telephone building and cares for the service night and day. Her hobby is piecing quilts and making rugs. She will appreciate any material you are able to send her. Later:—Here is a clipping I received from the Elberon paper this week "Badly Injured in Fall. The Elberon community was distressed to learn this week that Mrs. Libbie Novak, Elberon telephone central operator, fractured both legs in a fall this week. She is in a Cedar Rapids hospital."

If we should live in Berry, Alabama, Rice or Orange, California, Raisin, California, Apple River, Illinois, Currant, Nevada, or Lime, Colorado, we should never be without fruit.

Mrs. Ernest Johnson of Madrid, Iowa, writes that she has found that a strong solution of Oxalic Acid will take rust stains from old window glass. (Keep away from children for it is poison.) Apply, let stand awhile and rinse off.

Do we realize how important a single letter is to those in the service? Letters and prayers! Send letters again and again and keep on praying for them until the Victory is won.

Do some of your Christmas shopping through the "ad" column. You will find many beautiful and useful gifts listed there.

Bags! Bags! Bags! Knitting bags, handbags, party bags, shoe bags, button bags. They may come out of the scrap bag but will make nice gifts anyway.

Pretty gifts may be made of braided corn husks. Dampen them a little first, so they will braid more easily. Place mats, handbags, napkin rings, and baskets are a few of the gifts you can make. Husks may be tinted if desired. Inner husks are best to use.

Dolls are expensive this year but one can make cuddly dolls of stockings whose feet are worn out. Embroider eyes, nose, and mouth. The hair can be of yarn. These dolls are cute and easy to make. Try one and see.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

It seems to me that months have passed since I last wrote to you, and when the November magazine came I felt lonesome not to be tucked away in my usual corner! Wasn't it the limit that all of my November copy was lost in the mail? In all of the years that I've been writing to you that is the first time an envelope addressed: "Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa," ever went astray—and I hope it's the last time.

Well, where to begin? That's what I sometimes say when I write to mother and Dorothy with a big backlog of news, not startling news, you understand, but the accumulation of small things that have happened between letters.

I want to tell you first how much it meant to me to have your wonderfully warm and friendly letters during October. They did a great deal to tide me over a lonesome time, and I was genuinely touched that so many of you took time to sit down and remember me. Juliana loved the colored cards and for days she went around here with three or four clutched in her hands. Thanks so much, each and everyone of you. I am truly grateful.

We are all together again now as a family, and in the letter that was lost I told you how touching it was when Juliana saw Russell again for the first time in many weeks. I hadn't been sure that she would remember him, but when she looked up and saw him she laughed, held out her arms, and said, "Daddy!" For several days she wouldn't let him out of her sight, and it's just now that she's relaxed in the belief that he won't completely disappear.

Goodness, doesn't it give you a start when your baby begins to talk? Juliana is twenty months old today and she marked the date by using a complete sentence. She climbed into bed with me this morning, and after a few minutes she heard Russell snoring and said in alarm: "Mama, why does daddy cry?" and then burst into tears herself. I tried to explain that he wasn't crying, but she was unconvinced until I awakened him and she could see for herself that there wasn't a tear on his face!

These days she climbs to the top of the big slides in the park and swoops down by herself. And she can negotiate flights of steps by going down with one foot in front of the other. (This still makes me hold my breath.) The biggest problem is that she doesn't have any children to play with, and I can readily see now why any only child without playmates is happier in a nursery school. When she is two I expect to take this step.

We are comfortably settled now in the house that I described for you in the October number—in other words, we haven't moved! I hadn't thought that my busy friend with her heavy responsibilities at the office would care to make this a permanent arrangement, but she said that she

could no longer face the prospect of coming back to a lonely house at night—having us here ruined for her the live-alone-and-like-it business. There is plenty of room for all of us, to say nothing of that fine back-yard for Juliana, so you can think of us as permanently settled here (that is, as permanent as anything can be these days.)

This Christmas we will celebrate here in San Francisco, but a year from this Christmas we expect to be with the folks in Shenandoah. It is hard for me to realize that Juliana will be almost three years old then, and her Grandfather and Grandmother won't recognize her for the little nine-months old baby whom they last saw the day before Thanksgiving in 1943.

We are really excited about Christmas this year, for it is the first one that Juliana can anticipate and enjoy. I think that her Grandmother Driftmier is going to send her a doll, and we want to get a little doll-bed and high chair for she plays with her "babies" now and goes through the process of putting them to bed, feeding them, etc. We expect to have a tree in the living room, and I'm sure that Russell will get pictures of Juliana with her toys that we can share with you.

