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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Price 10 cents



Photo By Verness.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

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Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.

Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by  
DRIFTMIER PUBLISHING COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa

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Dear Friends:

I've been reading through a big pile of letters tonight and it put me right in the mood to reply by getting off this letter to you. I often think that people who haven't had the pleasure of getting lots of mail all the time have unfortunately missed out on one of the best things that can happen to a person. When I no longer anticipate the morning mail I'll know that things have really come to an end and the trip is over!

Right now I want to say this: please don't apologize for the paper on which you write, the lack of pen and ink, or the difficulty you may have in getting your thoughts down in black-and-white. Those things just make no difference whatsoever. There were years when my family was at home that I never wrote a letter on anything but their cheap school tablets, and it was always done in pencil—I could never keep track of the ink bottle and pens. But I figured that the people who heard from me would understand how it was, and you can figure the same thing when you sit down to write to us—we understand.

This past month I had the pleasure of shaking hands with hundreds of friends who came to Shenandoah for the Harvest Jubilee. It's a real satisfaction to greet people in person and I thoroughly enjoyed the hours spent with our long-time friends, many of whom told me that they'd listened to my program since Donald was a small boy too young for kindergarten. I met other people too who told me they had every issue of this magazine that's been published, and that gave me much satisfaction. My faith in the law of compensation is always freshly renewed after such experiences. I may have lost the ability to get around physically, but life in a wheelchair isn't dull when you can number such a large circle of good friends among your blessings.

Martin just now came in and crawled up here to ask me to read to him. He's gotten to the age where he can't stand to see anyone sit and write or sew or read. That's the cue for him to get busy and find his books for he's bound and determined that if you're just sitting you can surely read to him. In the evenings after supper he always crawls up on the davenport with his books and when we look

in it makes quite a picture for his Grandpa Driftmier is on one side reading the daily paper, and his Uncle Howard is on the other side reading a paper. The three of them sit there as quiet as can be and never say a word.

We didn't get to make the trip East that I first mentioned several months ago. There were too many things to keep us right here at home this fall. Our plans for the winter are not yet certain. We'd like nothing better than to stay at home the entire winter for we enjoy every bit of our work and hate to leave it, but the big question is Mart's health and that's the thing that keeps us undecided. In recent years he's had one siege of sickness after another the minute cold weather begins, and of course we don't want to go through that if it can be avoided. Sometimes I think that we'll pull through in fine shape and be able to stay right here where we want to stay, and other times I don't know. Well, as the winter comes on I can tell you of our plans.

This is being written before Thanksgiving, of course, but it's the November issue so I want to tell you that I believe we'll have a family dinner at our house with as many of our children around us as can manage to be here. Frederick's family can't come, and Donald can't come, so the ones we're in doubt about are Dorothy, Frank and Kristin. It all depends upon Dorothy's teaching as to whether or not she can make it. We'll have a turkey, I think, with the usual trimmings.

Emily will be a year old on the 4th of this month, and that's really hard to believe. She is a darling little thing just about as big as a minute. It won't be long now until she's walking all over for she can get around any room by hanging on to the furniture, and it's quite a job for Abigail to take care of her because she can get out of everything. When she wasn't yet ten months old she climbed out of her stroller and got up on the low loveseat in the dining room, so that gives you an idea. The only place she can't get out of is her playpen, and naturally no curious, lively baby wants to stay cooped up in one for more than a short spell.

Donald is enjoying his work in Anderson, Indiana. I sent a box of

cookies to him the other day and the girls laughed and said that they wondered what I'd do when he got married and I no longer had to make cookies and send them. They said that as long as they could remember, practically, I'd been sending boxes to Donald all over the country and it's the truth. When he has his own home I'll be without one of the children to send cookies to for the first time in many years.

This past week we cleaned storm windows and Howard put them up for us. That always makes winter seem close at hand. Now that Mart can't handle these jobs we're glad to have Howard take over and keep pace with the seasons by taking down screens, putting up storm windows, etc. We all worked hard in the garden this fall and got everything put to bed in good shape.

Mart has always had a hankering for an old cook stove (I know that many people share his feeling) so he appreciated this little sketch that arrived recently from Mrs. E. M. Wood of Stewartville, Mo. Perhaps it echoes your sentiments too.

"The old cook stove that has stood idly by all during the summer months suddenly came to life Tuesday morning and our whole household seemed to take on a more cheerful attitude toward life in general.

The glowing, crackling fire, kindled with dry hickory wood seemed to laugh with glee and the teakettle sang in sheer delight!

The man of the house came into the kitchen wearing a grin from ear to ear for he knew full well that a fire in the old cook stove meant hot biscuits and brown fried mush for breakfast.

Although the stove has served us for over twenty years, there's a lot of wear and service in it yet. Why, I would rather part with my piano or my electric refrigerator than the old standby that has cooked food for my family, canned my vegetables and heated my wash water all these years!

Dirty? You ask. Oh my, no! The bright nickelplate trim seems to serve as a frame for the shiny top, and although tons of ashes have been shoveled out and buckets of soot removed from under the lids, the kind regards for this old fixture still reigns in our hearts.

What could be more conductive to happiness than a family gathered round the cook stove on a winter's evening popping corn in a skillet or in a three-legged black pot such as my mother used in days long gone by for her children?

Many farm folk feel that food cooked on a coal or wood stove tastes better than when cooked on any other kind of stove. Toast is more evenly browned and cornbread has that old south flavor.

Yes, I wouldn't take anything for the comfort my old cook stove affords."

Tell me how things are going at your house. I'm always happy to see your letters in the morning mail.

Always . . . Leanna.

# HENRY FIELD 1871-1949

At 12:40 on the morning of October 17, 1949 my brother, Henry Field, slipped quietly away from this life. You will note that there is no reference to his death in my letter, and the explanation is that the first section of the magazine had already been printed and that the presses were running on the second section; however, our printers kindly cooperated in permitting us to take down the type and insert this page.

It is the first break in our circle of brothers and sisters since the death of an infant brother, Stephen, an event that occurred when Henry was a small child. A year ago this past summer all seven of us were privileged to be together for the first time in more than two decades; that was to be the last time, however, for now the family circle is broken.

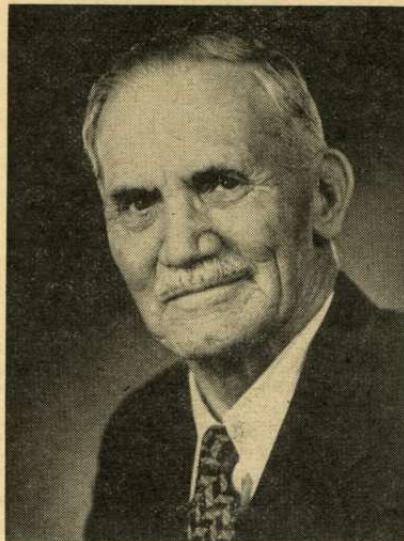
The picture of my brother that appears on this page was taken within the past year and is an excellent likeness. It is the way we wish to remember him.

On the day of his death a Memorial Service was given that included a tribute by one of his life-long friends, Earl C. Fishbaugh, president of the Security Trust and Savings Bank in Shenandoah. Mr. Fishbaugh said many of the things that are in my mind, so I have asked his permission to print this tribute.

"I know that it has come as a shock to many of you to hear the announcement of Henry Field's death. He would have been 78 years of age on December 6th, but in spirit and physical vigor he has been a man 10 or 15 years younger.

"More than two years ago he went to the Clinic at Rochester and there they told him of the malignancy which affected him. They said that he might live 10 years or it might be two, so he came home with that hanging over his head. Although he kept up the treatment that was given, he continued to pursue the regular tenor of his way. Not to his closest friends did he reveal the situation. His radio friends detected the increasing hoarseness in his voice and the occasional coughs and thought that perhaps he had a heavy cold that hung on, but Henry knew that it was the slow march upward of the disease into his lungs. He knew this but he never faltered. He had a job in life to do and he intended to do it to the end.

"Like many of you, I have known Henry Field for many, many years, practically all my life. I knew him in the days of his beginnings, and perhaps I should say "small beginnings" for if ever a man started out from the very bottom and



*Henry Field*

worked up, he was the man. He sold his garden stuff in our town, and my mother, as well as the other housewives of the community, depended upon his good produce. He was a cheerful visitor too and always was generous with his measures; in fact, they always went beyond the usual count.

"Folks liked young Henry for his friendliness, his enthusiasm for his work, his rugged honesty and homely philosophy. Those were the sterling qualities which endeared him to you and to me. Nor were these qualities accidental, for Henry came from a sturdy, upright, God-fearing stock.

"I knew him as a business man with whom I enjoyed dealing, for such was the integrity of his every transaction that he justly earned my confidence and patronage. You too can bring testimony as to his fairness and honesty.

"But Henry Field in the broader sense was also a community builder. The City of Shenandoah (yes, "Henry Field's town" and truly so) owes much of its well-being, progress and prosperity to him. It would be interesting to know how many thousands of people first heard the name "Shenandoah, Iowa" from the lips of Henry Field, or read it in his Seed-Sense and catalogs.

"In the realm of agriculture and horticulture Henry Field was a national figure. He was a benefactor of both. He was a leader to whom thousands looked for counsel and guidance. And he never failed them. He had an abiding love for the soil, and the task to which he dedicated his life was to bring to people a more abundant life, a more generous measure of happiness and prosperity to the farm, to any and all who loved flowers and gardens and trees and growing things.

"Henry Field was a kindly man.

Busy as he was he found time for those acts of thoughtfulness and consideration which bring comfort to a lonely, tired heart. Into the lives of many of the older folks in particular he brought an hour of happiness or joy. I will ever be grateful for his unfailing kindness and devotion to my aged Mother, now long departed. And she was only one of many for whom he found time to be thoughtful.

"Henry Field lived a full life, a life rich in its living and rich in its giving. He reared a large family of upstanding children, good, useful citizens everyone of them. He lived close to the soil. He loved nature and from it drew his inspiration—the well springs of a homely philosophy, an utter freedom from all sham and pretension, a wholesome outlook on life.

"Above all he liked people—"folks" he called them. And his friends were legion. When they addressed him as Henry, as they so liked to do and did, the address was not prompted from any familiarity; rather it came from a deep affection for the man.

"Folks loved him. To them he was more than a mere acquaintance. He was a friend.

