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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

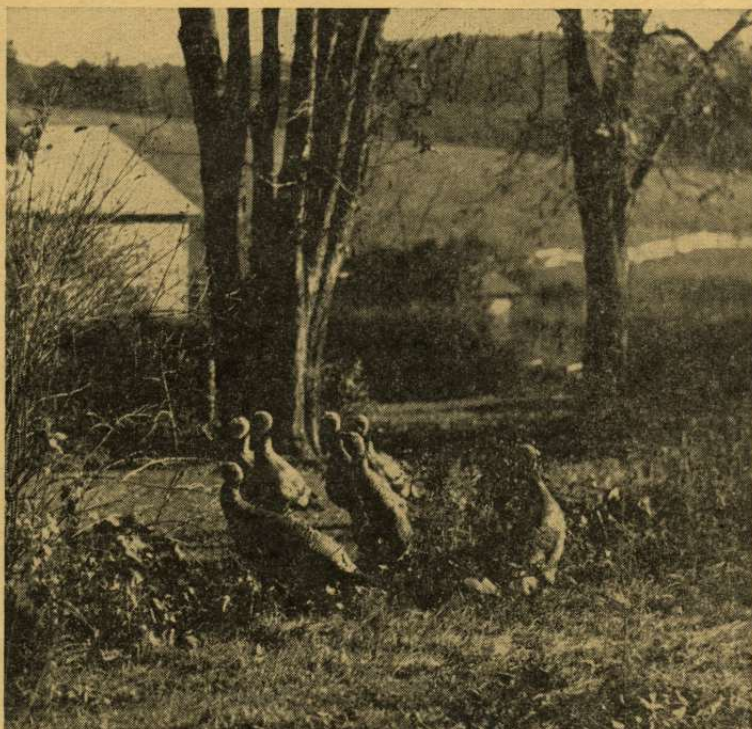
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H. Armstrong Roberts



## KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

This is a rainy autumn night, and while the girls are out washing up the birthday party dishes I thought that I'd slip in here to my office to write my monthly letter to you. It has taken me a few minutes to get organized with paper, pen and ink, for Juliana and Kristin have been playing in here off and on all day, and Granny's desk makes a wonderful hunting ground for little snoopers. I'll be turning up unexpected things in unexpected places for at least a week.

Today was Mart's sixty-fifth birthday, and next Sunday will be his sister Anna's birthday, so we decided to celebrate the two with a little party this afternoon. Just before we cut the cake Anna placed a box in front of him, and when he opened it he found the book that he "grew up on", a volume of biographies of great men. On the fly-leaf is the inscription written by his father in 1885 when he presented it as a birthday gift to his wife. All of the Driftmier brothers and sisters have treasured this book, and to receive it these many years later gave Mart greater pleasure than anything else could have done. It made me realize how important it is to preserve such things and hand them down—they have powerful associations for us.

It's too dark now to see the garden, but earlier today I realized that summer has really gone—and it seems like only yesterday that I was describing the first spring flowers to you. This has been one of the busiest summers that I can ever remember, and one of the happiest too. Now that it's all over and the family is pretty widely scattered again, I find myself thinking ahead to the winter months when snow and ice will keep me pretty close to the house, and wondering what I can accomplish during that time.

We've had a good visit with Dorothy and Kristin this past week and are hoping for one more day with them on the farm before the fine weather of autumn is over. Kristin looks so strong and healthy now after seven months on the farm that I can scarcely believe she is the frail, sick baby of three years ago. There's nothing that does your heart so much good as to see a delicate baby blossom into a strong, robust child, and I get a great deal of satisfaction simply from looking at Kristin.

By the time you read this Margery will be back in California without any concern over a heavy winter coat or overshoes. She had planned to return earlier by train or bus, but when the opportunity came to drive out with a friend and help with her two small children, she decided to wait and make the return trip this way. We will surely miss her for after she goes there will only be three of us here—and I'd just grown accustomed to cooking for a good-sized crowd once again!

Wayne and Abigail are nicely settled in Iowa City now, and they are happy to have their classes arranged in such a way that they can have all three meals at home. Howard's wedding gift to them, a pressure sauce-pan, has certainly meant a lot to them for there isn't much time for cooking. Wayne was never one to hang around the kitchen very often, so we were all surprised to hear that he has thoroughly mastered the pressure sauce-pan, and has even improved upon some of the recipes in the cook book that accompanies it.

Don's classes at Ames keep him very, very busy; engineering is a pretty stiff course and it leaves him almost no time for just plain fun. I doubt if he is able to spend any week-ends at home for quite a while. Frederick's letter gives you a good idea of their activities, so I won't add anything except to say that we would surely like to visit them in Bermuda!

We haven't yet made our plans for Thanksgiving, but one thing is certain: we have a great deal to be thankful for this year. I know that there is room for vast improvement everywhere in the world, but this realization doesn't stop me from thinking that even as matters stand we surely have a great deal for which to give thanks.

I hope that with winter coming and the heavy pressure of work lightened at least a little, you will take time to sit down and write to me. I'm just as interested in hearing about your family and what you are doing as you are in my family and what I am doing. Letters always mean a lot to me, but when the mail comes on a winter morning I'm extra-pleased to have them, so do write and tell me how things are going with you and yours.

Sincerely your friend,

Leanna.

## MEET MABEL NAIR BROWN

(Mabel said in her letter to us that the facts of her life sounded so dull and commonplace that perhaps you should use our editorial pencils good advantage. But we can't agree with her, not for a second. Consequently we are printing her letter without benefit of the editorial pencils... and hope that she won't be displeased.)

"I was born March 20, 1911 at Scranton, Iowa, and until the last few years lived all my life on farms within a few miles radius of the little country church attended by my grandparents, my parents and then by my own family. It seems that much of our family history is bound up in the activities of that little church community.

"I've always loved children, all ages, so I thoroughly enjoyed teaching from 1930 to 1933. On June 28, 1933 I married Dale L. Brown who grew up on a neighboring farm. Since our marriage we've lived on farms at Scranton, Casey, Glidden, and for the past three years we've lived near Lohrville.

"Ours is an assorted family. My sixteen-year old brother has made his home with us since our Mother's death eight years ago; our son Carroll is twelve, and our daughter Regina is ten. Then in December, 1944, we adopted a little eight-day old daughter, Sharon Ruth, whom the children call our "Christmas Baby" and needless to say, she is the pet of the household.

"My hobbies are flowers, which I enjoy giving away to neighbors or arranging for church decorations; music, especially 'family' songs; and last but not least, writing—poetry, prose and music. Oh yes, I read everything I can lay my hands on, and since my days are so full I'll admit that I relax and read many evenings after the family is all in bed!

"I love to cook and the family of ten call my kitchen, "Mabel's experiment station" because I'm always trying new recipes or tossing in this that to make up my own recipe they eat it all and call for more.

"My pet hates are cleaning house and mending overalls and socks!

"My favorite rainy day pastime is sewing for the girls, the fussier the dresses the better, and no, I don't mind ironing them."

(Since Mabel has confessed that her favorite pastime is sewing for the girls, the fussier the dresses the better, I can't resist adding a note to the effect that I'm greatly relieved to find someone else afflicted with the same notion. Somehow I'd gotten the idea that I was the only one in this world foolish enough to say 'the fussier the better.' Do we have any company in this conviction?—Lucile)

Along Life's Road, how seldom

We meet the sort of friend  
Whose friendship's really something  
On which we can depend.

Whose caring never falters  
Through all life's changing ways.  
A real friend, just as you are,  
In each meaning of that phrase.



# Come into the Garden

## NOVEMBER IN THE GARDEN

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

The garden in November is a pretty drab affair if we are looking only for exterior beauty, for most of that beauty of fruit and flower has now been harvested. The good gardener has had his garden cleaned of rubbish (probably it made a fine bonfire or two), and has had it plowed, ready for spring. This, somehow or other, seems to me to be a very essential task, for the ground soil lies exposed to the winter weather and is much easier to deal with in spring. There is a great satisfaction in seeing the soil turned over; it seems to finish our season's project and, you might say, places a period after the summer's toil.

Now, in November, so much of the good preparation for next year and the completion of this one, lies hidden from the eye. What about all the bulbs, the tulips, daffodils, crocus, and many others which we buried in the good earth a few weeks ago to rest during winter and which will burst out in glad surprise next spring? The newly planted perennials too give no promise of what they may become in a few short months, but we know they are there patiently waiting for us to enjoy their beauty next season.

Nearly every race, even those among savages, has had a season of thanksgiving after the harvest is in. It may not be in November, for that is merely the month which seems most feasible to us; in other climates it would be another month, of course. But the general day set aside is a wise plan, and we should be thankful every day of our lives for the blessings that God has heaped upon us—and I honestly believe that we are.

However, it is not enough for us to be thankful alone, but we should show our appreciation as well. We find good examples of this appreciation among the plants which grow willingly for us. After a good rain, especially a much needed one, they seem positively to radiate their thankfulness. There is not a plant anywhere that will fail to respond to conditions which it needs if they are offered.

The response that plants make to Nature's demands to perpetuate themselves never ceases to amaze me. The lavishness with which some plants produce and scatter seed is staggering to contemplate. Other plants, not being able to wait until seed time, will produce a little plantlet at the end of every leaf which falls to the ground, and sometimes even at every notch of the leaf's outline. They seem so thankful to be alive that they can scarcely wait until harvest time to give of their abundance. The life of Man is infinitely more complex than the life of a Plant, of course, but in our own ways we can make opportunities for showing our thanksgiving, for responding to the inexorable demands of Nature.

Right now the bulbs that we are forcing are demanding our attention. Some who were forehanded will be able to have a nice pot of narcissi to grace the festive board on Thanksgiving. These are easily grown in water and fibre and it is not too late to start some right now, providing we can find the bulbs. However, we may purchase them already started and may have them at intervals during the winter.

I hope that we are all forcing hyacinths this winter. I know of no other flower which surpasses them in fragrance and beauty. They add a freshness and a certain charm to jaded spirits in dull wintry days, and no one who has seen their crisp, lovely bloom in a frozen world can ever forget them. Even if these bulbs were all planted at the same time they would not bloom simultaneously for their flowering is spread throughout the winter months in accordance with the varieties planted. They are not to be hurried, but plenty of time must be given to them to develop their root systems, and they should not be brought to the light until the bud is pretty well formed. If you grow impatient and bring up the pot too soon you will find that the flower will open before the desired height is reached, and consequently will be far too-short stemmed.

## FLORA OF "THE STICKS"

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

November winds were warning the flowers that it was bedtime and most of them were ready to sleep. It was too early to put on the winter covers but it was all right to tuck leaves around and under the more tender plants and those that retained their green foliage.

Flora tucked in the Canterbury Bells and Pansies snugly while in the Hemerocallis row, Highboy, Margaret Perry and Dr. Regal looked on almost disdainfully! Now, they could "take it"—they didn't need pampering—they'd be alive next spring and they'd bloom and bloom and not have any of the diseases that the other flower children had with seasonal regularity! Even insects passed them by!

"More people should have them," said Flora to herself. "Especially the busy gardeners for they need so little care—and the gardeners whose borders get dull in summer. They need lots of them like Hyperion and White Lady. And the ones who like flowers in the house should have dozens and dozens for cutting—August Pioneer is so cunning in a small vase with Vitex leaves. They should be in little children's gardens for they are so easily planted and so sure to bloom—why, everybody should have them! Why don't they?"

