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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA
Price 10 cents



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Number 11



Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts

JUST VISITING

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



LETTER FROM LEANNA

My Dear Friend,

I say "friend" instead of "friends" for I want you to feel as I do, that this letter is meant just for you.

It is a little early to say now, "The frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock", but I imagine by the time you get this letter, we will have had frost on the pumpkin down here in southern Iowa. Although frost was expected the last part of September, we escaped it and most of the corn around Shenandoah matured nicely.

Since I wrote you last, we have given our house two coats of white paint and it surely looks nice. We had the screens painted black, the porch floors dark gray, and the ceilings light gray. Today, the men are putting in a new cement walk. The old one was brick and not very good.

We have been trying to get a little housecleaning done upstairs because by the time you get this letter, several of our children may be home. Lucile and Juliana will probably be the first to arrive. They come from San Francisco. Lucile and I will finish our new book, "It's Fun to Sew", which we hope will be off the press by the middle of November. You will each want at least one copy. It may be several that you want, as it will make a lovely gift for anyone who sews or wants to sew. It will be well illustrated with pictures of Juliana and Kristin.

Wayne will receive his discharge from the army the first part of November and will be home for awhile before he leaves to complete his year and a half of college. Howard may be home before Christmas, for he is awaiting word to leave for Port of Embarkation. Now that censorship is withdrawn, he tells us some of his narrow escapes. He feels lucky to be here to tell them. Dorothy, Frank, and Kristin are still planning to come back to Iowa. They may not make it for Christmas, but plan to make their home here. That accounts for all our family but Frederick, Don, and Margery. Frederick has been sent to Washington, D. C., to be Chaplain at the school connected with the Naval Research Laboratory. He was very glad to get that assignment as the experience of living in Washington will be very pleasant as well as educational. Don is still at the Army Air Base at Herington, Kansas. He has been promoted to Master Sergeant in the Weather Forecasting Station. He expects to be discharged before Spring. Margery is still working in

Glendale. Before another month rolls around, I may have some very special news of her plans.

My husband had a birthday, October 7th, and Edith Hansen, KMA Morning Homemaker's husband, was 52, October 11th, so she invited Mart and I down for supper Sunday night, October 7th. Mart was 64. We had a good visit. It was the first chance I had had to visit with her about their trip to Oceanside, California, to see their son, Don, who was injured eight months ago at Iwo Jima and is in the naval hospital there. Edith says it is a heart breaking experience to visit one of these hospitals and see these brave boys, lying helpless on their cots, never complaining although we know there must be times when they feel blue and discouraged. It was hard for the Hansens to come back to Iowa but they plan to go visit Don again some time this winter. They are hoping he will be moved closer to his home but that won't be possible for some time.

This will be all for this time. Write often, won't you and send your renewals in when they are due. Kitchen-Klatter would make a nice Christmas present for some one!

Sincerely, Leanna.



AMERICA'S PRAYER

O Father God in heaven above,
We thank thee for the things we love;
A land where freedom holds on high
Its gleaming banners to the sky;
Where we can rise, and work and play.
And worship God in our own way.
O Father God, please grant we pray,
That we may always stay this way;
To hold the light of freedom high,
And blot out darkness from the sky,
A light whose brilliant piercing rays
Will show all nations better ways.
—John W. Fulton.

All of us get discouraged with our lot and think a change is what we need and then if we make the change, find ourselves still troubled and discontented. Even money or fame cannot bring happiness, so you see, it is not the result of outward things. A change of surroundings is not what we need but a change of heart. God offers contentment to all who will let him lead and direct their lives. "Take what God gives, Oh, heart of mine, and build your house of happiness."

Mrs. W. T. Jones, living in Georgia, has found and saved thousands of four-leaf clovers. In spite of this, she had been in five car wrecks, lost three husbands, and had so much other bad luck that she has begun to believe there is nothing to the belief that four-leaf clovers bring good luck.

Now here is something really practical. Horticulturists are finding it possible to grow celery that has in it, its own salt. No more salt to brush from the tablecloth.

I nominate Mrs. Eva Chandler, Neville, Iowa, as the Kitchen-Klatter sister of the month. Although on crutches, she washes, irons, cans, does all her housework and takes in sewing besides. Isn't there an old proverb, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

I hope you will encourage discharged veterans to take advantage of the opportunity to go to college. The government makes this possible by paying practically all of their expenses. They could start at the second quarter or after the first of the year.

General Eisenhower's favorite breakfast is fried mush. His mother served it often. It made a good hearty breakfast for those six husky Eisenhower boys. I hope he is able to get it over in Germany once in awhile.

DDT is wonderful insecticide but be careful how you use it, for it is very "powerful." Take care to keep it out of the mouth, eyes, and nose and away from the skin. After spraying it in a room, go out and close the doors. We may want to use this wonderful new discovery for fleas, cockroaches, silver fish, flies, or other insects, so carefully follow directions you receive with your purchase.

Abraham Lincoln once said, "with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." As in so many other instances, his advice is as wise today as it was at the time it was given.

Come into the Garden

THANKFUL NOVEMBER

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

This year of all years there is especially reason for rejoicing. Although many families still face separation from their loved ones, still much has already been done along the line of peaceful reconstructions of life. Let us then give thanks for all our many blessings.

November brings its tasks of final surveys of our summer's labor. In the garden all is over again for a season, and remembering all the weary hours we put into it perhaps some of us will give thanks for that. Even at that there is often some unexpected beauty there for us to enjoy, maybe too insignificant for us to have noticed in the height of summer's wealth of beauty. An eye for beauty is something to be very thankful to possess.

Most of us, having experienced a very dry period the last part of the summer, feel that we did not get the full benefit from many of our late flowers. But what did survive the drought brightened our gardens to the very last. Nature often uses such disadvantages to further her own ends. I have noticed that many times in dry years, seed sets much more readily than in wet ones; when plants put forth more growth and do not stop to set seed. But in dry ones, it seems that the plant realizes its days are numbered and outdoes itself in producing seed. This I noticed one dry year in a very marked degree on the Cuphea Firefly—that brilliant little number of the Cigar Plant family. Later on I read that this plant had refused to set seed in the part of the country where rainfall prevailed and in order to get enough seed for commercial purposes had to be grown in other parts where conditions were more dry.

In a little crevice in a cement walk in our yard, a bright little annual has been covered with golden bloom. Under normal conditions, it grows much taller but with fewer blossoms accordingly. However this little doorway plant has blossoms fully as large and is covered with them. Does not this teach us that many times adverse conditions may bring out the very best, not only in our plants but in ourselves as individuals? These last few years have been very trying ones, but if we have done our best without bitterness, results will show benefits have resulted. A thankful heart has no room for rancor. As in nature, so we too must do what we see to be right and have Faith. Faith in the future and in ourselves.