"It was Henry's custom to conclude his broadcasts with, 'Now, Pate, you take over.' "You take over." What a fitting and appropriate farewell to friends and associates when at the eventide of a long day a tired soul lays down its burdens. Now you take over."

I am writing this on the day of Henry's death and therefore cannot tell you about services held in his memory. However, in my letter next month I will write about it for I realize that his thousands and thousands of friends will appreciate hearing these details.

This past summer when we realized that the time could not be long, most of his children came to see him. The three who could not come on that occasion were all able to reach the family home while he could still recognize them and get comfort from their presence. Philip flew from Hawaii, John Henry came from Denver, and Ruth came from Appleton, Wisconsin.

He is survived by his faithful and devoted wife, Bertha, and by his children—Frank of Shenandoah, Faith Stone of San Diego, Calif., Hope Pawek, Oakland, Calif., Philip of Honolulu, Hawaii, Josephine Nelson, Clinton, Ia., Jessie Wasserman, Chicago, Ill., Mary Hamilton, Shenandoah, Ruth Seehawer, Appleton, Wisc., Georgia Talbert, Aurora, Mo., John Henry, Denver, Colo., and Letty Bianco, Marseilles, Ill.

His one brother, Solomon Field of Gerber, Calif., is in poor health and will be unable to attend the services. We five sisters who mourn the loss of our brother are Helen Fischer of Shenandoah, Martha Eaton of Des Moines, Jessie Shambaugh and Susan Conrad of Clarinda, and the one who has written this—

Leanna.

## A GOLD-RUSH JOURNAL

By Stephen W. Eastman

## PART II

*Saturday, May 5:* As we drove out through the river bottom from St. Joseph we made our way through a very heavy timber, mostly cottonwoods, and some of them measured 80 feet without a limb. We camped on a small creek to wait until the rest of our company, called the Peoria Pioneers, could get over and organize. Here we saw several Sac and Iowa Indians.

*Friday, May 11:* Finally we are organized and on our way. Everyone has taken ahold of fresh hope now and we are anxious to make real progress.

*Saturday, May 12:* Made fairly good time today since we covered 18 miles and camped near the missionary station that is carried on for the purpose of civilizing and Christianizing the Sac and Iowa tribes of Indians. We saw a good many Indians, most of whom could speak English more or less.

*Thursday, May 17:* Getting along well. We covered 20 miles last Sunday but had to camp on prairie where there was neither wood nor water. Made 22 miles Monday, and today have arrived at the Big Blue river, 140 miles from St. Joseph.

*Sunday, May 20:* We reached Little Blue Tuesday at 9:00 o'clock in the morning. Wood and water were rather scarce. We found the Bloomington Company encamped here and they had lost 70 head of their cattle when they got frightened in the corral; they ran over one man and injured him seriously. We traveled up the valley of the Little Blue for two days and then left it and went over a low, flat prairie until we reached the Platte, one of the four great western rivers. Found antelope aplenty in that area.

*Saturday, May 26:* Reached Fort Carny, at the head of Grand Island, about 300 miles from St. Joseph. There is a store at this place and some soldiers stationed for the purpose of protecting immigrants from the depredation of the Sioux and Pawnees. Lacking lumber they used sod for all the buildings, but they now have a portable sawmill and are busy putting up some frame structures. A few days before we arrived here the Sioux and Pawnee had a battle near the fork. Several were killed and wounded on each side, but the Sioux came out victorious.

*Monday, May 28:* We proceeded up the Platte River from the fort to the forks of the river, a distance of 120 miles. Not a running stream enters the river in all this distance. The banks are very low and a few feet of digging will commonly get good water, but when we wanted wood for cooking we had to wade over onto some of the islands and take green cottonwood.

*Sunday, June 3:* We got some buffalo meat for the first time near the forks of the river. We camped the next night ten miles above the forks

and here we were visited by a company of Sioux who are very fine looking Indians, highly superior to the Sac and Iowa both in intellect and cleanliness. The squaws were clad in fine dresses of deer or buffalo skins, neatly made and beaded from top to toe. They rode into our corral, spread down a blanket and made signs that they wanted something to eat; they showed us a paper written by some trader, certifying that they were friends to the whites and that anything in the eating line would please them very much.

We gave them corn meal, beans and crackers. The only English words they could speak were "How do you do, Goodbye and Whiskey".

*Monday, June 4:* Hundreds of Indians followed us all day to trade us moccasins and beg. Two quarts of meal or beans would buy a pair of fine moccasins half covered with beads.

*Tuesday, June 5:* Greatly impressed by the beautiful scenery in the neighborhood of Scotts Bluff. We were particularly taken by one formation called Chimney Rock which can be seen at a distance of 40 miles. When near it you can see that it is a huge mass of sandstone about 200 feet high and 50 feet in diameter, but the rain, wind and frost are fast wearing it away and not many years hence the California or Oregon emigrant will have to inquire of the roving mountaineer as to where it stood.

*Saturday, June 19:* Crossed the Laramie Forks and took a very rough road over the sandhills to Warm Springs where the Black Hills, so much dreaded by the emigrant, commence. Plenty of wood and excellent water, but scarcely any grass.

*Wednesday, June 23:* We camped in strange looking land where the ground for a distance of two miles was covered with a kind of red substance which appeared like ashes. Grass very poor and we're losing a lot of time by having to turn off the road to find places where our cattle can feed. There are so many teams ahead of us that what grass there had once been was eaten off very short and our cattle can hardly get a bite. We've taken to hitching up as early as three in the morning and sending two men ahead to look for grass.

Had quite an experience yesterday when three of us left the party, took our rifles and started for a ridge of mountains. We found fine timber and fine springs up there, and then after crossing the first ridge we came into a valley abounding with antelopes. After shooting one and taking off the hams we discovered three buffalo feeding, so spent until five in the afternoon trying to get one of them. No success. They are ferocious looking beasts. We walked until past midnight and came to a camp where we were told that our train had passed there at noon. Our friends gave us food which was very acceptable since we'd been walking 17½ hours steadily without a mouthful to eat.

Caught up with our train the next day after walking 9 miles to Deer Creek. Our party moved safely across the Platte and we noticed that for a

distance of 37 miles there is a ferry at least once a mile; these ferries are made by lashing three canoes together and you can get a wagon and its load across tolerably safe.

*Tuesday, June 26:* Water is our big problem now. We found a large spring 12 miles after leaving the river but I would not advise anyone to camp there as it is said by some to be poison and several of our oxen have been sick since drinking there, and one died. None of the water along the road to Willow Springs should ever be used for we have passed 22 oxen lying dead on the road between Platte and Willow Springs. If the Rocky Mountains don't commence here, the rocky hills certainly do for on the north side of the river there are some of the largest piles of rocks that I ever saw, and on the south side there is a ridge with snow-covered tops.

*July 3:* Tonight we are camped within 15 miles of the Pass near a fine spring. Have worn our overcoats all day buttoned up to the chin. Some of our men out hunting today found a bank of snow, and snow-capped mountains have been in sight for the last 50 miles.

*July 4:* Arose early and fired our guns at sunrise in remembrance of the birthday of our Independence. We've decided to travel in small companies now. Six of us are going on together. I went out and killed a hare and an antelope, and about 6 miles from the summit of the South Pass we cooked our Independence dinner consisting of a pot pie made of the hare and loins of the antelope, heart and steak, fried apple pies, warm biscuits, coffee and tea. The antelope is the tenderest and sweetest meat I ever ate.

*July 5:* Today we traveled over the noted South Pass. We were obliged to use sage stalks for fuel, but it answers a very good purpose for many of the stems are two inches in diameter.

*July 6:* Today two of our men were taken sick. We made a bed for them in the bottom of the wagon since they couldn't even sit up. Here where we've camped the grass is the poorest we've had since we left St. Joseph. The teams ahead of us have eaten it all off. We killed several sage hens during the day; they taste like our common tame hen when cooked. Had a disagreement as to which road to take so we're now part of the crowd going by the Salt Lake road; the others are taking the Fort Hall route.

(To Be Continued)

## AUTUMN DAYS

The gold from my window is lovely to see

T'is the leaves of a maple-tree smiling at me.

The colors are painted with the help of Jack Frost,

All folk can have pictures without any cost.

How wise is our Maker, so generous is He,

We all can have paintings, and to all they are free.

—Winifred Plummer Young.

## LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

This has been a beautiful Sunday, warm and balmy, and the timber is beginning to look very beautiful in all its fall splendor.

We were expecting the folks for the day, and were disappointed this morning when they called and said they couldn't come. Every week-end for a month they have planned to come, but something always came up that they couldn't get away from home. Today, however, they did get started and got as far as the first town when the car started heating up, so they turned around and went back to Shenandoah. There they found it was raining hard, so of course they just naturally supposed it would rain here too, but the sun shone beautifully all day, and it doesn't look like rain yet tonight.

Last week-end we expected the Vernesses to get here Friday about noon, and Russell was going to get some pictures of Kristin and her schoolmates, and of me and my children, but Lucile had to have some dental surgery done so she didn't feel like making the trip. I had told my children the day before that they were coming, so of course they felt badly about it too, because they just love to have their pictures taken. Right now we are in hopes they can make it next week (I'm almost afraid to mention it) because if they don't come soon they won't get to see the timber in its full glory.

I spent this gorgeous day making out six-weeks tests (it doesn't seem possible that that much time has gone by already), and I will admit that there were two places I would much rather have been. Squirrel season is open, so of course this afternoon found Frank out tramping around in the timber, hunting. This means that Kristin and I can take fried squirrel in our lunches tomorrow. I love our timber all the time, every season of the year, but fall is my favorite season. Frank said it seemed awfully funny to be out hunting without me, but such is the life of a teacher.

Then, I would also liked to have been with Kristin and her Aunt Bernie. They started out right after dinner this afternoon with their sacks to pick up black walnuts, and got seven big gunny sacks full. Frank went with the jeep and brought them home. Later on we will gather hazelnuts.

Frank told me something interesting today that I didn't know. He says you can take a wagon rod or an iron stake, and when you find little mounds of dirt under the bushes stick your rod down into it, and if you hear a rattling sound you will find that mice have stored as many as a gallon or more of hazelnuts all hulled, in one spot underground.

