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# Kitchen-Klatter

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H. Armstrong Roberts





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

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Dear Friends:

Almost every morning this week I've swung right from the breakfast dishes into several hours of canning, but this morning I decided to let my next batch of pickled peaches just wait until I had written a letter to you. We haven't done nearly as much canning this summer as in days gone by. I always realize how small our family has grown when I think of how comparatively few jars are needed on the fruit cellar shelves, and then too there just hasn't been sugar enough for the jellies and jams of the past. Lucille and I have promised ourselves a real spree with pickles, preserves, relishes, jams, preserves and everything else you can think of the first summer that sugar is again available.

After all the excitement of last month we've had a quiet spell at our house. I guess it's a good thing that weddings don't come often because there is such a let-down feeling when the last borrowed things have been returned, and the house settles back to normal. Before long we are expecting Wayne and Abigail to return from what Juliana calls their "honey trip." They've spent a wonderful time up in northern Wisconsin, but school will soon be opening in Iowa City and there'll be a lot to do before they are settled for the winter.

Howard has been out of town quite a bit on business this past month, so when he is gone that leaves just Margery here with us. She hopes to do some sewing this winter, and one day last week we had a pleasant trip to Omaha when she bought some nice pieces of material. Russell, Lucille and Juliana went shopping with us, and after a good dinner at the Union Station we did some shopping and, incidentally, ran into Kitchen-Klatter friends in the stores.

Dorothy is urging us to come up there for a picnic in the woods on one of these fine autumn Sundays. I'm looking forward to this and hoping that we'll have more than one such picnic before winter comes. Right now winter doesn't really seem close at hand, although our last few mornings have been so nippy that it isn't hard to imagine snow and ice. Don is at home on a three-weeks vacation between terms at Iowa State College, and he is hoping to do a little

hunting in Frank and Dorothy's timber before he returns to Ames.

Some interesting letters have been coming from Frederick about his work in Bermuda. When I remember how much you friends enjoyed his letters from Egypt I decided to share some of these recent letters with you, and on another page you will find them. Both he and Betty have written urging members of our family to visit them since they have plenty of room in their house, and if they stay there long enough it's just possible that it might be managed.

In this issue you will find a new column titled "From a Farm Window" written by Hallie M. Barrow (Mrs. Donald) of Clarksdale, Mo. I have been reading Mrs. Barrow's column in the DeKalb County Herald for a long time and enjoying it very much, so of course I was happy when she agreed to write something for us in Kitchen-Klatter. I haven't yet met our new contributor but in her letter she said that she might be up this way before long, so I am anticipating an opportunity to talk with her.

When you write to me I wish you would mention what you particularly enjoy in our magazine, and if you have any suggestions I would surely be glad to have them. The paper shortage is still so severe that we cannot hope to add any pages in the near future, but I am always looking ahead to the time when this will be possible and thinking about things to be added that would interest you. Any comments you might make about the present material you read, and any suggestions for material in the future would interest me a great deal.

Up in a small drawer on the right-hand side of this desk are some labels to be filled out for my fruit jars, so I must stop now and get that job done. I'll be hoping for a letter from you.

—Leanna

### ONE OF THE CROWD

During the years that our children were small it seemed to me that September really marked the New Year more sharply than January. When the school bells peeled out their 8:30 call on that first morning it always sounded like New Year's bells to me, and there was generally as much excitement around the house at this

time as during the winter holidays.

The sewing that had to be done in August was certainly a big job at our house. Once in a while I could find someone to come in for a week or two to help with the girls' dresses and the boys' suits, but most of the time I had it to do alone and my sewing machine ran late into the night.

I learned years ago that clothes are very important to a child—not fancy, different clothes, but clothes like all of the others wear. This meant that when wild woolen plaids were the fad for boys' shirts I had to sew on materials that actually hurt my eyes, and more than once I've turned out a dress that didn't meet with my approval simply because the other girls were wearing them.

I'm sure that every conscientious mother wants her children to be happy, completely and genuinely happy. Yet because we want so much for them and are so eager to see them accomplish things, it's easy to lose sight of the fact that in childhood the greatest measure of happiness lies in being "one of the crowd" from clothes to grades. In later years our children find the courage and the necessity to be what they are even though this may mean being very "different" from the others in countless ways. But in childhood they ask only to be indistinguishable from their friends.

All of us can look back at the lonely misfits we knew when we were young. There was the girl who was dressed so beautifully and immaculately that she could never join in the other girls' fun because of what might happen to her clothes—and to her mother's disposition. There was the other spoiled only child who was consistently left out of everything because her mother took it upon herself to engineer all activities. There was the boy who was jeered at and tormented by other boys because his parents prodded and pushed and shoved him into his standing at the head of the class. And there was the other boy who had to spend after-school hours at the piano because his mother was determined to make a pianist of him.

As I say, we can all look back and remember unhappy children of this type. Yet if you have school-age children right now are you sure that in twenty years their class-mates won't be looking back pitifully at them? In our ambition for our children we are too often likely to lose sight of what they really need and force our ideas upon them. We think of this struggle as a "problem" but if our children could express themselves they would use the word tragedy.

We learn so much as we grow older that it's a temptation to wish that the years could be rolled back, that we could go through those school-days again. I tried hard to let my children be what they were, but if I had it to do again I'd try even harder to forget my own ambitions and simply let them be the happy average. When you say goodbye to them for the first morning at school, make a pledge to yourself to help them have a happy year.



# Come into the Garden



*Gypsophila Oldhamiana*, the Pink Baby'sbreath.

## FLORA OF "THE STICKS"

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Babysbreath can be considered nothing less than a "must-have" in every garden. For many years, Flora had only the single variety. It came easily from seeds so there was never a lack of them at "The Sticks." If a spot called for another one, it was only a matter of digging up a volunteer seedling—this was done while the plants were small for the tap root on older plants did not transplant too successfully. They bloomed in season in different parts of the garden but were especially lovely back of the Hybrid Tea Roses, being on a slightly higher elevation which showed them off to good advantage.

The one double white Babysbreath, *Gypsophila Bristol Fairy*, had proved to be such a thing that more plants of it would have to be bought to supplant some of the single white. After its first big blooming period which lasted for quite a long time, it could be cut back. Soon it came on again with a second generous crop of blossoms. It was very conspicuous in the garden, its lacy whiteness calling ones attention from a great distance.

The pink Babysbreath, *Gypsophila oldhamiana*, was the only one in bloom now. It was an interesting single variety that Flora had grown from seeds. The flowers had a pinkish cast and bloomed much later and for a longer length of time than the single white. Flora had clumps planted around the hardy *Amaryllis* for it was usually in bloom at the same time and hid the stark nakedness of the bare bud stalks. It then continued to bloom for weeks into the fall. Two

or three small stems in a vase with rose-colored midget Zinnias were a delight for days. This October day found a solemn waterfowl guarding a vase containing sprigs of it with golden yellow Snapdragons and Golden Salmon Baby Roses with two midget Zinnias at the base exactly matching the Roses in color.

Even though every day this month was not always "October's bright blue weather," there were still many things which could be used for bouquets in the house or left to make the garden colorful. The Lantanas did not mind light frosts and chilly nights and bloomed bravely on. Purple Robe Cup Flowers (*Nierembergia*) simply would not be outdone by the Lantana's and were mounds of purple cups. Flora never ceased to marvel at the constant supply of blossoms on the tiny Dahlborg Daisy and at its defiance of unfavorable growing conditions. Petunias covered many a barren spot. Marigolds brought their own brand of sunshine for the dark days. The Hybrid Tea Roses were still busy with buds and flowers as if loath to give up the summer's fun. Hybrid Dahlias from spring-sown seeds bloomed gloriously on not knowing that ere long Jack Frost would blacken them from tip to toe.

Seaholly (*Eryngium leavenworthii*) had been robbed in royal purple but was now showing signs of wear and tear. Inspection of the burs showed that the seeds were developing nicely. Flora hoped that some of the seeds would fall on "good ground" and volunteer to grow for they were so erratic about germinating when planted sanely and sensibly. Of course there were Mums of various kinds at "The Sticks"—white, lemon yellow, pure gold, rose, reddish and bronze tones—Fall and Mums were as inseparable as Spring and Violets.

## OCTOBER IN THE GARDEN

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

October is the golden month. To walk down avenues of trees laden with foliage the color of pure gold which casts a glow over the surroundings, is like being in another world. The ground is carpeted with golden leaves, the trees are hung with them, and blue, blue skies form the background. Or perhaps it may be a well-berried hawthorn silhouetted against a blue sky on the summit of a rocky cliff which presents the unforgettable picture we treasure to carry in our memory during the coming wintry days.

But this golden month is one of the busiest to garden-loving people. Some things have already been done, it's true, for houseplants are now safely sheltered indoors. Bulbs which had been ordered a month ago are arriving now, ready to be planted either in the garden or in pots for winter bloom. And fortunate indeed may we consider ourselves that the Dutch

bulbs such as tulips, narcissi and hyacinths are now available in quantity at more reasonable prices. Hyacinths are especially lovely to force for gifts. Plant them now in pots which have good garden soil and plenty of drainage; keep watered in a cool, dark place, and sometime after Christmas their green shoots will appear.

All tender bulbs, tubers, corms and the more tender cacti must come in now. Cacti may be stored rather dormant during the winter so the cellar is a good place for them since growth is not desired during the winter season. Dahlias and cannas may be taken care of in the potato cellar and covered with dry sand or soil. Glads should be well dried off before they are stored in a cool, airy room, and in case you don't know it, a handful of mothballs may be placed in the paper bag that contains them.

This season truly demonstrated the value of growing glads in our own gardens. Although ours were planted very early, in time to come up and be nipped by the hard freeze, they recovered and gave as good a performance as usual. If the season of bloom comes at a dry, windy time, such as happened in our section this year, they may still unfold their loveliness indoors. Do not cut all the foliage when cutting the bloom for some is needed to develop the corm for the next season. It is a good plan to order a few of the newer varieties each year to keep up our interest. There are some very beautiful new ones on the market now and this is a good time to buy them since dealers are now storing and are usually glad to place them in your hands.

This seems to have been a good year for the vine crops. Gourds have done very well due to the absence of bugs of all kinds, and they do not seem to be as touchy as we imagine. Often it is said that old gourd seed will not grow, especially if taken from old gourds, but I have not found this to be true in the experimenting that I've done. They may not germinate as readily, but they will come in time. The ones I tried were of the miniature variety.

Gourds are fun to grow. Do not try to paint the fresh ones for they must be well dried before this is attempted. Along with gourds to harvest there will be many other interesting seed pods for use in winter arrangements. I'm thinking particularly of Devil's Claw, okra, popcorn of various colors, and everlasting flowers. In my garden this year I grew the Maple Gold crested cocomb, and many people who saw its curious twisted blossoms in shades of pink and gold were delighted with its possibilities.

October is a golden month. Don't waste a minute of it.