Perhaps it was because they knew only the old-fashioned *Hemerocallis fulva*, the pesky Corn Lily—which just crowded out lawns, flowers and everything else when it was once planted—but the new Hemerocallis were so



A Branched Hemerocallis

different. They were refined and stayed politely in their places and came in such lovely colors from pale lemon yellow to rich butter yellow, bright orange and pretty reds different from the red Corn Lily, and purple tones and pink shades.

Flora had more than two dozen fine named ones and almost 300 seedlings. They were easy to grow from seeds and such fun—one never knew but what the next seedling that opened for the first time might turn out to be a really valuable one, one worth naming and introducing. Yes, Hemerocallis were "must-haves" and it was high time that more people were learning about them.

## MIDWEST HEMEROCALLIS SOCIETY

If you are interested in Daylilies (Hemerocallis), this is your invitation to become a charter member of the Midwest Hemerocallis Society. It makes no difference whether you can already count your varieties by the hundreds or whether you have yet to plant your first clone, but *join now*. Learn all about the new hybrids that brighten up a border as no other flower can. It is not invasive. Plant pests and diseases pass it by. Charter members enrolling early will receive a gift collection of seeds including choice Hemerocallis seed.

Membership is not restricted to the Middle West—members are welcome from all sections of the country.

Commercial growers are urged to join—their names will be listed in the yearbook in order that the members may know where they can buy good varieties of Hemerocallis. The Society has no commercial aims. It was organized for the purpose of studying this "flower with a future" and to relay this knowledge to all its members.

For the material concerning dues and membership, write to Mrs. Daisy Ferrick, 416 Arter, Topeka, Kansas.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER FORTY

One of the pleasant things that happened in the spring of 1929 was my nineteenth birthday when Mother and Dad drove up from Shenandoah to Creston where I was finishing my freshman year in college. I didn't know that they were coming, and as it was their first visit I was greatly surprised to see them when I returned to the house where I was living after my last class of the day. They had brought with them a beautiful big angel food cake, and a white woolen dress that Mother had somehow found time to make—I don't know how. We went down to the hotel for supper and had a good visit before they had to start back to Shenandoah.

Wrack my brains as I will, I cannot think of anything that stands out in memory during the summer of 1929 or the winter that followed. We were all at home that winter. Dorothy was a junior in high school, Frederick was a freshman, and the rest of the children were scattered down through the grades. I stayed at home that year and did Mother's secretarial work for her, and you'd be surprised how many names I recognize today because I handled Mother's mail seventeen years ago! It's still hard for me to realize that the new babies we heard about then are now seventeen years old and probably finishing high school.

Dorothy and I had a lot of fun making an elaborate wardrobe for Margery's Christmas doll—I do remember that! We made the fanciest doll clothes that I've ever seen, everything from coats trimmed with beaver fur to bathrobes trimmed with white rabbit fur. There were over a dozen dresses made as painstakingly as dresses for a real baby, and we were positive that Margery would be thrilled to death with them.

As a matter of fact, we really spoiled her Christmas for her, but we didn't know it at the time. This doll for which we were sewing had been ordered far in advance of Christmas, and every night after we finished our stitching we carefully put everything away on a top shelf in the pantry. One particular night about two weeks before Christmas we forgot to clean up after we had finished and left the doll, with all of its clothes, lying on the dining room table. It would be the next morning, of course, that Margery chose to get up first, and when she walked into the dining room she saw the doll on the table and went into raptures over it.

A few minutes later when Mother came downstairs she found Margery hugging the doll ecstatically—it was a delicate situation! The worst of it was that Margery was only seven and still believed in Santa Claus, so at one fell stroke Mother had to explain that the doll must be put away until Christmas, and that Dorothy and I were making the clothes. She also told Margery that we would be terribly disappointed if we knew that she had seen the doll and its clothes, so

didn't she think that it would be better simply to be surprised on Christmas and not let us guess that she had known anything about it? Margery was a good little scout. She didn't betray her secret when Christmas actually came, and it wasn't until Dorothy and I were married and gone from home that she told us her part of the story. It had made such a firm impression on her mind that she told us the incident with pride even though she was then almost through college—it was final proof, she said, that she could really keep a secret.

In the summer of 1930 it was decided that I would go to school at Cottey College in Nevada, Missouri, when September rolled around. This girls' school, a junior college, had just come into the control of the P.E.O. Sisterhood and Mother thought that it would be a good place for me to have my second year of college. Furthermore, although the campus was fairly large, all of the buildings were grouped together in such a way that I could manage my classes very easily—and this consideration was always the most important one.

None of us could know that with this decision we were all coming to the definite end of one period of our family life. And I've often thought too about the evening in August when Dad drove up with a big, shiny new car, and of our innocent pleasure in it. Certainly we had no way of knowing that the combination of these two things, my entrance to Cottey College and the new car, were to be jointly responsible for bringing to an end the life that we knew with Mother able-bodied and strong.

August was a busy, busy month for there was much sewing to be done, plus all of the many details that must be looked after when a girl goes away to college. Then too, Mother and Dad were taking their first honest-to-goodness vacation since they'd been married, and their plans called for leaving me at Nevada, Missouri, the first day, and then going on south, possibly as far as New Orleans; they expected to travel back north through the states that lie on the east bank of the Mississippi. They were really thrilled about this trip, understandably enough, for they'd been tied to the same routine year in and year out for a long, long time. All of the children were well, complete plans had been made for their care, and there was a new car for the trip—no, not one fly could be found in the ointment! Furthermore, they were going to have good company on this vacation because Dad's brother, Uncle Bert Driftmier and his wife, Aunt Beulah, were going with them.

At this point in my story I really feel that Mother should pick up the thread of events, everything considered, so I have turned back to March of 1940 in the old file of Kitchen-Klatter where she told the beginning of the story in her own words, and I will continue to let her tell the story until we reach the place where I feel that I can pick it up again.

"Saturday morning, September 6, 1930, we were up before daylight. We had packed the car the night before, so after a cup of coffee on the kitchen

table, I slipped into the children's rooms and received sleepy goodbye kisses and promises to be good. I assured them I would be back in a few days and told them to take good care of each other.

"As we drove south on No. 71 that morning the sun was just coming up. We all felt like singing so our voices rang out in 'All the World is Waiting for the Sunrise.' I never hear that song without remembering that perfect morning when we drove along, happily watching the sun rise.

"Beulah and I had packed a real old-fashioned lunch for our first day, for we love picnics, and when we found a shady tourist park between St. Joseph and Kansas City, we stopped and ate our fried chicken, potato salad and the other good things we had fixed. Then on our way again! I had never been in Kansas City, so we drove around and saw the lovely parks and public buildings. Near Kansas City I saw tobacco fields for the first time, and learned that the large barns I thought were for hay, were the tobacco drying sheds. About the middle of the afternoon we reached Nevada and inquired the way to Cottey College. It was not hard to find for we recognized the beautiful campus and college buildings from the pictures we had seen in the literature Lucile had received.

"When we drove into the driveway other cars were parked ahead of us, and girls were busily unloading boxes and baggage. We stayed with Lucile until she had unpacked some of her things, and although it was hard to say goodbye and leave her among strangers, we continued on our journey for we wished to reach Joplin by supper time. (If I seem to be going pretty much into detail, it is because I have been asked to leave nothing out of this part of my story.)"

(Continued in December Number)

### KEEP EACH OTHER YOUNG

The wife and I have kept our youth and kept it pretty well,  
But just how long, the honest truth I don't intend to tell.  
We've had a lot of babies, yes, and had a lot of bother,  
As ev'ryone must have, I guess, a mother and a father.  
But she has kept the wrinkles out and kept the roses in,  
And, though I've lost some hair, no doubt, it isn't very thin.  
And here is how we got along, we managed, me and Mother:  
If joy or pain, or sob or song, we shared it with each other.

For younger you will never keep, when older you have grown,  
If day by day you work and weep and worry on alone.  
It isn't trouble makes us old, it isn't stormy weather—  
It's hearts a-sunder growing cold, not keeping warm together.  
I sometimes think the rainy day, the doctor bills, the debt  
Instead of turning us to gray have made us younger yet;  
The rocks and reefs of life among, we've passed 'em, me and Mother—  
The way that we have kept so young is keeping young each other.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Do you remember the letters you wrote as a child that invariably began: "How are you today? I'm fine and hope you are the same?" Well, that's just about the way I feel like opening this letter: how are you today? I'm fine and hope you are the same. It's such a brilliantly beautiful day that it would surely be a shame to feel other than splendid. If any potter could mix a blue that compares to this sky I'd mortgage my only coat to buy a set of his dishes at once, for such skies are enough to make you go around humming "October's bright blue weather."

The last time I wrote to you it was midnight and I was waxing enthusiastic about the sensations that come from being a home-owner, and not a renter. Now it's ten o'clock in the morning and I'm experiencing some other sensations that come with being a home-owner. These sensations have to do with plumbing, with a pipe in the basement, to be specific, that has me thoroughly perplexed.

Now you'd think, wouldn't you, that once a pipe gave way in three different places it would stay given away until some major tinkering had been done? That's what I'd think, but we have a pipe that is defying all laws of pipes so far as I can see. A week ago we heard an ominous drip which, under investigation, proved to be a healthy leak in an overhead pipe in the laundry room. We sent out a call for the plumber, put a tub under it, and hoped for the best. I asked about the leak now and then, and Russell always shrugged his shoulders and said that it was increasing in tempo until it now sounded like this: taptaptaptap. His trips to empty the tub became so routine that I stopped asking about the situation, so it wasn't until I went down to do a washing yesterday that I discovered three leaks and all three tubs in action.

When Russell came home to lunch I asked him how in the world it happened that he hadn't mentioned the additional leaks, and he simply said flatly that he hadn't wanted to get me all worked up. My! This meant another firm call to the plumber, of course, and after the last tub emptying Russell resolved to take a correspondence session in plumbing since it looked as though he'd have time to master it before our pipes were fixed by other hands.

Well, at seven this morning we went down to wrestle with the tubs and discovered, to our amazement and delight, that all three leaks had stopped and that no further signs of abnormality were to be detected anywhere. Now what do you make of that? As far as I can see it's just like an aching tooth—when your appointment with the dentist draws near, the tooth stops aching; and when the reality of the plumber drew near, the pipe stopped leaking. Does anyone have a better explanation?

This past month we had the pleasure of seeing Russell's only sister, Boletta, and her husband and child.



Russell's sister, Boletta, her husband John Solstad, and little daughter Kristin.

They were enroute from California to Minneapolis, and had arranged their trip so they could spend four days with us. In many respects I think that they might stand as sort of a composite picture of young people who married during the war, and I imagine there isn't a one of you who doesn't know of at least two couples with similar experiences.

When John was shipped overseas with the marines, Boletta returned to Minneapolis to live with her parents. If I remember rightly, Kristin was a baby almost three weeks old before her daddy knew that she was safely in the world, and I think that this news reached him on Guadalcanal. Certainly I know that she was "going on three" before she ever set eyes on him. Now he has at last had his discharge from the marines, Okinawa is only a memory, and he will soon become a G. I. student to get the education that he never had an opportunity to start. They plan to live with Boletta's parents since no housing is available, and if Kristin's health will stand up under Minneapolis winters (she has asthma and frequent attacks of bronchitis) the next stretch of time will be spent there.

Juliana and Kristin had a fine time during those four days. They were in such a good state of humor that everything seemed funny, and the climax to this came when John accidentally ran over Juliana's doll carriage with noisy and disastrous results. Under ordinary conditions I think that both children would have howled and screeched since a doll buggy is always one of the stock favorites, but much to our surprise they seemed downright pleased with the twisted ruin and Juliana said happily, "I'll certainly have the craziest looking buggy on the street, won't I?" And we assured her that she would.