The big excitement here this week was the circus that came to Chariton. Since this was the only circus of any size that had been here for nineteen years, very few of the children had ever seen one. We had been talking about it for two weeks, and I had read them all the stories about cir-



Juliana's old bassinet comes in mighty handy now that she and Kristin have a large doll family to put to bed.

cuses that I could find. Those who wanted to go were excused from school.

I thought the best thing about this particular circus was all the animals they had with them; in fact, it was more like a travelling zoo. All children were invited to come at nine in the morning to see them feed the animals, and this was free. They had a giraffe, polar, brown and black bears, a hippopotamus and her baby, a rhinoceros, zebras, buffalos, zebu, llamas, gorillas, lion, tiger, camels, many elephants and monkeys, ponies and horses. There may have been more, but Kristin has gone to bed or she could check this for me. I thought this was a wonderful opportunity for the children, as they could see these animals and it would make them much more real to them. So few children in this part of the country ever have the chance to see these animals since there are no zoos in this part of the state. Frank took Kristin in the morning to see them fed, then her Aunt Bernie took her to the circus performance in the afternoon. All of my children got to go in the morning, and about half of them stayed to see the circus, so the rest of us had classes in the afternoon.

It has been awfully dry here, but we hate to see it rain because this nice weather is such a good time to get so many things done around the farm. Frank has quite a bit of his fall plowing finished. It is also nice for the fall pigs. All of ours came in September this year, so they should get a nice start before the cold weather arrives.

Nothing special has happened at either Kristin's school or mine this past month. I have attended a few all-day teacher's meetings, and I do enjoy them. Our tri-county institute was held at Indianola this year. This next Friday, however, we are going to have something special at my school. Three of the children have birthdays very close together in October, so their Mothers are going to come right after recess with ice cream, cake and favors for all, so we will have a real birthday party. I can hardly wait to see their faces when their Mothers arrive. I got some little presents for them in Des Moines yesterday, and I think it will be a lot of fun.

Well, it is late and I have to get up early in the morning, so I think I'll say goodbye for now.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Last month I told you about Mr. Thomas Swartz who was shutin for many years. Before you got the magazine, he passed away. Many of you probably wrote him. If you were one, will you now send a card to his wife, Mrs. Cora Swartz, 1216 Douglas St., St. Joseph 41, Mo.?

Your letters have done a lot to bring cheer to 16 year old Bonnie Cross who is in Room 309 at Bethany Hospital, Kansas City, Kansas. Her whole body is in a cast and she is to have an operation on her spine soon, possibly has already had it. Her spine trouble was caused by polio.

Irene Finkelstein, Apt. 5-C, 1870 Longfellow Ave., Bronx, New York 60, N. Y., has been shutin 15 years. She has arthritis and is quite helpless except that she can type a little with one finger. She was in the hospital most of the summer. Mail means a lot to her.

Another arthritis sufferer is Mrs. Earl Hollabaugh, Rt. 1, Fairview, Mo. She has been in a wheel chair for 8 years. Sometimes they take her out in the car, but have to lift her in and out of the car like a baby. She loves to get mail.

If you have some pieces of eighty-square prints large enough to cut 3x3 inch quilt pieces, do send them to Mrs. Viola Leenerman, Box 41, Sibley, Illinois. She writes the most interesting letters and would like to hear from some of you who like to write nice long letters.

Mrs. Almyra Page, Rt. 2, c/o C. W. Frost, Stratford, Iowa, has been ill all summer and unable to get about at all. Send her a cheery letter. She is past middle age, and very lonely.

Miss Margarett Powell, 906 N Oak St., Bloomington, Ill., has a bone condition that causes her bones to fracture easily. She has never been able to go to school (she is 13) but has a teacher come to her home. She does lovely handwork and would like quilt prints.

Little Teddy Griffin, Rt. 3, Box 75, New Cumberland, W. Va., has been sick all summer and they have not been able to find the cause of his trouble. He is ten years old and I'm sure would like some attention.

Ethelyn Bellon, 430 Missouri Ave., New Madrid, Mo., had her 34th birthday recently. She has been bedfast and almost helpless since she was in a car wreck 15 years ago, which left her paralyzed from the waist down and some other troubles besides. She is just getting a little better after a bad sick spell which lasted most of the summer. She won't be able to write, but enjoys getting pretty cards and letters.

Mrs. Fern Montgomery, 175 Talmadge St., Madison, Wisc., asks for letters. She is unable to walk and suffers a great deal other ways. She is very lonely.

Mrs. Ada Heath, Crystal, N. Dak., has been shutin for many years. She has arthritis. She lives alone and gets very lonely and she would like to hear from you.

## SORGHUM DAYS ARE PAST

By Hallie Barrow

One of the most colorful rural arts is fast disappearing. We've driven miles this month, visiting every farm where we ever bought sorghum, hoping to find some long sweetenin', but to no avail.

As we'd near those farms where once we had had our jug filled, I'd start sniffing the autumn air and then I didn't have to wait to be told that they were not making sorghum anymore. Why sometimes even a mile or two before we'd get to a farm where they were boiling down cane juice, that enticing odor like taffy being made, just filled the air. And mixed with the sweet, steamy clouds rising from the evaporator, was the good clean smell of soft wood burning.

In this region, the art of sorghum making is all but gone. Young folks nowadays just don't care to serve out the apprenticeship of hard work it takes to make a good sorghum cooker. Sweetening agencies are too common; it is no longer a treat nor a necessity.

In desperation I called at the County Farm and talked with an old sorghum maker, famous in his day for his product, and now in his nineties.

"In my boyhood," he told me, "white sugar and flour were almost unknown in northwest Missouri. We lived on cornbread and sorghum molasses. White biscuits were seen on our table only on the Sundays we had special company, like the preacher. We used sorghum to sweeten our tea, our coffee and thought milk shake made with just a dash of molasses was quite a fine drink, seeing that we had no sugar or vanilla to use. In the winter, we used molasses and rum for cough syrup; in the spring, mother would mix molasses with sulphur and the whole family was dosed each morning to prevent that 'tired feeling.' Molasses was used in making preserves and butters from the wild plums and grapes, also a pumpkin butter and, when there was nothing else to mix with the sorghum, mother beat up eggs and added them to a pan of sorghum, put in a big lump of butter and cooked it down for a 'spread'. It was used with cornmeal to make Indian pudding.

"We made sorghum taffy, and I've even known my mother to cook down pawpaws with sorghum when food was scarce. In fact, the most necessary furnishing for any couple starting housekeeping in pioneer days was a sorghum pitcher. Today, folks hunt around for the old sorghum pitcher for antiques."

Good sorghum is not just a coincidence. To make sorghum that is not overcooked so that it will be strong and dark colored, or, undercooked so that it will ferment, is a task that requires skill and experience. If you think a woman baking an angel food cake is a crank about the temperature of her oven, you should meet a sorghum cooker. He must have a very hot fire, yet it must always be under control, and he must have shades or degrees of heat at different parts of his big vat. It must be soft

wood and it must be dry wood and lots of it.

Cane for the best flavored sorghum must not be grown on rich ground or ground which has been fertilized—that gives it a strong, bitter flavor, and sometimes fertilized ground gives it a salty flavor. We don't wonder that young folks don't take to making sorghum if it means they have to strip it. This is one of the most tiresome jobs in the whole farm year. Just ask anyone who has ever stripped cane. He'll first start rubbing his arms and then likely tell you the ache isn't all out yet. Machinery has revolutionized most every other job on the farm but cane stripping. Even the old blind horse which used to trot his weary circle at the cane grinder has been retired for an engine! But stripping cane is still accomplished by using a sharpened lath and plenty of elbow grease. And no hit-and-miss work either. Each leaf must be cleanly hacked from the stalk else it would start heating when piled and be another way of ruining the flavor. Then the canes are cut close to the ground, piled and loaded into trucks and taken to the sorghum mill.

The canes are fed at just a certain speed into the mill, the rollers crush the stalks and a thin, pale greenish juice runs out and is piped to the evaporator. The evaporator I remember best was a series of ten boxes, one opening into the other with the openings staggered at either end of these boxes or cookers. The first box is much larger than any of the others and the thin juice starts boiling rapidly. When it reaches a rolling boil stage, skimming starts. A pie pan punched with nail holes and a long handle attached is the skimmer. As it cooks down, perhaps a half-inch of scum is removed and at just a certain stage, it is pushed with a wooden rake into the next box, where it cooks a little slower and so on to the last box, taking about a half-hour to make its way down the row of pans. In the last pan it boils up slowly and looks like a rich golden carpet of bubbles. From here it goes into the containers.

Sorghum today perhaps is used more for gingerbread than any other dish. So many folks now are using the ready-mixed packaged breads, cookies and cakes that that may be one reason home-cooks no longer need sorghum. On the other hand, there will be some old-timers who can't bear to think of fall coming without a jug of new-made sorghum—just like some of us will always want fresh cider in its season or wild greens in the spring.

One question I have never been able to find an answer to and that is why sorghum is spoken of as though plural. My old friend at the County Farm ended our discussion with: "Them molasses are hard to beat when you want something to pour over winter pancakes or spread on sody biscuits." When I asked him why it was "them molasses", he pondered and laughingly reminded me that lass was singular and if you wanted more lasses, he guessed it had just been shortened down to molasses and was plural.

## STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946.

Of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October, 1949.

STATE OF IOWA  
COUNTY OF PAGE

ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared S. W. Driftmier, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Managing editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Business manager, S. W. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

2. That the owner is:

Driftmier Publishing Company, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

M. H. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Lucile Driftmier Verner, Shenandoah, Iowa.

S. W. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

S. W. DRIFTMIER,  
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1949.

Dale Priest.

(My commission expires July 4, 1951.)

## GOD'S SUNSHINE

Never, once, since the world began,  
Has the sun ever once stopped shining.  
His face very often we could not see,  
And we grumbled at his inconstancy;  
But the clouds were really to blame,  
not he,  
For behind them, he was shining.

And so, behind life's darkest clouds,  
God's love is always shining,  
We veil it at times with our faithless  
fears,  
And darken our sight with our foolish  
tears,  
But in time the atmosphere always  
clears  
For His love is always shining.  
—John Oxenham.

## LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

It seems just yesterday that I last wrote to you, but a glance at my calendar shows just how long it has been. This has been a wonderful month for us. Have you ever heard of people rejoicing over an automobile accident? Well, that is exactly what we are doing. Betty and our little Mary Leanna were in a very severe accident while returning from the beach one beautiful afternoon. It was a head-on collision and both cars were completely wrecked, but thanks be to God no one was critically injured. Betty was quite badly cut and bruised, but we are so happy that she wasn't killed! Mary Leanna was saved from serious injuries because at the time of the accident she was down on the floor of the car. Had she been riding standing up in the front seat as she usually does, the results might have been most terrible. Yes indeed, we are most happy about the accident, for it could have been a hundred times worse.

I am writing this letter from the study in our new home. Since you last heard from me we have moved to the campus of The Choate School at Wallingford, Connecticut. Our home is the first floor of a large three-story house set back between trees and completely surrounded at close quarters by other campus homes. Fourteen boys will be living on the two floors above us. The first floor that we occupy consists of a large entrance hall with a fireplace, a study, a big living room (another fireplace here), a large bedroom, a bath, a baby's bedroom, a utility room, a small dining room, and a kitchen.

When we left Honolulu we sold all of our furniture because of the high cost of shipping it to the mainland, and it is a good thing we did for Honolulu is still tied up in a shipping strike. We now have 16 barrels of things such as bedding, dishes, pots and pans, books, curtains, etc. etc. still standing in a Honolulu warehouse waiting for shipment. We certainly could use some of those things right now. The first day we moved into our house we had a good laugh. We had bought furniture for all the rooms except the dining room. Betty prepared a good supper on our new stove and we got all set to eat it only to discover that we had no table from which to eat it and no chairs to sit on while we ate it! In the excitement of getting settled we'd completely forgotten about the lack of dining room furniture. It ended with our eating supper buffet style by taking our dishes into the living room.

Betty has been working all week long on the new drapes for my study. They are brown and are covered with scenes depicting hunting, fishing, and other masculine sports. They go very well with my fishing rods and sporting pictures. I have another study in the chapel which, of course, is decorated in a religious motif.

Of all the new things that we have bought for our home, I think that the



At first glance it looks as though Mary Leanna had on some sort of Indian outfit, but in reality that is a pair of silk Chinese pajamas with a matching head band. Youngsters who've lived in Hawaii generally have one pair of such pajamas, and the brilliant colors and unusual cut make a charming garment.

one item that pleases us most is our new refrigerator. It has two doors. The top door opens into a large deep-freeze unit, and the lower door opens into the food compartment. Right now the deep-freeze unit is filled with ice cream. All of the ice cream that we ate in Hawaii was of an inferior quality, and now that we can buy good ice cream, we just can't seem to get enough of it. It is a lot of fun to fix up a house and this is the third time we've done it. Our first experience was in Bermuda, then in Hawaii, and now here in Connecticut. If any of you happen to be passing through Wallingford, we would be delighted to have you stop and see us.

Many of you reading this letter have probably never heard of The Choate School where I am now the Chaplain. It is a private preparatory school which takes boys from the seventh through the twelfth grade. The underlying purpose of the school is to prove that the life of a family and the life of a school may be effectively combined; that a boy while gaining the benefits that a school must first of all provide — spiritual leadership, efficient teaching, manly discipline, systematic exercise, and association with boys of purpose — need not lose the intimate, personal influence that should characterize his home. Choate differs from many private schools in that it is arranged on the cottage plan, the boys being divided among different houses, where each group of boys lives intimately with one or more masters. The association of boys with older men in this home-like way leads to the development of intellectual interests and moral purpose, as well as to mutual friendliness and sympathy.

At Choate religious instruction and influences are positive and whole-

some, and of such a nature as to inspire respect for all that is sacred. The effort of the School is constant and unsparing to implant and strengthen in the boys' minds high motives of action which shall permanently control their lives. The School Chapel is the centre of the religious life; it gives practical daily help, and symbolizes forever the best for which a School can stand. On Sunday afternoon there is a service for the whole School conducted either by the Headmaster or by a visiting clergyman — the School's work and situation enabling it to secure some of the greatest preachers.

At a time when many schools in America are doing away with all religious emphasis I am proud to be associated with a school that places spiritual values before everything else. I feel that our world today needs something more than educated minds. It needs Christian hearts. Our world needs something more than men of learning. It needs men who have learned to open their hearts to the needs of humanity. There has been in the past and there is now too much science controlled by cynical and unbelieving intelligence. Now there must be more and greater science controlled by faith and love. The world needs something more than nice people who know how to dress, the polite things to say, the best books to read. It needs real men of strong moral character and high ethical standards. I have accepted the position of Chaplain of Choate School because I am convinced that it is a school which not only teaches a student what his duty is, but helps him to find through a love of Christ the power to perform his duty when he sees it. As a minister of the Christian Church I could not afford to give any part of my life to an institution that did not put Christ before everything else.

The thing that I like most about being a school chaplain is working with boys of all faiths and denominations. Because I have always been a chaplain and never a church pastor, I find it very difficult to think in terms of denomination. When a person asks me to what church I belong, I actually have to stop and think for a moment. Because I believe that each person should belong to the church that best fits his needs and does the most for his spiritual life, I am just as anxious for a boy to join one church as another. I want every boy under my care and leadership to think of me as his personal Chaplain no matter to what church he belongs.

Very sincerely, Frederick

## COVER PICTURE

When it came time to stuff the turkey I was acting as baby-sitter for Martin and Emily, so I just took them right into the kitchen with me. Emily was happy in her highchair for a little while, but finally she realized that she was missing out on a lot of fun and had to be picked up. Martin was on a chair by my elbow through the whole job and had a wonderful time. —Leanna.



## "Recipes Tested

in the

### Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

#### HOLIDAY APPLE PIE

1 1/4 cups brown sugar  
2 Tbls. flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 tsp. nutmeg  
1 tsp. vinegar  
2/3 cup apple juice or water  
2 Tbls. butter  
5 cups apples, finely diced  
1/3 cup Brazil nuts, thinly sliced and toasted

Mix brown sugar, flour, salt and spices in saucepan. Add apple juice, vinegar, butter; cook over moderate heat until thickened, stirring occasionally. Cool; add apples. Turn into unbaked pastry shell (9-inch) and then flute edge. Sprinkle nuts across top. Put on top crust, brush with beaten egg white for beautiful brown when baked, and place in 400 degree oven for 45 minutes.

#### JELLIED CRANBERRY-ORANGE RELISH

2 cups cranberries  
1 orange  
1 cup sugar  
1 box lemon gelatine  
1 cup boiling water  
1/2 cup cold water

Put cranberries through food chopper. Quarter whole orange, remove seeds and put through chopper. Blend all with sugar. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water, add cold water and chill until slightly thickened. Add cranberry mixture, transfer to mold; chill until firm.

#### CRANBERRY SHERBET

4 cups cranberries  
2 3/4 cups water  
2 cups sugar  
1 Tbls. gelatine  
1/4 cup cold water  
1/3 cup lemon juice

Cook cranberries in water until all the skins pop open. Put through fine sieve and add sugar and gelatin, softened in cold water. Heat until dissolved, then cool and add lemon juice. Pour into tray and freeze until firm. Makes 1 quart.

#### CANADIAN PEA SOUP

1 1/2 cups dried split peas  
1 or 2 pounds ham bone  
1 medium onion sliced  
4 celery stalks  
3 slices lemon  
6 cups cold water  
Salt and pepper  
Wash peas and add the 6 cups of cold water and let stand overnight. Trim ham bone and place in kettle with peas and water. Add onion, chopped celery stalks and lemon slices. Cover. Bring to boil and then simmer on low heat for 3 or 4 hours. Season.

#### OLD-FASHIONED POTATO SOUP

8 slices bacon, diced  
4 medium potatoes, diced  
1 large onion, diced  
1/2 cup diced celery  
1 1/4 cups water  
3 cups milk  
1 Tbls. salt  
1/4 tsp. pepper  
2 Tbls. minced parsley

Combine diced vegetables and water. Cover and simmer 45 minutes or until done. Mash vegetables and return to the water in which they were cooked. Add milk, salt and pepper. Reheat. Cook bacon until crisp. Just before serving float parsley and crisp bacon on soup. 6 servings.

#### FERN'S FRUIT-NUT BREAD

1/2 cup dried apricots  
1 large orange  
Boiling water  
1/2 cup raisins (or dates or figs)  
1 tsp. soda  
2 cups flour  
1/4 tsp. salt  
2 tsp. baking powder  
1 cup sugar  
2 Tbls. butter  
1 tsp. butter  
1 tsp. vanilla  
1 beaten egg  
1/2 cup chopped English walnuts

Soak apricots for 1/2 hour. Squeeze juice from orange into a cup and fill cup with boiling water. Put apricots, orange rind and raisins through food chopper. Add orange juice and water. Stir in soda, sugar, melted butter and vanilla. Add beaten egg and remain-

ing dry ingredients sifted together. Add nuts. Bake in greased loaf pan at 350 degrees for one hour. Turn upside down on rack to cool. Better if sliced the following day, but will keep moist for a long time.

#### CHOCOLATE MACAROONS

1/2 cup melted butter or salad oil  
4 squares melted unsweetened chocolate  
2 cups sugar  
4 eggs  
2 tsp. vanilla  
2 cups flour  
2 tsp. baking powder

Combine shortening and chocolate and then cream well with sugar. Add eggs one at a time, and beat well after each addition. Add vanilla. Then add flour that has been sifted with baking powder. Chill well. Shape into small balls, roll in powdered sugar and bake on a greased cooky sheet for 12 to 15 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

#### COCOANUT PUFFS

3 egg whites  
2 1/2 tsp. cornstarch  
1 cup sugar  
Dash of salt  
1 1/2 cups shredded cocoanut  
1/2 tsp. vanilla  
1/4 tsp. almond flavoring

Put egg whites in top of double boiler and beat until stiff. Then mix cornstarch and sugar and add to egg whites, folding in gradually, about 1 Tbls. at a time. Place over hot water and cook, stirring constantly as the sugar will stick. Cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat and add cocoanut and flavoring. Drop by teaspoons on ungreased brown paper and bake in a 275 degree oven until a light straw color (about 25 minutes).

#### CRISP POPOVERS

2 eggs  
1 cup milk  
1 cup flour  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1 Tbls. melted butter

Beat eggs, without separating, until foamy. Add milk and combine with flour and salt, which have been sifted together. Beat just enough to mix thoroughly and then add the melted butter. Pour into individual custard cups well-greased and place in a hot oven (450 degrees) for 20 minutes. Then reduce heat to 350 degrees for 15 minutes. The lower temperature at the end of baking is essential as it dries out the hollow centers.