"Every time I receive an issue of Kitchen-Klatter I think 'This is the best one yet.' But the next one will be equally as good or better than the last one. The pictures and letters are most interesting . . . and I am looking forward to Russell's photography in the future."—Mrs. Homer Hardenbrook, Blue Springs, Nebr.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Just before school opened in the fall of 1928, one of the funny events took place that has now become part of our collection of family stories along with Frederick's firecracker, and a dozen others as well. This particular story chiefly concerns Wayne (who was nine years old at the time), although practically everyone had a hand in it before it was over.

One evening in early September Mother had a committee meeting at our house, a Ladies Aid committee, if I remember rightly, and the women arrived around seven-thirty to get down to the business of the evening. They sat and visited for a while, and then at eight o'clock when it was time to get to work, Mother sent the younger children to bed. There wasn't much fuss about bed at our house, and all four of them, Frederick, Wayne, Margery and Donald, went trotting upstairs in short order. That was the last of it, everyone thought, but only a few moments later Wayne came to the top of the stairs and called down in a very quavering voice, "Mother, I don't want to go to bed."

This wasn't at all like Wayne, so Mother called back in surprise, "Now go on to bed, Wayne, and let's not hear anymore about it." There was a short silence from the stairs, and then we heard the sound of Wayne bursting into tears and his repeated statement that he didn't want to go to bed. At this Mother called back, "What in the world is the trouble, Wayne? Why don't you want to go to bed?"

There was a second short silence, and then he sobbed, "There's a skunk under my bed."

To say that this electrified the committee meeting, and all of the rest of us too, for that matter, is a strong understatement. Everyone gasped, blank silence fell (during which we could hear Wayne sniffing), and then Mother rallied to say that there couldn't possibly be a skunk under his bed, and for him to get in there immediately.

Wayne's answer to this was to begin sobbing louder than ever, so Mother turned to Howard who was reading in the dining room, and told him to go up and see what was wrong. When Howard departed the committee drew a long breath and settled down to work again. I'm sure that no one really expected to hear another word about it, so we were thunderstruck when Howard came running down the stairs and said, "Well, there's an animal of some kind under the bed—I can't see if it's a skunk or not."

He went to the basement to get a shovel and when he came back up with it the committee decided that work could wait, and without a word from Howard they all got up from their chairs and moved into a circle near the wall. Dorothy got up on the piano stool, I remember, and Mother opened the front door and cleared a path from the stairs to the porch.

Whatever the animal might be, we didn't intend to hamper his progress when he reached the bottom of the stairs.

Howard sent the children downstairs (they were all crying and carrying on by this time) and then called back to be sure that the front door was open. "It may be a skunk," he added, "and we want to get him out in a hurry." You can imagine the suspense while we waited for the crack of the shovel and sounds of battle overhead. We didn't have long to wait, for BANG went the shovel, but then instead of any further sounds of battle there was complete silence. A moment later Howard called sheepishly, "I'm tossing down the animal" and simultaneously mother's old fox scarf came flying down the stairs. Wayne's "skunk" was vanquished.

What had happened was this: during the afternoon the children had been playing "dress-up" and one of the favorite trappings was mother's old fox scarf that was far too mangy for the street. Somehow it had been tossed under a far corner of the bed and forgotten, but when the hall light was turned on the rays somehow picked up those glass eyes and they gleamed for all the world like a genuine animal's. Howard later put the scarf back so that we could see for ourselves how he could have been so badly mistaken when he announced that there was an animal under the bed and actually went after the shovel. It really was an ominous sight.

This reference to "dress-up" reminds me that Frederick was the one who put us into stitches periodically with his performances. We would all be sitting in the living room reading or doing our home-work at the dining room table when suddenly Frederick would make his appearance in a wild rig. His favorite outfit was an old bearskin coat that hung to the floor, and with this he wore one of Mother's abandoned hats that had a fuschia colored veil down over his face. Under his arm he would carry Mother's old banjo (at least two of the strings were missing) and in this get-up he would appear, a deadly serious expression on his face, sit down in a chair and begin his concert. Even if he had laughed the affair would have been terribly funny, but since he never cracked a smile from start to finish the total effect was excruciatingly hilarious.

The only other member of the family who indulged in such wild outfits was Don. He would wear the craziest things imaginable, not only in the house but out on the street as well. Once he made himself a Daniel Boone outfit from an old sheepskin coat, and for good measure he tacked a long tail to the rear of the coat and wore it everywhere. Don was the one who made himself wild hats too. Once he cut up an old inner-tube so that a tight band fitted around his head, and all around the band he tacked ten-inch strips of narrow rubber. These hung down like a fly net, and when he came to the table with it on nobody said a word; I remember that he had to reach up and hold aside the strips before he could take each

mouthful.

The winter of 1928-29 brought no catastrophes and no illness. I was school at Creston, but everyone was at home and when I returned weekend visits it pleased me to that the fine system we had worked out for dishes, etc., held up nicely even though I wasn't there to act as straw-boss. I noticed too that Frederick and Wayne had improved considerably in their duties and were becoming downright competent at cleaning. They were actually better help than Margery—for some reason we always sort of "babied" her and said, "Oh, run along," if she wanted to do this or that when work was to be done.

We had a lovely Christmas that year, and I can say this in spite of the fact that Dorothy and I both suffered the loss of our one big present. We had spent considerable time working on the room that we shared together (this was in the summer before I went away) and Mother decided that for Christmas we should have the beautiful dressing table lamps that we had admired, longed for, and been unable to buy. Consequently she ordered them, and they arrived at a local store just the day before Christmas. Dad brought them home in the heavy carton and they were unwrapped in the garage, but he decided that it would simplify the last minute job of arranging gifts around the tree if they were in the house. That's why he called Frederick out and told him to sneak them in when Dorothy and I were upstairs.

Well, Frederick sneaked them in all right about four in the afternoon, but when he started down to the basement he somehow stumbled on the top step and fell the entire flight. My, such a groaning and moaning! We were sure that he had been killed and he might very easily have been badly hurt, but the only genuine damage was to the lamps—both of them were smashed into a thousand pieces, and the rose-silk shades were twisted hopelessly out of shape. In other words, they were a total loss. We didn't get our lamps that Christmas, but we were mighty glad that Frederick hadn't broken an arm or leg.

I remember something else about that Christmas too and it was old Trix. We couldn't open our gifts until he'd been brought in, and there under the tree was a fine new dish tied with bright red ribbons, and a package of excellent bones. He also received a new ball and a toy mouse, but these gifts were just a nice idea because Trix wasn't the kind of a dog who ever condescended to play with a ball or a mouse. However, Frederick's intentions were of the best.

(Continued in November Issue)

### REPRINTS

#### American Family Story

These will be sent postpaid for 25¢ when accompanied by a new yearly subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. \$1.25 for both. Send \$1.00 for a new yearly subscription and 25¢ extra for the first 12 chapters of the American Family Story. Total, \$1.25.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE**

Shenandoah, Iowa



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight I'm acutely conscious of the fact that we really do live in our own house with a good-sized yard about us, if you ask "why?" I will reply that as I write these words the clock says midnight, yet Russell is hammering and sawing and pounding nails in the kitchen, and I'm making my non-silent typewriter hit a merry pace. In days gone by, the apartment-house days, we would no more have dreamed of making such noise at midnight than throwing ourselves from the top-floor of an office building on Hollywood Boulevard. For one thing, there wouldn't be any hammering or sawing that involved putting up shelves in the landlord's kitchen, and for another thing you just simply don't make such a racket in an apartment-house. Not if you wish to remain in it, that is.

The other night Russell let something slip that really showed how thoroughly we had the renter's viewpoint ground into us. He wanted to put up his screen so that we could look at kodachromes, but there simply didn't seem to be anyplace on the walls where it could be hung. I looked around too before it suddenly occurred to me that of course we could make a permanent place for the screen to hang, and when I suggested this to Russell he said instantly, "They won't let us." "What do you mean, 'they' won't let us?" I replied. And then he laughed and I laughed and we realized that 'they' wouldn't have a thing to say about whether or not we hung up a screen for five minutes or five years. It was our own house and we were the 'they'. Those of you who have rented an apartment or house for nine years and are now living under your own roof, are the only ones who can really appreciate this.

These particular shelves are going up because winter is coming and my canned goods must travel in from the back porch where a built-in cupboard has been used for this type of storage. Russell didn't wait until snow flew to take action on the problem. I figure that snow is quite some distance away, but as far as our canned goods are concerned we can have a raging blizzard anytime after tonight. These shelves will fill a blank space between the window and refrigerator, and like the other shelves, they are made of rough crating and will be covered with something—I don't know what, and I doubt if Russell knows at this moment.

Right now my kitchen looks sort of peculiar because it is only half-painted. As a matter of fact, even when it's done it may sound peculiar because it will be half-green and half-white. I didn't want an all-white kitchen, but it's too small and dark a room to paint in one solid color, so the solution was to paint one section green and one section white. The green part is all done, and tomorrow night Russell says that he plans to paint the white part. When that is done he will have painted every inch of this house on the inside except for the basement and storage room.



Juliana holding Taffy. This picture was taken in her room.

I did quite a bit of complaining about my kitchen when we first lived here, but honestly! I love it now and it is by far the most convenient one I've ever had. I don't know if you belong to the school of thought that likes things hanging on the wall (very few people do, I guess) but I'm one who doesn't object to the sight of pots and pans and sundry items hanging right up within quick reach. In fact, I'd find it hard to cook any other way now that I'm adjusted to such convenience. My new stove and refrigerator are a great joy, of course, only I can't resist saying that it's a definite strain to have pieces so handsome that you can't neglect them for a moment. Once in a while I actually have a mild hankering for the old-old stove we owned in San Francisco, a stove so old that I'm sure it went through the 1906 earthquake. When the oven was on you could hear it roar all over the house and more than once I've kept kettles simmering simply by putting them on top of it! Well, a stove like that doesn't call for anything in the line of attention except a coat of old-fashioned stove polish once a month (not that you could ever tell the difference, goodness knows) and sort of a hasty brushing around the burners now and then. There was simply nothing more you could do to improve it, and nothing more that could hurt it short of sawing off the legs.

As I say, an old stove like that has its virtues. Now with my new stove there's never a meal that can come and go without five minutes devoted to that beautiful gleaming enamel. I may be dead tired when the supper dishes are washed, but how about that burned grease on the shining surface, (there are four staggered burners which means plenty of shining surface) and how about that spot of potato right on the burner itself? You try not to see it, and yet there it stands looking at you reproachfully and you think how one more meal

without cleaning it will only burn it in more deeply and how does a stove get old and beat-up anyway except through such willful neglect? All of this goes through your mind while you shift from one foot to the other and heave a sigh and succumb to the triumph of modern equipment. Now I may slip along the way, I won't guarantee not to, but unless I close my eyes to a screaming conscience that stove can go back to the show rooms in a year and be sold for fresh-from-the-factory without a question asked.