Here my space is gone and I haven't told you half of the things that were uppermost in my mind when I sat down at the typewriter. Well, it can't be helped, so the only thing to do is to tell you that the three of us send our warmest greetings to you for a blessed Christmas.

Sincerely always,

—Lucile.

SGT. DONALD DRIFTMIER'S
FIRST RECITATION

I know what the Christmas mouseie said

As he crawled into his little bed,
"Mr. Santa Claus, if you please
Bring me a piece of Christmas cheese."



Mary Julia Lewis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Don Lewis, Ardmore, Oklahoma, is waiting to welcome Santa Claus. She is a granddaughter of Dr. and Mrs. LeRoy Lewis, Shenandoah, Iowa.



By Mrs. Olinda C. Wiles

Now that our days are getting a little colder the hens are requiring more attention in order to get better egg results. The egg situation seems to still be a thorn in the side of the War Food Administrators, and its officials are doing some heavy worrying about it, with the prospects of another tidal wave of eggs next spring.

Unless the laying flocks are sharply reduced or consumption is greatly increased they see another situation developing next spring which may prove even more difficult to handle than this year's flood of eggs. While there have been a number of meetings and discussions no conclusion has been reached as to what, if any, steps can be taken. Little or no progress is said to have been made. It seems as if more and more farmers are interested in building up a flock of pullets and in this way have been also able to reduce tuberculosis, parasites, and other diseases. I know I have tried to get at least eighty per cent pullets in my flock, and they are coming into full production just when egg prices are on the up and up. They are large and well developed and can be told from the hens, only by a practical eye. A friend of mine told me she had just finished canning the surplus of her flock and that seems like a good way to do. I have been filling up my feeders at night and the hens can begin their morning meal as soon as it is light enough to see.

They seem to prefer whole grain at present and I do not have to coax them to eat the stock beets at any time. I have just finished storing the last of them in the feed-house and will be at a loss to know just what to turn to for green feed when these are gone.

Last February I had an opportunity to buy some started chicks—cockerels three week old that were being sold at the price of baby chicks. I bought fifty for early fries. It happened that two of the fifty were pullets. The latter part of August I found one of these pullets setting on twelve little pullet eggs. She looked so cute and she was so proud of her little nest full of eggs, under the lilac bush, that I let her alone and she hatched out nine of the cutest little chicks, of which she raised seven. This evening when I was gathering eggs she was on the roost with her brood all gathered around her and she was picking and arranging her feathers just so—I watched her quite a while and thought if all mothers could gather their little flocks around them in the same manner—what a happy world this would be. But true to life—the flock will soon be scattered and meet different fates—and the world moves on.



FOR THE CHILDREN



THE CHRISTMAS TREE

As you children enjoy your Christmas tree, do you ever wonder what little boy or girl had the first Christmas tree? There are many stories of how it came to be and from them, I have chosen this one for you.

Once upon a time there lived on the edge of a great dark forest, a poor woodcutter, his wife and two little children. Early each morning the father went into the woods to cut down trees. This firewood he sold to the people of the town, but he got very little money for it and many times little Mary and Valentine went to bed hungry. In spite of this, they were happy and cheerful for they loved each other very much.

One cold winter night they sat around the fire eating their supper. The snow was blowing in clouds from the tall pine trees and the windows of the poor little hut rattled as the wind blew against them. Suddenly it seems that someone was knocking at the door.

"I'll see who it is," said the good wife as she opened the door. There, standing barefooted in the snow, was a little child with a ragged cape around his shoulders. In a small, weak voice he said, "I am a poor child. Please let me in for I am cold and hungry." "Come in, little one," said the mother. "We have little to eat, but we will share it with you and you may warm yourself by our cozy fire." "Yes, and you may sleep in our bed," said little Mary, taking the wonderer by the hand and leading him to the warm fire.

Soon the poor little child was sound asleep on the children's cot while they, cuddling near the fire to keep warm, thanked God for their home and loving parents. Soon all the family was sound asleep again.

In the middle of the night the mother awakened suddenly. "What is that beautiful music I hear?" She arose and looked out of the window. She called to her children to come quickly for there standing in the snow was the little child, dressed no longer in rags, but clothed in sparkling garments. Around him were angels singing a beautiful song.