It's confusing to have two cousins named Kristin, for now I'm referring to Kristin Johnson who is here on this fine morning. She and Juliana

carry on long telephone conversations that are as funny as anything I've ever heard in my life. Most of the time Juliana answers the phone very efficiently (it's true that she keeps yelling, "I'm coming, I'm coming, hold on, I'm coming, all the way to the telephone,) but yesterday I was surprised to hear her say, "Yes, this is Mrs. Verness. What? No, it's Mrs. Verness, and goodness, this phone has just done nothing but ring all morning." The unfortunate thing about this is that whoever was on the line evidently became so discouraged at the report that he or she hung up—and I don't know who called!

Autumn picnics are my favorites and we've managed to get in two very delightful affairs this past month. The first one was the kind where you sit at a table in the wooded bluffs and simply gorge on fried chicken, potato salad, baked beans and cake. I think you know the kind . . . everything is left covered on the table, and after people have taken forty winks stretched out on the ground they get up and start in all over again. There wasn't a crumb of food to take home!

The other one was a picnic where platters of fine hamburgers were put on the table and everyone fixed his own combination of hot buns, pickles, mustard, catsup, onions, and what have you. There were five small children racing around wildly and utterly delighted to see that the eleven grown-ups were too busy with their own affairs to interfere with things and be unpleasant about all the pop that was consumed. For some reason we didn't have a single mosquito to combat on the first picnic, but we certainly ran into their annual convention on the second one. They were such vicious specimens that the army medications produced by the doctors present made no impression whatsoever. We could only conclude that the Iowa mosquitoes put their Pacific island cousins to shame.

Juliana has just come in to tell me that she "feels like reading" and where is her book, "The Restless Robin?" I happen to know that this book has been tucked out of sight for a very good reason. It is long, oh so long, and it has a section devoted to the meadow lark, oriole, brown thrasher, chickadee, song sparrow, blue bird, robin and bobolink that I have to warble to the best of my abilities. This book simply exhausts me! It takes me an hour to recover after I've worked on those bird songs. And it doesn't help any to have a very critical audience. When I finished my finest version of the meadow lark the other day Juliana said pityingly, "It doesn't sound like a meadow lark to me." You can see why that book has been tucked out of sight.

However, from much experience I know that true and wonderful peace is not to be mine until it appears once again, so I might as well get up right now and start. If you hear any peculiar chirpings from a source that you can't quite put your finger on, you'll know that it's merely a session with "The Restless Robin".

Until next month then . . .

—Lucile.





## Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

This evening before sitting down to enjoy my favorite radio program I made one more trip to the hen house to see if all the pullets had gone inside. All were inside except two, and as it was beginning to grow dark I couldn't chase them in and resigned myself to making another trip before going to bed to catch those two fresh-air advocates.

I hope soon to have everything in ship-shape order for winter. The pullets are doing a fine job of filling the egg basket, and egg prices continue to make it interesting to gather them. I have given the brooder house a thorough cleaning and sprayed the inside with DDT. With ten windows in the brooder house and fourteen in the hen house I have a long window washing siege every fall, but I always feel that it is time well spent when the sun can come through clean, shining panes unchecked by dust and cobwebs.

Several months ago I mentioned the use of tomatoes as chicken feed. A friend of mine has a flock of about three-hundred-and-fifty pullets and the other day she was telling me of her unusual experience. It seems that she uses a very good variety of feed and plenty of it, but her pullets always seemed hungry so she began feeding them several pails of tomatoes each day as she had a very large truck patch and no sale for the tomatoes.

In a very short time they lost their ravenous appetites, and as a result they seem to have an added zest for their feed and are unusually vigorous. The tomatoes seemed to supply just what they were needing, so I will add her experience to my own and pass it on to those of you who have a surplus of tomatoes from year to year.

I always plant several rows of stock-beets across my garden and begin feeding them as soon as the frost has killed the green food stuff for the chickens. I take about a bushel of them, chop them up into several large pieces, and the chickens do the rest. I also feed my surplus table-beet crop the same way and they relish these too.

Last night about twelve o'clock my dog began making such a disturbance that I got up and went out to see what was bothering him. I found one of my late-hatched chicks on the ground near a tree with a place torn in its skin; it seemed paralyzed with fright. While I was placing it inside the building I heard the dog barking furiously, so I went out again and this time I saw a large owl fly out of the tree and into the night. It wasn't until the dog had satisfied himself that the chicken was alive that he would go back to the house with me.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

In the September Kitchen-Klatter I mentioned a girl in Chillicothe, Missouri, who needed clothing. Several of you responded and I sent your letters to a neighbor who lives near this girl. She is going to see just what is needed and will write to each of you. This girl has been taken to a home since September; that is why I do not know what her present needs may be. But I appreciate your help.

Mrs. James Dudley, 1627 West Fourth Street, Davenport, Iowa, has been bedfast for ten years. She writes that she is selling greeting cards and note papers of various kinds at \$1.00 a box. Right now she has nice Christmas cards either with or without Scripture texts; also gift wrappings at \$1.00 a box.

Bessie Dingsley, Rowley, Iowa, has taken the agency for all kinds of magazines. She makes a specialty of gift orders. If you are subscribing for magazines for yourself or as gifts, get in touch with her.

Here is a small boy whom you can help. Dennis Swanson, c/o M. H. Swanson, Rt. 1, Forest City, Iowa, caught his hands in a hay pulley this summer and his fingers were badly mashed. They are hopeful of saving the fingers but it is a painful process, and Dennis is barely six. I'm sure he will enjoy cards or small gifts.

Esther Smith, Goldwater Hospital A-22, Welfare Island, N. Y., has been bedfast for 40 years. She has cataracts on both eyes and is having them removed now. She likes mail. Mrs. Mollie Carp, 319 W 6 St., Cameron, Mo., has a broken hip. She is 82, has been in a hospital for more than five months, and would enjoy letters.

Thelma L. Smith, 531 Logan St., Hammond, Indiana, is kept in the house by paralysis. She loves mail and her mother tries to answer the letters she gets. Mrs. Henry Diggins, Melbourne, Iowa, has been in a wheel chair for many years. Huldah Durr, 901 Rogers St., Bucyrus, Ohio, is drawn into a sitting position by arthritis. Mrs. Chas. C. Stilwell, Rt. 2, box 160, Piqua, Ohio, hasn't walked for five years. She is able to be in a wheel chair a few hours a day but spends most of her time in bed.

Shirley Climons, 807 Clay St., Apt. 3, Marietta, Ga., is eleven years old and is unable to hear or speak. She has a weak heart and is not able to go to school. She stays alone at home most of the day. I'm sure you can think of many things to help keep her amused. Doris Jean Wolfe, Alexandria, Nebr., is entirely helpless. She likes to read when someone has time to hold a book for her. Marcella Merritt, Box 124, Altoona, Illinois, is another helpless shutin. She is 23. Mrs. Eva Mink, Oak Forest Infirmary Ward K-25, Oak Forest, Illinois has been a shutin for twelve years. She has arthritis, and is lonely. Gwendolyn Lloyd, Truman, Minn., is ten and bedfast with heart trouble. She likes paper dolls.

What can you do to help some one of these people?



## AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

No matter how busy, every human being has a right to a little time alone with himself every day, a time to dream, to think, to regain tranquility and peace of mind. For me it also renews my sense of value, likewise my sense of humor.

These days I get my time alone as I walk to and from school. The boys prefer horseback riding but it is two miles around the horseback trail and only one as the crow flies and I walk. Part of that distance is through timber where only the Indians, the White-face Herd and I ever roam.

At one place an old road, worn shoulder deep, grass grown now and lined with tall trees, ends abruptly on the edge of a deep gully. Where my path crosses the old road I frequently imagine I meet an Indian woman, her sleeping papoose on her back, trudging home in the early twilight.

It isn't so far-fetched as you imagine from the depths of your favorite rocking chair. Little more than one-hundred years ago, Indians made their homes where we do now. In our school we have a stone arrow and a skin scraper and a heavy, crude axe head all shaped with infinite care by some bronze plainsman. As we discuss them we can almost smell their campfires burning once again.

But I can't daydream all the way home. I must plan supper. We will all be starved and that is just a little different from having the children all come home hungry. If I know in advance that supper will be late we have a "tea" with milk and bread and honey or whatever we can find.

I must plan five lunches too with no meat and no sugar—it's a jig saw puzzle. Last week I made a spread of grated cheese, boiled eggs, pickles and home-made salad dressing that was filling and good.

I also plan my home-work and straighten out the rest of the daily tangles in my mind. By that time I'm home again and the boys are saying, "When do we eat?"

## BOOSTS

"Our club meets once a month and when the program committee falls short of a program they always call me. Once I was called to supply material on only three hour's notice, and when I said that I'd look in my Kitchen-Klatters the woman said, 'That is the reason I called you because you have that magazine and you always find something extra good in it.'—Mrs. Chas. M. Miller, Grant City, Mo.



## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Once again I'm sitting in the Kitchen-Klatter office writing my letter to you. I feel very much at home in this office because I used to be one of the "office girls". That was before Frank and I were married, and I have spent many hours typing your names and mailing your magazines to you.

Kristin and I came a few days ago to spend a week with Mother and Dad, Margery and Lucile, Russell and Juliana. It is our first real visit for about three months. Of course I was here for Wayne's wedding, but that was such a busy time and there were so many extra people around that we didn't really have a lot of time for visiting.

Kristin and Juliana have been having such a good time that it seems a shame they can't be together all the time. But then we feel fortunate that we do live close enough together that we can see each other as often as we do. We hope to take Lucile and Juliana home with us for a few days. Juliana has been to the farm for four days without her parents, but Lucile has only been up for one day since we moved back to Iowa. We are getting a lot of handwork lined up to take back with us so we can sew as we chat as we used to do in San Francisco and Hollywood.

I told you in my last letter that we were anticipating a visit from Don before he went back to school at Ames, but he found he had to go back sooner than he had expected, so he only got to spend one Sunday with us. The hunting season opened that very day, so I didn't get to see much of him. He and Frank spent the day in the timber. Ames isn't very far from Lucas, so we are in hopes that he will have his studying lined up so that he can spend a few week ends with us this winter.

The folks were able to spend two Sundays with us during the month of September. Mother was laughing this morning as we were discussing our October plans, because this is the month everyone wants to come and see us. Russell is very anxious to come one Sunday and get colored pictures of the timber in all its fall splendor, so he is coming with some friends for a picnic and will take Lucile and Juliana home with him. Mother and Aunt Helen want to come up for a week end, and we are anxious for Aunt Helen to come because we want to get some ideas from her for our yard. My Driftmier aunts and uncles and their families have been waiting all summer for a beautiful Sunday in October to bring their dinners and have a caravan to our house for a picnic and housewarming for us. So if the weather man will just co-operate and give us at least three lovely Sundays, it sounds like a lot of company for the Frank Johnsons, (something we just love) and a lot of fun.

The most important event at our house this past month was the digging of our cistern. I don't know if I have ever mentioned that we do not



Kristin is strickly an outdoor girl. She loves to go with her daddy to do the chores.

have any water on our place, and have had to haul our water from Johnsons all this time. People who have lived on the place before us spent a great deal of money and time drilling for water but never found any. The original cistern had caved in a long time before we moved there, so we just filled in the hole and planned to have a new cistern. Frank had been so busy all spring and summer that we hadn't gotten around to it, but this past month we were able to get enough brick to line it, so they started digging. Now the hole is dug, and the brick wall is in, and nothing more can happen because we are held up for cement. We are just hoping we will somehow be able to get some and have the whole thing all finished before winter. If they don't get it finished before corn picking time, I'm afraid I won't have it before Spring. All I can say, is, if the pioneers could do it, so can we. But we love our little house more and more every day, and if I always had to carry water, I would still love it.