I don't know if it's the weather or the kitchen or just what, but I've had a great whirl of interest in cooking recently. Perhaps it's my diet—I'm on what I call a death-defying diet these days (yes, I know better) and whenever I diet I cook twice as good as usual. Russell says that I do this to have the satisfaction of proving my own strength of will, for it really is the stark truth that I've turned out all kinds of tempting things without tasting even a crumb. I know what those crumbs lead to—that's why I even pass up the temptation to see if they were seasoned right. At any rate, cook books are my favorite reading these days, and tomorrow I'm baking bread (you should have tasted the baked beans we had for supper tonight!) and sugarless cookies of some kind or another.

Juliana is embarrassed these days because she cannot go to school. She insists that she was six in January, and sometimes she says it with such emphasis that I have to remind myself she was three in February! I feel sorry for her when she sits on our front-steps in the morning and waves to all of the children bound for school, but I'm going to feel sorrier for myself the morning she joins them two years from now.

At least this coming winter should be a genuinely happy one for us because Juliana loves her room and will play there happily while I'm busy at my desk and in the house. I wish that this picture of her playing there could have been in color because otherwise it is hard to visualize the room. Russell drew all of the pictures free-hand with pencil and then painted them with oil colors. Incidentally, the walls of this room are cream-colored; he applied the paint right over the wallpaper. The alcove where her crib stands is a deep blue, and the lovely scallop all around the room is done in pale pink, chartreuse, and blue. One coat covered the old paper very nicely, and all of the woodwork was done with the same type of paint. He painted the floor a dark green to cover some hideous linoleum, and there are brilliant red floor-length drapes at the one big window. This winter she can still sleep in her crib for it is a six-year size, but next spring we hope to refinish a small walnut bed that will fit in the alcove, and to add a real desk and chair.

The hammering has suddenly stopped and the house feels strangely quiet. It really is very late now, I won't tell you how late or you'd accuse me of burning the candle at both ends, so this must be all for now. —Lucile.





## Practical Poultry POINTERS

### PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

Many poultry raisers are deeply concerned these days over the new ailment called "Newcastle disease." A recent survey has revealed cases developing in North Dakota, Missouri, Wisconsin and Ohio, but as yet none has been found in Iowa, Nebraska or Kansas; however, it is a virus disease and easily spread, and is also very contagious, so it will be in the latter named states unless extreme care is taken.

The first case found in North Dakota was traced to a hatchery in Missouri which had sent a shipment of baby chicks to a farmer. The farm was put under quarantine and the hatchery in Missouri was also quarantined along with fifteen flocks that supplied the eggs for this hatchery.

The disease spreads very rapidly and as yet no cure has been found. It affects geese, ducks, pigeons, turkeys, and even wild birds have been found dead in neighborhoods where the infection is. In young chickens the disease resembles bronchitis, and since it affects the nervous system the chicks appear in a stupor and stagger about with occasional tremors of the head and neck. Chicks that do survive show evidence of the ailment for weeks afterwards, and often permanently.

In adult birds the disease seems more active during the colder months and first makes its appearance in the respiratory system. As a matter of fact, it acts very much like the old and well-known disease of roup. And it not only spreads rapidly but is generally fatal.

There is a sudden drop in egg production, and sometimes within a period of a few days the output will stop entirely. There is also a decided increase of floor eggs with some lacking hard shells. However, the extremely severe nervous symptoms so noticeable in baby chicks and young chickens are not quite as evident in the adult fowl.

Newcastle disease has been almost 100% fatal in other countries, but in the United States it has been ranging from 20% to 60%. It can be spread through feed sacks, crates, a shipment of chickens, and the shoes and clothing of people who have been working with a diseased flock. Plans are under way for controlling this menace, and it is possible that the embargo and slaughter of the flocks will be the solution. Poultry shows over the entire midwest have been cancelled because of the disease, and certainly it is not just another scare but something that must have strict attention if an epidemic comparable to epidemics in other countries is not to overtake us. It will surely be a good idea to take extra precautions with your flock until we see where we stand with this new disease.

### GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

One of the nicest ways to help a shutin person is to help them to help themselves. Will you remember that when you are making your Christmas plans? Among the Good Neighbors are many who do lovely hand work for sale at most reasonable prices. Others have beautiful cards and stationery for sale. Among the latter are Mrs. Thelma Hanson, Concord, Nebr., Miss Hazel Heggstad, R3 B14, Northwood, Iowa, Miss Myrtle Lain, Barnumton, Mo., Miss Ruth Luman, 1549 Gabriel Ave., Parsons, Kansas, R. E. Orton, 415 East The Lane, Hinsdale, Ill., and Clarence E. Power, 301 Cherokee St., Marietta, Georgia. Most of these also take magazine subscriptions.

Margaret Nickerson Martin, 532 N. Jackson St., Jackson, Michigan has a little shop in her home where she sells articles made by shutins. Margaret herself has been an invalid for years and it is just lately that she is able to be out, but even while she was in bed she started this shop and has helped many shutins make a bit of pin money by selling their work to people who came to call on her.

Every few weeks I get out a little mimeographed letter in which are listed names of shutins who have things for sale; also others who need things done for them, birthdays, hobbies, etc. If you would like to have a copy, write to me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. and I'll be glad to send it.

I have been hoping that I could report this month that Nellie Eppes has her wheel chair, but up to now it has not been delivered to her. She had it crated and sent to the factory in Dallas—Nellie lives at Bland Lake, Texas. It is to be completely overhauled, and new tires put on all the wheels. Enough money has come in to pay for it and I want to express my appreciation for your cooperation. Until we get the final bill, I can't be sure, but I believe there will be a little more than enough money in the fund to pay for this chair and I have appointed a committee to investigate another case where a chair has been requested. The girl has been flat on her back for years and years. She cannot even turn over or be propped up. If it seems probable that she can use a chair, I'll tell you more about her later.

Alice Everett, R4 B110, Great Bend, Kansas has embroidered articles for sale. Violet Livermore, Bx 100, Curtis, Mich. wants rags to make into rugs. Miss Betty Williams, 1952 N. Bethany, Kansas City 2, Kans. wants letters. Bessie Dingsley, Bx 44, Rowley, Iowa wants orders for crocheting and tatting. Florence Giebler, Erie Co. Inf., Alden, N. Y. needs cheer. She is bedfast, can't move a muscle below her shoulders.

Here is a thought for today: Time cannot be saved, it can only be spent and if not spent wisely and well, it is wasted. There is no way of storing it; once gone it never returns. Hence it is necessary to take it as it is passing, and put it to the very best uses.



### AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

This is the time of year I always stick in a paragraph and say, "Have you been to visit your school?" By this time the teacher should have her house ready for company and be acquainted with her pupils. I know that I have said this before and, if I am given a chance, I shall certainly say it again. There have been articles written and sermons preached about the things our schools need, but they are only going to improve as the parents plan and help them. After all, they are our children.

As step number one, let's meet our teacher in the spirit of doing all we can together for our children. If I am over-emphatic on the subject of schools, it is because all of our hopes for the future are right there with this next generation. It is held in the hands of the teachers and parents. What are you doing to help?

Summer on our farm is a succession of small boy visitors who keep us in jokes for the rest of the year. The best of this summer's collection was the four-year-old who said, "You can ride on this pony with me but you have to ride in the trunk." (Behind the saddle.)

Of course children need older people to counsel and guide them, but they do not need them one whit more than older people need children for their fresh enthusiasms and vivid imaginations. Is there anything more refreshing than the manner in which a child tackles each new day, as if there had been no yesterdays and were no tomorrows?

You want flowers in your living room windows but they keep out too much light on dark days! Here are three suggestions: (1) use glass shelves. (2) make a wooden shelf on the sill but cut round holes for the flower pots so that the foliage is in the window. (3) hang the flower pots at the sides of the window on swinging brackets.

Here is a hint for those slip-covers you may be dreading because they are such large pieces to sew! Make them in sections and fasten them together with hooks and eyes or the new snap-fasteners that rivet on. They are easier to fit, easier to sew and much easier to launder!

Sometimes the greatest favor we can do a friend is to bow our stiff necks and accept a favor. Why deny others that warm friendly feeling that comes from lending someone a helping hand?



## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

This past month has been such a busy one that the evening I always set aside for writing my letter to you has rather sneaked up on me. Two nights ago I never dreamed I'd be writing this letter under such strange conditions, but here I sit in a hotel room in Omaha, Nebr., and the hour is what might be called late!

Last night right after supper we had word that Frank's sister was to undergo an operation in Omaha today, so we came immediately to be with her. Kristin stayed with Grandma Johnson, and I thought when I left the house how very fortunate we were to be able to leave her in such competent hands with never a moment's worry.

We've had a nice cool August in our section of the state, not so good for the corn, it's true, but wonderful for the housewives who had to do lots of canning. Mrs. Johnson and I have done some of our canning together. We put up several quarts of carrots, four bushels of peaches, and prepared twenty-five quarts of whole kernel sweet corn for the locker. Today we had planned to dress and prepare twenty friers for the locker, but of course our hurried trip to Omaha postponed that job for awhile.

However, one big job did get done before we left so hurriedly and that was a month's washing. This sounds shocking, I know, but those of you who've had a washing machine motor go on the blink can understand it, I think. We simply decided not to fool around washing out things every day but just plain let it stack up until the machine was fixed, so yesterday that day finally came and we lighted into it. I've seen big washings in my time but nothing to compare with that one! It was 7:15 last night before the last things came in from the line—and it was a good drying day, so you can sort of figure for yourself how much there was.

Frank and I have been such fortunate parents this summer because Kristin has been so well. I don't think a day goes by without our mentioning the fact that we're grateful she has had this summer on the farm to get her health built up. She spends every minute of the day outside in the sunshine, and as a result she has that husky, healthy tan look for the first time in her life. The past two weeks she has become a real shadow to her daddy, for he has been doing jobs around the place where it was possible to have her with him—and my! how she has loved it, and so has he. The other day she came in covered with dirt from head to foot and so excited that it took her ten minutes to tell me that she had been digging potatoes and putting them in the sack. Also, they had found a new kitty in the barn which she was going to take home with her and call "Kitty-purr" because it's motor made such a nice noise.

The pleasant events of the month for all of us were the two Sundays that the folks spent with us. On one



Kristin Johnson, our youngest granddaughter. No, she's not playing the piano.

of these Sundays the Johnson family joined us for a big picnic in our yard. We are in hopes that the folks can come up next Sunday for another picnic before the last of the last sweet corn is gone because fixing the sweet corn outdoors is Frank's speciality.