"I am the Christ Child, bringing you happiness and a blessing." This little fir tree shall be my emblem," the child said. There stood a little fir tree covered with beautiful lights, gold threads, and silver nuts and apples. At the top of the tree was the bright Star of Bethlehem, who's light illuminated the little hut and the forest surrounding it.

Even at this Christmas time a representative of the Christ Child visits all good children, bringing them gifts to make them happy.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

DECORATIONS FOR YOUR TREE

Yes, children you can start right now making decorations for your Christmas tree. Save bits of colored cellophane and gold and silver paper. With these you can cover nuts. Old electric light bulbs may be given a coat of red or orange paint and even the prickly seed pods found by the side of the road may be painted and used to decorate your Christmas tree. If you keep those bright eyes wide open and those fingers busy, you will not be wanting trimmings for your tree.

Make those fairy stars from transparent drinking straws. Cut the straws in three inch lengths and tie a cord tightly around the middle of them. You can then press them flat and cut the straws to form a star or leave them in the shape of a ball.

Just before Christmas string cranberries and popcorn and make ginger cookie boys and candy canes for the tree. Eggshells, colored also make pretty decorations. These can be put over the tree lights.

A CHRISTMAS SHIP

This game is enjoyed by old and young. Guests sit in a circle to play it. Some one says to his neighbor, "My Christmas ship is in." "What did it bring you?" asks his neighbor.

"A toy bear" says the first child, beginning to growl like a bear. Then his neighbor must growl like a bear, too at the same time saying to his neighbor, "My Christmas ship has come in."

"What did it bring you?" replies his neighbor. "A Jumping Jack." He continues to growl like a bear but must also jump like a Jumping Jack.

So the game goes on and on, from neighbor to neighbor, until you have trains whistling, baby dolls crying, and horns tooting. If you don't think this game is fun, try it.

LEAVE LOWER TWIGS

When cutting twigs from the evergreen tree for mother, do not cut the lower branches. Cut pieces here and there, all over the tree. In this way, you will not spoil its shape. It takes years to grow new twigs.



Our daughter Dorothy's baby, Kristin Johnson. Age 16 months.

MAKE A CHRISTMAS WREATH

You can have a lovely evergreen wreath on your front door for you can make it yourself. If you can find a wire coat hanger, bend it to form a circle. On this wire tie bits of evergreen using green string or heavy thread if you have some. If you must use white cord, try to keep it out of sight. Small Christmas tree ornaments may be added for color or pine cones which have been given a coat of gold or aluminium paint. A red bow of oilcloth or cellophane would add more color. If you do not have a wire coat hanger to use, cut a circle two inches wide from cardboard and sew the evergreen to this.

CRISPIES

Melt 1 pound of sweet chocolate and 1 1/2 squares of bitter chocolate in a double boiler. Remove from the fire and add 6 cups of cornflakes and one cup of nut meats. Drop on waxed paper. Peanuts or cocoanut may be added.

A CENTERPIECE

Shape a loaf of bread like a little house. Coat the sides and ends with white frosting and the roof and chimney with chocolate. Outline the doors and windows with chocolate. Place this on a cardboard and around it put cotton, sprinkled with artificial snow. Use springs of evergreen for little trees.

WITH TWO STROKES
OF YOUR PENCIL
MAKE ONE THOUSAND
ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN
INTO NOTHING

1111
EASY!
NIX

TRY THIS TRICK ON DAD

OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For Subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

AN INTERESTING HOBBY

"I subscribed to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and although I enjoy every page in it, I got a real surprise and a happy one when I found the Hobby page. I have always been an enthusiastic hobbyist, and have several myself. The one I prize most is a collection of silver and gold souvenir spoons from different countries all over the world, numbering nearly a hundred. Most of them are gifts from a friend, an old lady who has traveled extensively for over twenty years, both in this country and abroad, and from each country that she visited she brought me one and sometimes several souvenir spoons. It is now nearly twenty years since I received the first ones, and because of the ever-changing map of Europe I have spoons from countries which no longer exist. There is one exquisite gold spoon from England which is especially interesting. It is an exact replica of the Coronation spoon used by the Archbishop of Canterbury to anoint the British monarchs during the coronation ceremonies."—Mrs. Eli Espe, Radcliffe, Ia.

HOBBY EXCHANGE LIST

Advertising pencils. Dean Albert, c/o Ross Albert, Brandon, Iowa.

Will exchange bleached sacks for crocheted pot holders, doilies, or what have you.—Mrs. O. R. Synder, Dayton, Ia.

Wants pen-pals and view cards. Frances Feech, Hebron, North Dakota.

