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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Price 10 cents



Vol. 15

NOVEMBER, 1950

Number 11

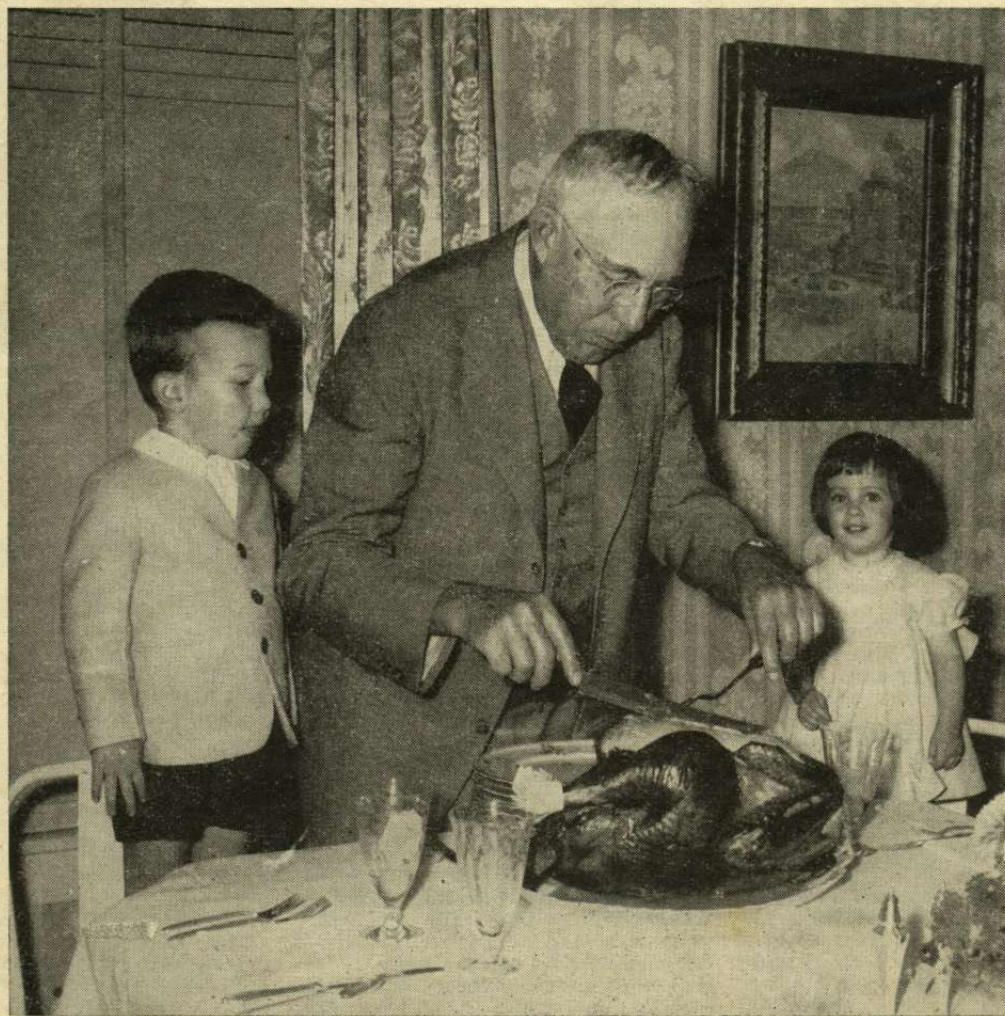


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LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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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:

This is a rainy autumn night when it seems good to have everyone at home in a nice warm house. I think we generally feel this way when the first definite signs of approaching winter begin to appear. I always want to have some apples on the table, a bowl of popcorn, a good book or magazine at hand, and all of the family accounted for. Then it can rain away and I won't care. My sister Martha is here with us this evening, and I told her a while ago that I wouldn't join her with my handwork until I'd written this letter to you, so she will read until I've finished my visit.