We had some friends out for supper in the yard one evening last week just so we could have some of this extra delicious corn. He builds a big fire and lets it burn down until he has a big bed of hot coals; then he puts the corn in the husks right on the coals and keeps turning them until they are done. By leaving the husks on, the steam soaks the corn and it has the most delicious flavor imaginable. He always tries to have some hickory wood in the fire, incidentally, because that adds even more to the flavor. I suppose that many of you have eaten corn fixed in this way, but I never had and I do want the folks to taste it, especially Lucile because corn-on-the-cob is one of her favorite foods. We have the spot all picked out for our next picnic in the timber with the folks, and Frank has promised to take Mother and Lucile for a ride in the wagon.

I've managed to get a little sewing done this month, but not as much as I would have like to accomplish. I've smocked a pale blue broadcloth dress for Kristin using navy blue embroidery cotton, and making small white flowers with bright red centers through the smocking to give it more color. It's already to put together now, although I'm still undecided as to what I want to do with the collar. I have some beautiful eyelet embroidered edging that I haven't yet used on anything, and I thought that I might put it around the edge.

I have also smocked two white blouses for Kristin and Juliana. The smocking is done in turkey red, and the skirts will be red-and-white pin-striped batiste, very full, and buttoned on to the blouse with large white pearl buttons. These little dresses, or

outfits, will be decidedly different from anything they have, so I'm anxious to see them finished. Lucile has been making darling green corduroy overalls with matching jacket for Juliana, and she says that she'll make a duplicate outfit for Kristin, so that will settle the problem of badly needed new overalls.

We are anticipating a visit from Don sometime before he goes back to school at Ames. He has promised to help us with our yard and the fall planting that we want to do this year. If he keeps his promise, I'll tell you just what we did in my letter next month. Until then this must be all.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

## JULIANA'S BOOK

During the past year there have been so many requests for further information about the book I'm keeping for Juliana that this seems like a timely moment to tell you something about it.

Before she was born I intended to keep the conventional baby book for her, but after we had shopped around and looked at everything available Russell expressed himself as dissatisfied with all of them. He said that there wasn't nearly enough room to keep everything of interest, and I had to agree with him for I had more in mind than just a flat record of weight, first words, first steps, and so forth. I wanted to keep a record so complete that Juliana would actually be able to sense her own personality as a baby when the time came that she could take an interest in it. I wanted to include too all of the family news and pictures as well as a glimpse of world events which were important when she was small.

It would be hard to describe her book by any single word, but perhaps "journal" comes closer to filling it than anything else. When she was six weeks old I began a record of typing several sheets on plain white paper, and the content of what I wrote might almost be called a letter to her. I simply put down everything that came to my mind about those first six weeks. And I did this faithfully at least three times a month throughout the first year.

What is in the book besides the straight typed record? Well, it's a hodge-podge, but a hodge-podge with order. The book opens with the announcement of her birth that we pasted on a sheet of white paper, plus newspaper clippings that told about her arrival. The second page contains the photostat copy of her birth certificate. Scattered throughout in proper sequence are cards that she received on her first birthday, Christmas cards, Easter cards, valentines, notes that accompanied gifts, extracts that referred to her from the letters of friends, outlines drawn around her shoes at various stages, and just about everything that you can imagine in addition to all this.

None of her own photographs are in this book, but under ordinary circumstances they would be. The fact (Continued on Page 12, Col. 3)





### LEMON-ANGEL PIE

#### Meringue

- 4 egg whites
- 3/4 c. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar

Beat egg whites until frothy and then add cream of tartar. When stiff, add 3/4 cup sugar gradually and continue beating until egg whites are glossy. Spread into large-sized pie pan and bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes. When cool fill with following mixture:

- 4 egg yolks
- 1/2 c. sugar
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 6 tps. lemon juice

Beat egg yolks, add sugar, grated lemon rind and lemon juice. Cook over hot water until thick.

This pie should be covered with sweetened whipped cream. It is very simple to make and undescribably delicious. The three of us finished it at one sitting!—Lucile.

### LIGHT-AS-A-FEATHER GINGERBREAD

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 3/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. ginger

Pour boiling water over shortening. Add molasses and brown sugar. Sift flour with other ingredients, add, and beat well. This makes a thin batter, but don't add more flour. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven. Makes a wonderfully light and tasty gingerbread that's as good cold as hot. A stand-by recipe that I've used for years.—Lucile.

### IOWA STATE FAIR PRIZE WINNING BREAD

- 1 c. milk
  - 1 cake yeast dissolved in 1/4 cup warm water
  - 1 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1 Tbls. sugar
  - 1 c. water
  - 1 Tbls. shortening
  - 6 to 7 cups flour
- Method: Pour scalded milk and

## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

water over shortening (Mrs. Ponder uses lard), salt and sugar. When lukewarm, add dissolved yeast and flour to make a soft dough. Let rise 2 1/2 hours, knead down, and let rise 1/2 hour longer. Make into loaves when risen double, and bake 50 minutes in a moderate oven (about 400 F). This recipe won the blue ribbon at our 1946 Iowa State Fair, and Mrs. Alfred W. Ponder, the winner, stated that she baked her bread in a 15-year-old oil range. Her recipe was originally entitled "The Best Bread in Arkansas" and was clipped from a paper many years ago.

### PRUNE WHIP

- 1 lb. cooked prunes or 1 c. pitted prunes
- 1 1/2 cups water or prune juice
- 1 package of lemon jello
- 1 egg white

Heat 1 cup of water or sweetened prune juice and pour over lemon jello. Add 1/2 cup cold water or juice. Set aside in cool place to congeal. Whip egg white. Place pitted prunes in bowl and beat until very fine. Add partially congealed jello. Whip until light and fluffy. Then add beaten egg white and mix just enough to fold into prune mixture. Chill until firm and serve with whipped cream. Fruits other than prunes such as apricots, peaches, strawberries, etc., can be used.—Mrs. R. G. Wendt, Cameron, Mo.

### MOLASSES CAKE

"This is delicious even though it is eggless, milkless, butterless and, best of all, sugarless."

- 1 c. molasses
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 2/3 c. hot water
- 1/2 c. chopped raisins
- 1/2 tsp. each of cinnamon, cloves and soda
- 1/2 c. chopped nuts

Boil together molasses, water, shortening and raisins for 5 minutes. Cool. Meanwhile sift dry ingredients and add to first mixture. Stir hard until smooth. Add nuts. Pour into a waxed loaf pan, arrange some nut meats on top and bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes.—Lillie Karmann, Clarkson, Nebr.

### A RECIPE FOR A DAY

Take a little dash of water cold,  
And a little leaven of prayer,  
And a little bit of morning gold  
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment,  
And a thought for kith and kin,  
And then, as your prime ingredient,  
A-plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it with the essence of love  
And a little whiff of play.  
Let a wise old book and a glance above  
Complete the well made day.

### BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES

- 6 large fresh tomatoes
- 1 cup cooked lima beans
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 2 medium-sized onions
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1 beaten egg
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 3 Tbls. milk

Remove stem end and scoop out center of unpeeled tomatoes. Mix remaining ingredients with tomato pulp and fill tomatoes with the mixture. Arrange tomatoes in shallow pan; pour water in pan to depth of about 1/3 inch. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes, and baste several times with liquid in pan.—Mrs. W. D., Sherburne, Minn.

### PICCALILLI

- 1/2 peck small green cucumbers
- 4 medium-sized green peppers
- 4 medium-sized onions
- 1 qt. cider vinegar
- 4 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 1/2 Tbls. whole mixed spices
- 1/2 Tbls. celery seed
- 1/2 Tbls. mustard seed

Cut cucumbers and peppers into thin slices and add skinned and sliced onions. Place these ingredients in brine (one part salt to nine parts water) for twelve hours and then drain well. Bring vinegar and sugar to boiling point and then add spices which which have been tied in a bag. Add the drained vegetables and bring all to the boiling point. Remove the spices and place the pickle in jars.—Mrs. Lewis Anderson, Des Moines, Ia.

### HONEY DATE PUDDING

- 1 cup honey
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 large cup chopped dates
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 cup boiling water
- Nuts if desired

Method: Sprinkle soda over dates and pour boiling water over them and let stand while mixing batter. Cream honey and shortening and vanilla. Add eggs, beat, sift baking powder, and flour together and add date mixture last and nuts if used. Bake in moderate oven. Serve as pudding or it can be used as cake.—Mable Nair Brown, Lohrville, Iowa



## FAMILY PIE

One handful of forgiveness,  
One heaping cupful of love,  
A full pound of unselfishness,  
Mix together smoothly with complete  
faith in God.  
Add two tablespoonfuls of wisdom,  
One teaspoonful of good nature for  
flavor,  
Then sprinkle generously with  
thoughtfulness.  
This makes a wonderful family pie.  
—Selected.

## MAYONNAISE

Place in a bowl:  
1 egg  
1 1/2 tsp. salt  
1/4 c. vinegar  
2 Tbls. sugar  
2 tsp. dry mustard  
3/4 c. salad oil  
Cook together until clear:  
4 Tbls. cornstarch  
1 c. water  
Add the hot cooked mixture to the  
bowl and beat. "The dressing is much  
like Miracle Whip, if only we knew  
their seasonings! One can use half  
chicken fat or even all chicken fat  
as a substitute for the oil. This is  
fine on chicken salad, or potato salad,  
etc., and quite a saving. I was skep-  
tical of the recipe but found it really  
is delicious—almost like magic, and  
you would never know the difference."  
—Mrs. Rex Cook, Plattsburg, Mo.

## SOUR CREAM APPLESAUCE CAKE

1/2 cup heavy sour cream  
3/4 to 1 cup sugar  
1/2 cup unsweetened thick apple-  
sauce  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
2 cup sifted flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
1/4 teaspoon cloves  
1 cup chopped raisins  
1 cup chopped nuts  
Mix sour cream, sugar, and apple-  
sauce. Sift the dry ingredients to-  
gether and add to the first mixture  
with the raisins and nuts. Mix well.  
Pour into a well-greased bread pan  
and bake in a moderate oven, 350 F.,  
for about 1 hour.—Leanna.

## DELICIOUS FRUIT BREAD

3/4 c. enriched flour  
1 1/2 c. whole wheat flour  
2 Tbls. melted shortening  
1/2 c. molasses  
3/4 c. ground raisins, or dried  
prunes and nuts may be added  
1 tsp. soda  
1 tsp. salt  
1 1/2 c. sour milk  
Sift flour with soda and salt. Stir  
in whole wheat flour, and raisins or  
prunes. Blend shortening with the  
molasses and add sour milk. Pour  
into a well-greased loaf pan and bake  
in moderate oven 1 hour. Cool be-  
fore slicing. "This is a treat spread  
with butter, cheese or marmalade."  
Mrs. Ed Hartzler, Alpha, Minn.



On the front porch of our house.

## FROM A FARM WINDOW

By Hallie M. Barrow

October is a welcome "catch-up"  
month on the farm calendar. Some  
folks get a lot of comfort out of that  
saying, "If winter comes, can spring  
be far behind?" But the farm wife's  
version is more apt to be, "If I can  
just wind up the work I started last  
spring by late summer, I'll have Oct-  
ober to catch my first long breath."