Will exchange equal values for old glass tooth pick holders, vinegar cruets, scenery plates, or an old pattern goblet. Mrs. F. E. Webb, Arlington, Nebraska.

Collection of cards from different states. Dorothy Stohlman, Manley, Nebraska.

Will exchange odd cactus plants for shakers, novelty or antique. Mrs. Clarence Marsh, Berwyn, Nebraska.

Will exchange novelty shakers and hankies. Write first. Mrs. L. R. McCaw, Box 123, Wakefield, Nebraska.

Will exchange shakers. Also have feed sacks, plain or printed, quilt pieces, and tea towels. Mrs. L. S. Booe, White Cloud, Kansas.

Thimbles. Want one with set in top and one with the inscription "A stitch in time saves nine." Will buy or exchange for your hobby or oil color a photograph for you. Mrs. Roscoe Kendig, Madrid, Iowa.

Will exchange print pieces, pencils, shakers, lovely hand woven rugs, and files of popular magazines for old china slippers, doll heads, milk glass chickens or animals on nests, or old buttons. Mrs. Lee G. Worden, 1005-32 N. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

"I received the card telling me my subscription had expired so am sending my dollar to renew for I sure don't want to miss one number, just like getting a long letter from a dear friend."—Mrs. Ed Krouse, Marshalltown, Ia.

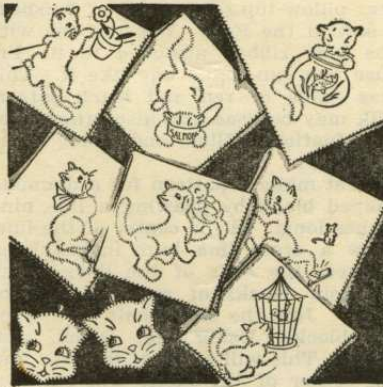
A CHRISTMAS PARTY

"Dear Santa Claus, for children's sakes

Bring us nuts and sugar cakes;
Things that children hold so dear
Help to swell the Christmas cheer."

For at least one day in the year, let us go back to the spirit of our childhood. It is a sure sign of old age, if we cannot sing from the heart, "Make me a child again, just for tonight" and that night be Christmas Eve.

If you have no little ones of your own and no grandchildren who can be with you at Christmas time, invite in the children of the neighborhood for a Christmas party. Have a Christmas tree, if possible, and a Santa Claus too. If you cannot have a tree this year, put a mammoth Christmas pie made from a wash tub in the center of the room. Cover the outside with red cloth or paper; the presents being buried in the tub. Fasten a string to each one and let these hang over the side of the pie. The top crust can be made of small pine branches.



The antics of Felix would cover a book—so here's just a brief review of them, the highlights, so to speak, on a tea towel series. He looks angelic, 'tis true, but his livelier moments are bound to produce comment in your kitchen. On the other hand, no child could resist the charms on this adorable Felix as a naptime companion on his spread or quilt. As transfer C9497, 10¢, you receive the seven motifs of Felix and two extra motifs for matching panholders. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, 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.

"Little Ads"

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AID SOCIETY HELPS

THE HELPFUL COW

I have titled this suggestion The Helpful Cow, but I might have called it The Helpful Pig or The Helpful Elephant, for they're all banks and can all do a good job towards helping you raise a substantial sum of money.

The Aid Society group that I belonged to used this idea a number of years ago with great success. We purchased a large cow bank that we called The Helpful Cow, and then we drew straws to see who would be the person chosen to start this plan. I remember that I was the person chosen in our Society, so I got a nice clean market basket, a note book to start our record in, and then I purchased the big cow bank.

A few days after this I started the ball to rolling by baking a pineapple upside-down cake and delivering it to one of my neighbors who was a member of the same Aid. With the cake in the basket I put the note book with her name in it and the date. Then I tucked this little verse into the slot in the cow's back:

"I am a silent messenger,

"I must be on my way,

Please take out what I have brought you

And for it some money pay.

Then with your skillful hands prepare

Some goody-goody thing,

And send me on my way again—

Good luck to you 'twill bring."

My neighbor was delighted to see the cake for she had been cleaning all morning and hadn't stopped to fix any dessert. I told her to put 10 cents in the cow for every day that she kept it in the house (you can be sure that cow never stayed overnight more than a few times in all of its wanderings!) and also to drop in what she felt the pineapple upside-down cake was worth before she passed the bank and basket on to the next person.