I brought two dresses for Kristin with me that have been ready to put together for over a month now, and I promised myself I would get them finished and ready to wear this trip. The pale blue broadcloth with navy blue smocking will be done this afternoon, because I only have to put on the collars and put in the hem, make the button-holes and sew on the buttons. To-night Lucile and I are going to get down to business on the red and white striped batistes, with a little bit more concentrated effort on our sewing and a little less talking.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy.

## AS I GROW OLD

God keep my heart attuned to laughter

When youth is done;

When all the days are gray days,  
coming after

The warmth, the sun.

Ah! Keep me then from bitterness,  
from grieving.

When life seems cold;

God keep me always loving and believing

As I grow old.

—Anon.

## 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, 1946, 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.) M. H. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa; 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 30th day of September, 1946.

(Seal) J. R. Lagerquist, Notary Public.

(My Commission expires July 4, 1948.)

## It's Fun to Sew

A SEWING 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 Oct. 15. Order from

LEANNA DRIFTMIER

Shenandoah, Ia.





Those of you who have been reading Kitchen-Klatter for years will probably be surprised to see a new picture on this page. At last the old cut wore out, so we thought it time to show you three generations—Leanna, Lucile and Juliana in the Kitchen-Klatter kitchen.

### ORANGE NUT BREAD

- 3 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. grated orange rind
- 1/2 cup orange marmalade
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped walnut meats
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg well beaten

Sift and measure 3 cups of flour; add baking powder and salt and sift again. Add remaining ingredients. Mix well and turn into 2 well greased loaf pans, let stand 10 minutes and bake in moderate oven 45 minutes to 1 hour. Delicious spread with cream cheese.

### OATMEAL BREAD

- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 cups rolled oats
- 1 Tbls. softened butter
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cake yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 5 cups sifted flour

Add boiling water to rolled oats and let stand one hour. Then add butter, molasses and salt. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water and add to rolled oats mixture with enough flour to make a stiff dough. Turn out on a floured board and knead 4-5 minutes. Place in an oiled bowl, brush with melted butter, cover and let stand overnight in a warm place (about 80 degrees.) Next morning knead lightly and shape into 2 loaves. Place in oiled pans, brush with butter and let raise until double in bulk. Bake in moderate oven 45-50 minutes. Remove from pans, brush with melted butter and cool. Grand for the lunch box.

### BUTTER STRETCHER

- 1 lb. butter
- 1 lb. margarine
- 2 cups sweet cream

Let these ingredients stand until they are warm or soft and be sure the cream is room temperature; then mix the cream into the butter and margarine. Presto, you have butter that looks like soft churned country butter.—Mrs. R. S. Case, Oakland, Neb.

## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### CHINESE CONSERVE

(Wonderful for Thanksgiving)

- 1/4 cup pitted dates
- 2 cups canned or fresh mixed fruits
- 1 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 Tbls. preserved orange peel
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. tumeric
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- 1/2 cup vinegar

Slice dates, cut orange peel into small pieces and add to mixed fruits. Mix together flour, mustard, tumeric, ginger, curry powder, and salt and make into a paste with 1/2 cup vinegar. Then add the sugar mixed with last 1/2 cup vinegar and pour over the fruit. Cook in top of double boiler until thick. Chill and serve with meats or fish. This keeps well and by using fruit cocktail, may be made throughout the year.



### HONEY ROSEBUD CUPCAKES

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg unbeaten
- 1 cup honey
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. allspice
- 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk

Cream butter, add sugar slowly and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and continue beating, then add honey, blending well. Add flour (sifted with soda, baking powder, salt and spices) alternately with sour milk, beating after each addition, until batter is smooth. Bake in greased muffin tins for 30 minutes in moderate oven.

### EASY HONEY FROSTING

- 1 egg white
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup honey
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Add salt to egg white and beat until stiff, not dry. Pour warm honey in a thin stream over egg white while beating continuously until stiff and ready to spread. Add flavoring and spread on cupcakes.

### HASH AND CREAMED CABBAGE

- 4 cups shredded cabbage
- 1 cup coarsely chopped green pepper
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1/4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups or 1 (1lb.) can corned-beef hash
- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
- Salt and pepper
- 2 Tbls. catsup
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. fat
- 1 cup milk

Cook cabbage, green pepper and onion in a small amount of water with 1/4 tsp. salt until tender. Melt butter in the top of a double boiler over boiling water. Stir in the flour until well blended. Gradually add the milk and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Add mustard and salt and pepper to taste. Drain cabbage; add the mustard sauce and mix well. Add the catsup and Worcestershire sauce to the corned-beef hash. Shape into 4 large or 6 medium-sized patties. Brown in hot fat in a skillet on both sides. Pour the cabbage into a serving dish and top with the hash patties.

### EGGS, RICE AND PEAS

- 6 shelled, hard-boiled eggs
- 1 Tbls. chili sauce
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 can of mushroom soup
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 cups hot, cooked peas
- 2 cups hot, cooked rice
- Pimento

Cut eggs in halves lengthwise. Remove yolks and reserve whites. Mash yolks and add chili sauce, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Moisten with 2 Tbls. of the mushroom soup and mix well. Refill the whites with this mixture and place in a pan over hot water to keep warm. Place remaining mushroom soup in a saucepan and heat with the milk. Add the peas and mix together. Arrange rice in serving dish as illustrated. Pour mushroom soup and pea mixture down center of rice. Place eggs on top and garnish with strips of pimento.

### MALTED MILK ICE CREAM

(Makes 1 quart)

- 2 eggs
- 1/3 cup chocolate malted milk powder (sweetened)
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup cream
- 2/3 cup light or dark corn syrup

Beat eggs, add syrup and malted milk powder, beat again and add milk and cream. (It isn't necessary to whip the cream.) Freeze until firm, then beat and serve at once or return to the refrigerator and freeze until firm. We like it of the consistency you buy as malted milk in the drug stores.—Mrs. Elmer Garber, Story City, Iowa.



## THE SCHOOL LUNCH

By Mrs. EU Espe

It's no small job to pack an attractive, appetizing, well-balanced lunch or perhaps several of them each day, and have to be ever on guard against that arch-enemy of the lunch box, monotony. But when small Mary and John come rushing in with rosy cheeks and shining eyes, exclaiming happily, "Oh Mom, that was a super lunch you packed for us today!" then mother feels amply repaid for all the time and thought and work she has expended in their preparation.

It is those little extra touches, the unexpected surprises, the unusual and a little out-of-the-ordinary things which greet childish eyes as they open their lunch boxes that add zest and interest to the school lunch and help in no small way to stimulate small appetites.

For a change from the usual bread sandwiches use butter, fold rolls, tucking deviled ham between the folds. Scramble that sandwich egg with bits of boiled ham and a little tomato. Make a sandwich within a sandwich. Spread a little horse-radish mustard between paper thin slices of cheese, and slip these between buttered bread slices. Sprinkle chopped green pepper on peanut butter.

Send any one of the following, to be eaten with potato chips or shoe-string potatoes, in place of sandwiches. Two slices of meat loaf sandwiched with pickle relish between. Salmon patties browned in butter or margarine. Frankfurter broiled, split, and put together with prepared mustard, or make a frankfurter "house plant" (a 2-inch chunk of cooked frankfurter with a fluff of celery leaves stuck in its top to look like a plant).

Children are very fond of meat turn-overs, squares of pastry with filling of chopped cooked meat topped with a tablespoon of tomato soup, folded over, pressed firmly together and baked in a hot oven. Hard-cooked eggs which have been peeled, halved, and the yolks chopped and mixed with liver sausage, cream cheese, and a little mustard and cream enough to moisten, make nice surprises when the whites are refilled with this yolk mixture and the two halves pressed together and fastened with a tooth pick. Don't forget the always popular pieces of cold roast or fried chicken, slices of roast beef or pork, and potato salad which may have cooked vegetables added as well as bits of meat.

A junior size "Dagwood" sandwich would please the youngsters. Make it a two or three decker with fillings having a contrasting color and flavor such as hard-cooked egg and green pepper, tuna and cheese, ham and cheese, etc.

For the salad part of the lunch, vegetable salad rolls are most attractive as well as good eating. Mix parsley, celery and cottage cheese with a little dressing, or prepare any combination of shredded vegetables with dressing and spread on a lettuce leaf. Roll up and fasten with tooth picks.



This is the dining room table that we refinished.

This picture of our dining room table that we refinished was taken just last week, so we have now had five months to see how it stands up under the daily wear and tear—and we're happy to say that it's doing fine. About three weeks ago we refinished the top and I'll tell you why this was necessary even though it's a confession of stupidity. At least it may warn you not to trust a white-leaded surface too far.

We were eating breakfast on the bare table one morning when I carelessly put the coffee pot down on a brilliantly covered magazine. The heat from the pot penetrated through all the thickness of that magazine, and I was startled to discover that the dyes had soaked right into the wood. All kinds of remedies failed to remove them, so there was nothing for it except to refinish the top. This wasn't a big job when you compare it with the original refinishing job, but of course it wouldn't have been necessary at all if I had just used my head.

This oak table was practically black when we bought it because of the many coats of varnish that it had acquired through the years. Our first step was to remove all of this varnish with a good varnish remover, and it took several coats and endless scrubbing with a steel brush after the thick gummy surface had been wiped off. (One look at the carved beading will tell you what a job it was to remove the varnish from those crevices.)

After all of the varnish had been removed and we were down to the original oak, the entire thing was wiped with alcohol. Following this we soaked it with water, just plain hot water, and this was to allow the pours to open and absorb the white lead. Twenty-four hours later we started applying the lead, and this was a big, big job because the kind of lead that you want to use for such jobs is as thick as tar and just about as easy to handle. Furthermore, you must rub against the grain as it is applied; if you rub with the grain

you won't get the right effect at all.

After the lead had been allowed to stand for forty-eight hours we applied a coat of clear shellac. This was followed by as many coats of wax as we had the strength and interest to apply—around ten or twelve, I should say. After each waxing the table had a good rub-down, of course. I don't think that the legs will ever require refinishing, and if I had been careful of the top it would have stood up indefinitely. Since refinishing it three weeks ago we've made it a rule not to have even a cup of coffee there without putting down a cloth or a mat.

Oak is wonderfully adapted to this treatment, so if you have an old golden oak set that was once the height of fashion but is now definitely dated, you might try the white-lead treatment. If you don't like it you can always restore it to golden-oak! The only thing that I'd like to emphasize is the fact that there is much hard work involved, and that it wouldn't pay to pour this kind of energy and time into cheap, shabby furniture. We were fortunate enough to get such a sturdy table that we could remove the fifth leg that stood in the center and still stretch it out to accommodate twelve people without the least quiver at any point!

Good luck to you if you try it, and I'll be interested in hearing about the results.

—Lucile.

### TODAY

And if tomorrow shall be sad  
Or never come at all, I've had  
At least today!

This little strip of light  
"Twixt night and night  
Let me keep bright  
Today!

And let no shadow of tomorrow  
Nor sorrow from dead yesterday,  
Gainsay my happiness today!  
And if tomorrow shall be sad  
Or never come at all, I've had  
At least today!



# The Hobby Club

## ONE-HUNDRED QUILTS

Have you ever made a quilt, patiently and laboriously putting the small pieces together, and finally finishing the last bit of binding and quilting? Can you remember your sense of triumph when at last it was on the bed, and the hope you had that someday, somehow you'd find the time to make another? If this has been your experience you will probably echo my own words when you read about Mrs. Marie Nagel of Klemme, Iowa, and ask yourself, as I did; how could any one woman ever make a hundred quilts?