At this time we still do not know when Wayne will be called back to the Army or where he will be sent. When I wrote last month I fully expected this news to come before the magazine went to press so that I could mention it as a postscript, but although several weeks have passed since then we still don't know. It's not up to us to ask the whys-or-wherefores of such things, so we're just going along grateful for each day that we're permitted to continue in our usual routine.

My sister Jessie Shambaugh called this morning to tell us that her son Bill has received his orders to report to Fort Lewis, Washington, in twenty-one days. Bill had settled down in Des Moines where he was studying to be an accountant and nearing his final examination, but this changes everything for him, of course. It may be that Ella and their two children, Joseph and little Cinda Lou, can join him if he can find any kind of housing for them. Bill served in the army during World War II, so army routine won't be anything new to him.

Frederick sent quite a big batch of pictures of David Lloyd and we selected the best one to use this month. It's hard to get a clear idea from pictures, but as we looked at them we thought that we saw quite a resemblance to Mary Leanna's first baby pictures. We'll be so happy when we can see him in person, although I haven't any idea as to when this will be. Rhode Island is quite some distance from Iowa and with things as they are we have to think twice before starting on such a trip.

Donald's work at Rapid City keeps him so busy that we don't get many

letters from him. There seems to be almost no time for relaxation of any kind, but we were all amused when he wrote that on two different occasions he'd left his work long enough to give the men at his quarters a ukelele concert. He had that ukelele at home with him on his last visit and we laughed until we cried at the unearthly noise he got out of it, so if the people around him asked for a concert they must have been desperate for entertainment.

We haven't yet gotten to make a fall trip up to Lucas nor has Dorothy been able to get down here. After a crowded week of teaching school she needs her Saturdays to get caught up on housework, laundry, etc., and the day isn't half long enough for she must always go into Chariton to pick up mail at the County Superintendent's office, take Kristin for her piano lesson, and many other different things. This just about does away with the possibility of coming down here for the weekend unless something extra-special comes up such as a family dinner before Wayne's departure or an unexpected visit from relatives we haven't seen for a long time.

You'll no doubt notice in Emily's picture this month that she has gotten to look much older. She was here for a while today and I had to laugh when she ran to meet her mother and said, "Abbey!" All youngsters go through the stage of calling their mother by her first name when they are just beginning to talk fluently, and since Emily is small for her age it sounds very funny. When Martin first began to talk he discovered that he could say "Mamma" several times without getting a response, but when he said "Margery" clearly and emphatically he always got prompt attention. Most of the time he and Emily play together quite well although someone must be close at hand to jump in when trouble starts.

Emily will be two years old on November 4th and Abigail plans to have the neighborhood children come in for ice cream and a birthday cake after school is out. They are all such nice children and have enjoyed playing with Emily since she was first able to toddle around outside. These fall afternoons when the high school band has rehearsed between four and five you can see all of those youngsters, Emily included, lined up in a row

along the parking while they watch everything that goes on. Their homes are directly across the street from the school grounds.

This fall we've enjoyed some unusually nice Sundays. Martha or my sister Sue Conrad have been with us quite often and we all go to church together to enjoy the splendid sermons that have been presented. Then we all return to the house to put on dinner and this doesn't take long for much of the preparation was done on Saturday afternoon. When we have things cleared up and put away we get into the car and take a long drive to enjoy the beautiful countryside. There was so much rain in our section this summer that things stayed green far longer than usual, and all through September you might have thought that it was June. We don't drive fast or try to get anywhere in particular—just amble along on roads that aren't heavily traveled.

Margery plans to knit for her project this winter and Lucile is going to work on a couple of tablecloths that I believe she mentioned in her letter to you last month, so I've decided to make two quilts, one for Juliana and one for Kristin. They are both so fond of flowers that I think an appliqued flower quilt would really make a hit with them. I've looked through a number of patterns but haven't found just what I want, so if you can put your hand on a pattern and send it to me without going to anymore trouble than just tucking it in an envelope, I'll be glad to get it.