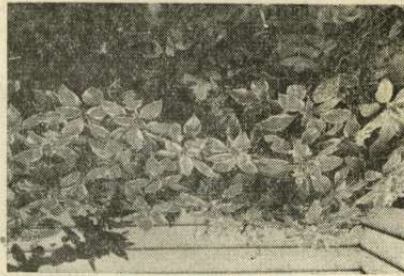
November is the month to assemble those little souvenirs of summer in Charm Strings, winter bouquets and tiny corsages. Don't keep them around in sight till they get dusty, change them often. Tiny cones and Bells of Ireland make nice gift corsages. Many wonderful objects may be made by using just the common seeds of weeds and flowers we may all gather as we walk around in our

gardens.

Did you save some remembrances from a golden day last summer? Bring it out when the days are dreary—you have no idea how the very sight of it will bring back those happy memories shared with someone you love, perhaps one who will be with you only in spirit this Thanksgiving. Soon the old ways of living and laughter will be back with us again.

Let us then be thankful for all the wonderful gifts God in His goodness has showered upon us, the bountiful harvest we have gathered in from our gardens this past year, the peace in which we may enjoy them and the hope of re-unions to be expected. And if it is loss we have to bear, remember to give thanks for the courage we will be given to bear it.

Let us be thankful.



Variegated Sultana, for north-side plantings.

NORTHSIDE PLANTINGS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

An ideal place for some of our house plants during the summer is on the north side of foundations. A number of annual plants tolerate this shady location well.

The Sultanas, (perhaps you call them Busy Lizzie or Daily), approve heartily of northside conditions and show their appreciation by growing lustily and blooming profusely. The varieties vary in color of leaf and flower. My favorites are the dark bonzy-leaved one with deep rose flowers and the striking variegated one with green and white leaves and lovely pink flowers.

Begonias dislike full exposure to sun—they may be set here and as a rule bloom well. The so-called hardy Begonia, *evansiana*, can stand some frost but in this immediate section is treated as a tender plant. We dig and pot it in the fall but let it remain dormant until it is ready to start into growth in the spring. When warm settled weather arrives, we slip it out of the pot and let it continue its growth among our northside plantings. This Begonia produces small bulbils in the axils of the leaves. These may be potted up in early spring—each one will produce a nice plant by fall. Cuttings root very easily. The blossoms of this Begonia are a delicate pink of color.

Coleus grows well here, also geraniums and Boston Ferns. The Spotted Leaf Calla, *Zantedeschia albo-maculata*, has large decorative leaves that

are fine to use in flowerments. The creamy-white flowers are well. Dig the tubers in the fall and store like Gladiolus. The Lizard Arum, *Saurumatum guttatum*, likes this situation with lots of moisture. Its leaves are similar to our native Green Dragon but much larger and on taller stems. If there is need for a ground cover, use the house plant Baby Tears—it makes a mossy, low green mat.

Annual Sweet Alyssum may be used as an edging plant and blooms well. Torenia, called Wishbone Flower, (at first glance it is often mistaken for a Pansy), grows and blooms well on the north side. If there is need for an annual vine, use the dark-eyed Clockvine, *Thunbergia alata*. With plenty of moisture, these plants and others that like shade will make your northside beds, places of interest and real beauty throughout the growing season.

WINTER GARDENING

I'm glad I live where winter comes
And Springtime lingers far behind,
For while my frozen garden sleeps
I grow another in my mind.

—Helen Fischer.

PRAYER

Dear God,

We're glad that quiet now has come
Where once were bombs and fear.
Help people find their homes again
And feel that YOU are near.

YOU WILL help them build and plant

To meet their hungering need—
I can help them, too, Dear God,
With clothes, and food, and seed—
And loving kindness in my heart
For people here—and there.

Bring loved ones safely home again.

Bring Peace to children everywhere.

Amen.

—Grace Bohmfalk.

STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

In the winter of 1922 radio came into our lives. Little did we dream when that first crude set came into our home that someday it would be the medium through which all of us were to know each other! Imagine how astounded Mother would have been if someone had told her that in years to come she would be talking over the radio herself every day! She would have doubted the sanity of anyone wild enough to make such a forecast, and so would the rest of us, for our wonderful radio with its howls and squeals belonged to a world set quite apart from our everyday world.

I remember that this first radio was ugly as sin—a big black contraption with all of the workings exposed, much wire dangling from it in every direction, and a couple of pairs of earphones. It stood on a high window-seat at the end of the living room, and we had many a fight as to who would get to put on the earphones and for how long. Mother finally had to time us—ten minutes at a crack. We spent every evening fiddling with the dials and trying to get distant stations—that seemed to be nine-tenths of the excitement of the radio—pulling in far away places. I still recall how excited we were when we heard a Los Angeles station, faintly and weakly, but still Los Angeles. Howard kept a log of every station we managed to pull in, and it worried him to death if one of his friends beat him in the search.

Almost every night some of the neighbors came in to listen, and invariably the radio balked and acted fractious the moment they came in the door. We could be listening to Schnectady and hearing a piano solo as clearly as a bell, but just let someone come in from the neighborhood



Grandfather Field, Margery Driftmier, and Bill Shambaugh.

for him. Perhaps in a strictly medical sense there was an explanation for his death in the terms of apoplexy or something similar, but his family felt that his body simply could no longer meet the demands of living that eighty-nine active years had put upon it.

Funeral services were held at the Congregational church, the church that he helped to organize years earlier, and many friends came to pay their respects to a genuine pioneer. I remember clearly that one of the most moving parts of the services came when the minister read sections from the Memory Book. This was a book written by the Field children, printed by them, and presented to Grandmother and Grandfather as a Christmas gift in 1915. The fly-leaf reads: "The Memory Book, Tales of Sunnyside Farm, by the Field children and friends." It is a book running to 121 pages that recalls a thousand and one different things, and it was Grandmother and Grandfather's most prized possession. Selections from this book were read for Grandfather's services, and somehow it was the perfect way of saying farewell.

Aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh has written a beautiful tribute that I would like to copy here, for it calls up everything that he was and represented. In it I'm sure that you will see your own father if he was a pioneer who believed in meeting life on its own terms.

"I wish here that I could write something that would give you a true glimpse of what my Father was like. His courage never ran out. He met hard things with a song in his heart and a twinkle in his eyes. He kept his face toward the future and eagerly tried out new things.

"How he appreciated and understood and helped life in every form to blossom! For him, the good black earth he homesteaded on the Iowa prairies brought forth abundantly and in great variety. As I write I fancy I catch across the years the aroma of his luscious Senator Dunlap strawberries; glimpse again the transparent pinky-yellow of his Maiden Blush apples and feel the firm bigness of the

Black Mayrillo cherries hanging in such abundance on his young orchard of two-hundred trees.

"I walk in memory through our white clover pasture just beyond the cider mill and look back across the buckwheat field to the long sweep of the walnut grove which Father told me he started by pushing the walnuts down into the ground with his heel.

"I see again the lovely things he planted in our country yard—"Thousand-leaf" and "Moss" roses; lilacs, flowering currants and quinces; trumpet vines, yuccas; silver leaf maples and giant pines. Even as a child I sensed that his big reason for doing this was so that our Mother could always have around her the beauty she treasured as of such great worth. To her he carried the first fruits and the most perfect flowers.