#### COUNTRY STYLE MEAT LOAF

1 lb. ground beef  
1/4 lb. salt pork  
1 1/2 tsp. salt  
1/8 tsp. pepper  
1 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard  
4 Tbls. chopped onion

1 beaten egg  
1/2 cup sour cream  
1/2 cup tomato juice  
1 cup dry bread crumbs  
Mix well. Save a few bread crumbs to scatter over the top and bake in a 350 degree oven for one hour.

## GLAZED YAMS IN CREAM

(Sweet potatoes can be used)  
 8 medium sized yams  
 2 cups granulated sugar  
 1 cup water  
 1/3 cup heavy cream  
 1 tsp. salt

Cook unpeeled yams or sweet potatoes in boiling water for 10 minutes. While these are cooking, put sugar and water in a large skillet and bring to a rolling boil. Then lower the heat and let it boil gently for 8 minutes. Drain potatoes, peel and cut in half lengthwise. Drop into syrup and continue cooking slowly for another 10 minutes. Turn frequently. Pour about half of syrup off, and then pour cream into a saucepan, add salt and heat. Add to the yams or potatoes and continue cooking until they have a slight glaze.

## TOP-OF-STOVE-SQUASH

3 acorn squash  
 1/2 cup water  
 1 large bay leaf  
 4 slices onion  
 2 Tbls. butter  
 Salt, pepper  
 1/2 cup applesauce

Wash squash but do not peel. Take out seeds and cut each squash in 4 crosswise slices. Put in a skillet with water, bay leaf and thin slices of onion. Cover and cook over low heat about 20 minutes or until tender when pierced with a fork. Turn up heat to evaporate water quickly and then add butter to skillet and brown squash on both sides. Add seasonings and serve hot with a tablespoon of applesauce in each ring.

## CRANBERRY-GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

1 envelope plain gelatin  
 1/4 cup cold water  
 1/2 cup boiling water  
 1 can jellied cranberry sauce  
 Section from 3 grapefruit  
 Blanched almonds

Soak gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes and then dissolve in hot water. Crush cranberry sauce with a fork, add hot gelatine and mix well. Chill until partially set. Then arrange grapefruit sections and almonds in the bottom of one large mold or 6 individual molds and cover with the cranberry mixture. This is delicious served with the meat, whatever it may be, on the Thanksgiving table. Mold should be turned out on crisp lettuce leaves and a bowl of tart dressing passed with it.

## LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

Every weekday morning at 11:00 A.M. we visit with you on the following stations:

KFNF—Shenandoah, Ia. — 920 on your dial.  
 KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo. — 680 on your dial.  
 KOWH—Omaha, Nebr. — 660 on your dial.

## CHICKEN TERAPIN

Make a white sauce of 1/4 cup butter, 1/2 cup flour, 1 3/4 cups of milk and salt to taste. Then add 1 1/4 cups of chicken broth and 1 1/2 to 2 cups of stewed chicken that has been cut in small pieces. Also add 1 can of mushrooms, 2 hard-boiled eggs, diced, and 1/2 of a small can of peas. Just before serving add 1/4 tsp. lemon juice. Serve over chop suey noodles, rice or in patty shells.

## LUCILE'S COFFEE CAKE

1/2 cup shortening  
 1 cup sugar  
 2 egg yolks  
 1 1/2 cups flour  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. baking powder  
 1/2 cup milk  
 2 beaten egg whites

Cream sugar and shortening. Add egg yolks and beat well. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Fold in beaten egg whites. Spread into an 8x8x2 Pyrex pan and cover with following topping: Blend 6 Tbls. flour, 1/4 cup brown sugar, 2 Tbls. butter and 1/2 tsp. baking powder. Sprinkle over cake. Bake in a 350 degree oven from 40 to 50 minutes.

## RAW APPLE SPICE CAKE

1 cup sugar  
 1/2 cup butter  
 2 eggs  
 1 tsp. cloves  
 1 tsp. cinnamon  
 1 tsp. soda  
 1/2 cup cold black coffee  
 1 1/2 cups sifted flour  
 1/2 cup raisins  
 1/4 cup nuts  
 1 cup raw chopped apples

Mix in order given and bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream. Apples should be tart.

## ORANGE BOWKNOTS

1 1/4 cups scalded milk  
 1/2 cup shortening  
 1/3 cup sugar  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1 cake of yeast  
 2 well-beaten eggs  
 1/4 cup orange juice  
 2 Tbls. grated orange rind  
 5 cups flour

Combine milk, shortening, sugar and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Soften yeast in this mixture. Add eggs, orange juice and rind. Beat thoroughly. Add flour. Mix to soft dough. Cover. Let stand 10 minutes. Knead on lightly floured surface. Place in greased bowl and let rise to double in bulk—about 2 hours. Punch down. Roll dough 1/2 inch thick and cut in 10-inch strips 1/2 inch wide. Tie in knot. Arrange on baking sheet and let rise to double in bulk. Bake for 15 minutes in a 400 degree oven. Spread with a mixture made by combining 2 Tbls. orange juice, 1 tsp. grated orange rind and 1 cup of powdered sugar. This will make 18 large bowknots. Wonderful to serve for luncheons.

# Edith Hansen Kitchen Club



## Some New Stations and New Times

In recent months my Kitchen Club program has added some new stations such as WLS, Chicago, WHO, Des Moines, KSAL, Salina, KFBI, Wichita, WDAF, Kansas City, KOWH, Omaha. A few old stations have changed time. Here is an up to date list for you.

WLS, CHICAGO, ILL.	890 kc, 10:15 - 10:30 a.m.
WTAD, QUINCY, ILL.	930 kc, 11:15 - 11:30 a.m.
WMT, CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.	600 kc, 10:45 - 11:00 a.m.
WHO, DES MOINES, IA.	1040 kc, 9:45 - 10:00 a.m.
KGLO, MASON CITY, IA.	1300 kc, 9:45 - 10:00 a.m.
KMA, SHENANDOAH, IA.	960 kc, 10:15 - 10:45 a.m.
KSAL, SALINA, KAS.	1150 kc, 11:00 - 11:15 a.m.
WIBW, TOPEKA, KAS.	580 kc, 10:45 - 11:00 a.m.
KFBI, WICHITA, KAS.	1070 kc, 9:45 - 10:00 a.m.
WTCN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.	1280 kc, 10:45 - 11:00 a.m.
KWOA, WORTHINGTON, MINN.	730 kc, 10:15 - 10:30 a.m.
WDAF, KANSAS CITY, MO.	610 kc, 8:15 - 8:30 a.m.
KWTO, SPRINGFIELD, MO.	560 kc, 10:15 - 10:30 a.m.
KMMJ, GRAND ISLAND, NEB.	750 kc, 9:45 - 10:00 a.m.
KOWH, OMAHA, NEBR.	660 kc, 10:45 - 11:00 a.m.
KFYR, BISMARCK, NO. DAK.	550 kc, 11:15 - 11:30 a.m.
WDAY, FARGO, NO. DAK.	970 kc, 11:15 - 11:30 a.m.
KOTA, RAPID CITY, SO. DAK.	1380 kc, 10:15 - 10:30 a.m.
WNAX, YANKTON, SO. DAK.	570 kc, 10:00 - 10:15 a.m.

## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello! Everyone:

Tonight there is a fierce old wind beating around the house and it makes me want to get close to the register and count my blessings. In this house I can just about say "register, singular," for we have only two—one great big hulk of a thing that sits smack in the middle of our living room floor as a great eyesore, and one in this combination bedroom-office that retires more gracefully in the area under my desk.

That monster in the living room is our mortal enemy. Through his black nose pours tons and tons of coal every winter—and in case you don't buy coal, it's not to be had for \$1.75 per ton. When the thermometer crashes down below zero we huddle around that monster with about the same results that our pioneer forefathers had from huddling around an open fireplace—uneven warmth is the result. Not only is this an inefficient way to heat a house, but all during the summer months we must look at REGISTER and mourn at what he represents financially.

By next summer we will have solved the appearance angle, if nothing else. Frank has given us a wonderful black Angus hide that we are having tanned and made into a rug. When there isn't a fire we can throw Black Angus over the register and forget about it. That takes care of the summer months, you see. There's no way to take care of the winter months except to change the heating system and for some curious reason we haven't gotten around to this. If any of you have put in new heating systems recently you have some idea as to why one doesn't jump up and reach for the telephone and say, "Do come and put in a gas furnace for us next week. We will need new pipes into the dining room, kitchen and bathroom for they are now without heat of any kind, but do come up and get started."

This concentration on furnaces, pipes, coal bills, etc., brings me around to the subject of your letters on budgets. I'm convinced that I never stumbled upon a more interesting subject to discuss with you friends than the subject of my letter in last month's issue. I suspected that people felt strongly about money, in general. Now I'm sure of this. At least I'm rid of one notion in my own mind and that was my impression that I was the only one who never got hand-me-downs that made a difference! According to your letters, I have a great deal of company. When it's all said and done, most of us have exactly the same kind of problems and tackle them in the same way . . . and hope for illumination on the subject. After the first of the year I want to be able to publish a letter or two that will provide illumination.

We've now settled down in the routine that we'll know fairly well for the next decade or so . . . I'm thinking ahead now over the years that Juliana will be in our local schools. As a rule we get up around six o'clock and get a grip on the day. About 8:15 I braid Juliana's hair and "fix" her up for school—about 8:35 she goes out the

door and down the street. From then until 10:30 I charge around as though a swarm of hornets hovered at my heels for there are always a thousand-and-one things that I hope to accomplish before Marge comes to get me and take me up to Mother's house for our daily radio visit with you folks.

About 11:45 I am back in my kitchen and busy getting on the noon meal. At 12:45 dinner is over, Juliana is on her road to school, and from then until 3:45, when she returns, I always have more lined up to do than I can possibly accomplish. The only reason I mention this is because I know that all of you with children in school figure about the same way—the only time you can actually depend upon lies between the moment of their departure and the moment of their return.

