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Kitchen-Klatter

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H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Friends:

I've been sitting here tonight checking through the boxes that will be starting their long trip west to help Santa Claus make Christmas for our little Kristin and Juliana. As I went through them I thought of you friends who've written recently and said that you were fortunate enough to have your grandchildren living near you. I'm happy for each and every one of you, and since it really takes little children around to make a perfect Christmas I can only hope that next year we will have the pleasure that you're having this year.

Since I last visited with you we've had the pleasure of having several of our children at home. Wayne came home from Denver with his discharge from the army, and he will have his first Christmas with us since before he went into the army almost four years ago. It will be his job to help put up the tree, and it will be a very different looking tree from the one made of broomsticks that some of the boys put up in their barracks thousands of miles from home. The first week in January he expects to enter Northwestern University to specialize in advertising, and he hopes to go straight through and get the degree that he first started after long ago.

We think that Howard will surely be back with his permanent discharge in time for Christmas. At the present time he is still in the Pacific waiting for transportation home, but he's gotten a few-hundred miles along the way already and thinks that it won't be long until he docks some place on the West Coast.

Don won't be with us for Christmas, but he had a furlough in November and got to see Wayne, Lucile and Juliana. Those of you who are within reach of my voice know that Lucile and Juliana were with us through the last of October and most of November. It was the first time we'd seen Juliana since she was nine months old, and you can just imagine how much fun we had with her. Those of you who have followed her growth through the pictures in Kitchen-Klatter will be interested in knowing that she looks exactly like her pictures, only they don't really tell you how golden her hair is. It would take colored pictures to do that.

Dorothy, Frank and Kristin, and Lucile, Russell and Juliana will celebrate Christmas together in San Francisco. They hope to have Margery with them if she can get away

from her work at a big wholesale drug company in Los Angeles. She enjoys her work very much and has made a number of nice friends who keep her from feeling too lonely now that she is living away from her sisters and other members of the family.

This accounts for all of us except Frederick. He is serving as a chaplain with the navy in Washington, D. C., and it will be impossible for him to get home to celebrate Christmas with us. We had hoped that he might come home while Lucile was here for they haven't seen each other for about seven years and he's never seen Juliana, but things didn't work out that way. Frederick doesn't know just when he will be discharged from the navy, but when that time comes he thinks that he might like to take a pastorate some place in the East.



Last year at this time the clouds of war hung so heavy above us that the wonderful old phrase, "Goodwill to men" sounded pretty hollow, but this year it can have all of its original meaning. I know that many, many of you friends are sharing with us the joy that comes from having our boys safely home, but all of us who have this joy carry in our hearts the thought of you who will not have a complete family circle. Now, more than ever, you are in our thoughts and prayers.

I suppose that all of you friends have been busy doing the same things that I've been doing these past weeks—making and decorating Christmas cookies, packing boxes for children and grandchildren far away, doing extra-special cooking, and locating Christmas decorations that were stored on closet shelves after last New Year's Day. Juliana got into the

package of tinsel that we'd been saving and had a good time playing "Christmas tree" before we discovered what she was up to, but we can find something else to cover the bare spots that the tinsel was supposed to cover.

I have been busy at one thing that was out of the usual routine and that was getting our new sewing book ready for you to have before Christmas. Lucile and I wrote this book together, and we had a good time putting it in order. It kept our dining room table pretty well littered for several weeks, but we decided that stacks of paper and pictures couldn't really be called too much of an eyesore, and it was the only way we could work on the book.

Probably you won't have too much time for letters right now, but I'm always happy when you have a few spare moments to give to a letter, and as soon as the holidays are over I'll want to hear what you did and how many of your family could be together. Until that time all of the Driftmiers want to send to you and yours their warmest wishes for a happy and blessed Christmas.

—Leanna.

P. S. Since writing this we have had a telegram from Margery, that she was married Sun., Nov. 18, to Elmer Harms, of Hollywood, Calif. I'll tell you all about the wedding in the January issue of Kitchen Klatter.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

In Egypt the palm tree is used as a Christmas tree. It puts forth a shoot every month and is used to signify that a year has been completed.

The first Christmas book was published in England in 1750. The first Christmas card was also sent in England in the year 1846.

In Indiana there is a little town named Santa Claus. At the entrance to the town there is a great stone statue of the beloved Saint with his open sack of gifts before him.

In Italy bright flowers are used in the homes instead of evergreens. In most Italian homes one will find a "Bowl of Fate" which is filled with many wrapped packages. Each member of the family draws a gift from the bowl.

Which burns the longer, a red candle or a white one? Neither, each burns shorter.

Many countries claim the honor of giving the Christmas tree to the world. One story claims that Martin Luther was traveling alone on a Christmas Eve when the sky was filled with thousands of stars. When he returned he tried to explain the beauty of the scene to his family, and to illustrate his explanation he went outside and cut down a little pine tree. Then he carried it in to the nursery, put many candles on it, and lighted them, thus bringing the beauty of the night into the home.

Come into the Garden

GIFTS FOR THE GARDENER

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

There are so many sides to gardening that the question of what to give a gardener should be solved very easily. However, these gifts are often hard to find at the last moment, so it would be wise to begin selecting them early for the special gardener you have in mind.

Good tools come to mind first of all. While these have been hard to get during the past few years, more and more are now appearing on the market; and it's almost impossible to go wrong in giving garden tools. A good pair of pruning shears is invaluable—at least I could not get along without mine. When cleaning up the garden they take away half of the burden, for not only do they prune to one's taste, but they bite into many a stubborn weed that needs to be removed. Grass shears are another must have. Good trowels should be in every gardener's hands. And a good rake and spade are very necessary tools. These things are practical, of course, but they are also very welcome.

Sprinkling cans make nice gifts and they come in all sizes from the big ones for the garden to the more artistic ones for indoor gardeners. A bulb-shaped one is very handy to give a clean water bath to a house plant, and clothes sprinklers may be utilized for this purpose.

A kneeling pad or individual pads which fit the knees prevent much discomfort when weeding or setting out plants. They also save clothes. Slacks to garden in are welcome, not to mention a jar of cold cream or some similar lotion if one gardens without gloves.

Books are food for both men and women gardeners. Good gardening books, stories of travel in distant lands, books not only informative but also amusing—these are all welcome. Best of all is a good botany text to study during the winter months when one cannot get outdoors to garden. Most gardeners too would appreciate a good-sized five-year diary in which to keep a record of the progress made in their gardens.

Garden stationery is really lovely these days, and happy will be the gardener who receives some. Include a book of stamps with this gift and no doubt some of it will return to the giver as bread cast upon the waters—and not blank sheets either. Writing letters on flower-decked paper makes spring seem close at hand.

A subscription to some good gardening magazine is a happy thought that will bring monthly remembrance. Garden labels and tags are worthy gifts. Decorative flower pots are always welcomed, and a vase will be received with joy by those who love to bring in and arrange their garden flowers. The most simple ones given to us by our young children are always carefully cherished down through the years.

Merry Christmas!



The Balsam Apple. This vine has interesting seeds for seed work.

GIFTS FROM SEED

By Mrs. Mae Dees

To me the fun of gardening is only half over with the spring and summer activities. I now reap happiness from my garden all the year. How? I gather, clean and dry all kinds of seeds. I store them away in fruit jars, safe from mice and dampness. Then when the bitter wind howls and the soft white snow beats against my window pane, these little seeds of mine will really come into their own.

My little girl and I will lay a pine knot on the fire, bring out the seeds and start a regular party for these magical little play fellows and ourselves, for we will make them into lovely gifts. Yes, gifts of many kinds; pictures, plaques, toys, lapel ornaments, necklaces, vanity boxes, vases, bookends, seed flowers, tie racks, dolls, saucy brownies, fairies, figurines, Mother Goose characters, cunning animals, birds, charm strings, package decorations, greeting cards, wreaths; yes even baskets, tiny pitchers, cups and saucers, buttons and scrap books. Any other woman can do likewise if she will only save those magical little seeds.

Here is a list of the seeds most easily obtainable and which you can most easily fashion into clever gifts; nuts, acorns, cantalopes, watermelon, black field soys, timothy, millet, cane, Job's tears, butter beans, four o'clocks, hollyhocks, zinnias, popcorn, colored field or Indian corn, gourds, pumpkin, squash, mustard, radish, cosmos, lettuce and love-lies-bleeding or amaranthus (tiny black seeds). I save over a hundred kinds but those named will give you a good start.