Both Lucile and Dorothy are training their girls to take care of household duties every day. They both make their beds every morning, pick up their clothes, set the table and clear it, wipe dishes, iron flat pieces, and cook simple things. I'm so glad to see this for I think every child should learn to do these things cheerfully and willingly—it makes a difference through their whole life.

Howard has been out of town quite a bit this fall on business and no one misses him more than Martin. He likes to take his bath in the evening while Howard shaves so they can have a "good visit", as Martin puts it, and if there's any stalling about getting into bed Howard can settle the matter quickly and effectively. If you have a three-year-old in the house you know how they hate to go to bed.

Edith Hansen's son, Don, is now home for good and is certainly enjoying his mother's fine cooking after twenty months of hospital fare. I just now picked up the telephone to ask Edith if there was any news on her expected grandchild, but the answer was "no" so we'll have to wait until next month to tell you if she has a granddaughter or a grandson.

This must be all for now. We plan to be right here at home all winter so I hope that you'll take time to write a good long letter and let me catch up with activities at your house. I still look forward to the morning mail more than anything else during the day, and if you get off a reply to these letters I write to you, I'll be very happy.

Affectionately yours, Leanna.



# Come into the Garden

## IT'S TIME FOR GLOXINIAS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

November is the time to be getting Gloxinias ready for our windows. They make striking house plants with their rich velvety foliage and showy blossoms. Many colors are available ranging from pink to deep red, blue-lavender to rich purple, and also pure white. Some are solid color and others have a contrasting edge. There are spotted or mottled and veined varieties. Named kinds are on the market. The two types, the bell and the slipper type, vary mainly in the shape of the blossom. The latter has a smaller blossom similar in shape to a Foxglove blossom.

The tubers should be potted in a rich, loose soil with the top of the tuber barely covered with soil. The general advice is to use fairly large containers—tubers 1½ inches in diameter require a 5 inch pot. They will probably bloom better if repotted every year unless they are fed at regular intervals. The container must have excellent drainage. Water them thoroughly after repotting. They will then not require any more water until new growth starts. Let the new growth get a good start before watering regularly and then only when the soil surface feels dry to the touch of a finger. Overwatering causes bud-blasting and eventually the tuber will rot.

Give the plants plenty of strong direct light and they will not grow leggy unless the soil is lean. They appear happy in the same kind of conditions as African Violets require which means very little sunshine. However, I find that they do need more water. It will do no harm to water from the top but be careful not to get water on the leaves. Because we are warned about careless spilling of water on the leaves, some people get the idea that they should not have a bath. Spraying the plants now and then will keep the leaves clean and discourage insects. Be sure to use water a little above room temperature, preferably in the morning on a bright, sunny day. Let them dry thoroughly before replacing in the window.

If the tubers start growth in November they should be blooming by spring. Large tubers will produce many buds and will be in bloom for weeks. However, not all the tubers will start into growth at the same time and thus if one has a number of them, the blossoming period will spread over quite a period of time.

After the last blossoms have withered they should be watered less and less. When the tops commence to look yellow and unsightly they can be set aside for their rest period of 6 to 10 weeks. They will probably not require any watering during this inactive stage. The soil may get quite dry but it should not be bone dry for too long a time. The tubers might shrivel

and be unfit for repotting. If new growth commences before it seems time for repotting, they should be taken care of at once, repotted and watered and set in the window. Gloxinias are like humans—some require less resting than others.

Gloxinias may be propagated in much the same manner as their relative, the African Violet. Leaves root just as easily or seeds may be planted.

## WEEDS CAN BE BEAUTIFUL SOMETIMES

By Blanche Neal Shipley

For many years Mother was too busy rearing a family of six children to do any of the special hobby interests that were in her heart and mind, but as we grew up and went out on our own, she had more time to give to those particular things. Then, too, she had less strength to do the strenuous tasks that had always been hers to do. Consequently, for a few years she has experimented with her ideas and has turned out some lovely products including stuffed toys, dolls, birds, animals, felt Easter baskets, felt corsages, rugs in beautiful designs, cushions, children's stories for her grandchildren, and many others just as interesting. Although Mother sold a few of these articles, most of them were used as gifts for her children and grandchildren.