From time to time I meet people who make me feel that nothing is beyond the realm of reason if you really want it badly enough. For instance, during the Harvest Jubilee I met a woman who has four children, three of them in school. She keeps up an apartment, takes care of the four children, does all of her own laundry, etc., etc., and works an eight-hour shift on the maternity floor of an Omaha hospital. Nursing is mighty hard work. I've known many people who felt that an eight-hour shift of nursing was more than a full-time job. But to do that, plus all of the other things I've mentioned, is truly a miraculous feat. I didn't have an opportunity to get down to details with her but I did beg of her to write a letter and explain how she manages IF she ever has time. I'd like to read that letter!

Recently I've been going through a spell of trying to figure out what to eat! Now perhaps you never have those times. Perhaps you just have an endless combination of meals that never wear out and meal-time never finds you standing in the middle of the kitchen floor figuring: we can't have chipped beef gravy on toast today because we had it just day-before-yesterday. If I have mashed potatoes and creamed eggs this noon I can't have mashed potatoes again tonight with the pork chops. We had lettuce with French dressing yesterday—just can't have that again today. We can't have fried eggs again this noon—had them for breakfast this morning.

Do you ever have spells like that? You know, of course, that we're not supposed to have such spells—not if we're efficient, far-seeing, far-planning homemakers. Well, somehow or another I have those spells. And when they hit me I just stand in the middle of the floor completely addled and hope for an inspiration from some source. It must come, now that I think of it, for there's always a meal on the table and it's always eaten. But if I were pressed for an account of what made up that meal I'd be backed right into the corner.

We are hoping to get up to Lucas for a visit with Frank, Dorothy and Kristin in the very near future. Once before we made definite plans for seeing them but didn't get to make the trip. As a rule it's rain that

changes our plans, but that time it was what I now refer to as TOOTH. I put up with TOOTH (a fearful wisdom affair with three roots, all of them running at crazy angles) for six months rather than take action on it, and I would now like to pass on some advice to those of you who may possibly be cowards of my caliber when it comes to facing the dentist's chair with a bad session forecast: you go right ahead and get it done. Don't tarry. In the end it has to be done anyway and you might as well go and have it over.

Many people tried to tell me this. I knew it myself. Yet I could never summon up the courage that it took to make an appointment in Omaha and actually face battle with TOOTH. I am sorry now that I was such a coward for I lost most of the past summer just thinking about it and hoping against hope. I knew all of the time that eventually I would have to go—and I didn't go—not until it got to the place where I felt that it would be a relief to face the final conflict. From all of that experience I can only say that if one single person reads this and says firmly, "Tomorrow I will make the appointment" and carries through, that the words aren't written in vain. You can just think of me as the trail-blazer in this little matter. And I'm mighty happy that the trail has been blazed!

I've written this while Juliana had a quiet session with her glass animals, but now she is tired of marching them into their cage, two by two, so I must stop and make good on my promise to cut out a nightgown for Julie, her one doll who has been forced to go to bed every night in a dress. These days Juliana is sewing on my machine while I stand by, and the nightgown for Julie is our latest project. Needless to say, it is cut kimona style for I don't yet feel up to standing by while sleeves are set in!

Do get in your letters about your financial problems before the first of December. And if you're in doubt as to what this is all about, just read my letter in the October number.

Always . . . Lucile.

## FORTUNE

Fortune came and loudly knocked  
At my door, with cheery hail;  
But alas for Fortune's labors,  
I was over at my neighbor's

Pouring out a hard luck tale!

PHOTOGRAPHIC  
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## A THANKSGIVING PLAYLET FOR CHILDREN

By Myrtle E. Felkner

### Characters:

Two small boys, Ted and Jerry; Father Time; Two Pilgrim children, Patience and John; Pilgrim mother and father; Indians, Pilgrims.

Scene: Ted and Jerry sit at table at stage left. They may be building a model plane, whittling, or engaged in any other small boys' occupation.

Ted: "Boy, I can hardly wait until tomorrow!"

Jerry: "Why tomorrow? Is something going to happen?" (Father Time enters, unseen by Ted and Jerry. He is dressed in traditional garment and holds a scythe. Stands at center back stage and listens.)

Ted: "Why, sure something's going to happen. Don't you remember, that's Thanksgiving! We're going to have a big dinner for all the family . . . even going to have a turkey. I helped Dad pick it out last night down at the market. What are you going to have at your house?"

Jerry: "Oh, same old thing, I guess. We don't pay much attention to Thanksgiving. Dad says we don't have anything that everybody else hasn't got. So what is there to be thankful for?"

Ted: "I guess we don't think much about being thankful, either. As a matter of fact, maybe it's just an excuse to eat more that day. That's one time a fellow can have three or four pieces of pie if he wants it, anyway."

Jerry: "My Dad says the world's in such a mess, it's kind of silly to sit around counting your blessings. I guess Thanksgiving is just a day to eat, all right, and maybe see a football game."

Ted: "Well, I'm glad my Mom still cooks a big dinner. She says that what she's most thankful for is that there's always a lot of help with the dishes afterwards. Say! She's baking cookies right now. Why don't we ask her for some, and some milk, too."

Jerry: "That sounds swell. We can finish this later."

Ted: "Come on, then." (Boys exit right, do not see Father Time.)

Father Time: (hobbling forward and speaking crossly) "Humph! Nothing to be thankful for, indeed! The world's in a mess, is it? And Thanksgiving means nothing to these boys but stuffing themselves with turkey and seeing a football game! It's about time I took a hand in this affair. Yessir, I believe I'll turn back a couple of centuries and show these modern youngsters just what this day really means." (Lifts hand to mouth and calls . . .) "Patience! John!" (Patience and John, dressed as Pilgrim children, enter left. Patience carries a small basket, John a bow and arrow.)

John: "Hello, Father Time. Did you call us?"

Father Time: "Yes, indeed. I need your help. There's a boy just your



This fall Emily was old enough to get out the yard in her stroller while Julianne and her playmates raked leaves to build houses. Shortly after this was taken she was allowed to sit in a big pile of leaves and have a good time.

age living in this house. I overheard a conversation between him and his friend, and they don't have the faintest idea of the true meaning of Thanksgiving. I want you and Patience to help me teach them what the day really means."

Patience: "Gladly, Father Time! What are we to do?"

Father Time: "I am going to take these boys into the Past with us. They will be your guests at the very first Thanksgiving dinner. Surely when they see the humble blessings for which you were so grateful, they will be overwhelmed at their own good fortune. Now, then, here they come!" (Enter Ted and Jerry from right. They stop short at the sight of Father Time.)

Ted: "Golly, who are you?"

Father Time: "I am Father Time. I heard you boys talking about Thanksgiving, so I have brought Patience and John to explain the old custom to you. They are going to take you into the Past with them."

Ted: "That's very nice of you, but Jerry and I know all about Thanksgiving, don't we, Jerry?"

Jerry: "Sure!"

Patience: "Come with us, anyway. It will be fun, and think what a wonderful story you will have to tell tomorrow to your family!"

Ted: "Let's go, Jerry."

Jerry: "I'm willing. Let's go!" (Children exit right. Stage lights grow dim, Father Time moves to center back stage to stand facing audience. Pilgrims and Indians enter, carrying fowl, corn, gourds, pumpkins, etc. which they place on table. Number of pilgrims and Indians may vary from four to ten, thus enabling more youngsters to have a part in the play. Indians squat on floor, some converse with Pilgrim fathers at back stage. Pilgrim women busy themselves at table.)

Pilgrim mother: "Everything is

ready now for the Feast. I do hope Patience and John hurry back."

Pilgrim father: "Where have they gone?"

Pilgrim mother: "One of the Indians gave John a bow and some arrows. He has gone to get another wild turkey. Patience went with him, taking a basket to gather some nuts. Look, here they come now. Who are those strange children with them? How oddly they dress! (Enter John and Patience, Ted and Jerry left.)

John: "Look, Mother, we have brought guests to the feast! They are friends of Father Time."

Pilgrim mother: "You are welcome! We are about to hold a feast expressing our gratitude to God for a bountiful harvest. We have been greatly blessed this year."

Ted: (Looking at table.) "But where is the food?"

Pilgrim mother: "It is all here! See, the men have brought wild turkey, and the Indians brought corn. I, myself, raised these pumpkins."

Jerry: "Don't you have any pie or cake? I thought all feasts had pie or cake."

Pilgrim mother: "We do! See, here is a loaf of sweet nut bread. Flour is so precious I could spare little, but we'll each have a taste anyway." (Ted and Jerry look at each other incredulously. Pilgrim mother busies herself at table with others.)

Patience: (turning to Ted and Jerry) "Mother is thrilled to have so much food on hand. Last year there was very, very little to eat. It was a hard winter and many of our people died. That's why our elders set aside this day to celebrate the good harvest with our Indian friends and to give thanks to God for our good fortune."

Ted: (turning to Jerry) "You know, this makes me feel pretty foolish. I never thought of being thankful for just plain, everyday food."

Jerry: "Yes, and I was thinking about the world being in too big a mess to spend time counting our blessings. I guess we have a pretty soft world compared to what these folks had."

Ted: "I guess there's a lot more to Thanksgiving than turkey and football games, all right."

Father Time: (moving forward) "It is time to step back into the Present, lads. You have learned a lesson today, and don't you forget it. Even the ordinary, simple things in life are deserving of heartfelt gratitude. I hope that this year you and your friends will make Thanksgiving day a day for giving thanks." (Father Time takes boys by arms and all three exit left. Curtain.)

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Shenandoah, Iowa

## THANKSGIVING—BY THE FAMILY

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Thanksgiving Day in America, besides being a day of giving thanks for our many blessings, has come to mean a time of family gatherings and a day of feasting. No doubt Mother will take over most of the responsibility for planning and preparing the meal, but the rest of the family may take over from there and be a real help.

Most tables will be too heavily laden with food to permit an elaborate centerpiece. A wooden bowl filled with fruit and brightened with autumn leaves and bittersweet will look most appropriate and may be easily prepared by the children. Another centerpiece children would enjoy making would be a scene depicting the first Thanksgiving. Clothespin dolls could be dressed to represent Pilgrims and Indians. Tiny log cabins built from small sticks would look most realistic, and trees could be small branches of evergreen standing erect in bits of molding clay or in spools.

Turkeys and Thanksgiving are synonymous and there are various ways to make turkeys for table decorations. For the body you may select a plump prune, an oval shaped chocolate, a tiny pine cone or you may go modernistic and choose a colored marshmallow. The neck and head and fan-shaped tail may be made from brown construction paper. If you can find bright colored tiny feathers for the tail you will have a gay looking bird. Toothpicks will do very well for legs and may be stuck into colored gumdrops to make them more secure.