Best of all no expensive equipment is necessary to pursue this fascinating hobby. Fifty cents will start you right in making beautiful and original gifts for yourself and friends. From the dime store buy a small box of water colors, a jar of glue, one of clear varnish, one of white shellac and some pins. With the odds and ends you can find at home you are all set for a winter of real happiness and once you get started new ideas will pop into your head at the sight of every seed. When I find a new or curious seed, now, after almost three years of pursuing this hobby, I can never rest until I create something useful and see that seed have a place in the sun; even a cockle burr so haunted me until I created a very wild cave man and woman from the most despised seed on the face of the earth. It's that way!

Here is how you can make a lovely kitchen plaque to hang above your sink. Take a plan paper plate, trim at least half the border away. Turn bottom up and draw a simple basket on the center of bottom. With a tiny brush outline the design in glue (work quickly lest glue dries). Take up a teaspoon full of mustard seeds and toss lightly over the glue. See the design stand up. Shake and the surplus seeds fall away. Now take black soys or hollyhocks and make bunches of grapes hanging over the basket sides; paint purple after they stick of course. Take a butterbean or two and glue in top of basket. Use cosmos seed for a stem and paint pink; These make delicious looking peaches. A big white squash seed standing up and painted orange becomes a juicy pear; popcorn makes yellow or red cherries; and green felt is perfect for a leaf here and there or even a watermelon seed does it. You can soon arrange fruits as naturally in a basket on a plaque as you can on the table.

Fix a border all around the plaque. Watermelon seed laid one way all around makes a nice frame. Paint the first one green, the next purple and a third orange; repeat all around. As glue sets, apply with a light brush, a heavy coating of clear varnish. Pin plaque to a flat surface by driving four pins in edges to keep it from bulging. When dry (about 12 hours) remove pins, give another touch up of paints so the colors will be bright, dry a few minutes and apply a thin coating of white shellac. Before you do anything, however, punch two small holes in top of plate. After last coat of shellac is dry, run the ends of a piece of ribbon through these holes and tie a bow on top side over the design. This leaves a hanging loop on the back. Cut a circle of wall paper to fit and paste neatly on back to cover any varnish that may have gone through. Isn't your handiwork beautiful?

Yes, seed gifts are unusual, easy to do, inexpensive and truly appreciated, so gather those seeds now and make your own. I shall be happy to explain many more of the easy ones later. Good luck with your gift making!

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

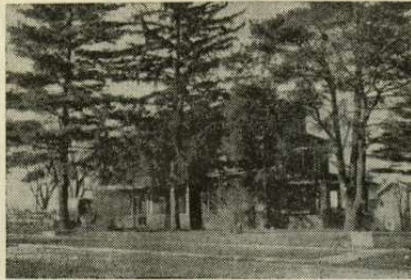
During the time that Dad was on the West Coast we had quite a few picnics and short trips to visit relatives and friends. Everyone was glad then that Mother had learned to drive the car, and by this time we had all acquired enough confidence in her abilities to sit back and enjoy ourselves. She did have one minor mishap during Dad's absence, but the fenders on our Studebaker had been pounded back into shape so frequently that one more repair job wasn't even discernible. The only thing I'll tell you about this particular mishap is to state two facts; it began raining one afternoon while we were driving in the country, and Mother attempted to drive into a barn that looked big enough to accommodate our car. You can put the story together from that.

One of the short trips we made was to visit Frank Field and his family who were then living a few miles south of Shenandoah. We arrived at the tail-end of considerable excitement, for it seems that Zoeanna (who was then about three or four years old) had cried with an ear-ache, and when she was taken to the doctor he extracted a large June bug from her ear. It has always been the supposition that it crawled into her ear while she was sleeping, but although that has been long ago Mother says that she never again was to hear a child crying with an earache without wondering if a June bug could be the cause.

We had a very good time at Frank's home and then went on to visit Mother's cousins, the Coys, on a farm southwest of Shenandoah. It was there that Dorothy picked up her lifelong aversion to chickens because one pecked her hand when she was giving it corn—it's her only vivid memory of that entire summer. The rest of us had a grand time tearing around the farm, and as a consequence we returned home to Clarinda feeling that we had had a marvelous vacation and that we had traveled hundreds and hundreds of miles rather than only twenty-five or thirty.

When Dad returned home he brought news of relatives and friends whom Mother hadn't seen since she left California to be married in 1913. I think that all of this made her just a little bit homesick, and she was happy when Dad finally decided to close out his business in Clarinda and move to the West Coast. This came in January of 1924, but during the Christmas holidays we knew that he was leaving and that it was to be our last Christmas in that house. Howard and I were old enough to register this fact with considerable emotion, and we discussed it and wondered, doubtfully, if any other place could really be home. California seemed as remote to us as Tibet. We simply couldn't imagine living there.

The business with which Dad was to be associated was the Shenandoah Flag and Decorating Company. This concern furnished flags and flag poles



Driftmier Home in Clarinda.

to merchants for uniform street decorations on special days, and there's a good chance that your town has this equipment for thousands and thousands of towns and cities all over the United States made the investment. The firm had been operating only a short time when the volume of business became so heavy it was decided to open a branch on the West Coast. This is the branch that Dad was to open, and at a later date he was to have offices in New York for the same firm.

There were so many details concerned with breaking up our Clarinda home that it was decided Dad would go on alone, and that we would follow at the end of May when school was out. We children were glad of this for we didn't want to change schools in the middle of the year. Six months is a long stretch, either in peace time or war time, and since we knew Dad would be gone this long we were a pretty subdued bunch when we kissed him goodbye on a January afternoon. Howard was so subdued that he even offered to keep a sharp eye on the furnace without being reminded!

Until Mother sold the house it didn't seem too real that we were moving to California, but when she told us that she had finally disposed of it the big change seemed close at hand. I say "finally disposed of it" because it was a large house and large houses are more of a marketing problem than a small house. Only a good-sized family would be interested in it, and as it turned out a family with five children purchased it and have lived in it now for twenty-one years.

However, Mother's real problems began when the house was sold, for that left her face to face with the big job of packing everything we'd accumulated through the years and getting it started west to California. The amount of packing that she had to do can be judged by the fact that it took half of a freight car to accommodate our goods. Fortunately, Grandfather Driftmier came to do the heavy lifting and crating, and stayed right with us until the last box was nailed shut. Under any circumstances this would have been a blessing, but it so happened that Mother sprained her back the very first day she started packing books and for a week she had to stay in bed.

A woman came in to help manage things during this hectic time, but I was supposed to assist her as much as I could and one of my duties was getting supper at night. Just what

we were going to eat on this particular night I've forgotten except for the fact that scrambled eggs was part of the menu. At any rate, I started to walk to the stove with a dish of eggs in one hand and a pitcher of cream in the other hand when I stumbled over the carpet-sweeper and fell.

I didn't want to break the eggs or spill the cream so I made no attempt to break the fall and simply went down full force on one knee. I had had many falls before as any growing child does, but this was the first time I had been unable to move and get up. I just lay there helplessly until Mother hobbled downstairs to see what had happened. Eventually I managed to get up, but my knee was very painful and I couldn't walk without limping for several days. I noticed too that when I got down to give the floors their final waxing I couldn't bear to place my weight on that knee. But it never occurred to me or to anyone else that there could be anything seriously wrong with it, or that a doctor should examine it. After all, if we had run to the doctor every time we fell down there would have been one of us seven in his office practically every day.

A few nights before school was dismissed a crowd of our friends in the Freshmen class came to our house for a party and gave Howard and me farewell gifts. Dorothy's friends also had a little party for her, and of course Mother's friends and clubs entertained her at farewell get-togethers. It was these things that made us realize how soon we would be leaving, and the pangs of saying goodbye to old friends almost wiped out the excitement of traveling far, far away.

On the day that school was dismissed Howard left for Wagon Mound, New Mexico to visit Dad's sister, Aunt Adelyn Rope and her family. They lived on a ranch near Wagon Mound, and Howard expected to spend the summer there and then join us in California. We thought that Howard was practically grown up when he started on that trip, but there were pictures taken the day he left and in them he looks very far from grown up!

After our furniture had been taken away we stayed with Aunt Jessie Shambaugh for the few remaining days, and then on a hot noon in June the seven of us drove down to the little station in Clarinda to take our train for Villisca. There we were to transfer to another train that would take us to Omaha, and in Omaha we were to pick up the big Union Pacific train that would take us to San Bernardino, California, where Dad was waiting to meet us.

FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE

Friendly thoughts are cheery things,
No matter what we say,
They sort of bring the sunshine out
On any kind of day.

They have a way of warming hearts,
Of being company, too.
And that's the very reason
They're sent today—to you!

Mary Duncomb

AS OTHERS SEE US

By Lois Shull

Depositing my bundles in the car I settle myself to await the return of my family. The children asked their Dad to help them do the rest of their Christmas shopping and I'm not supposed to guess that they are choosing their gifts for me. I've finished up everything on my list and they won't be back for a few minutes, so I'll just sit here in the car and watch the people passing along the street which is gay in its holiday finery.

My! How the people are hurrying today. And just see the expressions of anxiety and worry. Take that woman going by, for instance. Her hat's awry and her arms are full of packages of every size and shape! Her haste and determined look can only mean that she's racing with time, no doubt afraid she won't make it home in time to get supper on the table before her family comes trooping in.

And look at that young woman with the two small children tugging at her hands. They are laughing and dancing with the energy of youth, but the mother looks haggard and her set smile seems to indicate that she's made up her mind to show her children a good time despite her own feelings. I can imagine that she's taking them to see Santa Claus and all the wonderful toys in the stores. But why does she look so distressed about what should be such a joyful occasion? Could it be that their Daddy is still overseas—or worse, that he isn't to return to them, ever?

There is a middle-aged couple dashing down the street now. She is a step ahead of the man who is attempting to keep up with her and balance all the bundles he is struggling with at the same time.

That reminds me. Maybe I'd better check through my shopping list just to be sure I haven't forgotten anything I wanted to do today. I pull the rumpled bit of paper from my coat pocket and check off each item. But what's this! I've forgotten to purchase Aunt Agatha's gift. Oh dear! She's such a hard one to choose for. She has just everything and I never know what she would like. But I did so want to finish my shopping today so I wouldn't have to come back to town. Well, there's nothing for it but to dash into that department store just a few doors down the street and find something—anything—that will do, and hope to be back to the car before my family.

I scramble madly through the crowds and into the store. I do wish I had some idea what to buy for Aunt Agatha. The people in here seem as distraught as the ones on the street. Take that woman coming right toward me. She's by far the most harassed looking individual I've seen yet today. And she's heading directly at me. You'd think she'd at least watch where she's going!

Wups! I'm brought up with a start! For I've recognized the red feather on her hat! I'm looking at MYSELF in a mirror!

CHRISTMAS SWEETS

NOUGAT

- 3/8 cup honey
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 lb. almonds
- 2 egg whites

Boil the honey and sugar together until drops of the mixture hold their shape when poured into cold water. Add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and cook very slowly, stirring constantly, until the mixture becomes brittle when dropped into water. Add the almonds and cool under a weight. The candy can be broken into pieces or may be cut and wrapped in waxed paper.

HONEY FUDGE

- 2 cups sugar
- 1/3 cup honey
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 egg whites
- 1 tsp. of vanilla extract

Boil together the sugar, honey, and water until the sirup spins a thread when dropped from a spoon (about 250 degrees F). Pour the sirup over the well-beaten whites of the eggs, beating continuously and until the mixture has cooled a little. Drop in small pieces on buttered or paraffin paper. The vanilla may be omitted.

UNCOOKED CHOCOLATE CANDY

- 1 cake semi-sweet chocolate
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 pinch salt

Melt chocolate in double-boiler. Add milk, salt and vanilla. Beat until stiff enough to drop. Nuts may be added if desired.

HONEY BUTTERSCOTCH CANDY

- 1 cup of honey
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/3 cup cider vinegar

Cook all ingredients together until hard-boiled stage has been reached. Can either be cooled and pulled, or poured in a thin sheet on oiled platter and broken up when cold.

GRAHAM CRACKER FUDGE

- 2 squares chocolate, shaved
- 3/4 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup white syrup
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 24 cut marshmallows
- or 1 cup marshmallow creme
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 3 cups graham cracker crumbs

Combine chocolate and milk and heat over slow fire until chocolate has melted. Add sugar, salt, and stir until dissolved. Cook to soft-ball stage. Remove from fire, cool slightly, then add marshmallows, vanilla, nuts, and graham cracker crumbs. Mix well. Press into well greased pan, chill 8 to 12 hours, or overnight. Cut in squares. This is ideal for Christmas packaging to the boys.



THE GIFT BOX

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Christmas would not be complete without an apron. Make one of gingham and put pockets on both right and wrong side. Finish the seams flat and either side will serve for right side. This distributes the wear and the apron will last much longer. Did you ever try sewing a pair of holders at the bottom of an apron so they serve for both pockets and holders that are always handy?

Mesh dish cloths are back in the stores. They make grand bags for shopping or knitting or whatnot. It takes three, and all the short lengths of bias tape you have saved and don't know what to do with. Stretch one taut over a foundation—I used the under side of the breadboard. Thread a length of bias tape through a tape-needle and weave in and out through the meshes of the cloth. Make the next row of a different color tape, and so on till you have woven the entire cloth. Weave two cloths in this manner. Cut the third cloth in four equal strips and sew ends together to make a long strip. Weave this strip. Next, sew three sides of the two squares together with this strip between, leaving the fourth side open. This forms the bag. Use the rest of the strip for the handle. Line bag and handle with bright colored cloth.

Make a doorstep by covering a brick with felt, velvet or any heavy material. To do this, lay the brick on a paper and cut a pattern to fit each of its sides. Allow for seams on all edges. Cut material, turn in edges and overcast the pieces together with yarn or embroidery cotton. If you wish to embroider a design on the pieces, do this before putting together. Insert brick just before sewing on the last piece. A pair of these make excellent bookends.

You probably have a beautiful doily that you do not use. Make another to match in size and finish the edge the same way. Cut 2 circles of cotton a little smaller than the doilies. On one sprinkle a generous quantity of good sachet powder. Tack the other securely to it. Fasten this pad between the two doilies, using tiny stitches hidden in the fancy edge. Nice for bureau drawers.

Fold a square yard of mosquito netting twice to make an 18-inch square. Bind edges with bias tape. This makes a face cloth that really gets your face clean.

Punch 8 or 10 holes neatly in the lid of a pint-size mayonnaise jar so jagged edges are on the inside. Paint the lid to match the color of bathroom and decorate with a flower design. Fill jar with a favorite scouring powder. Better enclose a note to tell what the contents are.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

CHERRY NUT GELATIN SALAD

- 1 package cherry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/3 cup grape juice
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 24 canned cherries, Royal Ann or red, as preferred
- 9 English walnuts

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water, add cold water, salt, grape juice and lemon juice. Chill until like jelly. Stuff cherry centers with one-fourth English walnut in each. Half fill six individual molds with gelatin mixture, rinsing molds first with cold water. Place four cherries in each mold and fill with gelatin. Chill until firm. Unmold on bed of lettuce and garnish each salad with a generous serving of salad dressing and half an English walnut.

YULETIDE SALAD

- 2 packages lemon gelatin
- 1 cup blanched almond meats, chopped
- 2 cups celery, cut fine
- 1 small bottle of creme de menthe cherries (green)
- 1 small bottle of maraschino cherries (red)
- 4 cups boiling water

Dissolve lemon gelatin in the boiling water. Split the cherries, add them and the nuts and celery to the gelatin mixture just as it begins to harden. Let salad harden in molds or in rectangular pan cutting the salad in squares for serving. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

JELLIED PINEAPPLE AND CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 package lemon gelatin dessert
- 1 1/2 cups hot water (not boiling)
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup drained crushed pineapple
- 3/4 cup ground cranberries
- 1/2 cup minced celery
- 1 orange (peeled and ground in food chopper)
- 1/2 cup Tokay grapes (cut fine)

Dissolve the gelatin dessert in the hot water. Add the pineapple juice. Chill until slightly thickened, then add the crushed pineapple, ground orange, cranberries, grapes and celery. Mix well and turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce and serve with mayonnaise which has been mixed with whipped cream. Serves 8.

HONEY POPCORN BALLS

Honey can be heated to about 245 degrees without being greatly changed in color or flavor. If it is heated carefully most of the water is expelled. The honey then becomes hard on cooling and can be used for making popcorn balls. To make them, dip the popped corn into the hot honey, shape into balls and cool.