One-hundred handmade quilts is Mrs. Nagel's record, and anyone who thinks that she intends to stop right there is badly mistaken. Three have been in the making since the one-hundredth quilt was completed, and one is ready for the frame right now. Nearly all of the quilts were made as gifts, and to Ruth Ann Dempsey, great-granddaughter of Mrs. Nagel, went the honor of receiving the one-hundredth.

Mrs. Nagel became interested in her hobby twenty years ago when she suffered from an attack of arthritis and could not walk for about two months. It was then that she embarked upon her first quilt, a silk "crazy quilt" put together with fifty different stitches. Incidentally, this was of her own design as have been all of the other ninety-nine. She first draws her design on paper, then cuts out the pattern, and among the tremendous variety of designs that she has created are state flowers, birds, butterflies, rose gardens, log cabins, schoolhouses, ferris wheels, spider webs, etc.

During the war Mrs. Nagel designed many patriotic and unique designs depicting victory, the eagle and shield, V-shield, and battleships. All kinds of material other than cottons have been used, and she was fortunate enough to have a good stock on hand before the war.

If Mrs. Nagel were unable to carry on routine household duties her record would still be amazing, but she has full responsibility for her home, and this includes making garden and canning. As a rule she can find from four to eight hours out of the day for her quilts, and sometimes more. It takes her from four to eight weeks to complete a quilt, depending, of course, upon the amount of work involved. She does all of the quilting herself, and uses an average of six spools of thread for each quilt. There isn't any step in the process that she finds herself eager to be done with, and says that it is all a pleasure from start to finish—and the harder they are, the more fun it is.

Of all the quilts she has made Mrs. Nagel has her special favorite, as is to be expected. The one that occupies this place in her affections is the wild rose quilt that she designed and made in 1943. If we ever have the opportunity to see a display of



Mrs. Marie Nagel, Klemme, Iowa.

Mrs. Nagel's work we hope that this particular quilt will be holding the place of honor.

It is doubtful if anyone can top Mrs. Nagel's record, but if there is anyone who can claim quilts for her hobby and who has turned out one-hundred of them, she would like very much to hear about it. And so would we!

"I would like to exchange salt and pepper shakers from different states and countries, and also handkerchiefs,"—Mrs. Wm. Grabowski, Rutledge, Mo.

Glass miniatures of all kinds.—Miss Clarine Miller, Rutledge, Mo.

"Giddap Dobbin! I need a buggy whip. Have had grand success collecting bells, fans and hat pins, but not one whip. Isn't there one hanging around somewhere?"—Miss Jessie MacLaren, Massena, Ia.

Different colored napkins.—Joann Andres, Riverton, Ia.

Picture postal cards.—Darlene McMurtrey, Riverton, Ia.

Maxine Knudtson, Forest City, Ia., is very eager to find the quilt pattern "Trail of the Lonesome Pine." She will return it promptly and will be glad to repay anyone for her trouble.

Do you own a book of crochet patterns containing only edgings and all named after a flower?—Mrs. Walter Steinspring, 3505 N. 30th, Omaha 11, Nebr., is most anxious to get this book—she says that it isn't new.

Note: With this issue we are discontinuing the custom of listing requests for penpals. Our hobby column was started originally for giving hobbyists the opportunity to exchange objects with each other, and in recent months there have been so many requests for penpals that our space will not allow a goodly number of straight hobby items to be listed. Consequently, we are forced to limit the number of items that can be used and feel that it would be better to eliminate the requests for penpals.

## FROM A FARM WINDOW

By Hallie M. Barrow

All over our middle west the job of the month is gathering corn. The day of the month is Thanksgiving when we shall give thanks for the bumper crop of this year. So a familiar sound in the country in the early morning stillness these days is the bang of ears hitting the side boards.

Mechanical corn pickers are labor savers for women as well as for men. Do any of you remember the pairs of shucking gloves we used to make from canton flannel, reinforced with bed ticking? My, how a good glove pattern was prized and cut off for all the neighbors. It wasn't uncommon for me, definitely a left-handed person, to find that I had made gloves for the same hand. How I would get balled up on those thumbs! And besides gloves for the corn huskers, we also made our own hand-lotion to soothe their chapped wrists and hands.

From the price of sorghum this fall it looks as though we'll have to put our sorghum pitchers on the antique shelf along with the moustache cup and those hen dishes which we used to buy full of mustard. Sorghum is \$3.00 per gallon at the mill. When we made shucking gloves, sorghum was 25 cents per gallon.

Our house seems mouse-proof every month except November. With the first real cold snap, the field mice seem to have their own acute housing shortage. They forsake the gypsy life they've led in the fields all summer and decide to move in with civilized folks for the winter.

We try to have a "planned" program for cats. Our plan is to have a few good mousers and ratters in the winter to help us save our feed. Then by spring, we wish all the cats to leave so the birds will be enticed to build near us. Like lots of other "planned" theories, it often works just the other way. Some winters we're almost without cats. But in the spring, mysteriously, batches of new kittens appear in the mow and mangers in addition to the cats and kittens which just accidentally find our barn because other folks drop them at night in the road in front of our house!

It's nice to have tulip bulbs again and my beds which "ran out" during the years Holland was out of the business, are being refilled. Some folks think they see a miracle when a radish seed grows, but the greatest miracle to me is that the lovely hyacinth or gorgeous tulip is locked tight in that dark bulb, must be buried and frozen, and then comes forth in all its glory as a spring blossom. If you don't get flowers from your bulbs, don't blame the bulbs. The flower is there. If you will cut right through the middle of a hyacinth bulb, the complete bloom is there. All you have to do is to give it the proper growing conditions.



## LETTERS FROM BERMUDA

Dear Folks:

We have just returned from church, and while Betty is getting lunch I shall take a little time to catch up on my correspondence. This morning at Divine Service I preached a sermon on the tenth chapter of First Corinthians, and following the regular service I had a private christening ceremony for the son of one of the pilots in Squadron 205. This afternoon and evening some of our personnel will come over, so it will be a full day for us.

I doubt very much if you have ever heard of a Moray Eel, but I can assure you that we weren't happy to have one of our neighbors catch a big one in a fish trap just below our diving board. They are rather bad things to have around for they are large, carnivorous, and equipped with a narrow jaw armed with knife-like teeth. Their jaws are extraordinarily strong, strong enough to take off a hand or a foot with one bite. The only good feature about them is that they won't deliberately attack a person unless badly scared, but what worries me is that I'm positive one view of my scrawny figure in the water would frighten a Moray into a tantrum.

In the postal-card picture of our house that I sent to you is a very good view of the famous Somerset bridge which is just outside our yard. They claim that it is the smallest drawbridge in the world, and I don't doubt it. In the center of the bridge is an oddity in the form of a trap door which, when raised, gives room for the masts of sailing boats passing from the Great Sound to Ely's Harbour. Every Sunday afternoon there is a lot of excitement around the bridge because it is then that dozens of sailing boats pass through. Last Sunday I went down to our pier just to watch, but before I knew what was happening I was right in the midst of things, shouting and yelling and pulling ropes as I helped boat after boat through the bridge.

The neighbors all come over to our house to fish for gray snappers, and for line they just use ordinary string, while their hooks are nothing to brag about. Betty and I use only good nylon line and our hooks are the best that can be bought, but we never catch a fish. While the neighbors pull them in by the dozens on their ordinary tackle, we fail completely. The other night I fished for two hours and had nothing to show for it except the loss of sixteen pieces of bait, so it was a fortunate thing that Admiral and Mrs. Henderson passed by just then on their return from a fishing trip and threw us two large fish as their boat went under the little drawbridge.

Betty and I had the pleasure of being entertained aboard the Presidential Yacht, the USS Williamsburg, when we were asked out to dinner as the guests of the officers. It was rather strange to see so many civilians eating in an officers' wardroom. One long table was filled with the secret service men. We had the best

dinner I have had since joining the Navy, and when we were through we were shown all over the ship, seeing everything except the President's private quarters. Never in my life have I seen such a smart ship. Two of her officers were on the same station with me back in Washington, and we spent the greater part of the evening just talking over old times.

One day last week we had more excitement at our house than we have had in a long time. Betty and I asked six boys between the ages of 12 and 15, all of them sons of naval personnel, to come over for swimming, a treasure hunt, and a picnic supper. For the treasure hunt we took the boys in our boat over to McCormack's Island where we had previously hidden a buried "treasure." We gave them a few clues and then turned them loose to find it. However, they found it much sooner than we had anticipated, and so to take up the time between then and supper I let the boys take turns driving my boat around the bay. While I watched them I kept thinking how much Wayne and I would have enjoyed such an outing when we were that age and had only the Shenandoah swimming pool for our experience around water.

In the Bible it says, "Man's pride will lay him low!" and to that I add a hearty AMEN. Betty and I learned it the hard way yesterday. As you know, we have a new boat with an outboard motor, and I've spent quite a bit of time painting and varnishing it. Yesterday afternoon I put on the finishing touches and we decided to take it out for a little spin. At one end of the bay there are several bad reefs, so Betty stood up in the boat and guided me through them. Just when I thought we had passed the reefs I noticed some people on shore admiring our little boat, and thinking to let them see it at its best I told Betty to sit down while I opened up the motor to full speed. In less than two minutes we ran smack bang onto a big reef. We were literally lifted up into the air and came down with a terrific jolt. Both of us leaped into the shallow water and pushed the boat off the reef. Fortunately the sheer pin on the drive shaft had broken so the motor wasn't hurt, and I don't think that it did much damage to the boat. However, it did do some real damage to my pride! Yea, verily a man's pride *does* lay him low!

As yet I have found no reason to dislike Bermuda, and it is quite beyond me how some personnel can be here just a few weeks and hate it. If one has even the slightest appreciation of beauty, Bermuda is for him a paradise—the cedar hills, the lavishly hued water, the beautiful little bays, inlets, sounds, and coves, the quaint little houses set back in oddly picturesque gardens—all of these are Bermuda. Of course Bermuda isn't St. Louis, and it isn't Brooklyn, and it isn't even Palm Beach—it is just Bermuda and we are thankful for it.

Vivid memories of turbulent days in Africa came back to me last night when I received word that an old friend of mine was back in the States and in good health. The last

time I saw Doc was down in Central Africa when he was on his way to Ethiopia to reclaim some hospital property that the Italians had taken from him. I decided to go with him and we boarded a Belgian Congo troop boat and set out up the Sobat River for the Ethiopian border.

The British officials threw both of us off the boat at the border using the argument that since the United States was still a neutral there would be a lot of trouble if either of us got killed. I left Doc at the border and went on back to Egypt. Eventually he made his way into Ethiopia and took over his old property, but he had been there only about a week when he discovered that the Italians had buried three small truck loads of gold and silver coins under his back porch. He turned the money over to the British army, and only a couple of days later some Ethiopians who thought the money was still under the porch, raided the place. Doc fought them off, but in doing so he was stabbed three times in the abdomen. I didn't know until this week whether he ever lived through that experience, so it was certainly good to hear that he was safely back in the States. I imagine that he is as grateful for his present comfort as I am for mine—I'd much rather be right here in Bermuda than on a boat approaching the Ethiopian border!

Lunch is ready and Betty is calling, so this must be all for now. Love to all,  
—Frederick.



## THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Is it enough, dear Lord, for me to say,  
"I thank Thee, Lord, for all that thou hast done for me?"  
Is it enough to count my blessings o'er,  
To prove sincere, my gratitude to Thee?