Last fall as the trees and plants took on their usual autumnal dress and the various types of seed pods burst open to plant their seeds before winter snows, Mother cast a wary eye upon the scene and vowed to try her hand at something else she had always wanted to do. When she confided her desire to make winter bouquets from the common weeds and seed pods of this locality, I encouraged her to do it.

In spite of all our efforts to keep down obnoxious weeds, it is amazing what good luck Mother had in finding dried stems and pods for her work! Sharon Kay and Madelyn were her right-hand helpers in the business of gathering the necessary material, and so fervent were they in their self-solicited task that we could hardly pass a milkweed or a thistle on our way to town without their persistent begging to stop and get it for Grandma. Butterprint seed pods, hibiscus seed pods, old-fashioned rose hips, foxtail grass, buckbrush, the blue berries of the red cedar, gypsum pods, and some rather delicate weed, the name of which we did not know, were other sources of desirable materials.

Mother used the ordinary enamels for most of her painting—blue, pink, yellow, red, green, and white. Oftentimes she mixed white with a color to make it the proper shade. She



The day before Jean Alexander returned to her home in Claremont, Calif., she went out into her Grandmother Fischer's garden to have a number of pictures taken. At that time some of the beautiful Hostas were in bloom, and here you can get a glimpse of them.

used gold and silver paints, especially the silver aluminum, to give finishing touches to her bouquets. The results were beautiful.

In arranging the bouquets for sale, Mother selected not only harmonious colors that blended into a pleasing effect, but she also selected pods of related sizes.

One of the most beautiful bouquets in my estimation was one of cat-tails and iris leaves. The cat-tails were a little old so Mother soaked them full of varnish before she did any painting on them. Then she used a little gold paint to add glitter to the natural brown hues of the tails. In order to have some green for the finished bouquet, she chose some long iris leaves, supported them with fine wire, and painted them all over with green enamel. Perhaps it is needless to admonish that no further decorative weeds or flowers be added to such a bouquet. The cat-tail-iris arrangement is far more effective by itself.

Mother also made some lovely wreaths for cemeteries, using evergreens and various colored berries and small seed pods. She either painted the evergreens with green enamel, or with clear varnish or shellac to enhance their beauty and to preserve their color. One young mother requested that only pink, white, and silver be used with the evergreens for a wreath for the grave of her tiny baby girl. The result was a delicate, angel-like wreath that was most fitting and lovely. Only the smallest seed pods should be used on such a wreath.

Mother found, as she experimented with her weeds and brushes and paints, that one's ideas grow from experience, and if her health permits such work this fall, she plans to start her collection of weeds early and have several wreaths and bouquets ready for sale early in the autumn.

I have three chairs in my house: one for solitude, two for friendship, and three for society.—Thoreau.



## NOVEMBER IS FAMILY TIME

By Mabel Nair Brown

No matter how far away we roamed on vacation this year, no matter how busy a summer and harvest time we have had, when November comes all our thoughts are "homeward bound", so to speak. The very word *Thanksgiving* immediately calls to mind the home where our family gathered for the Thanksgiving get-togethers of our childhood. And let someone say "Harvest Home" and again our thoughts wing backward to the family seated together in the family pew of the old home church with heads bowed in humble thanks for an abundant harvest.

It is when the whole family has a "finger in the pie" that this traditional American family day takes on its true significance—homegrown food, home-made decorations, home enjoyed laughter, those are the things that make a *real* Thanksgiving! So, the following tips are offered in the hope they will help to make this season a memory-making time for you and yours.

Orange, brown, yellow, red, those are the gay autumn colors we want in our decorations. Had you thought of using a deep rich brown tablecloth instead of the traditional white linen? The dark cloth is a perfect foil for the polished fruits and vegetables of your centerpiece and for the sparkling silver and glassware.