BAKED RAISED DOUGHNUTS

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups of scalded milk
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 teaspoons nutmeg
- 2 eggs well beaten
- 2 cakes of compressed yeast dissolved in 1/4 cup of lukewarm water
- 4 3/4 cups of enriched flour

Add sugar, salt, shortening, and spices to scalded milk stirring to melt shortening and dissolve spices. When mixture is lukewarm, add eggs and yeast, add flour and beat briskly. Set in a warm place to rise until double in bulk, about one hour. Roll to about 1/2 inch in thickness and cut with a floured doughnut cutter. Place on a greased baking sheet and brush with melted butter. Let rise about 1/2 hour or until double in bulk. Bake in hot oven for about 10 minutes. Remove from oven, brush with butter, then dust with powdered sugar. These are very good.—Mrs. Astor Lovald, Milroy, Minn.

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, Forzen Desserts and Puddings.
- Vol. 5.—Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals and Meat Cookery
- Vol. 6.—Pickles and Relishes of all kinds, Jellies and Jams.
- Vol. 7.—Household Helps Book

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

Order from Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

CHOCOLATE COCONUT MACAROONS

- 1 oz. unsweetened chocolate cut into small pieces
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 lb. shredded coconut

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler; add condensed milk and cook about 5 minutes or until mixture thickens; add extract, salt and coconut. Mix well. Drop by spoonful on baking sheets covered with brown paper. Bake in a preheated oven. Approximate yield: 3 dozen macaroons.

FOR HOLIDAY COMPANY JELLIED CHICKEN, IN MOLD

- 1 package lemon gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 cup chopped olives
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 cup chopped pimientos
- 1/4 cup chopped green peppers
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1 1/2 cups diced cooked chicken

Pour boiling water over gelatin, stir until dissolved, add lemon juice and salt. Cool. Pour 1/2-inch layer into shallow mold. When set, add olives, pimientos and peppers. Add gelatin to cover and let it stand until set. Add celery and chicken to remaining gelatin and pour into mold. Chill until stiff. Unmold on lettuce and serve cut in slices. Serves 8 to 10, according to size of slices.

FRUIT BUNS

- 1 cup mashed potatoes
- 1 1/2 cups milk, scalded
- 1 cake fresh or 1 package granular yeast
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2/3 cup melted fat
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 7 cups enriched flour
- 30 dried prunes, soaked overnight

While potatoes are hot mix with milk; cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm mixture. Add remaining ingredients and mix well, until dough is stiff. Cover with a damp cloth and leave in a cool place overnight. Roll out dough and cut into rounds with large cookie cutter. Place on greased pan; let rise until doubled. With the bowl of a teaspoon make an indentation in the center of each piece; fill with a soaked prune. Sprinkle with a mixture of cinnamon and sugar and let rise again. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees) 15 to 20 minutes, to a golden brown. Makes 2 1/2 dozen large rolls.

HONEY PUDDING SAUCE

To 2 well beaten egg yolks add 4 tablespoons honey, 1/2 cup orange juice and the grated rind of one orange. Cook over boiling water until sauce has thickened and coats the spoon like custard. Flavor with 1/2 teaspoon lemon flavoring. This sauce may be served over gingerbread or cottage pudding.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "I have a sister living in Boston who is fortunate enough to have a great deal of money to spend as she chooses. Every year she sends our two youngsters, six and eight, very expensive gifts, but she doesn't seem to realize that they are growing up for last year she sent things that would have been appropriate for much younger children. I'm afraid that the same thing will happen this year, and I've been turning over in my mind the advisability of writing and telling her what they want. Would you do this if you were I?"—Nebraska.

ANS: Oh, dear! Good common sense says that it would be sensible to write such a letter, but on the other hand I know how deeply some people resent being told what is wanted—which isn't using common sense, but which is pretty general behavior. My advise is not to write that letter, but perhaps you'll decide to do so anyway! On second thought, why not send her a picture of the children and tell her how fast they are growing up.

QUES: "I find myself placed in a very difficult position and wonder if you can give me any help in deciding what to do. For three years I was engaged to a young man in this town of 8,000 people, and everyone assumed, myself included, that as soon as the war was over we would marry. Instead of that he wrote and broke our engagement about a year ago, and now I hear that he is returning soon with a wife whom he married in Australia. He belongs to a social group that entertains a great deal, and I know that there will be many parties after they return. Should I cover my feelings and attend these, being cordial to the bride, or should I decline all invitations?"—Iowa.

ANS: This is a situation that is bound to happen quite frequently in the near future, and in many cases it won't be a bride from Australia but a girl from some other part of the States, or even from the home-town. My suggestion is that the wisest course in the long run is to accept invitations, to be cordial to the bride, and to act with genuine dignity and restraint. A broken heart worn on the sleeve is painful for everyone concerned. If you can find the courage to pursue the above course I believe that you'll be happier in the long run.

QUES: "I've worried so much about this problem, Leanna, that I decided to ask your advice. We have four small children, and my husband and I have made a determined effort not to use any kind of profanity or rough talk around them. You can imagine how I feel then when relatives come to call and say everything we don't say. Now the children are picking up this language and it makes me feel very badly."—Kansas.

ANS: In a circumstance such as this it seems to me that you would be justified in speaking to your relatives about it—if they are your relatives. If they are your husband's relatives, let him do the speaking. Tell them tactfully, but firmly, that you consider it most distressing for small children to hear such language, and ask them in the future to bear this in mind. Don't imply that they are not welcome. Merely ask them to curb their tongues.

QUES: "In a very short time I have to make a decision, Leanna, and would like to know what you would do under these circumstances. We have a family of two boys and two girls, all of whom are married and live not far from us. Christmas has always been celebrated in our home with a tree in the morning, a late breakfast, and then a big dinner about five in the afternoon. This year our oldest son and daughter-in-law want the festivities at their home, and my husband seems to think that they should all come here as usual. My son says that they want to begin building up Christmas traditions for their children in their own home, but it leaves me betwixt and between."—Illinois.

ANS: I can understand why your husband feels as he does, but your son and daughter-in-law are justified in their attitude. Can you explain to your children how their father feels about it, and compromise this first year by having a tree and breakfast elsewhere, but the big family dinner at your home? It seems to me that this would come closer to satisfying everyone.

QUES: "A short time ago our only son, aged twenty-six, returned from three years of hard service overseas. Before he went into the army he worked in the bank with his father, and all of the time he was gone he sent us money regularly to deposit to his account and said that he expected to return to the bank when he was discharged. Well, now that he is back he says that he intends to use the money he has saved to buy a second-hand car and tour the whole U. S. My husband is terribly upset about this, and we've had some pretty bitter times. What do you think we ought to do about this?"—N. D.

ANS: I think that you ought to leave your son strictly alone. Any young man who has seen three years of hard service overseas must be given plenty of time to get back into the groove of civilian life. Obviously he feels unfit to plunge right back into the bank. For goodness sakes leave this boy alone and allow him to do what he chooses. No doubt he'll return to the bank when he's had a chance to explore his freedom, but he may never return if you take the attitude that you're taking.



Hobby collection of Mrs. Carl Smith, Mt. Union, Iowa

OUR HOBBY CORNER

Laura Copeland, Port Huron, Michigan, has a hobby of owls. She has over 400 of them. She is anxious to get all the information on owls that she can.

I have several old leather purses someone could have for sending the postage and telling me what they have for exchange. These purses are in good condition. Miss Matilda Spanial, Parker, South Dakota.

Will exchange shakers. Also would like dishtowels. Will exchange something of equal value. Write first. Mrs. R. E. Wieman, Route 3, Hamilton, Mo.

Will exchange something of same value, for small vases from Nevada, North Carolina, South Carolina, North Dakota, and South Dakota. Mrs. G. L. Hunt, 601 So. 6th Street, Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Will exchange view cards for quilt pieces of plain colors. Also would like recipes. Miss Colleen Barnes, Route 3, Lawrence, Kans.

Will exchange potholders. Mrs. Ralph Walck, Route 1, Irving, Kansas.

Would like to have birds in any form. For example, in forms of shakers. Write, Mrs. O. R. Snyder, Dayton, Iowa.

Will exchange milk bottles from different states with other bottle collectors. Write first. Evelyn Hansen, Exira, Iowa.

Girl twelve years old would like view cards. Delores Faulkender, Spencer, Iowa.