The Helpful Cow circulated all winter in the market basket with the verse tucked into the slot in its back, and when it had finally made the rounds we opened it at a meeting and found that it had made around \$40.00 for us. This was a wonderful boost and it didn't put a heavy burden on anyone.

This is a dandy way to raise a substantial sum, and if your Aid Society is of any size at all you can keep the cow going for quite a long time.

STITCH AND CHATTER

By Irella Belle Hinks

2

The snowflakes falling here today,
Gently, softly, seem to say,
May God's peace with you abide,
Blessing you at Christmastide.

I would not sadden you with the grief that is mine since last I visited with you. I only urge that you be thankful if your family circle is unbroken. With the poet, Riley, I will not say: That he (my husband) is dead—he is just away.

Open your club meeting with a Loyalty Pledge. (Repeat in unison)

I will make the best of what so ever talents I possess.

I will appreciate all the blessings that I have,

I will seek to find happiness in the little things of everyday life.

Close the meeting with this watchword,

"We expect to pass through this world but once, any good thing therefore, that we can do and any kindness that we can show to any fellow being, let us do it now, let us not defer or neglect it, for we shall not pass this way again."

This time I shall tell you about a star pillow top (square when finished) I saw at the Fair. Yes, the one with the blue ribbon attached to it. I'm sure you can make one like it. This was made of red and black sateen. Silk may be used and also other color combinations. Blue and gold would be lovely.

First make a pattern for a diamond shaped block by drawing a line nine inches long. In the center of the line, draw a cross line four inches long. Connect the ends of the lines. Now cut four blocks of red and four of black. Join the lower half of four of the blocks. Using red, Black, red, black. This will be $\frac{1}{2}$ of the star and the center of the block will make a straight line. Make the other half and sew the two halves together. For each of the four corners—cut two red and two black squares. (5 inches) Split them corner wise and use one red and one black triangle in each corner. For the space between the squares, split a triangle ($\frac{1}{2}$ of a $5\frac{1}{2}$ inch square) and use 1 red and 1 black block in each space. The idea is to always have a red block touching a black one.

And now may I say, I appreciate all your letters and the expressions of sympathy will always be remembered with deep gratitude.

FRIENDS

If I should place a value on
The bounty of the earth
Which would I say, of all its joys
Has quite the greatest worth?

Would I name education, gold,
Or fame that fortune lends?
No;—this I think is best of all
The priceless gift called "Friends".

—By Mrs. Lelia Yancey.

Have a lighted candle in the window for that loved one who is far away this Christmas.



CHRISTMAS CANDY

What kind of candy would be bought by a—

1. Schoolmaster
2. Shoemaker
3. Sweethearts
4. Dentist
5. Milkman
6. Flatterer
7. Dairy Maid
8. Minister
9. A Sailor
10. Sec. of Treasury

Answers—

1. Stick Candy
2. Shoe Strings (Licorice)
3. Kisses
4. Gum Drops
5. Cream Candy
6. Taffy
7. Butter Scotch
8. Divinity
9. Sea Foam
10. Mints

JUMBLED WORDS ABOUT CHRISTMAS

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1. Natasuacsl | Santa Claus |
| 2. Matrishcs | Christmas |
| 3. Siewemn | Wise Men |
| 4. Lhyol | Holly |
| 5. Namerg | Manger |
| 6. Erte | Tree |
| 7. Tsokcgnis | Stockings |
| 8. Atsr | Star |
| 9. Mihcyin | Chimney |
| 10. Fitsg | Gifts |
| 11. Iteosmil | Mistle Toe |
| 12. Eldnacs | Candles |
| 13. Einredre | Reindeer |

CHRISTMAS TREE

1. John Barleycorn's father — Pop Corn.
2. A metal and a word meaning "to vend"—Tinsel.
3. A container and a meadow — Candle.
4. A title, a letter, and a digit — Mistletoe.
5. The name of a famous inventor—Bell.
6. A synonym for here—Present.
7. A bed and a measure—Cotton.
8. A famous old depository—Stocking.
9. This has its points—Stars.
10. This is often the root of things—Bulb.
11. This is a sound idea—Horn.
12. This might be a telegram—Wire.
13. This is an aid to walking—Cane.
14. To waste with melancholy—Pine.
15. Not in the head office—Branch.
16. Never sophisticated—Evergreen.
17. One preceded by a letter—Cone.
18. Some baggage—Trunk.
19. An act of courtesy—Bow.
20. Warm Apparel—Fir.
21. Found in the work basket — Needles.