Children will like cranberry dolls too. String cranberries on the toothpicks for body, arms and legs. The head may be fashioned from a marshmallow or gumdrop. Cloves will make the eyes and nose and red hot will make the mouth.

If you use nut cups choose orange colored ones and add a brown bow, or you may select plain white and add bows of orange and brown.

If your water glasses are clear you might decorate them by making a small band of construction paper to fit around the glass. On each band paste a paper turkey or a pumpkin.

For favors here is something I think will appeal to the entire family and will be in keeping with the real spirit of the day. During the early years at Plymouth when the corn crop was especially meager, it is said that at the feast each person was given just five grains of corn and for these five grains he thanked God. It would be

a wonderful lesson of gratitude if you would select five grains of corn (use some red ones), put them in a cellophane bag tied with orange and brown ribbon and place one at each place to serve as favors. During the meal explain the story and ask each person to name his five greatest blessings of the year. When everyone begins enumerating his many blessings there will be a real spirit of thanksgiving around the table.

Place cards that are humorous will take some time to prepare but they will start the meal off in a jovial mood. Search the attic for old portraits of the family and clip a picture of each person to his place card. Perhaps you can find a baby picture of father with his long curls and a ruffly white dress. And what fun to see the styles when Aunt Madge was all dressed up in the "Flapper Days." You may have some trouble convincing Cousin Ann that her handsome Daddy was such a toothless freckled face lad, but it will be lots of fun for all and will recall many pleasant memories that families enjoy so much when they get together once a year.

Never forget the true meaning and purpose of the day and let the children offer their thanks, too. Prepare letters from construction paper and let the children offer this "THANKS ACROSTIC."

T—We thank Thee for THANKSGIVING DAY.  
H—For HANDS that help us work and play.  
A—Thank Thee for ALL blessings large and small.  
N—For NEIGHBORS kind who come to call.  
K—Thanks for KINDNESS shown each day.  
S—For God's dear SON. We humbly pray.  
AMEN!

After dinner everyone, of course, will be too stuffy to participate in any active games but you might have a few quiet ones ready.

For one game, see who can write twenty-five objects connected with Thanksgiving such as turkey, Pilgrim, feast, etc.

For another appropriate game have each person write the twelve letters in the word THANKSGIVING and then ask each to list something for which he is thankful beginning with each letter on the list.

Thanksgiving Scramble must be prepared ahead of time. You must write letters of the alphabet on small squares of paper. Have enough squares so that each player may have forty or fifty scrambled letters. See

who can spell the most Thanksgiving words. Score one point for each word and ten for each "Thanks" spelled.

Yes, Thanksgiving Day is a family day and the whole family will have fun preparing for the festivities.

## IF YOU SEW, READ THIS

"I noticed in your letter, Lucile, that you'd had great difficulty with the thread breaking. Now please don't blame "the poor thread" for all of the trouble for I've been a dressmaker some fifty odd years and consequently know most of the common causes for thread breaking.

"First, the majority of people DO NOT OIL the machine enough, especially the shuttle race, and allow lint to collect there and around the feed. Keep all the lint wiped away, take out the bobbin, put a few drops of a good fine machine oil in the shuttle race. Wipe it out and sew a few inches on a scrap—then there'll be no trouble with oil on the work.

Do this often even if you don't sew much for it will always pay to oil and wipe away all lint before you begin. Occasionally give the whole machine a thorough cleaning and oiling. Oil seems to evaporate or dry up, and wiping away all surplus makes it necessary to oil shuttle race so much.

Be sure the needle is set exactly true and not the least bit bent. A good way to hold the needle while tightening the set screw is by putting a sewing needle through the eye. I can hold it that way firmer than with pincers or my fingers. Easing the upper tension will help. However, be careful not too much so that loops show on the underside of the work.

Be sure your spool turns easily on the spindle. Take off labels as sometimes they catch enough to cause uneven unwinding. If you have the kind that holds spool from the top, be sure it is pushed clear down so the spool is straight.

In hand sewing, always knot the end of the thread you break from the spool. In using the thread double, pull thread to the ends a time or two between thumb and finger before knotting. This strips out some kinks.

These are all very simple things that many people do, but I often find people who have never heard of simple tricks which help. True, thread today, especially mercerized, is not too good, especially for hand sewing. And in machine sewing some goods seems to wear it out. But I have named the worst offenders, and lack of oil is the biggest source of trouble.—Flossie M. Tong.

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## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "Isn't it considered the accepted thing to invite the minister's wife to a wedding dinner when he has performed the ceremony? My brother's daughter was married last month and to my great surprise and embarrassment I found that our minister's wife was not invited to witness the ceremony or to eat dinner. This winter his other daughter is to be married, and if I'm right in thinking that the minister's wife should be invited, shouldn't I tell them as tactfully as possible?"—Ill.

ANS: By all means. As you said in another part of the letter, they felt that they didn't know the minister's wife since she'd only been in town three months, but of course she should have been included and I'd tell them tactfully—before the next wedding.

QUES: "My husband's father has a terrible habit of speaking very profanely, Leanna, and since he is here frequently to help with the farm work my children hear a great deal of it and are starting to pick up some of the phrases. Don't you think my husband should talk to him about it? He doesn't want to, but I certainly feel that someone should. My husband's mother is dead or I'd speak to her about it."—Kans.

ANS: Yes, someone should speak to him and it should be your husband. Have your husband tell him that the teachers at school have complained and that other parents object to such language. This should spur him on to action.

QUES: "We have one member of our Aid Society who is an artist at getting out of paying her share of anything. This winter we are to serve on the same committee for refreshments, with one other woman, and I'm wondering how to get her to take care of her share of the expense. Any ideas?"—Nebr.

ANS: Yes! When you plan the refreshments insist that she be the one to go down and buy supplies that will be used. If she balks, invent some really good excuse for your inability to go. Then you can pay your third of the bill. She will have had to pay the original amount so this will be once that she can't slip by.

QUES: "This may sound morbid, Leanna, but in the due course of time we're going to have a death in our family soon—my father has been an invalid several years and is growing continually worse. When that time comes I'm afraid there will be trouble since I don't feel that our three small children (they're all under seven) have any business at the funeral. My brothers and sisters are shocked and say that of course they should go. Do you feel that I'm right in thinking that they should not be sent?"—Ill.

ANS: I share your viewpoint whole-heartedly. Please have the courage to stand up for your convictions. Children that age cannot understand what they see at a funeral and it troubles them deeply.

QUES: "Our boy is nine years old and my husband wants to get him a pony for his birthday. I hardly think this is safe in town where there is so much traffic and I'm against the whole idea. Do you think this is a foolish attitude? My husband says that it is."—Mo.

ANS: I'm afraid that your husband is right. A well-trained pony is safe enough and your boy doesn't need to ride him down Main street and probably wouldn't even if nothing were said about it. If you can afford a pony by all means get it and give your boy some wonderfully happy childhood memories.

QUES: "Ten years ago when my father died, my mother came to make her home with me. I have four brothers and sisters but she didn't want to live with any of them. Now I have five lively children and as they grow older they get on her nerves terribly since she is now in poor health and cannot get out at all. Our home has become such an unhappy place that I feel something simply must be done. Wouldn't I be justified now in flatly insisting that she spend some time with the other members of the family—they're not eager to have her and she doesn't want to go, but I feel that my children and husband are entitled to a little peace."—Nebr.

ANS: Indeed they are! Such selfishness, both on your mother's part and on the part of your brothers and sisters, will have to be met firmly and quietly. Just make arrangements immediately with one of the others, tell your mother the plans, and carry them through. If you were an only child it would be a different situation, but with a family of that size I fail to see why you should continue to carry the burden alone after ten years.

QUES: "After a tragically unfortunate first marriage my son divorced his wife and won full custody of his little boy who was then two years old. I took the little boy and he was happy with his grandfather and me for five years. About a year ago my son remarried and took the child to live in his new home, but the step-mother dislikes him so intensely that the child is miserable and actually in poor health as a result. We'd love to have him again, and my son feels that it's the only solution (his wife agrees!) but I don't want to step in and take him away unless I am positive that it's the thing to do. Can you give me any advice?"—Missouri.



My sister, Helen Field Fischer and her husband, Fred are enjoying the last days of late summer in their garden. All through the years it has meant so much to me to have them just down the street a short distance, and through the warm weather Mart and I go down at least once a week to sit in the garden with them and have a good visit. Their home has many associations for me because my parents first lived there when they moved in from the country.

ANS: No, I'm sorry but I can't. You must realize that you and your husband are getting on in years and that the chances are you won't be here when he is adolescent and badly in need of security. If he stays with his father he will have him to cling to at that time. On the other hand, I realize how hard it is to see the child in such a condition. Can't you talk to your minister frankly and get the opinion of someone who knows your son and his wife? Perhaps if the right person talked to her she could see her errors and improve.

QUES: "Do you believe in long engagements, Leanna? Five years ago I met a fine young man who asked me, after about six months, to marry him. He is buying his own farm and I have been teaching for the last seven years. Frankly, I'd like to marry before any more years get away from us, but he insists that he accumulate more machinery, livestock, get more paid on the farm, etc. I've offered to continue to teach after we're married but he won't hear to it. What am I to do—continue like this indefinitely or force the issue?"—Minn.

ANS: It's dynamite to say do this-or-that in such a case, for what if I urged you to "have it out" with him and he left you for good? No, the best course of action I can think of is merely to tell you that most young men who really wish to marry certainly don't let so many, many obstacles stand in their path. You can force the issue if you like, but I truly believe that this will break up your engagement. However, you're not finding opportunities to marry anyone else under such circumstances, so you'll have to weigh one against the other.

#### BE CONTENT

Take what God gives, O heart of mine!  
And build your house of happiness.  
Perchance some have been given more,  
But many have been given less.  
The treasure lying at your feet  
Whose value you but faintly guess,  
Another builder, looking on,  
Would barter heaven to possess.



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**HANKIES**, assorted crocheted edgings, 3 for \$1.25. Crocheted baby bibs, 2 for \$1. Ruffled pineapple doily 14-in, \$2. Also other crocheting. Order for Christmas gifts. Mrs. Anna Mueller, Earling, Ia.

**FOR SALE**: Embroidered pillow cases \$2.80 pr. Doilies \$1.50 to \$2.25. Any color. Mrs. F. P. Trachta, Havana, N. Dak.