Children and grown ups alike will appreciate "orange" favors. To make these, place several of the candy orange slices together so that the slices form a round "orange". Tie the orange around the center with a narrow green ribbon. One of these at each place would make pretty favors or they would work in well if placed in a circle around the table centerpiece. Grandmother's cake stand, by the way, makes a wonderful base upon which to heap your choice fruits, vegetables, novelty corn, etc., for the center of the table. Or if fruit cake is a specialty at your family dinner, let it reign in splendor on the cake plate in the center of the table, perhaps with some fruit heaped on a tray around the base of the plate. Fall leaves always give the table a colorful, festive air if placed here and there as though they had been wafted down by an autumn breeze. A good way to preserve these leaves for decorative purposes is to soak them overnight in a little water to which you have added a tablespoon of glycerine. Use a large shallow pan for this so the leaves can be laid out flat.

Perhaps you are one who enjoys something "different". If so, try a horn of plenty made from your favorite popcorn ball recipe. Grease your cone-shaped sieve and then mold the popcorn around it, shaping the tip into the desired shape with your fingers. When cool and firmly set, slip out the sieve, place the horn of plenty on a large tray and arrange fruits, etc., to "overflow" from it. Bright colored hard candies or those wrapped in pretty foil would combine nicely with the fruit and be something to give to



November is family time, as Mabel Nair Brown has suggested, but in this case August was family time for the Fields. In the front row are Aunt Jessie Shambaugh with Martin, Aunt Helen Fischer with Kristin, Mother is holding Emily and Juliana is beside her. Standing in the back row from left to right are Margery, Marie Field (Phillip's wife), Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, Aunt Bertha Field, Louise Fischer Alexander, Aunt Martha Eaton, Lucile, Abigail and Dorothy. Louise was here enroute to her home in Claremont, Calif., Gretchen flew down from Iowa City, and Marie spent a week with Aunt Bertha on her road from Honolulu to Washington, D. C.

the children at the table as a treat. The rim of the "horn" could be outlined with bright cranberries put in place with icing.

A wreath of large pinecones (wire the cones into a circle, tip end up, and then shellac and dust with bronzing powder, or leave cones in natural state, if preferred) makes a lovely table piece or buffet arrangement. Place one of the short "fat" orange colored candles in the center and tuck a few bittersweet berries among the cones. Some polished red apples would combine nicely with this wreath.

For those who like to use candles on the table, try using corn holders made by cutting the ear in two (the size of the candle will determine the height you will want the candle holder to be). I like to use these corn holders with the small old-fashioned twisted candles (such as we once used on the Christmas trees) for individual favors. Let each guest light his candle as he states one thing for which he is particularly thankful. If you think the candles might drop on the cloth, cut small circles of the aluminum foil and shape it up around the holder to catch the wax as it melts. You may have to smooth the bottom of the corn holder to make it stand firmly and not tip.

These candles and corn holders are also very effective on the tables for a Harvest Home supper. For such a supper large pumpkins, hollowed out, lined with waxed paper and filled with fruits, vegetables and gourds and spaced at intervals along the table with the corn candle holders between make a lovely orange-yellow color scheme. Add a few autumn leaves and black walnuts in the shell for added interest and color. Maybe you can find a toy squirrel to add a realistic touch!

For nutcups why not paint the dried milkweed pod with gold paint on the inside and orange enamel on the outside? Or make clever Mayflower boat combination nutcup and place card. Use the milkweed pod described above as the boat, with a tiny sail of white paper on a tooth pick. Glue to boat. Write guest's name on the sail. Fill with corn candies.