"My father felt that farming was a very honorable occupation. To produce food that a hungry world might be fed; to work in close partnership with Nature; to have the time for thought and the chance to be independent—made it like a glorified calling to him. He was glad his home was on a farm and would not have willingly changed places with any city person.

"I think he would have said that this was because in the country one is so close to living things. Yet I think his greatest interest was in human lives and he had a gift for finding good in all sorts of people. He judged them not by race or wealth but by their qualities of mind and spirit. When I was a growing-up girl I liked to look at the pictures in our red plush album. Among the interesting ones was a view of our father taken when he was serving in the Iowa State Legislature and standing beside him a tall, different looking man. When I asked Father about him, he said,

"That is an Indian friend of mine—a fine man who has done much for his race."

In the summer of 1923 Dad made a long trip, his first real trip in many years. He went to the Pacific Northwest first to visit relatives in Seattle, and made a side trip to Vancouver, British Columbia. Then he went down the coast to California and visited Aunt Sue Conrad and her family in Redlands. He was contemplating a major business move at this time, and the chief purpose of the trip was to look over various situations. I remember clearly that during his absence a storm came up, and all of us felt that the worst would happen because Dad wasn't with us!

(Continued in December Number)

"Let me to-day do something that shall take

A little sadness from the world's vast store,

And may I be so favored as to make Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

"Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend,

Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,

Or sin by silence where I should defend."

THE SCHOOL LUNCH

By Mrs. Eli Espe

I am sure that any mother who has prepared school lunches, five days of the week, nine months out of the year, will agree that it was a "whale of a job" even without rationing, but with the high point values, as well as shortages of several of the most important requirements for the making of good lunches and the complete disappearance from the grocers shelves, of other items that helped greatly, it became a real problem.

However, the season before us promises to be far less difficult, with points on butter lowered, cheese ration free, and the promise of ration free meat in the near future. But the sugar problem is still with us, unchanged, except in one respect, namely that we have learned by experience to use sugar substitutes to better advantage. Many children crave more sweets than are good for them, however, sugar, being an energy food is needed in adequate amounts in the diet of the normal active growing child and should be provided in its natural form as often as possible by the use of fruits, of all kinds, both fresh and dried. Unless considerable thought and planning is given to the preparation of school lunches one is apt to get into a rut by serving the same kinds of sandwiches and other foods too often, so the children tire of them. Therefore it is well to remember the old adage about variety being the spice of life and that it applies quite as well to school lunches.

Foods that please the eye as well as the palate appeal to children, as do little surprises tucked into the lunch box, such as a piece of candy, popcorn ball, sugar lump, nuts, dates or prunes seeded and stuffed with nut meats and rolled in powdered sugar, cookies cut in fancy shapes, stars, bells, animals, chickens, and so forth, and sprinkled with colored sugar.

You will find it a great help when preparing lunches if you can have a small wall cabinet or cupboard or lacking that, a shelf, with some table space beneath, where supplies needed for packing may be kept. Include wax paper envelopes, designed for holding one sandwich each, roll of wax paper, paper napkins, small glass jars with screw tops, heavy wax paper cups with covers (for puddings, fruit salad, stewed fruits, etc.) small paper dishes, forks, spoons, straw, or sippers, individual salt and pepper shakers, string, bread knife and bread board, knife for spreading scissors, and so forth. One may also keep non-perishable foods here such as dates, figs, nuts, potato chips, olives, marshmallows, nabisco wafers, fig bars, and other packaged cookies. When making sandwiches, soften and cream the butter and spread well out to the edges. Butter each slice to prevent filling from soaking into the bread and use plenty of filling, spreading well to the edges.

If the child does not take milk or cocoa to school, then puddings made with milk should be provided as often as possible such as baking custards, cornstarch pudding, chocolate pud-



Don, our youngest son, enjoying the book "Sad Sack" with me.

ding. These may be varied by flavoring fruits and nuts so that youngsters do not tire of them.

Vary the kind of bread used for sandwiches, use whole wheat or cracked wheat bread, oat meal bread, banana nut bread, Boston brown bread, bran bread, raisin bread, orange bread, and many other kinds. Most of these breads are good with a cheese filling, some children prefer only butter, others might like a sprinkling of brown sugar. All kinds of sweet rolls are good eaten with a wedge of cheese.

LOW SUGAR CUP CAKES

- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 package pudding mix
- 1 egg
- 4 tablespoons melted shortening
- 1/2 cup milk

Sift dry ingredients together. Add melted shortening and milk to well beaten egg. Mix with dry ingredients and blend thoroughly. Pour into greased muffin pans and bake 20 minutes at moderate heat. Vanilla, butterscotch, or chocolate pudding may be used.—Mrs. A. Hutchinson, Waverly, Nebraska.

PUDDING MIX COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 2 packages pudding mix (vanilla or chocolate)
- 2/3 cup syrup (light or dark)
- 2 eggs (beaten)
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 2 3/4 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 2 cups oatmeal
- 1 cup nuts or raisins

This makes a very large batch of cookies and so would be fine for harvest and haying. They're easy to make and no sugar. Makes about 90 cookies.

Drop by spoonsfuls on greased tin and press down with fork.—Ruth Juel Kramer, Garner, Iowa.

GRAHAM CRACKER PIE

(Crust and Filling)

Mix 18 graham crackers, rolled fine with 1/2 cup butter, melted. Press in pie plate leaving small amount for top. Bake 10 minutes. Fill with—

Cream Pie Custard

- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 4 egg yolks beaten
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 tablespoon cornstarch
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook until thick and smooth. Now beat whites of 4 eggs and add 5 tablespoons powdered sugar. Put on top of pie, then sprinkle with buttered graham crumbs. Brown in oven.—Mrs. Herman W. Anderson, Coon Rapids, Iowa.

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, 1945. 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 12th day of October, 1945.

(Seal) Ivan D. Wilson, Notary Public
(My commission expires July 4, 1948.)



Choppin' suet in the kitchen . . .
stonin' raisins in de hall
Beef a-cookin' fo' de mincemeat . . .
spices groun' . . .
I smell 'em all.
Look hyeah, tu'key, stop dat gobblin'.
You ain't lured de sense of feah . . .
You ol' fool, yo' naik's in danger;
Don't yo' know Thanksgibben's heah?
—Old Plantation Song.

ROAST GOOSE

Draw, wash and singe the goose. Place one unpeeled, gashed orange and 1 unpeeled apple in the cavity. Fasten legs securely and bake in a hot oven, 30 minutes. Remove from the oven and pour off excess fat. When cool enough to handle, fill with stuffing and close opening. Dredge with 1/2 cup flour to which 1/4 teaspoon salt has been added. Place in hot oven 1/2 hour or until flour is browned, then reduce the heat and finish baking. Baste with hot water during last half hour. Allow 25 minutes for each pound, when baking.