For much of the garden which was  
planted in spring and cultivated  
through summer, must be canned or  
"locked" during late August and  
early September. Beans, tomatoes,  
peaches, apples, grapes and sweet  
corn all take pains to ripen during the  
hottest season of the year.

If you've never taken one of those  
expensive Turkish baths, let me as-  
sure you that the part where the at-  
tendants work with you so that you  
will sweat profusely—well, that part  
it attained right in your own home  
when you've kept boiling water sever-  
al inches over 32 pints of corn in the  
wash boiler for hour and hours. It's  
a steam bath for the corn and also  
for the cook!

October is the "accounting" month.  
You can stand in your cave and just  
gloat! The shelves carry their peak  
load of canned fruits and vegetables.  
The potatoes are sorted and binned  
as to size; the onions hang in their  
open meshed bags; the kraut has been  
canned; the pile of pumpkins will be  
reduced to the right size after the  
Hallowe'en raid.

Hesitatingly you look at the shelf  
where the jars of sweetcorn stand.  
As a home-canner, will sweet corn be  
your Waterloo? I knew one woman  
who could not keep canned corn re-  
gardless of how carefully she follow-  
ed directions. The expert who was  
called in said that it was likely some-  
thing in the soil and recommended  
that she change the location of her  
sweet corn patch. I really think that  
frozen food lockers came as a direct  
answer to the prayers of sweet corn  
canners.

The family reunions have all been  
gotten through with for another year.  
You attend your own from choice and  
that of your in-laws from duty! At  
last you have just about all your py-  
rex dishes home from these basket  
dinners.

The last round-up of feed sacks has  
been converted into dresses, pinafores  
and underthings for school girls. The  
guessing contest as to what the boys  
were going to wear to school in place  
of the unobtainable overalls has evi-  
dently been solved in one way or ano-  
ther. At least I do not hear of any  
nudist boys in our schools.

Is it any wonder we welcome Oct-  
ober? It's the lull between seasons.  
It's a short period of grace after the  
harvest and before active prepara-  
tions for winter must begin. Picnics  
now, besides being occasions of enter-  
tainment and feasting, can be made  
to yield a harvest. For trips to the  
woods in October should yield hick-  
ory, hazel and walnuts to season foods  
all winter. Late elderberries and  
wild grapes are ripe enough now to  
provide juice for as much jelly as you  
have sugar for.

Gather enough bitter-sweet to make  
a splash of color in your living room  
this winter. Take just what you  
need and leave the rest for the birds.  
These red berries may be their only  
source of supply when a deep snow  
has covered all the seeds.

Enjoy this October season, and if  
you're writing folks in Florida or Cali-  
fornia, spread it on thick about the  
gorgeous colored foliage, the bracing  
air, the flocks of birds wheeling south-  
ward, etc. For did you ever hear a  
middle-westerner who had retired to  
these states of balmy winter weather  
brag about his adopted climate. Al-  
ways they end their praise of their  
adopted states by adding, "But I do  
miss most the fall season we had back  
home." You see, Florida and Califor-  
nia have just two seasons and middle-  
western hearts often ache for a real  
October.

## THE OVERSTUFFED CHAIR

So you've lost your thimble, and you  
don't know where.  
Well, I'm sure I can find it in the  
overstuffed chair,  
And say, wait a minute, while I'm  
here on the floor,  
Isn't this the old key from the front-  
hall door?  
Here's Grandpa's knife and Gran's  
hair net,  
And your magnifying glass I'll find,  
you bet.  
H'm—a package of gum, a pencil, and  
some thread,  
And the chain off the lamp from that  
spareroom bed.  
When Dad takes a nap and he thinks  
it's funny  
That his pockets are rifled of all  
loose money,  
I never said a word, but I know it's  
there,  
Where it slid, in the depths of the  
overstuffed chair.

—Carrie B. Grant.

## BE CAREFUL!

Most housewives these days are  
quite conscious of the value of waste  
fats. But injury records indicate that  
not enough of us are aware of the  
hazard of grease spilled on the kit-  
chen floor. We pass along this little  
reminder-rhyme:



## The Hobby Club

"I collect buttons and will swap new or old buttons. Please use my full address for there are nine Ben Herrs listed in the telephone directory for this county besides the ones not listed."—Mrs. Benj. G. Herr, RFD 3, Lancaster, Pa.

Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, W. Va., would like to hear from anyone interested in exchanging and collecting pot holders.

"Would like view cards from everywhere. I also would like patterns for novelties, and will exchange hobbies with others."—Mrs. Delma Stump, Bouton, Ia.

"I collect view cards and would like to exchange with others. I have cards from sixteen states, Italy and Canada, and hope to get cards from every state and every capital. I will send view cards to everyone who sends me some."—Miss Vivian Hawthorn, Box 75, Fullerton, Nebr.

"Salt and pepper shakers."—Mrs. Carl W. Frost, RFD 2, Stratford, Ia.

"I would like to hear from anyone born February 12, 1888."—Mrs. Grace Hanson, Box 116, Ponsford, Minn.

Movie star pictures. Will exchange.

—Elaine Schewe, 307 West Madison Street, Marshalltown, Ia.

Three friends of Merna, Nebraska would like pen-pals. Arlene Barrett, age eleven, Connie Morgan, age thirteen, and Virginia Barrett, age thirteen.

"I collect linen handkerchiefs with hand-made lace edging. Will send you your hobby. Write first."—Mrs. W. E. Miller, 513 S. Randall Ave., Madison, Wisc.

Mrs. J. G. Baker, Ventura, Iowa, collects odd names. She gets most of them from newspapers but doesn't take down names heard on the radio since she cannot be sure of the spelling. They are classified in various ways, and some of the examples that she sent were interesting.

Lorraine Anderson, Milburn, Nebr. would like to hear from anyone who spells her name the same way. She says that she has not yet found anyone with a first name spelled Lorraine.

Marilyn Morse, 317 25th St. S. W., Mason City, Ia. would like penpals of people near her age (fifteen) and would also like additions to her hobby of match book covers.

Dolores Larsen, Box 245, Bancroft, Ia., Patricia Schutjer, Wesley, Ia., (age twelve) and Marlene Osmundson, Clara City, Minn. (age thirteen) would all like to have pen-pals. Marlene also collects stamps and movie star pictures.

Bird feathers and match covers.—Shelia Parus, RFD 2, Ames, Ia.

Joan Ruth Eppinger has quite a fine collection of handkerchiefs and would like to exchange with others.



Antique dishes of all kinds are a hobby of Mrs. Earl Fishbaugh, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Henry Eppinger would like postal cards of landscape scenes and will exchange. Their address is Grant Avenue, Janvier, Williamstown 2, New Jersey. Mrs. Eppinger also writes: "I have a little boy, Billy, who is eight years old and in the second grade at school. More than anything else he would like to have a friend to write to—he loves model planes and boats and farming and plans to go to college to learn how to 'farm right,' so if you know of anyone who would care to write to a 'swell little fellow' please let us know and I'll be eternally grateful."

Grace Shillinglaw, age 16, Rt. 1, Stratford, Iowa, would like some penpals.

Marie Klocke, Box 139, Dedham, Iowa, collects dogs and needs some from Connecticut, Rhode Island, South and North Carolina, Georgia and North Dakota to complete her collection. Will send a small gift.

Mrs. Emil Severyn, Rt. 1, Council Bluffs, Ia., will trade geranium slips, her hobby, for print feed sacks. She will also send a favor (suitable for a gift) made from scraps of gay prints with directions for making in exchange for one feed sack. Please write first.

Mrs. Jim Long, Box 9, Dayton, Ia., wants to buy an old-fashioned spool bed, and her friend, Mrs. Darrell Carlson, Box 636, Dayton, wants to get pieces of old blue willow ware and marble-top furniture.

Do you have a spider web pattern for a tablecloth? Mrs. John Anderson, McKenna, Wisc., is eager to find this particular pattern.

"My hobbies are an iris collection and salt and pepper shakers. Would like to exchange with women from every state and will send things of equal value."—Mrs. Wm. Grabawski, Rutledge, Mo.



## OVER THE FENCE

All of Lois Shull's many friends will be happy to know that she has her first grandchild. On August 13th Pamela Jeanne arrived, but no one except her daddy got to see her until they could leave the hospital and go to grandma's house. This was because of the polio epidemic when all visitors were barred from the maternity floors of Topeka hospitals, so Lois was waiting mighty impatiently for their homecoming.

There was a time when I didn't know of another person named Leanna, but in recent years I've heard of quite a few, and a letter from Mrs. John Lindgren of Boone, Iowa brought the news that she knows of three in her vicinity. One little girl is named Susan Leanna, one is named Leanna Margaret, and the third is named Ruby Leanna. This is my complete name too, only the other way around.

A letter from Mrs. Art McCleerey of Mapleton, Iowa contained an item of interest regarding Gold Star Mother's day. She says that in the American Legion Auxiliary the last Sunday in September is observed as a special Gold Star Mother's day, and at that time the mothers who have lost their sons are honored as special guests at a tea. She says that this may not be the custom in other places, but in their post it is customary to so honor the Gold star mothers.

A Colorado friend, Mrs. U. H. Bell of 448 West 4th Street, Loveland, made a splendid contribution to Red Cross work when she packed and mailed a great quantity of yarn. In her accompanying letter she said that she'd like to have us visit her since their city is a wonderful place to live with much of interest, and it sounded very tempting.

Mrs. Grace Hanson wrote the other day giving her change of address from St. Paul to Ponsford, Minnesota, where she is living with her daughter and husband who bought a little resort after he returned from overseas. "It is certainly wild," she said, "and I love it. You see deer along the road most any time. Bear, coyotes, porcupine, raccoon, fox, mink, otter, beaver, and what not inhabit the thick woods. Skunks are as independent as they come—put you on their 'side-of-the-road' trail while they enjoy the main thoroughfare." Possibly some of our Audubon, Iowa friends will remember Mrs. Hanson for she said that her father used to own the Audubon County Journal, and she spent many of her younger days in the office.



## FAMILY UNIT

By Lois Shull

With supper over and the dishes done our children are all off for the evening. The oldest daughter is with a group of her Junior High class who are meeting with their Home Room teacher to lay plans for a play to be presented in an assembly. Son is at his Cub Scout meeting. The littlest one is at her Sunday School class picnic. And now that we're alone I approach my husband with a problem that has been bothering me for some time.

As I tell him, there's no harm in what the children are doing, nor would we want them to miss any of these things. The point is, that with the difference in their ages each one goes his or her own way, which is natural since they are in different grades in their schools and Sunday School. Living in town is different from the way we parents grew up, in a country school and church. There we went as a family to most events. Now our children have their own groups of friends and associates. That's all right but I have begun to wonder if there is somehow we could keep our family unit together and not let our children drift apart from each other the way they seem to be doing. Even when we have family outings our children ask friends of their own ages to come along, and while that is nice, still our own children seem to have forgotten how to play and talk together as brother and sisters.