Perhaps one of the children at your family table can read Elder Brewster's message to the Pilgrims before you leave the dinner table. It reads like this. "Blessed will it be for us, blessed for this land, for this vast continent. Nay, from generation to generation, will the blessings descend. Generations to come will look back to this hour and these scenes of agonizing trial, to this day of small things, and say: 'Here was our beginning as a people. These were our forefathers. Through their trails we inherit our blessings. Their faith is our faith, their hope our hope, their God our God.' "

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## LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Here on the shores of Bristol Harbor there is no fog horn tonight. This is the kind of night we love to see but so seldom do. It is crystal clear, salty and sharp, and a bright moon is cutting a wide swath from here to Prudence Island. What a wonderful night this would be to go down on the rocks at Ferry Landing and fish for some of the big ones, but here I am sitting cozy and warm by the fire with a wreck of a typewriter on my knees, writing this letter to you. But don't think for a minute that I don't want to write it! I just wish that I had written it last night so that I could go fishing tonight.

As I write this letter my Betty is out in the kitchen doing the supper dishes. With a two months' old boy and a three year old girl in the house, we don't get through supper as early as we did a few years ago. Take tonight for example. Betty was just starting to make a fresh oyster stew—the oysters grew right here in our harbor—when the baby started to cry for his supper. I told Betty to take care of him while I finished preparing the stew. She was just coming back to the kitchen, and I was just ready to put the supper on the table, when Mary Leanna decided that she wanted to go to bed too. There was nothing to do but for Betty to go back up the stairs and take care of that little matter. Finally we sat down to eat the best—and the first—oyster stew I ever made.

I think that everyone ought to be able to laugh at himself, and believe me, I am my own best source of mirth. I am absent-minded on occasion (many clergymen are) and if I couldn't laugh about it, I would certainly be a very frustrated person. We had an overnight guest from the Hawaiian Islands one day last week who had come to Rhode Island to address a womens' group in a church some distance from our home. I drove her to the church, and because of the distance we had to eat dinner on the way. Wanting to show our friend the best of New England hospitality, I took her to dine in a very fine and quite expensive restaurant. Now twice during that day Betty had asked me to be sure and check my wallet to make certain that I had enough money for any eventuality, and twice I had assured her that I would and then promptly forgot it. Well to make a long story still longer, I had to borrow money from my guest to pay the bill. As if that weren't embarrassing enough, I left the restaurant and went into a gift shop to buy a gift for Betty, promptly forgetting that I was without funds, and once again I had to borrow from my guest. All of this so flustered and amused me that when we drove out of the restaurant parking lot, I made a wrong turn and went several miles in the opposite direction from that intended.

As you all know, I'm sure, Sunday is a big day in the home of every clergyman, and that is the one day



Here is the newest member of our family, David Lloyd Driftmier with his Great-Grandmother Crandall of Ashaway, Rhode Island. David is fortunate to have not only his Grandmother and Grandfather Crandall a short distance from Bristol, but his Great-Grandmother and Great-Grandfather Crandall as well.

of the week that I like to have a calm and collected breakfast. It was anything but that this last Sunday. We had just seated ourselves at the breakfast table, and I was just finishing the grace when Mary Leanna dumped over her chair. Just how she did it we shall never know, but she managed to get her knee stuck between the two slats in the back of the chair. Although she wasn't actually hurt, you would have thought from hearing her screams that she was being fed to the lions. No amount of effort on our part could free her knee from the chair without very drastic action, and after two minutes of her screams I decided to take that action. I rushed out to the garage and got a piece of lead pipe which I used to break loose the slats from the chair. It was that same morning that I left my sermon notes at home and did not become aware of it until just two minutes before the service was to begin. While the church organist played a little longer prelude than usual, I drove like mad back to the house to get the notes.