CORN BREAD STUFFING

— For Goose —

- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon sage
- 3 cups corn bread crumbs
- 1/3 cup bacon drippings
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup onions
- 1 cup seedless raisins

POTATO STUFFING

— For Turkey —

- 2 cups mashed potatoes
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 cups bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 cups raisins

FROZEN SALAD

- 2 packages cream cheese (2/3 cup)
- 5 tablespoons thick mayonnaise
- 5 tablespoons pineapple juice
- 4 slices pineapple
- 1/2 cup Maraschino cherries
- 3/4 cup dates
- 1/2 cup mixed nuts

Cream together cheese and mayonnaise. Add other ingredients freeze 12 hours. Serve on lettuce leaf.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

INDIAN PUDDING

- 1/3 cup cornmeal
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 quart milk
- 1/2 cup light molasses
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 1/2 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup cold milk

Mix first three ingredients in top of double boiler and cook 30 minutes. Mix molasses, sugar, ginger and salt. Stir into cornmeal mixture. Pour in greased bowl and bake 45 minutes in 300 degree oven. Then slowly pour on 1 cup cold milk and bake 2 1/2 hours longer. Serve with cream.

BAKED BEANS

- 1 quart navy beans
- 6 cups boiling water
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 3/4 cup bacon fat
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon mustard
- 1 onion

Cover beans with boiling water, and let stand over night. In the morning simmer gently for 3 hours. Mix other ingredients and stir into the beans. Turn half the beans into the bean pot. Put peeled gashed onion on top, and pour in the other half. Place cover on pot and bake in 280 degree oven for 5 hours.

HOT SPICED CIDER

- 1/2 gallon sweet cider
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2-inch stick cinnamon
- 6 whole cloves
- 1/4 teaspoon allspice

NEW ENGLAND SQUASH

- 1/2 Hubbard squash
- 1 onion
- 1/3 cup water
- 4 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup bread crumbs

Cut squash in serving pieces and steam until tender. Remove pulp being careful not to break the shell. Cook finely chopped onion for 5 minutes. Add squash pulp with butter, salt and pepper and beat well. Fill shells and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes.

LIGHT HONEY FRUIT CAKE

- 1/4 pound butter
- 1/4 pound sugar
- 3 eggs, beaten well
- 1/4 cup honey
- 4 ounces currants
- 4 ounces citron
- 6 ounces raisins
- 2 ounces nutmeats
- 1 teaspoon orange rind
- 1 teaspoon lemon rind
- 1/4 pound flour
- 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/4 teaspoon allspice
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 cup All-Bran

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the well beaten eggs and honey. Mix well. Chop the currants, citron, raisins and nutmeats and dredge with one-fourth cup of flour. Add the orange and lemon rind. Sift the flour with the spices and add to the creamed mixture. Stir in the dredged fruit. Bake at 275 degrees F. for about 2 1/2 hours, in a well-greased pyrex dish, in gas oven. For electric stove bake at 300 degrees F. for 2 1/2 hours, turn current off and continue baking for another hour on the stored heat.

One-half hour before cakes are done, remove from oven, brush over with honey and decorate as desired. Return to oven uncovered, and finish baking. Cool. Place cover on dish and seal with paraffin or wrap in cellophane paper and seal. Yield: 2-pound cake.

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

- 6 green peppers
- 2 cups rice
- 1 green pepper, finely chopped
- 1 pimiento, finely chopped
- 2 tablespoons drippings
- 1/2 teaspoon sage
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper

Buttered bread crumbs. Remove tops from green peppers, scrape out centers and seeds. Place in cold water, bring to boiling point, remove and drain. Mix rice, green peppers, pimiento, dripping and seasonings. Fill peppers and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven for 40 minutes. Baste with hot water to which a little butter has been added.

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

Order from Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "This may strike you as a strange question, Leanna, but it's something that I've wondered about. We've been married for a year now and it seems that my husband expects me to do all of the letter-writing to his family in Oregon. They're his family and I think that he should write the letters, but he just doesn't. I feel rather foolish writing for I only met them once when they came to Illinois for our wedding. Should I insist that he write?"—Ill.

ANS: You've only been married for one year so you don't yet realize that very, very few men keep up a genuine correspondence with distant parents. I really believe that most women just assume this little duty when they marry. Why feel foolish? I'm sure that they'll be most happy to hear from you, and since you do enjoy it. You'll never be sorry, I can not live near them it is the best way that you can become acquainted and friendly. I'd write those letters and assure you.

QUES: "I'm a girl fourteen years old, and I'm discouraged and unhappy most of the time because my mother discusses everything I do with our relatives and friends. She tells them what boys I like, what my grades are in every subject at school, how little help I am to her, and otherwise hashes over everything that I do or don't do. I wish that you'd say something to remind mothers that we don't like to have our affairs discussed with everyone."—N. D.

ANS: Surely this letter stands as sufficient reminder that our children and their problems are not to be used as conversation matter with everyone whom we know. As children mature and grow up they hate to feel that their behavior is known to the neighborhood and circle of relatives. Let this be a reminder to stop the habit if we're guilty of it.

QUES: "Do you think I'm at fault in the stand I've taken on this question? My husband loves fishing above everything else, and every Sunday morning at four o'clock he gets up and sets out to spend the day. The children and I go to church alone, eat dinner alone, and spend the afternoon alone. Then about five o'clock he turns up with the three or four men he's been fishing with and expects me to cook a big dinner for them. He does clean the fish, but that's the only help I get. I've put up with this for years and I'm tired of it, so now I've said that I won't cook a big dinner for the men—they can cook it themselves or go to a restaurant, because never once have the other wives put up with it—they can't go to anyone else's home. My husband has been very cross and ugly tempered since I took my stand, and now I don't know if I was right or wrong."—Iowa.

ANS: Oh, dear! I want to say that you were right and perhaps you were—I honestly just don't know. Men can do things so much worse than spend the day fishing, although I regret that this always happens on Sunday in too many homes. It takes the father away from all home and church activities. And it's really not right to expect any woman to get a big dinner at five or six on Sunday. All of these things are true. Yet... evidently it's meant a lot to your husband and as you said in another part of your letter, the boys are almost big enough to go with him and he wants to take them—that alone means a great deal, for some men who fish won't take their boys at all. Have you tried a compromise of getting dinner every other Sunday? Beyond this I won't say that I would or would not have done what you did—I honestly don't know.

In reply to the letter from the young woman who couldn't decide whether to stay with her husband's parents or move alone with her children, the following comment arrived:

"I was so glad that you made the suggestions you did to the young war widow, Leanna. I had this same problem to face at the end of the first World War, an almost identical situation, and after weeks of uncertainty I finally decided to remain on the farm for my children's sake. I've never regretted it. Had I gone back to my profession of teaching I would have been worn out at the end of the day and scarcely up to taking care of my home properly or giving my children the time they needed. I would have been independent, it's true, and free of the loving but so often irritating advice and instructions, but it would have been independence at too high a price.

Two of my friends had similar problems and they elected to start out on their own with their children. At the time I envied them and felt that perhaps I should have followed their course, but now I see that I've really had the more full and enriching experience, and this in spite of the fact that I've stayed very close to the farm all of these years. My children are both happily married now and I think they've made a happier adjustment to life without a father under these circumstances than they could have done otherwise, for Grandfather was a mighty good substitute for their Dad. Had I lived with them alone they would have missed all of this.