Their Dad agrees with me but says he's at a loss to know how to change the course of events. We wonder what we could do about it, but that is as far as we get. However, I find myself milling over our discussion as the days go by, and finally decide to take action.

Thus the very next day at breakfast I ask my children and their Dad what they have planned for the evening, having first ascertained that this should be a free evening for all of us. Outside of school studies they say they haven't anything pressing for tonight. "Then let's go on a Weiner roast for our supper," I suggest as casually as possible. "I can't think of anything to have for supper and this is such a beautiful Fall day. We could go out to the park and have two or three hours before time to come home and do your studying."

"Swell," agrees the young man of the family. "I'll ask Bob to go along and we can take our football."

"That's a lush idea," sighs our Junior High miss. "Patsy was coming over this evening anyway so I'll ask her at school if she can go."

"Oh, yes," squeals our smallest fry, "that will be fun! I love to roast weiners. And so does Sally. Can Sally go with us, Mom, can she?"

A significant glance passes between their Dad and me. I draw a long breath and inwardly hope for the right words to answer them.

"I wonder how it would be if you didn't ask your friends to go along this time. Don't you think it might be fun if just we five go alone once?"

Just the family?"

They look surprised and not too sold on the idea, but Dad speaks up and heartily O.K.s my suggestion. So, not to unanimously, it's agreed that we'll have a family picnic. All day I have misgivings. Will my children think I don't want their friends? Will we really have a good time together, or will it be a disappointment to all of us?

My husband and I laugh and joke as we get loaded into the car and drive out to the park. We are a bit apprehensive for fear our jollity sounds forced to our modern youngsters. But by the time Dad and Son have a fire going in the outdoor fireplace the girls and I have the food spread out on the picnic table and everyone is chatting and finding many things to giggle about. The spirit of fun prevails throughout the entire roasting of weiners and eating of the picnic meal.

To avoid a lull Dad then announces that he's eaten too much and would like to challenge all comers to a race to that big tree over there and back. The two younger ones take him up and they're off in a mad dash! Sis and I go into gales of laughter as they return, breathless and each insisting that HE was the winner. Catching their breath they roll upon the ground. Just then I am invited (or possibly it's a dare!) to teeter. Assuring them that I used to be Champion Tetter-Totterer of my grade school, I advance gingerly toward what I inwardly fear may be the end of everything for me! It proves as disconcerting as I thought, but I'm able to carry it off without giving myself away. Meanwhile Dad has discovered a football in the car and we must choose up teams and arrange signals for a battle royal on the "gridiron."

Thus it goes, and all too soon we realize that the evening is getting late. It is with positive disappointment that we brush the leaves and dead grass off our clothes and head for the car and home.

"This has been the most fun I ever had," "Boy, did you see Dad when I tackled him!" "Wow, I'm frazzled. My hair's a mess!" "Gee, Sis, I didn't know you had it in you! Bet I'll beat you next time we race."

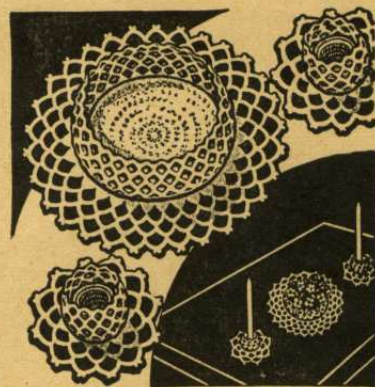
Dad and I smile happily in the front seat as we listen to the excited and happy conversation behind us. And when they ask if we can do this again we have to swallow before we can answer. We tell them it suits us fine and all begin talking it over, making plans. Eliminating evenings when various ones of us have certain set appointments, we settle on a night which we agree to call Family Night. We'll do something on that special night every week. Everyone has suggestions. When it's too cold for picnics we'll spend the night at home, popping corn and telling stories, or reading aloud from some good book. Or we can have skating parties in the winter, or go bob-sledding. Next summer we can fish and swim. Oh, there's no end to the ideas we think of.

We're disheveled, but a jolly bunch as we park the car and carry our pic-



Margery and Juliana.

nic equipment into the house. The children are still talking of the fun we've had. They have something in common with each other now. And with their parents, who have "let their hair down" and met them on their own level. Their Dad and I smile happily at each other, with joy in our hearts. THIS is the way a family should be and we hope we can keep the spirit of family unity that we've discovered this evening, all through the years to come.



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## LETTERS FROM BERMUDA

(During the years that Frederick lived in Egypt we printed some of his letters for our friends, and from all reports they were much enjoyed by everyone in the family. Now that he is living and working in Bermuda we thought that perhaps you'd enjoy sharing some of his letters with us from time to time, so these are the first.—Leanna)

Dear Folks:

When I left home it was "Bermuda or Bust!" and it was almost a bust. The plane I was on had to turn back twice with mechanical trouble, but the third take-off must have worked a charm for we arrived in Bermuda just five hours behind schedule. We landed at Kindley Field where I was loaded on to a mail truck with all of my gear and literally hauled out to the base. It took the mail truck an hour and a half to make the trip for the roads are very narrow and winding.

I have been here just two weeks, but even this short time has convinced me that if one must serve outside the United States, Bermuda is the place to be. The climate is good. It is a bit warm at times, but when I think of those years I spent in Africa with the temperature not infrequently up to 125 to 130 degrees, I rejoice that I am now in Bermuda. I doubt very much if there exists another base that equals ours here for recreational facilities. The nicest building on the base is the enlisted men's Hostess House, one of the oldest houses on the island for it was built back in the 18th century. The Navy spent thousands of dollars converting it into a home away from home for the enlisted men, but even now it is possible to look at the house and see what it must have been originally, so truthfully have its early lines been retained.

Betty was more fortunate in her trip than I. The plane was even a few minutes ahead of schedule! Last Wednesday we moved into our new home. It is called "Crossways" and is located right beside Somerset Bridge. It is about two-hundred and fifty years old and is one of the most beautiful little homes on the island. It is the house that is pictured on every Bermuda one-pound note. We are particularly fortunate to have "Crossways" because it is only a fifteen minute walk from the main gate of the base. The terraced lawn leads right down to the water where we have our private dock and diving board, and there is plenty of room for we have a large porch, living room with a fireplace, three bedrooms, two bathrooms, a dining room and a kitchen. The kitchen has an electric stove, refrigerator, and an electric water heater, and the entire place is beautifully furnished right down to silver and linens.

There is one thing about Bermuda that Dad wouldn't like—the spiders. Although there are many spiders of all kinds, I don't think that any of them are deadly. There is not a single snake on the island, but there are more rats than one can shake a stick



Frederick and Betty visited at home before they left for Bermuda.

at. Last night Betty and I saw several rats running across the road. Many years ago there was such a plague of rats on the island that the people were nearly driven into the sea. Quantities of cats were shipped out from England to combat the rats, but to no avail. It became so bad that the Governor resolved to burn the whole island, when suddenly the rats disappeared as quickly as they came.

One of our favorite pastimes is sitting down on our pier and watching the myriad of tropical fish. The floor of the bay off our pier is a perfect under-sea Eden, lush with sea plumes, beautiful anemones, scarlet and emerald sponges, and pink, buff, and black sea reeds of every kind. Swimming about everywhere are gloriously colored fish, the most beautiful of which are the angel fish trailing gold and blue filaments.

The other day I caught a small octopus right beside our diving board, and his tentacles clung to my arm so ferociously that I thought for a moment I would never be able to pull him loose. Yesterday several of our friends saw a shark that easily measured twelve feet in length. It was swimming about the bay a short distance from one of our navy piers. Although I wouldn't want to argue with any shark, the Bermudians insist that in all Bermuda history no one around here has ever been hurt by one. They claim that fish are so abundant the sharks are too well fed to want to attack a human. Just the same, I shall always look before I dive.

One of the nicest things about Bermudians is their friendliness. Whenever you meet a Bermudian on the road he greets you with a wide smile and a wave of the hand. I have yet to hear one of them say "Good Evening"; they always say "Good Night." When one of our Bermudian chauffeurs drives a navy car, he always acts as though it were his car and the passengers his guests. This Bermuda air simply radiates friendliness.

The other day we purchased a boat, and we have certainly been enjoying

it to the utmost. Every evening when I get home from work we strike out for some little island and have a picnic supper. Our only big problem will be what to do with the boat in case we have a hurricane. The hurricane season will be here next month, and even if we don't have a hurricane we will have some very rough weather and strong gales.

Betty and I felt badly to miss Wayne and Abigail's wedding, but our best wishes were with them, and with all of you, on that day. It is time now to start for the base so I must bring this letter to a close.

Love to all,  
Frederick.

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)

that her daddy is a photographer makes this an extra-ordinary circumstance, and there are five big books of her photographs that begin at eight days and run to the present time. I used to say when she was sick that I wished Russell were a doctor, or when I had to buy expensive shoes so often I wished that he were a shoe-man, but everything considered, day in and day out, I'll take the photographer angle since it has meant hundreds and hundreds of beautiful pictures.

I kept all of the material in a big loose-leaf notebook, and when her second birthday rolled around I took it to the binders and had it bound in bright blue cloth with the words "Juliana's First Two Years" stamped in gold on the cover. Then I began a second book, and although I haven't kept it nearly so faithfully, still there is a very good record, everything considered. When she is four I will have it bound, and then begin the third book.

I can almost hear you asking how I made time for this, and my answer is that I simply MADE time. It seemed to me more important than many other things, and whenever I neglected it for a period of several weeks it haunted me so badly that I promptly got busy once again. There have been times when I've sat down to work on it late at night, utterly worn out, but the realization of what it will mean to her in years to come has spurred me on. Someone once said, "Well, you can do things like that if you have an only child, but I'll bet you'd never get it done for a second." It's possible that I wouldn't be able to make quite such a complete record for a second child, but I am willing to bet that I'd turn out some kind of a book or know the reason why!

—Lucille.

Leanna, I am always interested in your Aid Society helps. Last week I had charge of the entertainment for our Aid Society, of which we have 35 members. I had to get ready on an hour's notice, so I just grabbed all my Kitchen-Klatter magazine, and took them along and passed them around to each member and each one was to read something. It proved very interesting about flowers, and others read jokes, poems, and Kitchen-Klatter hints.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Albert Mathiasen



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

**QUES:** "My mother lives in our home and she causes so much trouble and unhappiness all of the time that I'm at my wit's end. I can stand it all right, but our two girls in high school are constantly at sword's points with her because she actually opens and reads their mail, demands to know everything that was said in telephone conversations, and otherwise gives them no peace. I hate to cross her but we can't go on like this."—Kansas.