Is it enough to thank Thee that I'm free,  
To worship Thee, in whate'er way seems best to me?  
Is it enough to pray Thee, Lord, for peace,  
Or need I help to make wars cease,  
To show that I do truly worship Thee?

Is it enough dear Lord, to offer Thee,  
These unskilled hands, to do what Thou would have me do?  
Is it enough to try some humble task?  
Thy guidance, Lord, is all I ask,  
To prove that all my praise to Thee is true.  
Nebraska. M. W. R.



## FAREWELL TO FEEDING PROBLEMS

By Lucille Sassaman

One day while I was having lunch down town a mother and her little boy came and sat down at the next table. She was a very intelligent looking woman, but in the next half-hour I think she made every mistake that it was possible for a mother to make.

She started by reading the menu and then asked her four-year-old to make a choice from three different plate luncheons. He got so confused and then so embarrassed that he tearfully announced he wouldn't eat anything but ice cream. Right then it would have been much better to have given him ice cream and let him enjoy it because he was so excited just by the unusual experience of eating away from home; but she was a good mother and terribly concerned that her child have proper food regularly, so she ordered a nice plate of vegetables.

While they waited to be served, she told him that she had ordered ice cream for dessert and that he could have some if he were a good little boy and ate every bite of his dinner. When it came the portions were about twice too large and much to my surprise he actually did start to eat while his mother kept up a running conversation about vitamins. When he began to lag and push his peas around like a choo-choo, she reminded him of a solemn promise that she had extracted from him before they left home; when this availed her nothing she threatened to take him right home without any dessert.

I am sure that he had gone through this many times before and knew that mother was going to finish her shopping and that the ice cream had been ordered, so he started to work up a good temper tantrum and he got the ice cream in a hurry. As they walked out I could see that beautiful child turned into a whining, nervous feeding problem in about a year, with mama eating crackers and milk on an ulcer diet, all because she knew so much about the value of a balanced diet and nothing whatsoever about the pleasure of eating. She had used food for a threat, a bribe and a bargaining agent, and had created a situation that she was not prepared to finish. I remember thinking that if I could be an absolute dictator I would pass a law giving every mother just three "noes" a day and every time she didn't make one stick, she would be penalized one "no". I'll bet that we would all be more careful about letting such situations develop under that system.

Kira was a year old before she found that food could be used for anything but eating. My friend Becky and three-year-old Jean came to spend the day with us and everything went fine until lunch time when a three-ring circus started. Jean spit out her first mouthful, and then Becky went into action. Maybe it was too hot, then maybe it was too cool and then maybe she would prefer something different. If she didn't want her milk maybe

she would like chocolate milk better and then maybe it would taste better out of another cup. While both Becky and I were hopping up and down, Jean spread the table-cloth with butter and mixed the cream into the sugar bowl. At the end of an hour everybody was a nervous wreck except Kira. All this time she had been sitting in her high chair industriously spooning in her dinner and watching the performance with unconcealed delight.

At supper time I was not unprepared when she started to blow bubbles with her cereal, so I calmly said, "I guess you aren't hungry this evening" and took the dish out to the kitchen and put her to bed on schedule. She was the most surprised looking baby you ever saw, and I can still see her look of utter bewilderment that I hadn't performed the way I was supposed to. She slept fine, if I didn't, that night and the next morning early she was ready for breakfast. She drank her orange juice and threw her toast on the floor laughing gleefully and looking at me expectantly.

I put all of her breakfast back in the kitchen, took her out of the high chair and made no comment. By the end of the day I had told myself 50,000 times that no child would starve to death if food were made available, but by five o'clock that afternoon I didn't really believe it. And then, thank goodness, she ate her evening meal just as sweet and happy and friendly as she had always been. That was our first major crisis, and I want to emphasize now that the first spoonful of solid food that your baby takes and your attitude toward it will help determine the future happiness of an entire family at mealtime.

Do everything slowly, start each new food with just about a half-teaspoon. If your baby refuses some food, leave it alone and try again in another week; never force feed and be sure not to speed up too much when the baby is hungry and likes his food. Keep him clean and mopped up while he is eating and you will go a long way towards eliminating messy eating habits after he is old enough to sit at the table and feed himself. If from earliest infancy a child associates eating with sticky, dirty face and hands it's going to be pretty hard to persuade him that cleanliness is desirable or necessary.

The doctor told one of my friends that her child needed oatmeal. Linda didn't like oatmeal and the battle raged furiously for a week before Alma gave up and admitted it couldn't be done. Imagine her chagrin when the doctor asked her if she had tried oatmeal cookies! You know that you can lead a horse to water, and there are all kinds of ways to make him drink!

"I am sending in my renewal for Kitchen-Klatter because it is a wonderful magazine, so interesting from start to finish. I usually read and re-read it several times. I have a neighbor who shares it with me and she enjoys it as much as I do."—Effie Reynolds, Guthrie Center, Ia.

## OVER THE FENCE

All of Maxine Sickel's many friends were probably as surprised and pleased as we were to pick up the Sunday morning paper this past month and find a nice picture of her with the accompanying story about her duties as a teacher. She is carrying on her usual home responsibilities plus working full time as a teacher and I'm sure we'd have to look far to find anyone busier these days.

I am taking this means of making an urgent request to help a good friend who has suffered great anxiety over her missing son. The government is unable to give her any concrete information regarding his status, and now she is hoping to find someone who can tell her what is meant by the designation "Sub-Unit L I". If you know of anyone who has had sons in the Intelligence Unit will you please ask them about this? Any information you collect can be written directly to me and I will send it on to the distressed mother.

Generous hearts are a wonderful thing in this world. I'm thinking now of the letter from Mrs. Ethel Adams of Brock, Nebraska, in which she told me that their home was struck by lightning this summer with the total loss of everything in the fire that followed. The community gave them a shower and over five-hundred people expressed their kindness and sympathy with gifts. "We are so very rich with good friends," she wrote.



## STATE BIRD QUILT

Radiant color, natural beauty—birds of every state with appropriate leafy and floral background and a scroll giving the name or abbreviation for each state combined in 48 exquisite transfer designs. Complete chart and accurate directions make easy, enjoyable, quick work of this, your most treasured needlework. The transfers are prepared so that you can make several quilts. Use the transfers on many things to delight your friends—make gifts that are more highly welcomed because they're personal—made by your very own hands! Send for pattern number C626, enclose 50c for each order. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "Will you please say something about holidays and families, Leanna? Surely other women have been in my predicament but it's something that I don't feel free to discuss with my friends. I married into a family that has the closest ties of any family I've ever seen. It's expected that all of the married children will eat every Sunday dinner at the old home, and no one has dared to question the fact that every holiday will be spent there as well. I've been married eight years, my parents live only forty miles away, but not once have we gone there for Thanksgiving or Christmas. I like my husband's family, but really, there've been many times that I've almost gone to their home red-eyed because I couldn't be with my own parents, brothers and sisters, on important holidays. I've talked with my husband about it and he seemed shocked at the very thought. The other girls who've married into the family don't seem to assert themselves about it at all, so I just don't know what to do. Can you help me?"—Ja.

**ANS:** I don't know if I can help you, but I'll tell you what I'd do. The next Thanksgiving or Christmas that you want to go to your own home, just pack up the children and go, by train if necessary or by bus, but go. I respect family ties a great deal, yet I don't respect any traditions that say a woman must pass up her own parents and brothers and sisters to have every single holiday with her husband's people. Eight years is long enough to set a record of some kind. Speak to your mother-in-law about the situation, and surely if she has any sense of justice she will see your point and not resent it. If any of you friends have had an experience comparable to this I'd be interested in hearing what you did about it.

**QUES:** "School has been open only three weeks, but I'm right up against the same old problem that has worried me for the last four years. My two children bring home a gang every night after school, and they tear through the house, get into food, and seem so wild and unmanageable. I want the children to feel that their friends are welcome here and I hate to keep nagging at them to stay out of the cooky jar, but I've noticed that it's always our house they come to—other mothers don't seem to put up with it for a minute. What can I do to make these children welcome and yet not have my entire house thrown into chaos?"—Ja.

**ANS:** I think that the best way around this problem is to set certain nights that they may bring their friends home. Let them help decide the days, Tuesday and Friday, let's

say, and make those times a rather special treat when you get out the cookies and apples. The other school days insist that they come home without their friends. If you set your foot down firmly when this schedule has been arranged you'll find that before long they will respect these special days and will appreciate having their friends receive a warm welcome—they'll quickly see the difference between this schedule and the present arrangement.

**QUES:** "In our neighborhood we have a club made up of eleven families, and somehow the November meeting was scheduled for the day before Thanksgiving at our home. It so happens that I'm having the family dinner this year for almost twenty people, and I don't see how I can entertain the club with so much to do. Do you think it would be all right for me to cancel the meeting with an explanation for why I'm unable to entertain them?"—Kans.

**ANS:** I'm sure that any group would understand your situation, but rather than cancel the meeting altogether, why don't you ask them if a change of date would be agreeable? You could entertain them a few days before Thanksgiving or a few days afterwards, and I think that this would be a preferable course of action.

**QUES:** "This year my husband and I have our two nieces living with us during the week while they attend high school—one is my husband's brother's child, and the other is my sister's child. Both sets of parents feel that we are giving them too much freedom and not asking them to help with regular household duties—they're afraid we'll spoil them, I guess. Both girls have always had a lot to do on the farm and I'm happy to give them a little pleasure, but still I don't want hard feelings. What would you suggest that we do?"—S. D.

**ANS:** It seems to me that you can find a middle-of-the-road path in this case that will keep everyone in a satisfied frame of mind. I really think that the girls should keep their own rooms clean, and it's not too much to ask them to wash the supper dishes and straighten the kitchen. These duties will give them the responsibilities that all girls need, and yet they'll still have plenty of freedom and a vacation from the heavier duties that they've known at home.

### JUST ONCE

No fame I crave, before my eye  
A simpler goal I keep.  
I hope just once before I die  
To get sufficient sleep.



The most recent picture we have of Frank Johnson, Dorothy's husband. It is a good picture of both.

### HOUSEHOLD HELPS

If you do not have a single-edge razor blade for scraping paint from a window or ripping a garment, take a strip of adhesive tape and fold over one of the edges of the double-edge blade. This makes a good safety cutter.

Slip a piece of cellophane over the end of curtain rods. It works the slickest yet when it comes to slipping in the curtains.—Mrs. A. N., Granville, Ia.

A very efficient varnish remover can be made at home by combining ½ cup ammonia, ½ cup sal soda, ½ cup vinegar, ½ gallon of warm water. The remover seems to work better when the water used is quite warm.—Mrs. H. R. M., Danbury, Ia.

A nice pantry set of spices can be made by taking the 10 cent cold cream jars of uniform shape and painting on each one the name of the spice it contains. A few flowers or sprigs can be placed on the side of the jars.—Mrs. L. E. K., Neola, Ia.

A slice of raw potato will remove dirty marks from a raincoat, and mud stains from dress skirts, children's coats, and men's trousers.—J. L., Webb, Ia.

Run a knife through a lemon before cutting onions and your eyes will not smart. For scratches or marred spots on maple furniture, daub the spots with Army brown 'Dyanshine', and when dry buff briskly. You will find that the spots and scratches are concealed.

To avoid drippings falling off the paint can, glue a paper plate to the bottom of the can. This will also provide a place to rest the brush.—Mrs. M. S., Perry, Ia.