So much depends upon your in-laws, of course, I was blessed with kind and generous ones. There were the hard times, and a few really unpleasant times, but we all weathered them together and came through them firm friends. I tried, but they tried too, and the children also tried as they grew older.

—Illinois.



Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Kristin's mother.

HOUSEHOLD HELP

To remove marks made by scratching matches on a painted surface, rub with a cut lemon. To remove smoke from a room, dip a towel in equal parts of vinegar and water and wring out. Whirl gently over your head about the room.—Mrs. John S. Hoffman, Leon, Iowa.

I haven't a sweeper, so when I sweep my wool rug, I first dampen it with my spray which I use for dampening clothes. This leaves the colors bright when you sweep it and also keeps the dust down.—Mrs. Arthur Bast, Blanchard, Iowa.

In washing the windows, I found Lava soap to be very helpful. In fact, Lava soap has become one of my best cleaning friends. Its good for sinks, lavatories, linoleum, bath tubs. It is easier to rub a little soap from the bar than to be constantly shaking a box of powdered cleanser.—Mrs. Wm. E. Craddock, Lawrence, Kansas.

A pinch of soda sprinkled over dried beans will prevent them from having weevils in them.—Vera F. Dobson, Maxwell, Iowa.

While making soap, beat it real good and it becomes foamy and when ready for use it floats.—Mrs. Hans P. Storjohann, Gladbrook, Iowa.

A few tablespoons of glycerine added to the last rinse, when washing woollens, will prevent garments from scratching when worn and will give them a very soft feeling.—Mrs. Martin Smith, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

How many times do you scurry around the bed as you make it? Well, try making it completely on one side, then on the other. This can be done and saves time and many steps.

Buy Victory Bonds.



OVER THE FENCE

KMA welcomes the Blackwood quartette back to the air. One of the brothers is still in the army but is expected home soon. Meanwhile, Hilton Griswold, who plays the piano is singing, too. They will be glad to hear from old friends.

Edythe Sterlin is now heard with her program at 5:45 A. M. It will encourage her if you write her that you listen in at this new time.

John Field, Frank's son has received his discharge and is now employed as a writer on the staff of the "Shenandoah Sentinel." John showed his ability as a writer in the letters he wrote about his experience in the Pacific.

You will be happy to know that the baby in Omaha who needed clothing, was well provided for. One lady in Ohio sent a big box of things and an Omaha lady gave her almost an entire layette. The baby will be adopted by the young couple who have her.

The Congregational Church, Manhattan, Kansas, is soon celebrating its 90th anniversary. Abraham Lincoln contributed to the building of the first edifice, which is still a part of the church.

Remember the friend who wrote about bees swarming in their car? She writes me that they connected a hose with the muffler and gased them out.

Mrs. Alma Stubblefield, Colfax, Illinois, says to let you folks know she can't exchange for flowers anymore. She has over 200 and not many duplicates. Allow her a few weeks on other orders. It pays to advertise in Kitchen-Klatter.

Do you have any pink glass dishes in the cherry blossom design that was quite popular ten years ago? If so, write Mrs. Florian Luft, Route, Pocahontas, Iowa. She wants to replace some pieces that have been broken in her set.

If you can catch a couple of toads and put them in your cellar, you won't have to worry about cockroaches, silver fish, and other insects. Some of you may prefer the bugs to the toads, but they keep out of sight in the daytime.

If you have any old greeting cards, Pessie Wilson, 445 So. 28th, Lincoln, Nebraska, would like to have them. She'll give them to shutins.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

So many calls for cheer have come lately that I hope you are all feeling very helpful when you read this. Barbara Ann Weaver, Route 2, Timonsville, South Carolina, age 10, has rheumatic fever and will have to stay in bed and be quiet for a long time. More than a year ago she had a serious accident and many of you wrote her. Will you again help her over this illness?

Mrs. Blanche Williams, Rowland, North Carolina, has been in bed all summer. She needs cheery letters. So does Patsie Wilson. She is in Cooley's Sanitarium at West Monroe, La. About all she can do is read and she likes books of the Grace L. Hill and Zane Gray type. Recently she is able to write letters and asks that folks write to her. Mrs. Geo Lobb, Winnebago, Minn., and Mrs. Mary Hill, Centuria, Kans., also would like letters. Both are past 50.

There is a Sanitarium near Worthington, Minn., where the girls make costume jewelry using all kinds of beads. They are unable to do much now because they cannot buy beads and one of the neighbors who lives near tells me they can use old ones if they can get them. Have you some? Any kind. Old necklaces are fine, even if they are broken and part of the beads gone. I'm sure there is at least one such strand in every home. Small beads are also needed. Send them to Mrs. Lena Hibma, 516 Humiston Ave., Worthington, Minn. She will see that they get to the Sanitarium.

Mrs. Fossie Goff, 705 W 1, St., Marion, Indiana has had arthritis for 17 years and been unable to walk for 15 of them. She is in a nursing home, so letters mean a lot to her. Another arthritis victim is Mrs. Emma Ackerson, 449 VanVoorhies Road, Morgantown, West Virginia. Write her.

Mrs. Walter Kolasa, national director of the USO Scrapbook Service asks me to urge you to keep on making more and more scrapbooks. They are really needed more now than ever for the boys off on the islands have less to do and there is so little for them in the way of entertainment. To illustrate their need, one boy sent a picture he had drawn of his island with nothing on it but himself and a monkey reading a USO scrap book! In addition, 50,000 USO scrapbooks are to be sent to all ships which will be at sea on Christmas Day. Will you help? Send \$1.50 to me at 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif., and 10 blank books will be sent you—blank except that one will be started to show you how they should be filled. Get your friends to help. It doesn't take long and this is such worthwhile work. Directions for making and an address where finished books are to be sent, are printed in each book.

HOBBIES NEXT MONTH

Because of the many "ads" that came in this month we could not print the hobby news this time.—L.D.



By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

There is an old saying that "figures don't lie," but sometimes there is a mistake in printing them. Well, I imagine some of you smiled to yourself on my report of my late hatched chicks, and unless you reached for your pencil and figured it out for yourself that twenty-eight times thirty-three was more than two dollars and twenty-four cents you are still wondering why raise chickens at such a loss, when the original cost at six weeks was five dollars and two cents. The article should have read, nine dollars and twenty-four cents.

I used the numerals instead of writing the words out, hence the printers mistake. I shown have known better. A long time ago, (more years than I like to admit), a teacher in college said it was bad form to use numerals in any article except dates, and typed letters. I imagine that is because some handwriting is hard to read and numerals are often poorly made.

My chickens are still gaining. I weighed one at eleven weeks and it weighed three and one-fourth pounds. The combined weight of the twenty-one chickens at eleven weeks was sixty-three pounds. In the mean time, the price of chickens has gone down to twenty-four cents. I believe I am still ahead considerable on the deal. I have not checked on the feed yet, but will have the amount I weighed, used up in a few days and then I will be able to check again, at the end of twelve weeks.