**ANS:** Indeed you can't go on like this because your girls are going to be wild to get away from such an unpleasant home—and after all it is their lives that are being moulded. I can see no reason whatsoever why you shouldn't insist as strongly as possible that she leave their mail alone—it's unthinkable that girls in high school cannot even open their own letters. And also insist that she stop questioning them about telephone conversations. Your obligation lies to your daughters, so stand up for their rights and your own rights.

**QUES:** "I'm up against a rather delicate situation and would surely appreciate your advice, Leanna. My father was a practicing physician in this town for many years, but last year after my mother's death he retired and moved to Maine to live with his unmarried sisters. A month ago he married a much younger woman and in the near future we expect him to visit us with her. Since he knows so many people here do you think that we should entertain for him and introduce his wife to old friends, or should we just confine our entertaining to the immediate family?"—Minn.

**ANS:** I think that the answer to this depends upon your father. If he always enjoyed social activities and entertained a great deal when he lived there, it would be gracious and proper to entertain these old friends for him. He would appreciate it and you need feel no embarrassment whatsoever. If he didn't enjoy this type of social activity I would confine all entertainment to the immediate family. Only you know your father, so you are the only one who can give the final answer.

**QUES:** "This past year has certainly been a troubled one for me, Leanna, and now I've finally reached the place where I don't know what to do. We've been married for twelve years and have four children, and I can honestly say that in all this time I've never felt free to spend one cent except for the most urgent necessities. My husband was determined to get our farm (240 acres) paid for, and now that goal has been reached. Not only is the farm paid for, but there are many fine improvements on it except in the

house. I feel that now we should relax and have a few things to enjoy, but my husband wants to invest in another farm and I know what this means—another long stretch of doing without everything except what can't be avoided. This doesn't seem fair to me, and it's particularly hard to face now that our children are growing to the age where they really need nice things and a few advantages. Can you give me any advice or help about this problem? I really need it."—Ia.

**ANS:** I've never been up against this problem so I can't tell you from first-hand experience how I worked around it, but I've known situations very similar to yours. Some of these women decided to keep still and make the best of it, while others decided that the time had come for action. I know one woman who said flatly that he could go ahead and buy the farm if he liked, but that she intended to have a certain part of their income for her needs and the children's needs no matter if it took twenty years to pay for the second farm. (She also said that she could figure interest just as well as he could, and that it didn't change her way of thinking to realize how much interest would pile up in twenty years!) I feel that when a certain amount of security has been attained it is only right for a woman to have some of the things that make life a pleasure rather than a drudgery, and I am almost certain that a woman of fifty who can look back over these pleasures rather than hard, unending and unnecessary drudgery, will feel better satisfied with her life.

**QUES:** "The problem that I'm writing to you about doesn't really concern me, to be perfectly honest, but it has worried me so much that I'm turning to you for your opinion. I have three boys, all of whom are married and have their own homes. The youngest boy has been married for five years and has a baby eighteen-months old, and my problem concerns his wife. She is a nice, sweet girl, but ever since they've been married she has made it a habit to go and visit her parents in New Mexico several times a year, and stay six weeks at a time and longer. This leaves my son to get his own meals and keep up the house. Since the baby arrived she has actually been gone for half of the child's life—is gone right now and has been gone for over two months. They get along all right and seem to be happy—I think that she's just never been weaned away from her parents and since she's an only child they are always begging her to come home. I feel that her first duty lies to her own home, and am just on the verge of



Abigail and Wayne Driftmier. This picture was taken on their wedding day, August 9, 1946.

talking with her about it after having kept still all of this time. Do you think that I should?"—Nebr.

**ANS:** Much as I would like to say "yes" for I feel that the girl is not doing the right thing, I have to say that this problem lies between your son and his wife. It is his place, as her husband and the baby's father, to make an issue of it. I'm afraid that you will win her life-long enmity if you interfere, so even though I realize that it is a temptation to talk with her when she returns, I honestly believe that in the long run you'll be happier if you let them settle it themselves.

### IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS

Oh, it's just the little homely things,  
The unobtrusive, friendly things,  
The won't-you-let-me-help-you things  
That make our pathway light.

And it's just the jolly, joking things,  
The never-mind-the-trouble things,  
The laugh-with-me-it's funny things  
That make the world seem bright.

For all the countless famous things,  
The wondrous record-breaking things,  
Those never-can-be-equalled things  
That all the papers cite

Are not the little human things,  
The every-day-encountered things,  
The just-because-I-like you things  
That make us happy quite.

So here's to all the little things,  
The done-and-then-forgotten things,  
Those oh—it's simply-nothing things  
That make life worth the fight.

"Next week our Kitchen-Klatter comes and my! how we wait for the dear magazine—just as if one of the family were coming on a vacation. We all read it from cover to cover."—Mrs. John Mensik, Linwood, Nebr.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE VERY PECULIAR JACK-O-LANTERN

By Maxine Sickels

Bob and Jack and Billy were very busy making Jack-O-Lanterns from big orange pumpkins. They were three little friends who lived on Elm Street. They lived so close together and played together so much that when Bob did anything, Jack and Bill wanted to do it too. When Jack did anything, Bob and Billy wanted to do it too. And when Billy did anything, Jack and Bob wanted to do that too.

They were all sitting on the back step digging out the seeds of the pumpkin with a spoon, carefully cutting a Jack-O-Lantern mouth in a big wide grin, making a three-cornered nose and two wide round eyes. They were making a Jack-O-Lantern for Hallowe'en.

At last they were finished, even the hole for the candle. The boys left them sitting in a row on the step and ran to play ball in Billy's yard.

"We will come back with some candles when it's dark," they said.

When evening came and supper was over and the lights came on in windows up and down the street, the boys came back. Jack had a burned-down Christmas candle to put in his Jack-O-Lantern. Bob had been to the store with a penny and he had a fine new white candle for his. Billy ran into the house to ask his mother for a candle.

She said, "Billy, I am afraid that you will get burned with a candle. Here is a little flashlight you may use."

Billy's mouth turned down at the corners, not at all like his jolly Jack-O-Lantern's and he began to complain. "I don't want to use a flashlight. I want a candle like Bob's and Jack's."

Billy's father heard him and came into the kitchen. "Here, Billy, let me show you how to fasten the flashlight into the Jack-O-Lantern so it will light his face all the time."

Father fixed the Jack-O-Lantern for Billy and helped Bob and Jack light their candles. But Billy was not pleased with his flashlight—he still wanted a candle.

The boys walked down the street carrying their Jack-O-Lantern and showing them to the neighbors. They came to the end of the street where Mr. Grump lived in a little house up on a small hill with a lot of trees and bushes growing all around.

"Shall we go up and show our Jack-O-Lantern to Mr. Grump?" asked Bob.

"Yes," said Billy and Jack.

In and out through the bushes and

the trees went the three grinning Jack-O-Lanterns. The boys were very brave until they heard a jumping and crashing in the bushes. Then they turned to run away, but running down a hill covered with trees and bushes is not easy.

Bob fell down and dropped his Jack-O-Lantern. The candle went out and he could not find it. Jack dropped his Jack-O-Lantern and the candle went out and he could not find it. Billy dropped his Jack-O-Lantern, but the flashlight did not go out. The Jack-O-Lantern went rolling down the path with its bright eyes shining and its wide grin grining. By the time the boys came to the end of the path they were laughing at such a funny sight and Bill had a grin as wide as his Jack-O-Lantern. So did the little spotted dogs that had been the "big noise in the bushes."

The boys went back up the path with the light of Billy's Jack-O-Lantern and found theirs. As they walked home, Billy's grin was as wide as the one on the face of his Jack-O-Lantern.

### AT SCHOOL I WILL BE

P—L—T—, H—P—, K—N—,  
H E — — F — —, H — N — — T,  
— B — — I — N, — — V I — —,  
Y—N—R—O— —, and D—P—D—  
— — L—E.

### LOOK AT A QUARTER

The eagle has 13 feathers in his tail and 13 long ones on each wing. He holds 13 arrows in one claw and a branch with 13 leaves on it in the other. The ribbon in his mouth has 13 letters on it. There are 13 stars on the shield above his head. Thirteen may be an unlucky number, but I will still carry as many quarters in my pocketbook as I can get.

### TONGUE TWISTERS

1. The bootblack brought the blank bank-book back. 2. Weary Willie's worst weakness was wistful wishing. 3. Give Papa a cup of proper coffee in a copper coffee cup. 4. Monday morning Mother made many mince-meat pies.

### HOW OLD ARE THEY?

The sum of the ages of Bill and John is 91 years. Bill is twice as old as John was when Bill was as old as John is now. How old is each? Ans: Bill is 52 and John is 39.



Deanna Donnell, Leavenworth, Kansas.

### RIDDLES FOR TINY TOTS

"I wriggle and wriggle and wriggle,  
And then I wriggle again;  
I creep along and hiss a song,  
I'm known as the 'scourge of men'?  
What am I?"

Ans: A snake.

"I travel over ether waves  
And carry sound to you;  
Folks say it's quite remarkable  
The things that I can do.  
What am I?"

Ans: A radio.

Sent by Teresa M. Dave,  
Rt. 4, Sedalia, Mo.

### SNOW BIRDS

When the ground with snow is white  
The merry snow bird comes,  
And hop about with great delight,  
To find the scattered crumbs.

### TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

These little piggies round and fat  
Stepped in here just to meet you—  
Just turn them upside down and see



How glad they are to greet you.



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**FOR SALE:** Crocheted tablecloth, 60x60, \$25.00. Send stamp for information. Will also do other crocheting. Mrs. W. C. Dygert, Yale, Iowa.

**MISCELLANEOUS ORDERS FOR CROCHETING.** Clothespin bags, print and muslin, resembling girls dress, \$1.25. Hand painted stationery, correspondence cards, special day cards, envelopes included. Sets of 12, \$1.00. Individual cards, 15¢. Orders gladly taken. Postage for information. Mrs. Harry Copenhagen, Plainfield, Iowa.

**GLORIOUS COLLECTION** 21 Christmas Cards, beaded lavish metallic bronz, postpaid, \$1.10. Order early. Mrs. James Richardson, Route 2, Maryville, Missouri.

**SHELL COSTUME JEWELRY**, styled from tiny shells in pastel colors. Pins, \$1.00 each. Earrings 75¢. Mrs. M. J. Young, 603 East Yerby, Marshall, Missouri.

**BEAUTIFUL HAND MADE** variegated wool doilies, \$1.50 each. Order now for Christmas gifts. Mary Steele, Madison, Nebr.

**PRINT APRONS**, bib style, trimmed feed sacks or prints. Small, medium, large, \$1.00. Mae Bugbee, Jamaica, Iowa.

**CHRISTMAS AND EVERYDAY CARDS** and wrappings. Oilettes, Watercolors, Etchings, Religious, Feature, Birthday, Convalescent, Handi-notes Card Guide. Choice, \$1.00 postpaid. Leola Reynolds, 1344 Sumner, Lincoln, Nebraska.