Antique vases and souvenirs. Would like to hear from someone in the Helen Club.—Mrs. Helen Wilson, 905 N. Kansas Ave., Hastings, Nebr.

Print quilt pieces, tea towels, souvenirs of different states and towns, and handkerchiefs. Will exchange.—Mrs. Mary Seaman, R.F.D. 2, Box 151, Belleville, Kansas.

Radio entertainers' pictures, and Pen Pals.—Miss Gertrude Ingram, Rodney, Iowa.

(Not room for all. Cont. Jan.)

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayslett

"I shall attend to my little errands of love early this year." This bit from one of my favorite poets is running in my ears these days. Errands of love— isn't that what our little remembrances to these shut-in Neighbors are? And especially at Christmas. Let's do them early, so they will not be overlooked in the preparations we are making for our own holidays. And I do hope that you will have as happy a time as we expect to have. Two of our soldier boys are already out of the army, and yesterday a letter came from the third saying, "Have a tree and all the trimmings. I'll be home." The youngest son will be here on furlough before taking off for parts unknown. We feel exceptionally blest in knowing they are all safe and well and I feel that doing something for someone else who needs it is the best way to express our thankfulness. I'm sure you feel the same.

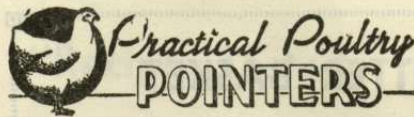
Stella Mae Hunter, Reserve, Mont., wants some crochet books that give directions for making doilies. She is badly drawn by arthritis and hardly able to use her hands, but by working a little at a time she has made pieces lovely enough to enter in their fair. Mrs. Mary V. Brown, 320 S Clementine St., Anaheim, Calif., wants crochet patterns for the heads of George and Martha Washington each in a frame effect. Evelyn Shreves, State School, Glenwood, Iowa, wants patterns for crocheted pot holders. And Blanche Easte at the same address wants reading material.

Mrs. Mary C. Reed, 7132 S E Harold St., Portland 6, Oregon, would enjoy cards. Mrs. Icedore Jessup, Rt. 1, Greenfield, Indiana, is not a shut-in herself but her husband is an invalid and almost blind and she is with him constantly. They live on a farm and she gets so lonely. Letters would mean a lot to both of them.

Dorothy Rieser, Naperville, Ill., has been bedfast for three years. She has arthritis and is unable to move. She is in the early twenties. Miss Velta Clemens, What Cheer, Iowa, has been in the hospital again. She has been bedfast for a long time. Miss Madge Seid, Masonic Home, Plattsmouth, Nebraska, has not been so well this summer.

Here is a special request from Mrs. Evelyn Swearingen, County Home, Spirit Lake, Iowa. She is very badly handicapped. For eleven years she has been flat on her back all the time with both legs and one arm in splints. She suffers terribly. In spite of this she has made quite a collection of dolls and does a good deal of work repairing dolls for others. She needs repair parts. If there are any old dolls or parts of dolls in your home, do send them to her.

Mrs. James Dudley, 1627 W 4 St., Davenport, Iowa, has been bedfast for 2 years and at present is quite ill. Send her a card. Winnie George, 684 E Court St., San Bernardino, Calif., has been shut-in 9 years. She, too, is bedfast. Mrs. Rose Huber, 2354 Boone St., Apt. 8, Cincinnati 6, Ohio, has been in a wheel chair since she broke her hip in 1943.



By Olinda Wiles

I have come to the conclusion that if you want to produce chickens for broiler trade, it will pay you to try hybrid chicks. I kept a strict account on my little bunch of hybrids and although I have had red-dottes for a number of years, I have never taken the trouble to make a complete check on them as to weight and cost of feed until this year. Egg prices are again in the lime-light, and although chicken prices are on the down grade, they have held up pretty well. Hen numbers are down a little from last year, so there should be no egg surplus. Only the best hens and pullets should be kept as layers. Then give them the best of care.

When you are filling your feeders or putting fresh straw in the nests, take time to look around for cracks or a broken window pane that may be causing a draft and causing them to crowd on the roosts. Happiness is important in the laying flock. Layers can't be happy unless they are comfortable, and they can't be comfortable with their feet in cold wet litter. That is often the trouble when healthy hens are found on the roosts in daytime. Deep litter has proved best, and stirring it often helps to keep it dry.

Many people are complaining about the rats moving in and making raids on their chickens. A rat does not hesitate to attack a full grown chicken and also will eat and destroy eggs if he gets hungry enough and is not disturbed. I always try to keep a number of cats around the barns and as yet have not found any damage done to the chickens, but I put out rat poison occasionally and try to keep watch for any signs of digging in unusual places. I caught two large ones in an unused building early in the spring, in a steel trap, so that helped to herd off a whole family later on.

This year when I had my hens culled, I had them wormed, deloused, blood tested, and vaccinated for colds. I hope the extra precaution will pay for itself. I have never had them vaccinated for cold before, but have talked to several that have tried it in flocks that were subject to roup and it seemed to ward off that trouble. Roup is such a disagreeable disease that I think "an ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure."

Have you purchased your Victory Bond? Remember Christmas is just around the corner and a Victory Bond would make many people happy. The boy it brings home, the parents, the brothers and sisters, the hungry people in Europe who are still without homes and loved ones.

Make it a real Christmas and may God bless you accordingly.

Merry Christmas!

CHRISTMAS AT SCHOOL

Mrs. Eli Espe

December is here once more, a busy month so filled with happy plans and preparations for the most festive holiday of the year—Christmas. A peaceful Christmas; what a blessed thought. However, although peace has come, it does not mean that every heart will be happy this Yuletide. There is sorrow in many homes, but for the children's sake do try to make this Christmas a happy one; not by showering them with gifts necessarily, but by entering into the real spirit of Christmas with them. Teach them the joy of giving and of making others happy, so they may learn by experience that truly it is more blessed to give than to receive. If you know of anyone in your community who is sad and lonely, or in need, why not sort of "adopt" them for the holiday season and make it a Christmas they will never forget.

You children can plan a nice surprise for your teacher by completely reversing the usual order of things. Instead of the teacher planning and preparing the program, party, etc., tell her that you, her pupils, would like to take over, and with the help of your parents put on the Christmas program and plan a Christmas party with tree, games, refreshments and everything. Do not let her know anything about these plans until the big day arrives. I am sure most teachers would appreciate this very much, because as a rule they are so swamped with work around Christmas time that much of the joy of the holiday season is lost for them. Start your plans early, and try to get some of the gifted adults in the community to take part in the program along with the children.

For the party, plan some appropriate and interesting games. Space prevents going into much detail about games here, but I will list a few sketchy suggestions. Provide an equal number of green and red crepe paper ribbon bows, or one might use stars or bells, as many as your guests number, and give one to each guest as he arrives to pin on coat or dress. This is an ideal way to divide a crowd into equal groups for contests or games and does away with choosing up sides, which is often embarrassing to those left until the last. Start the party off with an autograph race. It's an excellent ice breaker. Give each guest a pencil and a card, count to three and let them go. The one who collects the most autographs in a given length of time wins an appropriate prize.

Divide the crowd into two teams and put on a quiz show with small prizes going to the winning team. Tell fortunes by pinning small slips of paper with fortunes written on them, the funnier the better, to the backs of gold and silver or green and red stars. Fasten to a large sheet of paper tacked to the wall, number the stars and allow each guest to choose the number he wishes, one color for men, and another color for women. Ask each guest to bring a well wrapped 10¢ gift for the gift "grabag".

(Cont. on Page 9, Column 3)

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

As a rule I just sort of trudge along in the same old path month in and month out, but in this letter I must tell you that I've covered hundreds and hundreds of miles since I last wrote to you. Those of you who listen to Mother know that Juliana and I visited the folks for several weeks, but the others of you who follow us only through these monthly visits haven't known that at last we made the long trip from San Francisco to Shenandoah.

It was the easiest trip I've ever made across the country, although I must admit that when I wrote to Russell I had to tell him that I'd seen precious little of the scenery outside my train windows. I made up my mind in advance that I'd do well to give up the trip to keeping Juliana entertained and happy, and I'm sure she didn't know what had come over me when I read stories at the first request and didn't say even once, "Just a minute, darling." You know how easy it is to say, "Just a minute." Sometimes I feel guilty at the end of a day when housework has driven me to say it far too many times.