I don't usually use a chicken until it weighs three and one-half pounds. I am afraid these are going to be too much like pets to start using them even then, which will be in a short time.

People have often asked me what is the best kind of chickens to raise, and I usually reply the same to all. It depends on what you want them for, to eat, to lay eggs, or for broilers. I do not believe you can beat a hybrid chicken for quick growth. It is like any other cross, the first cross often has the good points of both the original stock.

I recently had an inquiry as to what effect different grain had on poultry. The writer had corn and barley but no wheat. Corn produces the most fat content, followed in order by wheat, barley, and oats. While oats and barley rank high in muscle building, corn and barley mash with a good mineral supplement added, should do very well if the chickens had free range.

My daughter is still in the WACs but they have been notified that no more of them will be sent overseas and that is something to be thankful for, although to some of them it proved a big disappointment.

Let us be thankful for the many blessings already received and not worry too much about the future.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

A few minutes ago as I started to open my typewriter for this letter to you, I heard what sounded like a hundred boat whistles shrieking away in the direction of Golden Gate. This is something that we hear very frequently these days and it always means that a big transport carrying thousands of soldiers and sailors is coming into port from the long trip across the Pacific. My! how exciting it is to hear those whistles, to know that thousands of boys are standing on deck whooping and cheering as their ship passes under the Golden Gate Bridge, and that other thousands of people are down at the piers waiting. As many as ten-thousand a day have been coming in, so you can see how often we hear those whistles.

One of the first things that the boys see are huge gleaming white letters on the side of Angel Island. These letters read: "Welcome Home, Well Done" and the first time I saw them after they were put up it almost brought tears to my eyes—not many weeks have passed since we thought it might be another long, long stretch of time before such words could be written on a hillside.

If San Francisco was crowded before the war ended, I can only say that it is bursting its seams now. We now have a population of over 800,000 in a city that was designed to accommodate around 500,000. Add to this the boys who are coming home and who must spend at least a little time here enroute to other points, the Japanese-Americans who are returning in droves from the camps where they have been, and the thousands of people coming to meet their boys . . . well, you can see why everyone said just one thing after a big fire here yesterday left a couple of hundred people homeless. "Where will they live?" everyone asked. I didn't hear a soul say "What caused it?" or even "Was anyone killed?" The only question in people's minds was where the victims would find a roof.

One last word about the current situation: on October 17th or 18th the Fleet in all of its massive glory will arrive in the San Francisco harbor. You can understand why people are being asked to donate camp cots to public buildings, and to take in as many boys as they can manage.

For a number of visits with you I've been trying to remember to tell you something and it has always slipped my mind. Just now I thought of it again and decided to write it even though the incident happened a number of months ago.

During the United Nations Conference we all drove to the beautiful Muir Woods National Monument on a Sunday morning, and when Juliana and Kristin wanted something to eat we all stopped in at the lodge to have ice cream cones, and coffee for the grown-ups. There was only one other party in the lodge dining room, a group of four women from London who were delegates to the Conference. They struck up a friendship with our little girls at once, and talked to them for a long time. Then they



Kristin and Juliana taking a walk in the park.

came over to our table and we all talked together about San Francisco, London, and many other things. They were very homesick for London and eager to be on their road within two weeks, and when it came time to buy redwood souvenirs they asked us to help select them. When we told them goodbye we wished them a happy return trip, and we laughingly said that the next time we would meet in the nearest woods outside of London. Because of all this it came as a shock to us when we read in the paper that the plane carrying our four acquaintances was lost at sea—the only plane that didn't arrive safely with delegates from the Conference. I've thought with sadness how eager they were to return, and how homesick . . . it seems such a shame that they didn't live to see their friends and families again.

Today I made a new dress for "Baby-Doll" because she was the most derelict looking doll in San Francisco, I'm sure. I made a very fancy dress with lace and ribbons, and even starched the petticoats that went underneath. When I had her all dressed to surprise Juliana when she awakened from her nap, I slipped it into her crib. About three o'clock I heard a wild cry of excitement, and when I went out to get her up she looked at me and exclaimed rapturously "Oh, mamma, look at the beautiful new doll. Her name isn't Mary anymore. Her name is Santa

THE GIFT BOX

By Gertrude Hayzlett

With Christmas just around the corner, we should be getting busy with our needles and get our gifts started. Shoulder gadgets are still high on the list of acceptable gifts and here is an attractive one. Get several spools of thread, the tiny ones you find in mending kits. Choose pretty colors. Cut several lengths of narrow ribbon, no two exactly the same length. At one end of each sew a tiny button, to serve as "knot" in end of ribbon, then run other end of the ribbon through the hole in the center of spool. Fasten a fancy thimble in a loop at the end of another length of ribbon. Gather loose ends of ribbons together and fasten them. Cover fastening with a flat bow and pin to shoulder with a needle. This could be a useful gadget as well as ornamental.

For another pretty gadget, select a picture of a pretty butterfly. It should be 2 to 3 inches across. Cut the wings from suitable colored felt. Embroider spots and other markings or make them with beads or sequins. A large bead will make the head and a piece of fine wire run through the hole in bead and bent upwards makes the feelers. A safety pin sewed on back serves as fastener. Felt can also be used to make tiny animal gadgets.

A gadget that appealed to me is a map of the country—any country you are interested in. Find a map in son's geography and with carbon paper transfer it to some stiff material such as crinoline, tracing in the states also. Embroider each state in a different color, using cross stitch or French knots or solid stitch. Paste the completed map to heavy cardboard and fasten safety pin to the back with adhesive tape.

Any housewife would be delighted with a cannister set, and they are easy as pie to make. I am making a set for my own kitchen right now. I gathered a lot of pretty shaped cans and jars to start with. Some were tin, some wood. These I painted all over, then with black paint put the name of the food that was to go in them. You could paint a design another color or decorate with ture pasted on and shellacked.

You prefer. Most of my are glass with many



FOR THE CHILDREN

THANKSGIVING DAY

By Maxine Sickels

The Thanksgiving dinner was over and a dozen cousins sat around in the playroom together. They were too well stuffed with the stuffed turkey to do more than sit. For once none of the playthings looked inviting, not the ping-pong paddles nor the indoor tennis set nor the basket touch game.

"Let's tell stories," suggested Ann, her brown eyes sparkling and her black curls bobbing with interest. "Let's tell about the most thankful person or animal we have seen this year."

"All right," agreed the other children. "You tell first." When Ann told a story, it was a good story.

"I don't have any trouble thinking about the thankfulest animal I saw last year. The very thankfulest animal on our place was Chippie."

He was a little chipmunk with brown and yellow stripes that we found in the feed lot. We thought a hawk might have dropped him there or he might have been so frightened by something that he ran away and could not find his way back home again.

He was all covered with dust and his little red tongue hung out of his mouth. I picked him up and carried him to the house and wiped the dust off of him and tried to give him a drink in a saucer. Of course a little chipmunk did not know anything about a saucer. So we changed to a spoon. Of course a little chipmunk does not know anything about a spoon either but he soon learned to sit on his hind legs and hold the spoon with his front paws and sip the drops of warm milk.