**LANE CHECKER PUZZLES.** Fascinating Thrilling Brain Testing. Send dime with self addressed envelope and receive design with full directions for playing. Walter Reynolds, 1344 Sumner, Lincoln 2, Nebraska.

**LOVELY CHENILLE ORCHID CORSAGES.** All colors, 65¢ each. Two or more, 60¢ each. Crystalline brooches, spray design, attractive colors, \$1.05. In gift boxes. Many satisfied customers. Freda Poeverlin, 1700 East Court, Beatrice, Nebraska.

**FOR SALE:** Knit and crocheted aprons. Also woven baby hoods and children's appliqued aprons. Enclose postage with letter of inquiry. Mrs. Fred Albers, Nashua, Ia.

**AFRICAN VIOLETS.** In addition to plants in September issue, will have improved Blue Boy, at \$1.30 postpaid. A new red Gloxinia and tigered ones will be ready in early November, at \$1.00 each plus 10¢ for postage. Can be sent nearby and south. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**STUFFED TOY PATTERNS**, small, 2 for 15¢; large, 15¢, plus stamped envelope. Quilt and embroidery designs, list 3¢. Wood shelf patterns also. Mrs. Anton Peterson, Lindsay, Nebr.

**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. 35 cents. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Canary Birds. Deep yellow, orange, and apricot. Send stamp for inquiry. Mrs. Roy McFee, 908 E. Howard, Creston, Iowa.

**WILL** embroider and crochet edge on your ready made pillow cases, \$1.50 pair, postpaid. Mrs. J. Dan Moore, Edina, Missouri.

**GIFTS.** Pineapple doilies, 26 inch, number 20, \$6.00. Star of India doilies, 16 inch, number 30, ecru or white, \$5.00. Mildred Kahle, Buncton, 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.

**CROCHETED CORDETTA BAGS.** Large size, black or brown, \$15.00. Crocheted aprons, \$3.75. Toeless baby shoes, \$1.00. Order now for Christmas. Mrs. Charles R. Snow, 2608 East Douglas, Des Moines 17, Iowa.

**BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS CARDS.** Also Everyday Greeting Cards, 21 in box assortment for \$1.10. Postpaid anywhere. Mrs. A. Wanklyn, Winifred, Kansas.

**CUTTINGS**, nice variety of colors, geraniums and vegenias, etc., 10 for \$1.00. Postage extra. No checks. Mary Klopff, Elizabeth, Illinois.

**FOR SALE:** A blue crocheted dress, size, 1 year, \$7.00. Mrs. Ernst Wascher, Route 3, West Point, Nebraska.

**HAND CROCHETED DOILY**, 13x13, \$1.25. Orders filled in rotation. Freda Lamer, Route 2, Box 157, Harlan, Iowa.

**HAND CROCHETED CORDE BAGS.** Without gusset, \$12.50; with gusset, \$15.00. Colors, red, black, brown, or navy blue. Mrs. L. H. Hurst, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

**COLLECTORS DOLLS.** Various kinds of materials used. Jimson Pods, Buckeyes, Acorn, and etc. Type of character, my selection. All \$1.00 each. Free price list on request. Send 3¢ stamp. June Winslow, Route 4, Bethany, Missouri.

**BABY JACKET AND HOOD.** Hand crocheted from soft woolen yarn in lovely medallion pattern. May have these in white, pink, or blue. Jacket, \$3.00. Set of jacket and hood, \$4.00. Mrs. Floy M. Lane, Stuart, Iowa.

**COMBINATION SPECIAL:** Box fine white stationery, matching envelopes, and 20 Personalized Post Cards; all printed with your name and address, blue ink, postpaid, only \$1.00. Makes ideal gift. Midwest, Dept. T., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.

**CROCHETED DOILIES FOR SALE:** 12 inch, \$1.00; 15 inch, \$1.50; 18 inch, \$2.00. Also lovely crocheted Afghan by Christmas. Baby Set, etc. Mrs. Maud Smith, 1012 Washington Avenue, Red Oak, Iowa.

**DAYLILIES**, bright orange, 75¢ each plus 10¢ postage or 4 for \$2.50, plus 25¢ postage. Mrs. Otto Puckett, Montevallo, Missouri.

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

**FOR SALE:** Shopping bags of heavy material. Decorated plywood tops. Carrying straps of material. Price, \$1.85, postpaid. Mrs. Joe Eckhardt, Dallas City, Illinois.

**GIVE CROCHET FOR CHRISTMAS:** Aprons, \$5.00; chair sets, \$3.50; hot pads, 35¢. Tatted edgings, doilies, also embroidering, miscellaneous orders for same. Postage for information. Mrs. Wright, 601 North Pine, Creston, Iowa.

**PROFESSIONAL HAND TINTING.** Portraits, 5x7 inches, 60¢. 8x10 inches, \$1.00 each. Mrs. Glendon Hultquist, 1012 Washington Avenue, Red Oak, Iowa.

**BLONDE COCKER SPANIEL PUPPIES**, pedigree, registered, \$25.00. Ideal pets. This is champion stock. Pictures on request. Ray Link, Pierce, Nebraska.

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## HALLOWE'EN HILARITY PARTY

By Mabel Nair Brown

Hallowe'en spells a gala night for our young folks. If we see that they have their fun at home, or at a well-planned party in the neighborhood, our young merry-makers will be happy without any serious injury or the playing of disastrous pranks in a spirit of misguided fun. Many community leaders are finding it well worthwhile to plan a community celebration with all guests participating in a costume parade; later they gather around a bonfire for stunts, games, and refreshments.

Decorating for the party can be simple but very effective by using jack-o-lanterns, cornstalks, autumn leaves and cardboard cut-outs of witches, cats, skeletons and bats. Have these cut-outs suspended from ceiling and doorways by black string. Flash lights shining through blue or green paper, through cornstalks, or behind ghosts will give a weird light that goes a long way in creating atmosphere. And for the finishing touches, be sure that all light used throughout the house is very dim.

There should be a ghost to welcome each guest by touching his hand or forehead with some cold clammy object—a piece of ice in a wet cloth, or some grape pulp tied in several thicknesses of cloth will be most "chilling."

Fortune telling is an exciting event for Hallowe'en and is a good game to use while the guests are arriving. There are several ways to read the fortunes, but perhaps the special favorite of youngsters is the traditional witch at her cauldron. Place an electric light bulb under red paper beneath a pile of sticks for the witch's fire. The witch can simply tell the fortunes orally and read the guests' fortunes from their hands or a deck of cards. Or perhaps you'd like to write out humorous fortunes on slips of paper which will appear blank if you write with milk. When the guests hold the paper (writing side down) over heat the milk will scorch and the words be brought to view.

A wheel of Fortune is also fun. Make a large circle of cardboard and divide it into twenty or more wedge-shaped spaces. In the space write a humorous fortune. Cut a cardboard arrow and fasten to the center of the wheel loosely so that it will spin. Then let each guest spin the arrow and read his fortune aloud.

**Pumpkin Spin Relay.** Divide the players into two teams and have them line up on opposite sides of the room. A large pumpkin is placed at the head of each line. At a given signal the person at the head of the line picks up the pumpkin and carries it to the opposite end of the line and back, spinning or rotating in a circle as he goes. As he returns to his place the next person in line does the same thing. See which line can "spin" through in the shortest time.

**Progressive Ghost Story.** Be sure that the lights are very dim for this. Seat your guests in a circle on the floor, and have a ghost in the center with a flashlight in hand (place a blue or green paper over the light). The ghost begins a very gruesome

story, and at a dramatic point he stops and points the flash light at some guest who must continue the story until the flashlight is directed at another guest. A clever leader will see that he gets each guest in the spotlight and will be sure to have an especially talented person end the story.

**Shoot For Luck.** Place red, yellow and green apples in a tub of water. Give the guests a toy bow and arrow and let them shoot at apples from a specified distance. Spearing a red apple means good health; the yellow means wealth; and the green means good luck.

**Artful Art.** This is a stunt with the girl artists in the "know." Seat several boys on chairs facing the guests, blindfold each and ask them to double up their right fists. Upon the back of each fist the girls will draw a mouth, nose and eyes using burnt cork. Then tie on a tiny doll cap or dainty scarf and faster, a white skirt or wide ruffle around the wrist (for waist). Bend left arm to lie across chest, and then the right wrist is put into inner bend of elbow with skirt pulled over arm. When the blindfolds are removed the boys will appear as nursemaids tenderly holding a baby. Just watch their faces!!!

**Telegrams.** Give each guest a slip of paper and pencil and have them write telegrams using words beginning with the corresponding letters in Hallowe'en. Have each telegram read out loud. For example you might read this before guests start writing: "Have Al Let Lucky Out. We're Entering Estherville Now."

**Spooky Premier.** Divide the group into two teams. Place a white sheet in the doorway with light behind it in one room; darken the other room. Put one team in the room with light, and one by one have each person go in front of the light so his shadow is thrown on the sheet. They can bend around to look like a cat, ghost, witch, etc. The opposite team tries to guess the identity of each shadow. Each team takes a turn at making shadow ghosts. If you like, have teams divided so that the girls and boys are on opposite sides; then one group can guess the identity of shadows to find their supper partners.

Everyone knows what refreshments seem a part of Hallowe'en—doughnuts, apples, pumpkin pies (use muffin tins) and put jack-o-lantern faces on with whipped cream forced through a pastry tube? Candied or lollipop apples are always a treat.



## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### NO MORTGAGES OR DEBTS

During the past few weeks I have been reading frequently about this church or that church through the middlewest in which quite a festive ceremony was held to burn the mortgage, or to celebrate the settlement or some long-standing debt. At about the same time I read that county fairs and our big state fair in Des Moines found themselves hard-pressed to find Ladies Aid groups that would serve meals of any kind. By way of explanation the items stated that churches were now out of debt and so prosperous that the Aid societies no longer had to work.

It's still hard for me to realize this, and I imagine that a good many of you feel the same way. All of us who came up through the years when it was a constant struggle to raise money for the most urgent necessities of our churches can hardly believe that any Aid society could find itself in the position of retiring financially! Surely those of us who remember the '30's can scarcely digest this new state of affairs at first hearing.

I'm curious to hear from some of you Aid groups who have been fortunate enough to realize this comparative financial independence. What are your plans for the coming winter? Will the chicken-pie dinners be a thing of the past in your church? Are you planning any kind of a Christmas bazaar? Do you think you'll have any food sales? There's almost an endless list of things I could mention, but those particular activities are the first that come to mind. I'm interested in the way you'll spend your winter and I imagine that many others share my interest. Perhaps some of you who belong to the fortunate group will take time to write and tell us about your plans for the future. It will give us an idea of what we might anticipate when the happy day comes for us, and will surely give us a goal to work towards. And please don't forget to tell us, when you're writing, about any particularly successful things you did that helped to make your financial freedom possible. We'd surely like to know.



Chaplain Frederick Driftmier, and the boys who sang in the choir.