I must tell you one thing about our trip that struck me as being very funny. When I knew the date of my departure I wrote to Mother and asked her if she would mind going through all of her drawers and finding little objects that would make a good train-box to help keep Juliana entertained. Well, Mother went right to work and packed up a wonderful collection of junk, the kind of junk that will keep a small child fascinated for hours on end. When this box reached me I put it up on the closet shelf so that I wouldn't be tempted to get into it for that last fractious hour before bed-time, and just the thought of having it safely on hand kept the trip from looming up as a nightmare. I think you can imagine then what my sensations were when I discovered in the first half-hour on the train that I'd forgotten the precious box! It was the only thing I forgot—not one other item did I neglect to pack. Really, I laughed until I cried when I started to open a suitcase to pull out the train-box and realized that it was still on the closet shelf.

Our big Overland Limited was full of soldiers and sailors going home to stay, and many, many of them came by to talk to Juliana because they had little girls at home "about the same age" whom they had never seen. One nice young man who had been in the Pacific for three years asked me if my little girl could feed herself! He said that he just couldn't visualize what youngsters two-and-a-half were capable of doing, and I assured him that his own little girl was probably sitting right at the table and doing a good job of downing her own food.

I think that it's wonderful when children can grow up near their grandparents, but if they do that their mothers and fathers miss the very special thrill that comes from returning home with a little boy or a little girl who is familiar to them only



Kristin Fixing the Ribbon on Juliana's Hair.

through pictures. I'd settle for living near the folks just any day, yet until that time comes I'll still think that it's an exciting moment to step off of a train and say, "There are your grandmother and grandfather, Juliana."

The very first night we were at home Juliana kept running through the house looking for something, and when I asked her what she was after she said, "Where are the turkeys, mama?" At first I couldn't figure out why she expected to find turkeys, and then I remembered that I'd been teaching her the song, "There's a big fat turkey out at Grandpa's farm," and I also told her that Grandfather had a farm, so she put two and two together and decided that Grandfather's house was Grandfather's farm and that there would be turkeys right in the living room. You'd know that she was a city child who's never had the privilege of being in the country.

We've had a great deal of fun getting ready for Christmas this year. Russell painted and upholstered the new doll high chair just like he fixed Juliana's own chair, and he also went to much work to paint the little second-hand doll bed and chest of drawers just like her own furniture. Dorothy and I made blankets and mattresses, doll-clothes galore, and new equipment for the miniature doll bathinets that we were lucky to find second-hand. I'll tell you frankly that we spent very little money—we just stitched and sewed and painted and fixed old things up so that they really looked better than when they were brand new.

We're going to have a big turkey for a family dinner at our house, and we're keeping our fingers crossed for Margery's arrival. She says that it just won't be Christmas for her unless she can be near Kristin and Juliana, and the rest of us are inclined to feel that it will really take Margery's presence to make a perfect Christmas.

It's my job to address the envelopes for our cards and I see that Russell has gotten his part done and that it's time for me to get busy on my part,

so this must be all. We hope that you and your children have a merry, merry Christmas, and that this season will truly bring to all of us Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men. Russell would like to have his name added to this Christmas greeting, and I know that Juliana would too if she were old enough to understand.

Lucile, Russell and Juliana.

It's Fun to Sew

A NEW BOOK

by

Leanna and Lucile

Price 50c

This sewing book fills a long-felt need. Is instructive and entertaining. It will make an ideal gift. Off the press about Dec. 15. Order from

LEANNA DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Ia.

(Cont. from Page 8, Column 3)

Plan part of the evening for the singing of Christmas carols, serve a simple lunch, cafeteria style. Following are some suggestions that may prove helpful.

Hot or cold chicken or turkey sandwiches, pickles, olives, Christmas tree cookies or snow man cookies, small slice of fruit cake, coffee for adults, hot chocolate for children.

The favors might be green and red gumdrop bouquets or candle sticks made of candy.

Christmas tree cookies are made by using a "tree" cutter. When baked, cover with icing tinted green, press coconut into icing for "snow" while still soft, or use the little cake candies that look like tiny silver bells. For the "snow man" cookie, use a "ginger bread man" cookie cutter. Frost with white icing, and use chocolate for hair, features and buttons, or raisins and currants could be used.

Gum drop bouquets are made by wrapping a small gumdrop in a square of cellophane, tie firmly about candy, pulling corners of cellophane down for stem, fasten several together, then cut a small opening in a tiny lace paper doily, slip stems through and up around flowers, tie with a bow of red or green ribbon.

Candlesticks are made by using a red or green wintergreen patty for a base, and attaching at the center two white wintergreen life-savers (one on top of the other) holding them together, and fastening to the patty with frosting. The holes in the mints make a socket for your red or green candles. Then stick one life-saver in an upright position on the side of the patty, and there you have a handle.

Treats for the children might be taffy apples, popcorn balls, or just big red apples. The Christmas stocking made of red mosquito netting, filled with candy and nuts, and a little surprise gift wrapped and tucked in, never seems to lose its fascination for the younger children.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO MADE CHRISTMAS

By Maxine Sickels

Marianne put her little pink nose against the frosty window pane and tried to see as much as she could of the fresh, white snow outside.

Snow meant sliding and snowballs and snowmen—and Christmas! At the thought of Christmas she shook her yellow curls happily and ran to the kitchen to find her mother.

"Mother, how long is it until Christmas?" she asked.

Mother looked at the calendar with all the big funny numbers and said, "Just fourteen days."

"Fourteen days, Mother? Why, that is a long, long time. Fourteen days and fourteen nights is longer than I want to wait. I am going to make Christmas, and I'm going to start right now!"

"How are you going to make Christmas?" Mother asked.

Marianne stopped a moment to think about it. At last she said, "I am going to fix the Christmas tree. That will make Christmas."

She ran into the storeroom where the Christmas tree was kept from year to year, a store tree you understand. She brought the tree into the living room and put it in its usual corner by the fireplace, and then she spent a busy afternoon sorting and hanging all of the pretty things that decorate a Christmas tree.

When evening came she asked Mother again, "How many days until Christmas?" And Mother said, "Fourteen days, dear."

"Oh, my," sighed Marianne, "I didn't make Christmas very fast, did I?"

The next day she said, "Today I will make Christmas. Mother, may I hang all the window wreaths and put the candles on the mantle? That will make Christmas."

Mother answered, "Yes, you may. They are in a box in the storeroom."

When Marianne had hung all the beautiful wreaths and set out all of the bright red candles, it was evening.

"How many days until Christmas now?" she asked.

Mother answered, "Thirteen days, dear."

"Oh, my," sighed Marianna. "I didn't make Christmas come very fast, did I?"

The next day she said, "Mother, maybe it would be Christmas if we made Christmas cookies."

Mother said, "We can try."

So that afternoon she helped Mother make cookies in the shape of Christmas trees, wreaths, stars, Santa Claus, bells and ever so many other things. And when it was evening again she asked, "How many days until Christmas now?"

Mother answered, "Twelve days, dear."

"Oh, my," sighed Mariaane, "I didn't make Christmas come very fast, did I?"

The next day Marianne was at the window again. She couldn't think of one more thing to make Christmas.

While she was standing there a little girl went by, a cold little girl with no mittens on her cold little hands and only a thin little old coat.

Marianne thought, "I wonder what she wants for Christmas."

Then an old, old woman went hobbling by slowly on her cane, and a boy passed thumping his crutch swiftly on the sidewalk.

Marianne began to have an idea. It grew and grew. If she couldn't make Christmas for herself, maybe she could make Christmas for someone else.

Mother said she could try. All day she was busy sorting and planning. Yes, several days. She forgot to say, "How many days until Christmas?" At last Mother went with her and they carried a basket to the cold little girl—and her heart was warm. They carried one to the tired old woman—and her heart was rested. They carried one to the little crippled boy—and his heart was whole.

That night Marianne said, "How many days until Christmas?"

Mother answered, "Tomorrow is Christmas, Marianne." And Marianne snuggled down in her warm little bed and said, "I feel like Christmas. I did make it."



A CHRISTMAS GAME

What kind of candies do lovers like? (Kisses).

What kind of candies is known by dentists? (Gumdrops).

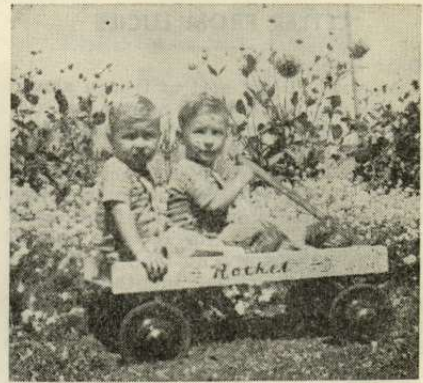
What kind of candy does the milkman buy? (Cream).