A few days ago I was reading the book *Mirgorod* by one of my favorite authors, Nikolai Gogol. The book described the old-fashioned gentry of rural Russia before the revolution, and I was particularly entertained by the chapter that described their eating habits. It told how the prosperous Russian farmers would have coffee the first thing in the morning about a half-hour before breakfast, and then tea with breakfast. A typical breakfast would consist of wheat and suet cakes, poppy-seed patties, and salted mushrooms. At mid-morning there would be a snack of dried fish, assorted pickles, salted mushrooms, and a long drink of vodka. As for their lunch, the book said: "They sat down to dine at twelve o'clock. There stood upon the table in addition to the platters and sauce-boats, a multitude of pots with covers pasted on, that the appetizing products of the savory old-fashioned cooking might not be ex-

haled abroad." In the middle of the afternoon there would be the pause that refreshes with watermelon and various fruits in season. Around six o'clock in the evening there would be tea, curd dumplings with berries, and a jelly-like pudding made of potato flour and flavored with some sour fruit juice. This would keep them from going hungry until supper time at nine-thirty in the evening. The supper would consist of a little bit of everything left in the house. If what we hear about Russia today is true, the Russian farmers aren't eating nearly so well now as they did in the days before the revolution.

If you were to pay us a visit tomorrow, there is one thing we would be sure to do: we would take you down to the Bristol waterfront to show you all the scallop boats coming in with their day's harvest. While you in the Middlewest are concerned about the corn crop, here in Bristol we are concerned about the scallop crop. From our upstairs windows we can see dozens and dozens of scallop boats out in the harbor with their crews busily dredging the harbor bottom for scallops. The only part of scallop that is edible is the strong muscle that holds the two shells together, and it takes a bushel of unshucked scallops to shuck out to a half-gallon of ready-to-cook scallops. Scallop shuckers are much in demand at this time of year, and one of the dealers in our neighborhood is employing twenty shuckers who are kept busy shucking out from 200 to 300 bushels of scallops a day. The small scallop boats usually have a crew of two or three, and all day long these men go up and down the harbor dredging the bottom with large metal scallop rakes.

In addition to scallops, the local shell-fishermen are harvesting their oyster crops. At various spots on the waterfront there are piles of oyster shells higher than a two-story building where the oyster shuckers have thrown the empty shells. These shells are ground up and used for a variety of purposes.

I spend a good part of each day calling on the people in my parish, and I shall have been here many months before I have called upon all of them. When I am visiting with my people there is always one message that I try to express in these very difficult times, and that is the necessity of keeping faith in other people. The person who loses faith in his fellowmen is really losing faith in God, and such lack of faith undermines ones own power and own character. You know we all judge each other by our beliefs, and it is a fact that when we are cynical and bitter about life, other people are going to suspect us. Suspect us of what? Well, they are going to suspect us of the very things of which we are most critical.

For example, the businessman who thinks that all other businessmen are crooks and scoundrels is very apt to be a crook and a scoundrel himself. The woman who thinks that most oth-

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## A GUEST WHO COMES NO MORE

By Hallie M. Barrow

Sometimes it's a poem or a story, sometimes it's a bit of an old tune, an unexpected whiff of some nostalgic odor, or a certain quality of light and shadow . . . but in those things there is magic for without a moment's warning we are transported back to high moments of our past. Such a moment came to me the other day.

It was late afternoon when I picked up a big city paper which carries news from all over the state and glanced at the line which said, "Salesman Dies." Now this word "salesman" rather misled me. I was about to jump to the next column when out of the corner of my eye I caught the name, age and survivors of this deceased salesman. Instantly I was back on a well-remembered farm, it was late afternoon and I could see once again our family rushing out to greet this salesman. Only we didn't call him a salesman then—he was our medicine man or itinerant peddler. He spent his whole business life at this profession, and if it has graduated into salesmanship I fear that the honor has come too late. It's a profession that passed out with poor roads. I've known years when farm families didn't get to any good-sized town more than once or twice a year; these were the days before the R.F.D., the R.E.A., the telephone, radio, daily papers, etc. The medicine man or traveling peddler was one of our best contacts with the outside world and how we did anticipate his regular visits.

When he drove in about dark, willing hands unhitched his team and watered, fed and bedded them down for the night. Extras were quickly beaten up for supper because he was really "special company". A fire was made in the parlor and all of us were excited with the anticipation of an interesting evening.