He always sat down and washed his face and hands before he crawled into his nest which was a matchbox with an old sweater sleeve.

He slept but when I was with him he would wake up and

quiet on the daybed or in a chair. Then he would go burrowing up an overall leg or sleeve or into a shirt or sweater pocket where he curled into a little ball and fall asleep. I think he missed the warmth of his own family.

When anyone bothered him, he took his own part—first with protesting squeaks and chatterings and then with his sharp teeth. We would sometimes tease him by stealing his food or poking him with a finger when he was trying to sleep.

When he was full grown, we took him to the roadside and turned him loose. He slipped away into the grass with only a backward glance.

HELPFUL

While Mother is so busy with her Thanksgiving dinner, why don't you be responsible for the centerpiece and the place cards. The centerpiece could be a pumpkin hollowed out, washed and dried and filled with fruits and nuts and set on a ring of autumn leaves. While place cards are not necessary for a family dinner, they add to the table and you can make some lovely ones in the shape and color of autumn leaves. Use real leaves if you choose and run the stems through slots cut in the ends of strips of white paper.

TOMMY'S THANKSGIVING

I'm thankful for a lot of things,
I'm thankful, so I say;
I'm thankful for the big outdoors
Where I can run and play;
I'm thankful for the things that grow—
The apples, aren't they good?
The corn where we play hide and seek
As in a little wood;
I'm thankful for the pumpkins round,
Just like a golden ball,
And Jack-O-Lanterns big and queer
That don't scare me at all;
I'm thankful for Thanksgiving Day,
For pies all in a row,
I'm thankful grandma made them
sweet,
She knows I like them so;
I'm thankful for the turkey, too,
How brown it is and nice!
And I'd be very thankful, please,
For only one more slice.



Myreta Mae Jantz, granddaughter of Mrs. Geo. W. Clark, McPherson, Kansas.

TONGUE TWISTER

Admist a mist and coldest frost with barest wrists and stoutest boasts he thrusts his hands against the posts and still insists that he sees ghosts.



"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 100,000 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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YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS on 500 gummed labels. Use on stationery and envelopes. Nice for gifts. Price 25¢. Gertrude Haylett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

NOVELTY DOLLS made of acorns and bottles, collectors items. Send 3¢ self addressed envelope for price list. June Winslow, Route 4, Bethany, Missouri.

FOR SALE: A good loom for making rugs. It is the flying shuttle type. Makes lovely rugs. Price \$10.00. Write Mrs. A. E. Dieks, Route 3, Albia, Iowa.

FEED BAG QUILT PIECES, roll 50¢. Dolly shoes, gay colors, send length and width of foot, 50¢. Velma Graham, Route 2, Sheridan, Missouri.

KING KORN COOK BOOKS, only 100 left. Will send them for 10¢. Order from Mrs. Mae Zeigler, 101 E. South Street, Marshalltown, Iowa.

FELT LAPEL ORNAMENTS, parrot, \$1.00, turtle, \$1.00. White felt baby slippers, \$1.25. Curtain tie backs, \$1.00 pair. Mabel Benbow, Archer, Iowa.

ATTENTION: My 1945 Christmas apron patterns are ready for you. Charming Chinese designs in gay chintz or percale. A cover-front panel apron and a short tie apron. Patterns 15¢ each or both for 25¢. (Coin please.) Terrill's, 1600 B Avenue, N.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

RELIGIOUS CROCHETED PANELS, \$15.00; chair and buffet sets, \$3.50; large dresser scarfs, \$3.00; embroidery done reasonable. Mrs. E. B. Gillet, 2822 South 15th Street, Omaha 9, Nebraska.

BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERED DRESSER SCARFS with dainty crocheted edge, \$2.00; pretty pieced holder, 25¢ each. Mrs. Fred Jensen, Nashua, Iowa.

CLOTH DOLLS, 10 and 15 inches with yarn curls, \$1.50 and \$2.00; yarn Pekinese dogs, \$1.50, any color; pot holders, \$1.00 pair, bird, flowers, cottages, panty and dress, basket and 2 holders; cosmetic doll, crocheted dress covers powder box, shopping bag holds rouge, and lipstick. Mrs. G. L. Hill, 2615 E. Ninth Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

FOR SALE: Hand crocheted holders, 3 for \$1.00; these make lovely Christmas gifts. Mrs. Clifford Sorensen, Route 3, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

LADIES: Save work, time, expense. Clean 100 pieces flat silver in 1 minute with Lectrik Plate. Unconditionally guaranteed. Absolutely safe. Will last for years. Ideal Christmas Gift, order early. Only \$2.50 postpaid. A.E. Shanholtzer, Coatsburg, Illinois.

FOR SALE: Crocheted round doily, 15 inches, \$1.50; round doily, 16 inches, swirl pattern, \$2.00; vanity set, \$2.50; buffet set, \$2.50; coffee table or chest piece, 28 by 17, \$2.50; smaller end table pieces, 19 by 12, \$1.25; will take orders for white or colored fascinators, \$2.75; baby jackets in white or colors, \$2.00. Emma M. Stein, Dysart, Iowa.

YOUR HANDWRITING TELLS. Health, happiness, wealth. Write me on unruled paper, enclosing a self addressed stamped envelope, sex, complexion, birthdate. \$1.00. I know you will like this most unusual analysis for your personal benefit. Myrtle Kenney, 904 Norfolk, Norfolk, Nebraska.

RICKRACK LACE FOR PILLOW CASES, 85¢ pair. 36 by 36 Lunch Cloth, 65¢. Please include postage. Helen Chuldt, Poynette, Wisconsin.

BABY CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER. Beautiful crocheted jacket, cap, and mitten sets and stuffed toys, reasonable. Order that layette, shower gift, or Christmas present for the wee one now. A long list of satisfied customers. Mrs. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

COLORFUL APRONS. Band style, 85¢; bib, \$1.25; muslin and print combination. Deborah McCurnin, Palmer, Iowa.

RAG DOLLS, "Miss Iowa" Beauty Contest Winner at the Marshall Doll Show in Pennsylvania. 2 sizes, 32 inches, \$7.00; 18 inches, \$4.00. Gough Sisters, Palmer, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Print aprons for Christmas. 75¢ and \$1.00. Mrs. G. S. Valentine, Route 7, Topeka, Kansas.

USEABLE: Pot holders of print, each 35¢ or 3 for \$1.00 postpaid. Mrs. Laura Knipfer, 2800 East 16th Street., Des Moines 16, Ia.

FOR SALE—Clothes basket liners, 50¢ each. Novelty print pot holders, 20¢ each. Crocheted pot holders, 50¢ pair. Mrs. Carl Abbas, Rt. 4, Sumner, Iowa.

POT HOLDERS, butterflies, strawberries, fish, flower garden, pineapple, bell, checkerboard, house, sunflower, teapot, pansy, acorns, cups, fans, roses, grapes, stars, pumpkins, sugar and cream, and mitten. 50¢ each. 10 to 12 inch doily. pineapple design, \$1.00. Mrs. Will Kracke, Hope, Kansas.