What kind of candy grows in the tropics? (Coconut Bars).

What candy comes from the sea? (Sea Foam).

What candy comes from the dairy? (Butter-scotch).

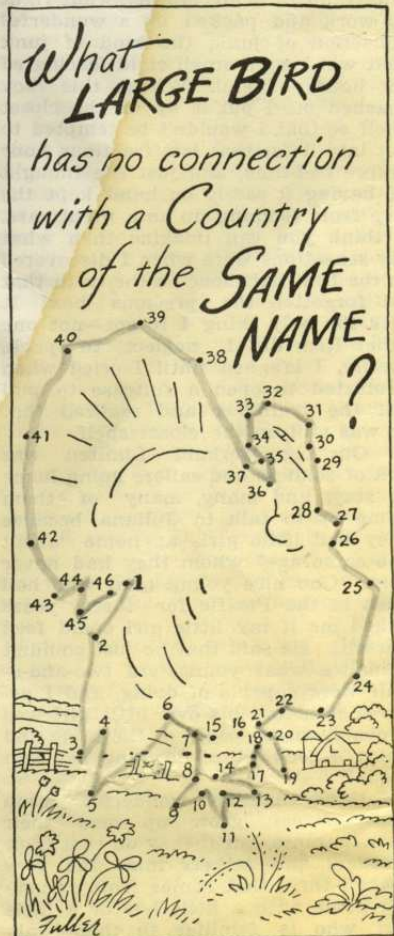
What candy grows in damp, wet ground? (Marshmallows).



Ronald Lee and Donald Dee Mladenoff.
Puyallup, Wash.

A CHRISTMAS PEEP-SHOW

To make a peep-show, cut a small hole in the end of a shoe-box. Inside a small scene is to be made, such as a snow-scene. For this the bottom of the box should be lined with white cotton and sprinkled with artificial snow. Then tiny cut-outs of houses and people should be arranged. Trees may be sprigs of evergreen, and a few bright berries could be tied on with string or thread to give color. Paste a piece of tissue paper over the top of the box. With these suggestions you could make a very pretty Christmas box, and then go on to try out your own ideas with such themes as Mother Goose tales, Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, and countless other stories.



"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.

FOR SALE: Crocheted hat sachet pin cushions, pastel shades, \$1.00. Cudley stuffed dolls trimmed with colored yarn, \$1.10, 15 inches tall. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Iowa.

PASTEL PAINTINGS, 8 by 10½ inches. Either summer or winter scenes, in colors, 50¢. Write before sending money. Julia Marker, Inavale, Nebraska.

FOR SALE: Crocheted rose pot holders, 2 for \$1.00; crocheted morning glories and chenille corsages, \$1.00; crocheted dolls, \$1.50. Pearl Wolfe, 305 New York Avenue, Creston, Iowa.

CROCHETED EDGING OR INSERTION FOR PILLOW CASES, \$2.00; matching edging and insertion, \$3.50 per pair. Postage for information. Mrs. Harry Copenhaver, Plainfield, Iowa.

CROCHETED BEDSPREAD. Color eggshell with soft rose colored double petaled rose in center of each block, spread has rose border, \$29.50 for double sized bed. Georgia Espe, Radcliffe, Iowa.

PRETTY CHRISTMAS COOKIE! Send 20 cents in coin and 3¢ stamp. For recipes of pretty red cookie and marmalade nut bread. Mrs. G. M. Hanes, Box 348, Fort Scott, Kansas.

CHENILLE ORCHID CORSAGES FOR COATS. Ideal gifts. Popular colors, \$1.00 value for only 75¢. Two or more, 65¢. Satisfied customers. Freda Poverlin, 1700 East Court, Beatrice, Nebraska.

NEW HEALTH BOOKLET (by a nurse). Help for persons who seemingly cannot reduce. Answers to 30 health questions. Allergic food symptoms explained. Price 25 cents. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

PROFESSIONAL HAND TINTING, oil colors; portraits, 8 by 10, \$2.50 C.O.D. Write for prices. Mabel Hultquist, 203 W. Reed St., Red Oak, Iowa.

ATTRACTIVE HANDMADE CORSAGES that sparkle. Will not crush, rain proof, \$1.00 each. Fascinators that fit the face, \$2.00 each. Mrs. Myrtle McManus, 217 17th Street, Boone, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Fascinators, loop stitch, triangle shape, all shades, give several choices, \$2.00. Mrs. Ed Beck, Wilber, Nebraska.

HAND PAINTED PLATES, 7 inches, 35¢; 9 inches, 50¢; all different. For Christmas gifts or for yourself. Ada Dawson, Belmond, Iowa.

A LOVELY CHRISTMAS GIFT. Give a set of hand embroidered tea towels, 7 for \$5.00. Order early. Postage paid. Allow 10 days for delivery. Mrs. Irene Chase, Oakland, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Pheasant feather corsages, \$1.00; crocheted heart sachets, 75¢; crocheted powder puffs, 35¢; crocheted sachet flowers, 35¢. Lila Abrahamson, Oldham, South Dakota.

PILLOW CASES with embroidered and crocheted edge, \$3.00 per pair; pot holders with crocheted edge, 20¢ each; crocheted edging for pillow cases, 1½ inches wide, all white or with tinted edge, \$1.00 per pair. Mrs. Pearl Moore, Purdin, Missouri.

LOCK-STITCH QUILTING. By special machine. Mail your quilt tops. We also quilt wools. Maude Reeds' Quilting Service, Victoria, Illinois.

FOR SALE: Embroidered dish towels, fancy 30¢; sets, 35¢ each towel; yarn pekinese dogs, large, \$2.00; most colors. Mrs. Ervin Schnor, Hawkeye, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Three piece ecru pineapple chair sets, \$3.75. Other work done as thread becomes available. Mrs. Hazel Hegwood, Route 1, Milo, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Silk crocheted dresser and chair sets. Many other handmade articles. Mrs. Nellie McChesney, 1924 Clay Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

MACHINE QUILTING. Cotton or wool batts furnished at market price. Write for price list. Mrs. Z. B. Baughn, Box 320, Centralia, Kansas.

PERFUME SACHETS, 6 discs in a cellophane packet, 15¢ and 3¢ stamp; 7 packets for \$1.00 postpaid. Gardenia, Lilac, Carnation, Lily of the Valley, and Rose. Mrs. Charles Heller, Box 21, East Dubuque, Ill.

HAVE A PRETTY HOUSEDRESS MADE by sending 3 feed sacks, your measurements, and \$1.10 (V neck, medium size). An apron for 1 sack, 10 yards tape, and 35 cents. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, Munden, Kansas.

PINAFORE DOLL DRESS DISH CLOTH, crocheted. Ivory with red trimming, price, 50¢. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Iowa.

WANTED: Old colored cruets, tumblers, and goblets. Must be old and colored. Also old statues. Describe and send price. Mrs. H. J. Lawrence, 2129 Lemon Street, Sioux City, 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, \$2.00. Mrs. G. L. Hill, 2615 East 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

FOR SALE: Stuffed toys. Plaques with 1946 calendar pads attached. Fancy baskets, vases, and so forth. Write, Mrs. J. R. Peake, Chester, Nebraska.

PRETTY APPLIQUED DISH TOWEL and a pieced holder, 50¢. Novelty band style aprons of muslin and print pleats, \$1.00. Pretty appliqued pillows, (ready to stuff), \$1.00. Mrs. Fred Jensen, Nashua, Iowa.

ORDER MAGAZINES FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS from reliable disabled person. Get prices of magazines wanted from "The Magazine Man," 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

EMBROIDERED TEA TOWELS, set of 7, \$2.50; chair and buffet sets, \$3.50; religious panels, \$7 to \$15.00; embroidery work reasonable. Mrs. E. B. Gillet, 2822 So. 15th Street, Omaha, 9, Nebraska.

WANTED: An old-fashioned, high, corner, what-not. Write and give description and price. Mrs. J. H. Parks, 605 Sheldon Street, Creston, Iowa.