A muffin pan makes an excellent sick-bed meal tray. It won't slide and individual servings in small custard cups slip in the muffin rings. Even a glass of liquid stands securely.—Mrs. B. B., Lucerne, Mo.

You may find it hard to believe, but this works: any twelve-egg angel food cake can be baked beautifully by placing in a heat-controlled oven for exactly 23 minutes at 450 degrees.—Mrs. C. R., Monroe, Ia.



## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 5¢ per word, \$1.00 minimum charge, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 5th of the month preceeding date of issue.

**FOR SALE:** Crocheted tablecloth, 72x84, \$20.00. Enclose stamp. Mrs. Henry Dorman, 209 West 21st Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

**WANTED:** Someone to make a complete wardrobe for a Christmas doll. I will furnish material, patterns, and also send doll. Mrs. Richard E. Smith, Box 434, King City, Missouri.

**CHRISTMAS SHOP** the easyway. Magazine Subscriptions. New, gift, and renewal orders taken for all magazines. Reliable service. Charlotte Belden, Rush City, Minnesota.

**HAND CROCHETED PUPPIES.** 11 inches tall, ideal gifts, state color, \$3.50 postpaid. Annabelle Lintz, 219 East 17th Street, Topeka, Kansas.

**LADIES:** Remove painful corns in 30 minutes with Fosters. Why suffer? 65 cents postpaid. A. E. Shanholtzer, Coatsburg, Illinois.

**FOR SALE:** Crocheted holders, dish clothes (formal dress), ruffled dish cloths, 50 cents. Anything in crocheting. Belle Bolton, Hamilton, Illinois.

**FOR SALE:** Crocheted rick rack lace for pillow cases, \$1.00 pair. Miss Helen Chuldt, Poynette, Wisconsin.

**BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERED DRESSER SCARF** with dainty crocheted edge, \$2.00. Embroidered dress protectors, 50 cents each. Mrs. Fred Jensen, Nashua, Iowa.

**BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS** made from popcorn, pine combs. Colorful corsages. Directions for all, 25¢. Baby shoes, \$1.00. Dress clothespin bag and hanger, \$1.00. Bessie Schollmeyer, 922-19th Street, Boone, Iowa.

**CROCHETED DRESS POT HOLDER,** 50¢; baby shoes, \$1.00; Bible book mark, 25¢; baby sacque, \$3.00. Mrs. Elma Wiseman, Hastings, Iowa.

**BLEACHED HAND HEMMED DISH TOWELS,** 36 inch square, 40¢; crocheted baby shoes, \$1.00; crocheted 3 piece chair set, pineapple design made from No. 30 thread, \$2.50; Christmas cards, religious and plain, \$1.00 per box; 100 Personalized Postal Cards with name and address, blue or ivory, \$1.00; large dressed prewar dolls, \$2.50 to \$5.00. China doll head, \$10.00. Robe Nursing Home, 2954 Apple Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

**CROCHETED PINEAPPLE DOILIES,** \$2.00; chair sets, \$3.50; fancy holders, 50¢ and 75¢; few pillow cases, \$1.50 and \$3.00; print aprons, \$1.00. Mrs. Frank K. Wilson, Route 2, Sac City, Iowa.

**LOVELY pinafore** dressed sock dolls, black or Rockford, \$1.00 postpaid. Mrs. L. N. Carter, Sergeant Bluff, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Genuine Hudson Seal Plush Coat, size 14, A-1. Mrs. Holger Juhl, 420 West 4th Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

**PHOTOS TINTED IN OIL COLORS,** 5x7 or larger, 50¢, smaller, 25¢; no glossy surface prints. Send photo and money with color details. Mrs. Emery Estes, Humboldt, Nebraska.

**FOR SALE:** Three piece crocheted ecru or white pineapple chair sets, \$3.00. Nine inch white doilies, with colored pansy borders, \$1.15; pot holders, 35¢. Mrs. Hazel Hegwood, Swan, Iowa.

**NEW AND DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS GIFTS.** Beautiful hand made shell pins and earrings. Sold in matched sets or separately. Safety clasps on pins, screw type metal earrings. Pins alone, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00. Earrings alone, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50. Sets, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00. Girls' barretts, \$1.50 per pair. Assorted colors, state color wanted. Orders filled promptly. Send to Mrs. Hogan Hoganson, Wallingford, Iowa.

**A GIFT SUGGESTION.** Pretty pins made from tiny colorful shells suitable for lapel or dress fastening, one dollar each. Earrings, seventy-five cents. Mrs. M. J. Young, 603 East Yerby, Marshall, Missouri.

**FOR SALE:** Aprons, made from feed sacks, very neat. Bib aprons, \$1.10 each, tie around, 85¢. Mrs. Vern Jividen, Onawa, Iowa.

**GIFTS.** Yarn dogs, \$1.25; lovely Orchid corsages, 75¢; Chenille Roses, 50¢; ladies handkerchief aprons, \$1.25; plastic aprons, 50¢; flower and fruit plaques, 30¢. Also will do machine quilting. Glida Palmer, Derby, Iowa.

**1946 HEALTH BOOKLET** (nurse's viewpoint). Help for the person who finds it hard to reduce. (Not a diet schedule). Allergy-food sensitiveness. Gas forming foods. Nervous and Anemic. Vitamin importance and dangerous ONE explained. 30 health questions answered. 35 cents. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

**SALEM COOKBOOK,** 536 best (signed) recipes by ladies aid. Also sugarless recipes. Spiral binding. Postpaid, \$1.00. Send orders to Graphic, Lake Mills, Iowa.

**CROCHETED:** Butterfly chair sets, \$3.00; 5-piece butterfly davenport set, \$8.00; Fillet, Home Sweet Home, chair and davenport sets, \$4.00 and \$8.00; Fillet and lace chair set, \$4.00; buffet sets, \$2.50; 24 inch pineapple centerpiece, ecru, \$3.00; round and oblong pineapple doilies, \$1.00; 13-piece pineapple luncheon set, ecru, \$12.50; pineapple davenport set, \$8.00; bib style pineapple and shell aprons, \$4.00; Basket of Roses, chair set, \$4.00. Mrs. Jesse Savacool, Gallatin, Missouri.

**WILL TAKE ORDERS NOW** on Snow White American Eskimo Pups to whelp in November, just right for Christmas gifts. Either sex, \$15.00. Also At Stud double purple ribbon registered with U.K.C. "Silver Teddy", Fee, \$15.00. Mrs. H. W. Craven, Menlo, Iowa.

**PIECED QUILT,** size 82x96. All prewar material. Beautifully quilted, \$25.00. Mrs. John Shaffer, 1306 N. Main, Fremont, Nebraska.

**ORDER NOW FOR CHRISTMAS.** Embroidered chair, vanity sets, \$2.00. Crocheted baby bib, white, blue, and pink ribbon. Bernice Johnson, Osage City, Kansas.

**LOVELY CHENILLE ORCHID CORSAGES,** leading colors, 65¢ each; 2 or more, 60¢ each. Crystalline Brooches, attractively designed, beautiful colors, \$1.05. Satisfied customers. Freda Poverlin, 1700 E. Court, Beatrice, Nebraska.

**CROCHETED BABY SETS,** \$5.00; Spitz dogs, \$1.25 and \$2.50; crocheted aprons, \$3.50; print aprons, organdy trim, \$1.50; chiffon handkerchiefs, 50¢. Mrs. G. M. Page, Box 574, Boone, Iowa.

**YARN DOLLS,** 7 inches tall, washable, yellow braids, crocheted dress and hat. State color, \$1.00 each. Chenille Dolls, 6 inches tall, state color. Used over cosmetic jars, inkstands, etc., \$1.00 each. Chenille corsages, 50¢. All postpaid. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Missouri.

**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.

**FOR SALE:** Powder puff bed spread, print blocks, set together diamond shape with two rows of old rose, \$30.00. Mrs. Ida May Nolan, 115 West 4th Street, Boone, Ia.

**CHRISTMAS EXTRA:** Eighteen different Stuffed Animal Toys. Handpainted, washable, \$2.00 each. Mrs. Eva Jones, 720 Glover, Detroit 14, Michigan.

**FOR SALE:** All wool, hand made, crocheted baby booties, \$1.25; knitted soakers, \$1.50; state color choice. Mrs. Robert Posegate, Nevada, Iowa.

**DOLLS APPAREL SHOP:** 823 South 16th, Clarinda, Iowa, has from doll layettes to bridal costumes. Write for Christmas price list.

**LADIES:** Buy Christmas gifts now. Crocheted, 3 piece chair and davenport sets, baskets of roses or daisies, \$7.50; pineapple design, \$5.50; rose design portholders, 75¢; numerous other articles. Final sale, thread unobtainable. Myrtle G. Story, Box 188, Peterson, Iowa.

**WANTED:** Old buttons. Will buy or swap. Mrs. Carl Palmer, 1012 1st Street, Webster City, Iowa.

**BEAUTIFUL 12-inch doilies,** crocheted white center, colored pansy border, \$1.50. Order now for Christmas. Mrs. Ernest Marcum, Center, Kentucky.

**BEAUTIFUL PINEAPPLE CENTERPIECE,** 20 to 22 inches, ecru or white. Money returned if not satisfied, \$3.00 each postpaid. Mrs. Herman Vander Werff, 723 North Blauvelt Avenue, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

**CROCHETED BOOTIES,** sachets, pan h ers, doilies, ideal Christmas gifts. Stamp addressed envelope on inquiry. Mrs. Pam Ritter, Cosby, Missouri.

**IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS.** Crocheted doilies and runners, all sizes and prices. Also clothespin bags, very pretty, \$1.00 each. Hit notes, stationery, lovely paper and envelopes, \$1.00 a box. Mrs. Ina Nelson, 1403 3rd Avenue South, Denison, Ia.

**CROCHETED DOILIES,** lace edgings, croch book marks, pot holders, knitted ball Write for prices. Eva Orman, Route 1 Ottumwa, Iowa.

**6 PERFUME DISCS** in a cellophane bag 15¢ and a 3¢ stamp. 7 packets for \$1.00 postpaid. Rose, lily of the valley, carnation, and gardenia. Mrs. Charles Heller, Box 21, East Dubuque, Illinois.

**FOR SALE—Woven** pot holders, 4 for \$1.00 postpaid. Mrs. Jacob Pfau, Reserve Kansas.

**20 UNIQUE FLORAL NOTES,** imprinted with your name on each folder complete with envelopes for \$1.50. Allen Day, 295 Apple Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

**BEAUTIFUL NEEDLEPOINT.** Two 12x16 inch chair cover 25x25. Write for price and description. Anne Eitzen, City Hospital Owatonna, Minnesota.

**CROCHETED APRONS,** three dollars. State color. Pot holders, three for one dollar. Send stamps for reply. Mrs. Helen Keynard Mount Ayr, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Crocheted baby jackets of soft white baby wool, pink or blue trimming, \$3.50. State size. Mrs. Harry Copenhaver Plainfield, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Crocheted tablecloth, two shade of ecru, pineapple design. Punched rugs. To order: doilies, aprons, chair sets in white or cream, baby hoods, booties, or sweaters. Mrs. Frank O. Swanson, Route 4, Attica, Indiana.

**RUFFLED DOILIES,** crocheted, measure 11 inches. Colors, variegated green, peach, or white, \$2.25. Sachet crocheted hats, measures 7 inches across, pastel shades, \$1.10. Crocheted Cross Bookmarks, pastel shades, 30¢. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Box 230, Hull, Iowa.

**FOR SALE—Linen** cutwork runners, \$6.00 cutwork buffet set, \$6.00; crocheted "Home Sweet Home" chair sets, \$6.00; crocheted runner, 12½x48, or 64 inches, \$6.50; crocheted runner 14 or 18 inch width, any length, \$6.50. Mrs. Herman Hansen, Williams, Iowa.