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS FOLDERS with envelopes, 50 for \$1.10; 25 for \$1.10, name imprinted; 21 for \$1.00 with or without bible passages; also everyday cards, 15 for \$1.00; please order early. Bernice Olson, Box. 767, Bode, Iowa.

ATTENTION BUTTON COLLECTORS. 50 modern novelty buttons for \$1.00; all buttons are new and perfect. Mrs. Roy K. Neff, Route 1, Millersville, Pennsylvania.

SEED NECKLACES, rich Autumn colors, made to order. Smart unusual gifts at any time. Retail, \$1.25. Marguerite Cutland, 216 E. 2nd Ave., Mesa, Arizona.

LOVELY SOCK DOLLS, either Rockford or Black. Pinafores, caps, yarn trimmed, ideal children's gifts, 75¢ plus 10¢ postage. Mrs. L. N. Carter, Sergeant Bluff, Iowa.

CROCHETED CHAIR SETS, \$1.25; oblong doilies, 25 by 15, \$1.50; 18 inch doilies, \$1.00; buffet sets, \$1.25; if I don't have enough made to fill orders, I will make them as quickly as I can. Mrs. W. C. Dygert, Yale, Iowa.

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FOR THE CHILDREN. True Comics Magazine is a direct, constructive answer to the current rage for cheap, timewasting comics. True Comics fulfills every juvenile requirement for color, action and excitement—but its stories are about real people, their adventures and accomplishments. Boys and girls are thrilled to find that these stories of courage actually happened. It gives eager young readers a wealth of information about famous people, and important events of history and present times. Comes every month. An ideal birthday or Christmas gift. 12 big issues for \$1.00. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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NOVELTY ACORN SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS, 40¢. English walnut pitchers for the collectors, 30¢. Wauweta Slaughter, Silver City, Iowa.

CROCHETED YARN BEANIES: Would make lovely gifts, \$2.00 each. State color, Mrs. F. L. Harm, 3084 Vine, Lincoln 3, Neb.

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AID SOCIETY HELPS

MAKE MONEY FOR YOUR AID

If you are interested in making money for your Aid Society, it is possible for me to again let you take subscriptions for the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine". Write me for complete information about the plan. The paper situation is a little better now, and we can add more subscribers to our list.

Cafeteria Supper

One of our friends writes me their church enjoy a "Main Street Cafeteria" each fall about the first of November.

Main street runs down one side of the church basement, where booths constructed very simply, represent the stores on main street. These booths were decorated with crepe paper and pictures to represent the goods they sold, with large signs displayed prominently.

One store had a sign "Hardware." Here you get your tray, silverware and dishes. "Fruit and Vegetables," "Meat Market," "Bakery," and "Dairy" all furnish their part of the meal, the "Dairy" selling butter, cottage cheese, cream, and ice cream. The "Filling Station" furnished water, milk, tea, or coffee. The last one was a "Bank" where trays were presented and cashiers totaled the bill and took the money. Charge for each article of food separately, three, five, or ten cents.

A bazaar or food sale can be held in connection with this dinner or supper and a good sum of money earned. If you wished you could have this cafeteria in an empty building on main street which might be used free of charge.

A Book Exchange

We cannot all afford to own the latest book so, during the winter, when folks have more time to read, use this idea. Plan a "Book Tea," each friend bringing a good, new book in which she has written her name and address. One person is put in charge of the exchange, who collects ten cents for each book loaned and keeps a record of who has each book. A fine of two cents a day must be paid by those who keep books more than two weeks.

Walk the Plank

Lay a plank on the floor or if you have no plank, use a strip of paper the width and length of a plank. At one end place a pan of water. The victim must walk the plank, blindfolded, and jump over the pan of water. While he has his eyes covered over, take the water away. Of course those who are to take part in this game must be sent to another room and come in one by one.

A Doll Race

The boys chose the girl they want for their doll. They line them up at a starting point. Then each boy picks up one of his partners feet and places it forward, they the other, moving the girls as if they were mechanical dolls. The couple reaching the given goal first, wins.

A "Balance" Race

Place an orange on a paper plate and balance the plate on the head. Have three play this game at once. They must walk rapidly to a given goal, turn around and walk back to the starting place, without the orange falling to the floor. Another game can be played using the paper plates. See who can throw one the farthest. This is harder than it seems.

Fun With Balloons

Give each guest a balloon, all the same size of course and at a given signal each begins to blow up his balloon and the first to burst his balloon wins.

Divide the crowd into two groups. The leader has a blown up ball and tosses it into the air. Each side tries to keep it from touching the floor on their side of the room, batting it with their hands, back to the opponents side.

A Rag Bag Hunt

Each pair of guests receives the list of old clothes, hat, dress, coat, gloves, tie, and so forth, to be found in some house other than their own. Just one garment can be obtained at each house. When all garments are found, the player puts them on. The first back, wins.

Shouted Proverbs

Divide the crowd into two groups. Each group goes into a different room. Each group chooses a proverb like, "Honesty is the best policy." Each word in the proverb is given to one or more people. The team returns and at a signal each shouts his word. The other team must guess the proverb. They then have their turn to present their proverb which might be "A new broom sweeps clean."



FAMILY FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

"There's a great big turkey on our grandpa's farm.

He thinks he's mighty gay.

You should hear him gobble at the girls and boys

He thinks he's singing when he makes that noise

But he'll sing his song another way upon Thanksgiving Day."

For years the singing of this gay little verse by the children of our family has ushered in the Thanksgiving season. I used to sing it as I followed old Puss and Dale around on the horse drawn power while the golden corn rolled up the elevator into the crib. Now I hear my own son singing it as he bounces along on the tractor seat to haul in corn from the picker, after school hours.

By the way, I hope it's a tradition at your house, as at ours, to plant a few hills of red corn among the fields so the children can have the thrill of finding the ears. These ears will look so pretty in the Thanksgiving table centerpiece.

That centerpiece begins to be a picture in our children's minds long before Thanksgiving Day. As the vegetables and fruits and gourds are gathered in, the children select the choicest ones to set aside for the centerpiece. Later, these are scrubbed or polished to bring out their natural beauty. Some years the children hollow out a large pumpkin and scallop the edges to make a big bowl to hold their display. One year they used a heirloom cake stand, letting the fruit fall gracefully over the edge and heaping some of the vegetables at the foot of the stand. This year they plan to arrange it all on a large mirror, adding some gay autumn leaves for color. My favorite arrangement was a large cushion squash hollowed to make a horn of plenty from which the other vegetables tumbled out on to the center of the table.

The children spend one evening making the favors with much giggling, fun, and occasionally mistakes—but how they love it! Here are several of their favorites. Draw wings, head, and tail on stiff brown paper. Then cut out and stick into slits made in potatoes or bright red apples to make a big gobbler. Homemade cracker jack can be molded into turkey shape with paper wings and tail added. We add a bit of red paper for the wattle on the neck.

Have you ever tried to run a warm iron over bright autumn leaves laid upon a waxed paper to give them a brighter gloss?