**12-IN RUFFLE DOILY**. White, variegated pink, blue, yellow, green or lavender, \$2. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Ia.

**FOR SALE**: Lady's Black Caracurl coat. Size 42, cheap. Box 361, Pawnee City, Nebr.

**POTHOLDERS**, 2 for 25¢. Mrs. N. Knight, 408 6th Ave., Grinnell, Ia.

**FOR SALE**: Union rug loom, floor model. Excellent condition, \$30.00. For details write Mrs. Alfred Winters, Rt. 1, Des Moines, Ia.

**CROCHETED GIFTS**: Handkerchiefs, fancy corner edge. Linen \$1, Cotton 50¢. Powder puffs 35¢. Pineapple doilies 17-in. \$2.50, 11-in. \$1. 8-in. 65¢. (White) Nut-cups, 30¢. Holders, (Dress or square) 50¢. Pineapple pocket for towel, 50¢. Irene Timmerman, Rt. 5, Decatur, Ill.

**GAY ELEPHANTS**, ten inch, white muslin blocks, painted, washable, 50¢ ea. Margaret Klocke, Dedham, Ia.

**FOR SALE**: Crocheted, Star Wheel tablecloth, white, \$35.00. Mrs. John Freerking, Denison, Ia.

**YARN DOLLS**, 7 inch, crocheted dress, hat, apron \$1. Crocheted yarn chicken pin-cushions, 35¢, 3 for \$1. Crocheted ruffled potholders, beautiful, 75¢. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Mo.

**CROCHETED PINEAPPLE DRESSER SCARFS**, 14x36, \$3. Pineapple davenport sets, 18x36 back \$5. Chair sets, 18x24 back \$4. White, or ecru. (42 in.) Pillow slip edgings, \$1 pr. Any color. Mrs. Violet Rhoades, Craig, Mo.

**ALL WOOL HAND CROCHETED ARTICLES FOR INFANTS**. 3 pc. sweater sets, fancy \$3.25. Carriage robes, \$5. Booties, 50¢. Bibs, 75¢. Write. Kathryn Botner, Green Hall, Ky.

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**FOR SALE**: Fitted print aprons, \$1; trimmed \$1.25. State color, size. Mrs. Henry Scheffler, Rt. 1, Box 127, Persia, Ia.

**CUSTOM SEWING WANTED**: Mrs. Clayton McBride, Rt. 2, Atchison, Kans.

**STATIONERY SPECIAL**—24 sheets and 24 envelopes, all printed with any name and address, \$1 postpaid. Wonderful present for relative or friend. FREE gift with each order. 16 Christmas cards, \$1. Midwest Stationery, 9-B, 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kans.

**PILLOW CASES**, crocheted rose design. State color \$5. Mrs. Frank Laessig, 322 So. Oakdale, Salina, Kans.

**PRETTY PRINT COVERALL APRONS**. Small, medium, \$1. Large, \$1.25. Childrens aprons 50¢. Fern Walk, Grafton, Ia.

**CROCHETED COFFEE-TABLE DOILIES**, oval pineapple 22x15, 24x15, 26x15, \$3. 30x15, 33x15, 26x26, \$4. 36x15, 38x15, 40x15, \$5. White. Butterfly Chair Set, \$4. Two sets, \$7. Davenport set to match \$6. White, ecru. Tablecloths 66x88 - Clusters-fan with buffet set, white, \$50.00 ea. Beauties postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

**HEALTH BOOKLET** (Revised 1949) Nurse's viewpoint. Overweight, arthritis, allergy-food sensitiveness, many health questions answered. Price 50¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer Shell Rock, Ia.

**FOR SALE**: Walnut meats. Write first, 60¢ lb. postpaid. Mrs. Wesley Gore, Logan, Ia.

**CROCHETED TABLECLOTH**, 65x77, Ecru, \$50.00. Dorothy Berknes, Eagle Grove, Ia.

**"GUARANTEED TO PLEASE"**, gift for \$1. Something new, useful for women. Order one, you can make some too. Mamie Wilson, Inavale, Nebr.

**GLOXINIA LEAVES** for sale, 25¢ ea. Mrs. C. Luther Anderson, Holdrege, Nebr.

**FOR SALE**: Unwashed large feed sacks. Easily bleached 20¢ ea., plus postage. Mrs. Dan Sasse, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

**CROCHETED POTPOUDERS**, 4 for \$1. 15-in. doilies, \$1.25, white; 18-in. doilies, \$1.50 white. Buffet sets \$3. Pineapple chair sets \$3. Ad good any time. Mrs. W. C. Dryger, Yale, Ia.

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## A BIRTHDAY TEA WILL BOOST YOUR AID TREASURY

By Mabel Nair Brown

### PART II

**JULY:** The Fourth of July, of course, calls for small flags waving at each place. These are virtually a necessity regardless of what else is used on the table. At our tea a very clever swimming pool was the centerpiece. It was made by using an oblong flower dish, although any flat pan would do as well, and covering the edges with cardboard. Bluing added to the water gave it that really-truly look, and tiny dolls were arranged in the water, on the pool's edge, etc., to give it a most realistic look.

The family picnic theme could be used with a cardboard picnic hamper as a centerpiece. This should be surrounded by the familiar picnic collection such as camera, sun-glasses, first-aid kit, etc. A marshmallow stuck on a tiny weiner roasting stick might be the favor, or a small jar of mosquito "dope"!

**AUGUST:** "Circus Day" with Merry-Go-Round centerpiece. Small plastic trapeze units, etc., from the Five and Ten, as well as circus animals, will add to this setting. Circus doll characters might be favors, or set animal crackers in a dab of icing on a graham cracker to get a circus parade around the table. There are endless possibilities if you use the Circus theme, and it should be one of the easiest of all tables to fix.

"Hobo" days would also make a good August theme in case the Circus idea has already been used. The centerpiece could be made by using red paper, a concealed flashlight, stacks of twigs and perhaps small pieces of kindling to make a realistic fire. At each place there could be bandana pokes on sticks, and small tin cans of soup could be given as favors. If possible, try and find some small blackened utensils to place around the bonfire centerpiece.

**SEPTEMBER:** School days will probably be the theme for this table. Clever toy plastic desks can be purchased at the Five and Ten, and an arrangement of these in miniature school room fashion would be most attractive. Tiny bouquets of flowers and tiny books can be on the desks, while small slates and a piece of chalk make nice favors. Goldenrod is the classic flower to use with such a theme, and don't overlook the possibility of using miniature lunch pails in some way.

**OCTOBER:** This month suggests Hallowe'en of course, with Jack-O-Lanterns, witches, owls and cats galore—oh yes, and ghosts! A big Jack-O-Lantern pumpkin centerpiece is

perennially effective, and black construction paper witches riding around it add a great deal. If this has been used in the past, consider fixing up an apple-bobbing scene. A kettle that has had its sides concealed with corn husks can be filled with water in which little red thornberries float. Prop small figures along the sides as though they were getting ready to bob for the apples.

**October** is harvest time too, so perhaps you can feature a small wagon filled with garden stuff, or ears of vari-colored corn surrounded by tiny pumpkins, squash, a few short corn stalks or brilliantly colored leaves.

**NOVEMBER:** It's doubtful that one could find a more beautiful centerpiece than a lovely bowl filled with fruits and vegetables. One perfect specimen of fruit could be used at each place. Clothespin dolls dressed to represent Puritan characters are not too hard to make, and when arranged around a tiny ship model that carries a small flag bearing the name "Mayflower", a really eye-catching. Sugar cookies cut in the shape of turkeys and iced realistically would make cute favors.

If your community is particularly football conscious the football motif might well be used for this table. A miniature playing field might serve as the centerpiece, and a dainty corsage of cushion mums in the colors of the local school would be attractive at each place. A "Harvest Home" theme is also effective for November, and for this a tiny church centerpiece could be used with small dolls arranged in such a way that they seem to be walking up to the church.

**DECEMBER:** Only Christmas can be the theme for this month. At the tea I attended the centerpiece was a huge cardboard roof top, cotton-snow covered and complete with chimney towards which Santa was driving his sleigh and eight reindeer. Miniature Santas were place favors. Anything Christmasy will go here—Christmas tree, Christmas toys, decorated cookies, fireplace scene . . . there are endless possibilities for this table and if December is the month for which you're responsible, count yourself lucky.

The program need not be long but make it varied and have some humorous touches. Music, group singing, talks by special guests, skits . . . any of these mixed up in the fun proportion will give you just what you want to put your guests at ease and to help get the visiting started. You'll rate the fellowship at such an affair of far more value than the financial boost to the budget, I'm sure.

## THANKFUL FOR LITTLE THINGS

Be thankful for the little things  
That always come your way.  
For little things to large things  
Maybe, will grow some day.  
Don't throw away the roses  
Because you feel a thorn.  
Remember it's the darkest night  
Before the brightest dawn.

—Anon.

## A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

For what we have, though small it be,  
We thank thee, Lord.  
For the simple joys of serenity,  
We thank thee, Lord.  
For the gentle touch of the friendly  
hand  
Of those who love and understand,  
We thank thee, Lord.

Of all thy gifts the greatest three  
Are friendship, love and fidelity.  
Let others pray for the harvest's  
yields,

For the golden grains of the fruitful  
fields,  
Humbly our prayer to thee we send  
That when we've reached our jour-  
ney's end,  
Someone may say, "Farewell, good  
friend."

—W. P. R.

## BECAUSE OF FRIENDS LIKE YOU

It's good to open up the door  
And find you standing there,  
For just to hear you say "hello"  
Can banish every care.  
And when you come inside the house  
You bring so much along,  
Companionship—a rousing smile  
That turns the hours to song.  
The conversation never lags  
And time just slides away  
Because there's much for you to tell,  
A lot for me to say.  
These visits give the heart a lift  
One can't afford to miss,  
And life is richer through the years  
Because of hours like this.  
So come as often as you can,  
There're dreams for us to share—  
It's good to open up the door  
And find you standing there.

—Selected.

## WE GIVE THANKS

For love of man for fellow man,  
For kindly words of cheer,  
For friendly lifts to burdened hearts  
When life is dark and drear.  
For faith that laughs at battles lost  
And closes up the ranks,  
For strength, and hope, and brother-  
hood—

O Lord, we give Thee thanks.

—Bernice Griffith

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