**A DOLLAR BILL** brings you a Sewing Machine Darnier and Buttonhole Maker as advertised on radio, plus two 50¢ boxes of Crysto Magic Cleaning Crystals, sent to you postpaid on money back guarantee. Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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**FOR CHRISTMAS:** Give handmade toys and other hand work. Stamped addressed envelope for reply. Order early. Mrs. Roy Bryan, Mount Ayr, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Crocheted holders, 3 for \$1.00, each different color and pattern; tea towels, plain, 6 for \$1.00; crocheted doilies, \$1.00; 1 ecru crocheted apron, shell pattern, large size, variegated trim, \$5.00, bib style. Mrs. Clifford Sorensen, Route 3, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Canary birds. Deep yellow and mottled. Stamp for inquiry. Mrs. Lon Hitchcock, 607 E. F. Street, Carrollton, Mo.

**FOR SALE:** Crocheted round tablecloth, 72 inches in diameter, fillet, all in one piece, \$50.00. Mrs. Grace McConkey, Albany, Mo.

**APRONS,** trimmed print, \$1.25; pot holders, print, 2 for 35¢, 3 for \$1.00. Laura Knifer, 2800 East 16th, Des Moines, Iowa.

**WILL TRADE,** 2 dozen medium to smaller pine tree cones, for pretty flowered feed sack. Allie McMurry, Rutledge, Missouri.

**FOR SALE:** Rose crochet pot holders, 50¢ a piece and others 3 for \$1.00. Make nice Christmas gifts. Mrs. Bertha Schlei, Klemme, Iowa.

**FANCY CROCHET** sweetheart apron of Perlshen, \$6.50. Grab boxes, \$2.75 to \$3.75. Crocheted pieces, hand made novelties. Postage extra. Mary Klopff, Elizabeth, Ill.

**BEAUTIFUL CARDS FOR SALE:** Christmas cards with or without scripture text, 21 for \$1.00; correspondence notes, 18 for \$1.00; everyday, all purpose, box of 14 folders for \$1.00. Mrs. Fred Albers, Nashua, Iowa.



**UR HANDWRITING TELLS.** Health, Wealth, Happiness. Write me on unruled paper, enclosing a self addressed stamped envelope. Sex, complexion, birthdate. One dollar. I know you will like this unusual analysis for your personal benefit. Myrtle Kenney, 904 Norfolk Avenue, Norfolk, Nebraska.

**LARGE CROCHETED DOILIES**, approximately, 23 inches in diameter, choice of colors, \$1.50 each. Mrs. Robert Norton, Greensburg, Missouri.

**PHOTOS** tinted in lifelike oil colors, 5x7 inches and smaller, 50¢. Larger sizes, 75¢. Include return postage. Mrs. Harry Jorgensen, 1607 South 6th Street, Harlan, Ia.

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**HAND CROCHETED TABLE CLOTH**, 60x70, white with colored medallions in corners and center, price, \$25.00. Would like other crocheting. Mrs. Guy Inman, Rt. 3, Corning, Iowa.

**BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS CARDS**, also everyday greeting cards, 21 in box assortment, for \$1.00, postpaid, anywhere. Mrs. A. Wanklyn, Winifred, Kansas.

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Shenandoah, Iowa

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Box fine white stationery, matching envelopes, each printed with your name and address. Also ten Lovely Christmas Cards, each with envelope. Your name imprinted on each card. Write plainly, and order NOW. All mailed to you, postpaid, for only \$1.00.

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## FOR THE CHILDREN

### A TRULY TRUE THANKSGIVING

It was a long, long time ago when Iowa was so new that it wasn't even a state. Polly True had come with her mother and father to this new land to find a home. Until their house was done they must live with Uncle Charles and Aunt Ida and Grandma in their cabin.

That was trouble enough for Aunt Ida was very sure she knew just how little girls should behave. They should be very quiet, seen but not heard. They should be very busy, learning to set stitches so fine they could scarcely be seen. They should be very clean, not a speck of dirt from head to toe.

That was bad. Not having any school and having to do lessons at home alone was worse. But Thanksgiving dinner with no boys or girls for company was worse still.

Polly True could remember dinners back home when mama's big table was full from end to end with happy boys and girls after the grown-ups had eaten. She was feeling very sad about it that cold November morning long ago when she went to take a walk. She was not allowed to go far, just to the top of the hill along the old trail.

But this morning she could see smoke from a campfire before she was there. Carefully she slipped over the hill looking and looking. A movement at her side frightened her and she turned to see a little girl just her size but with black hair and eyes in a gold bronze face.

Polly was so pleased that she put out her hand and smiled in the friendliest way. Perhaps the little Indian girl was pleased too for she put her hand in Polly's. You would have smiled to see them there. They could never understand each other's words although they tried, but they played tag and hide-and-seek there in the tall prairie grass.

When the sun came through with a little glimmer they went to dinner. The next morning the campfire smoke and the little Indian girl were gone, but Polly had a thankful Thanksgiving because she had a friend.

Do you have an unusual pet at your house? We're thinking now of something other than cats and dogs and lambs and ponies and chickens. If you have a pet about which people say, "Well, for goodness' sake, I never heard of such a thing before!" please write and tell us about him. We'd like to know where you found him, how you care for him, and just exactly how smart he is. And of course we'll share your letter with the boys and girls who read this page.



Juliana made her own Jack-O-Lantern this year.

### THE ACID TEST

It's easy to sing  
When you're having your fling  
And all's in accord with your wishes,  
But the girl for a King  
Is the girl who can sing  
When she's washing and wiping the dishes.

—Sent by Mrs. Joe Fiala,  
Omaha, Nebr.

## TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

This rooster seems to be afraid  
To stop and have a chatter—  
Let's turn him upside down and see



NELSON  
WHITE

What seems to be the matter.



Mrs Louisa Pickell  
Rt 1  
Madrid Iowa 2



## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### CHRISTMAS BAZAARS ARE COMING

This is the month when our Aid Societies face the fact that it won't be long until Christmas bazaars are held—here, there, and everywhere. I doubt if any better scheme has ever been devised to swell the treasury, and this year should prove to be even better than usual since many things are still hard to get and people are parting with their money more casually than usual. It's a combination that should work wonders for your Aid Society.

In planning your different booths keep in mind the fact that practical items which manage to be decorative are certain sellers. Comparatively few people feel like indulging in fancy, impractical things, and it's not the comparatively few that you're after. That's why well-made, good-looking kitchen aprons always sell like hot-cakes, while the tiny, beruffled hostess aprons may be left alone on the table when everything is over.

Nothing can beat the assembly-line method for getting a great deal accomplished. Take children's pajamas, for instance. It's still hard to find them in the stores, but if you can locate outing flannel (and most towns get in shipments from time to time) you can make many pairs by working together. Assign the cutting to three or four members in advance, and then during your meeting you can hand them out to be basted. Surely a few of your members have portable sewing machines, and if they will bring them to the meeting you can whip the pajamas out in no time and hand them over for the buttonholes as fast as they are done. I feel safe in saying that you can sell as many as you can make.

This is the year to ransack every nook and cranny for unused furniture. New furniture is not too easy to find and frightfully expensive, so concentrate your efforts on refinishing or repainting any old furniture that you can find. Slip-covers are something else that can be done to good advantage by a group working together, and there must be at least a half-dozen men in the church who would be willing to make any necessary repairs on chairs, tables, etc.

In making plans for your bazaar,

be sure that every committee chairman has at least one assistant who knows every detail of what is being planned. It's a rare bazaar that doesn't bring a last-minute withdrawal because of sudden illness in the family or something equally catastrophic, so bear this in mind when heavy responsibilities are delegated. And one last word: be chary of putting too many heavy responsibilities on one pair of shoulders. Distribute the work as evenly as possible, all work together, and your bazaar should be a big success.

### NOVEMBER GOOD TIMES

*By Mabel Nair Brown*

November! How many visions come to mind with that one word—Harvest Home Sunday at the church, the children throwing an extra handful of corn to fatten up Mr. Turkey, gourds hanging on the back porch, overflowing corn cribs, hogs in the fattening lot, spicy pumpkin pies cooling on the pantry table, the first snowfall, a huge bowl of polished apples on mother's old sideboard, grandma waving her apron in welcome on Thanksgiving morning—that's November in our part of the country.

Let us not allow the petty annoyances of everyday living to keep us from appreciating the abundant harvest that God has so graciously given us. As we give our heartfelt thanks for our many blessings, may we all breathe a prayer for our unfortunate neighbors across the sea and pledge ourselves to share with them from our horn of plenty.

Remember the line from grandmother's sampler: "God is the Unseen Guest at every meal?" Never has it been more significant to me, along with His words: "As ye do it unto the least of these ye do it unto me." Pleading hands from abroad are stretched toward our overflowing tables. Let not one bite of food be wasted in your home this year.

The Thanksgiving season is such a lovely time to strengthen friendship and family ties that all of us should make it a time for sharing with our own family, our friends and our neighbors. Each year more communities are observing Harvest Home Sunday in their churches. Do your part by taking some of your choice canned food and stored vegetables and fruits for the harvest table decorations. Arrange some of the vegetables and fruits in market baskets or fancy Mexican baskets. A wide-brimmed straw sun hat makes a picturesque container for an arrangement of small half-bushel size apple baskets which I always fill with big ears of yellow corn for our display. If you remember to cut sprays of chrysanthemum buds before a killing frost and put them in water in the basement, they will open into bloom later and you can have beautiful bouquets for church and Thanksgiving decorations at home. Remember too the lovely autumn leaves when planning decorations.

At this season of the year my children always hunt for choice ears of corn, leaving a few husks on them by which they tie them to the arch rod

over the gate. Mother Nature furnishes us with our loveliest decorations if we will but use them!

With the coming of the late fall and winter season we have more time for little parties and get-togethers with our friends. These are always more fun if kept informal. Doughnuts, cider, pumpkin pie, apples and coffee are almost traditional refreshments at this season, so pick the combination that you prefer and your guests will enjoy it. If you would like to dress up the pie, make individual pies (in muffin tins) and decorate with a "fluting" of whipped cream put through a pastry tube. When available, I like to serve corn candy in little decorated paper pumpkin nut cups for an extra party touch on the refreshment tray. Another easily made favor is whipped up by using a prune as the body of a turkey and adding a paper head, fan-shaped tail, and toothpick feet. You can also cut gumdrop candies for head and tails. might also make tiny cornucopias (horns of plenty) from yellow paper and fill them with tiny candle nuts. A nicely shaped, tapering, rot can be hollowed out for this pose too, or for use in a table centerpiece. If you use fruit and vegetables in a table centerpiece, try the arrangements on a large platter by doing this you get double the effect.

Now is the time when young married couples enjoy getting out, and are some games they might like to play. course other folks would enjoy too, so why not call it an old-fashioned "Frontier Party" and ask them to come in overalls, the worn print dresses?

**Turkey Hunt:** Choose four letters for a turkey hunt. Give each letter a card on which to pin their letter. Then give out a lot of small paper among the crowd; some of these are to be blank, but among them be sure to have four papers carrying the letters T, four carrying U, etc., and the rest of the letters that go together spell the word "turkey". At a signal the hunters start to find the letters that will spell "turkey" on their card. No one can take a "k", for instance, until "u" has been found, since the letters must be found in order. The hunter wins who is the first to find all of the letters that spell "turkey".



A group of friends from around Oregon, Missouri, called at the Kitchen-Klatter home recently.