CROCHETED WOOL FASCINATORS, triangular, 46 inches long way, \$2.25; 40 inches, \$2.00; 36 inches, \$1.60; plain colors or white edged. Straight, 46 inches long, 16 inches wide, \$3.25. Mrs. W. J. Rosenbaum, 915 Virginia, Sioux City 19, Iowa.

WILL TRADE, 2 dozen smaller pine tree cones for 1 flowered feed bag. Write to Allie McMurry, Box 633, Rutledge, Missouri.

FITS ALL SEWING MACHINES DARNER, for hosiery, clothing, and linens, 39¢. Easy to operate. Ethel Strayer, 2971 Dudley, Lincoln 3, Nebraska.

TATTED AND CROCHETED EARRINGS, screw backs, can be washed with brush and water, light blue, red, and white, pair \$1.00; 13 inch pineapple doily, \$1.00; 10 inch pineapple doily to match, 60¢; 11 inch ruffled doily, \$1.00. Mrs. S. Priest, 3871 Walnut Avenue, Lynwood, California.

FOR SALE: Aprons of feed sacks, order early, for Christmas presents. Lucy Sammon, Rich Hill, Missouri, Mabel Booth, Richmond, Missouri.

DOLL SLIPPERS, draw around foot, price 50¢. Printed aprons, bib or bibless, \$1.00 each. Mrs. Chas. Y. Graham, Sheridan, Missouri.

BEAUTIFUL PRINT and Organdy Aprons \$1.50, brushed wool Spitz or Pekinese dogs 1.25, cats \$1.50. Mrs. G. Page 709½ Keeler St., Boone, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Crocheted round doily, 15 inch, \$1.50; vanity set, \$2.50; buffet set, \$2.50; end table piece, 19 by 12, \$1.25; above pieces all match and are very pretty. 16 inch doily, swirl pattern, very pretty, \$2.00; fascinators, white or colors, good length and width, \$2.50. Mrs. Emma M. Stein, Dysart, Iowa.

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

BABY CLOTHES: diapers, \$3.50 dozen; kimonas, slips, 60¢; dresses, \$1.00 to \$1.75; stuffed cat, dog, lamb, for baby, 50¢; rabbit, horse, or dog, 12 inches, 75¢; teddy bear, 16 inches, \$1.25; crocheted baby jacket, \$2.25; hoods, 75¢; mittens, 50¢. Mrs. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

THE WORKBASKET Pattern Service, Each month's issue includes a large sheet of directions for making all sorts of articles suitable for the home, wearing apparel, novelties, etc., also a free transfer pattern. You will be delighted with the Workbasket. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS on 500 gummed labels. Use on stationery and envelopes. Nice for gifts. Price 25¢. Gertrude Hayzlett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.



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These designs, if bought separately, would cost over \$1.50, but as a collection with the portfolio, you get them all just in time for the bazaar as number C9700, for only 50¢.

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AID SOCIETY HELPS

SUNDAY MORNING CHIMES

When church bells ring on Sunday morn

It's like a new world being born,
An air of peace pervades the world
And latent powers are all unfurled;
There's brotherhood with every man
A part of life that we can plan,
The chiming bells but do their part
In cheering every lonely heart.

—Emma D. Babcock,
New Richland, Minn.

GOD'S ACRE SALE

I am hoping before another year has rolled around that more of you will decide to use the plan described in the following news item clipped from our daily paper.

"A beautiful day made a perfect setting for the 'God's Acre Sale' held at the Norwich church Thursday.

"The church yard was a place of happy activity from morning until late afternoon, farmers bringing in loads of corn, trailers with hogs, chickens, potatoes, pumpkins, popcorn, as well as farm implements to be sold. The women also had their contributions of dishes, lamps, odds and ends of furniture, and some antique pieces.

At noon the ladies served a lunch of coffee, pie and sandwiches. Groups scattered about the lawn visiting, enjoying the lunch in the autumn sunshine. About one o'clock the auctioneer, Jesse Croy, began the sale which proceeded amid fun and good-natured rivalry in bids among neighbors and friends.

The day was highly successful not only from the standpoint of fine fellowship, but financially as well, for something over a thousand dollars will be realized from the sale."

TO MY SOLDIER SON

May He who walked upon the waves
And stilled the storm at sea;
Be ever near you, though unseen,
Wherever you may be
Upon the land, or in the air,
Or on the mighty deep.
Oh, may He guard a little boy
I used to rock to sleep.

—Mrs. Elgin Robinson,
Monroe City, Mo.

FAMILY FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

My Christmas prayer for my children is that they may have, as I have had, the blessed memories of heart-warming family Christmases shared together.

Come with me down Memory Lane to the Christmas Days of my youth. Were there hectic shopping days with aching feet and frazzled nerves? Indeed not! Grandma and the girls delved into the sewing basket. Flying fingers fashioned caps and mittens from woolen scraps; a doll's wardrobe; aprons for little cooks; handkerchiefs with dainty embroidery; crocheted lace for pillow slips and once they made a husky toddler his first shirt and overalls. The men folks made cunning little doll beds, cradles, and tool chests from fruit crates. These were gaily painted. The sled father made for my brothers over 25 years ago is still treasured and used by his grandchildren.

Don't think adults had all the fun of Christmas secrets. The thrills we children had slipping away for a stolen moment to work on our surprises! Perhaps it was a pin cushion for mother or sleeve holders for papa (member those elastic, beribboned ones of yesteryear?

Happy evenings were spent stringing pop corn and cranberries for the tree or using bits of tinfoil to make fairy-like ornaments.

How we raced home from school the evening Mother set aside for us to decorate the holiday cookies! In fancy now I can hear my father's deep bass voice as we gathered round the organ afterwards, to sing the beloved carols.

Christmas Day began dark and early. Who would wait for sun-up to explore the stockings? Breakfast over, the bundles packed into the Model T, and we were off to Grandpa's. The grandparents were waiting at the door to greet us, but we children hurried inside to gaze in anticipation at the closed parlor door. Was everyone there? Then let's have the tree. Hush! was that Santa's bells? One of my treasured heirlooms is my Grandfather's sleighbells which heralded Santa's arrival on these occasions. Then came the dinner. Grandma always made sure the favorite dish of each of her ten children was served. Imagine three kinds of pie; light, dark, and fruit cake; date pudding and whipped cream all at the same meal. Mid-afternoon brought the program with grown-ups as well as youngsters taking part in dialogues and songs. Grandma loved to take part and I know no one laughed harder than Grandpa, seated in his big leather rocker in the front row. The program over, all eyes go to the door. My, oh my! Two aunts carry in the wicker clothes basket heaped high with pop corn balls which Grandma had kept hidden in the washhouse.

When the big evergreens began to cast long shadows across the lawn, it was time to be homeward bound with our hearts overflowing with "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

Merry Christmas!



GAMES FOR ALL TO PLAY

THE CHRISTMAS BAG

A rather large paper bag is used for this game, but it must be made of light weight paper so that it will break easily. The bag is first filled with bonbons or candy kisses wrapped in paper, and then hung from the ceiling. A child is blindfolded and given a wand wrapped in red and green paper. He must stand three or four feet from the bag and then turn around at least six or eight times. After turning around he must take the wand and try to hit the sack hard enough to break it and scatter the candy on the floor. Three trials are allowed, and if he fails another child is given a turn.

THE CHRISTMAS SHIP

This game is played by all of the children sitting down and forming a circle. One child starts the game by turning to his neighbor and saying, "My Christmas ship has come in." The next child to him says, "What did it bring you?" "A jumping jack," says the first child, and immediately he begins to imitate a jumping jack. After he has finished, the second child turns to his neighbor and says, "My Christmas ship has come in," and thus the game proceeds until all of the children in the circle have had a chance to imitate the gift that they say their ship has brought.

TOY-TAG

This game is a lot of fun for a child's party. In each of the four corners of the room place several children, and to each whisper the name of one toy such as "You are a doll," or a train, sled, knife, and so forth. The child who is "it" stands in the middle of the room and calls out the name of a toy. As he does this the child who bears the name of the toy must run across the room and find another corner. The child who is "it" must tag the child as he runs. If a child is tagged he must take the place of the one who is "it".

HIDDEN TOYS

Arrange ten or twelve toys on a table—this is the Toy Shop. One child is chosen to take care of the toys, and he calls one of the children and asks him to look over the toys carefully and then leave the room. As soon as the child has gone, the toyman or toy-woman hides one of the toys. The one who left the room is now called back and asked what toy is gone. If he guesses successfully it is his turn to be the next toyman.