Since his last visit practically every farm home had known a death, a birth, a marriage, relatives moving in or out, or young folks going off to "institutes" to become teachers. He would know all; the newcomers, where they came from and if their ways of living and farming were like our own. He knew of any current illness, or who was putting up a new barn; whether they'd made cider or cooked sorghum yet, or if they had any home-made soap left over.

Then when we had exhausted his store of information about people, we began on the livestock and crops. Had he heard whether that dreaded hog cholera had started anywhere nearby? Did other folks complain of a bitter taste in the milk and was it caused from wild onions in the pasture? Did Mrs. So-and-So have hens setting yet? (She was always the first.) Had he seen that new contraption called an incubator? We were quite sure it would never be successful enough for the average farmer to own one. After all, Nature had always taken care of such matters . . . and he told us that some of our neighbors almost thought it blasphemous to do artificial hatching! And what had



On a golden autumn day this little sprite played happily in the garden. Her name is Emily, and in her white organdy dress she looked like a miniature dancer.

he found out about these new-fangled small white chickens called Leghorns? Surely not many people would lose their heads and get rid of the big Barred Rocks farmers had always raised. Then the talk would turn to politics, taxes and religion until very late in the evening.

It was even more exciting the next morning. For after a breakfast of hot biscuits, fried ham and eggs and boiled coffee, he started bringing in his cases. First came the home remedy case from which would be selected a bottle of Syrup of Figs, flax seed in case you got something in your eye, mustard for plasters, very strong cough syrup, liniment which brought tears to your eyes if the bottle were opened rashly, and last, but not of least importance, a bottle known as The Pain Relief. This was used for Grandfather's corns on down through the family and was weakened before given to the youngest child for colic. (Well, lots of us lived through it.)

Next was the extract and spice case. He carried only lemon and "vanilly". But folks knew a lot more about the use of spices. If it were early fall, large quantities were bought. For when a thirty gallon kettle of apple butter was simmering on an outdoor fire, you didn't add spices by the pinch. This was true of all the jams and butters. If there were lots of pumpkins, wild grapes and plums, all went to the fruit cellar as highly spiced fruit butters. It was thought being heavily spiced was what made them keep.

Large supplies of pickling spices were laid in because pickles were made in kegs. Brown sugar and red pepper would be bought for butchering season. I don't exactly remember that he carried a whole general store in that covered wagon, but sometimes there were bolts of gingham and calico, and oh! yes—I must not forget those boxes of oyster crackers and

cans of oyster crackers. We didn't have an Emily Post but never was oyster stew served with anything but oyster crackers. His supply of books was limited to plush albums and Bibles. His line of goods depended entirely upon the season. If it were fall, the children would all be sent out and a few Christmas gifts bought and hid on the top closet shelf.

He was most accommodating about pay. He'd take eggs and chickens in on his bill—the chicken coop hung underneath the bed of his wagon. AND he had candy, white peppermints and red stick candy and red-hots and he was even willing to trade this to the children for nuts, wild honey or pelts. Salesman? He was more like Santa Claus. Sometimes he'd even sharpen scissors or half-sole shoes or boots. It seemed as if he could fill any kind of a place where he might be needed. If there were sickness he would sit up at night, and perhaps even stay a few days until the crisis was passed. Or, if you were having a party, he could fiddle and call the changes. Salesman? Could a graduate of any of these advanced courses in modern salesmanship handle this role?

He was never charged board either for himself or for his horses. He was a welcome guest. Later he came in a car, one of those first models which look so ridiculous now. Roads were still mostly dirt and often in the spring or after heavy fall rains, he and his "goods" had to be pulled out of chug holes with teams. As roads improved his business became poorer and poorer until the last few years it turned into just a routine job of calling on old customers with a selection of Christmas cards and a line of cosmetics. It was all such a far, far cry from the high excitement of the years gone by, and although he was proud and never complained, I know that it must have hurt when indifferent housewives acted irritated by his call. No one in his last months on the road ever rushed out to greet him and ask, "What's the news?" He was just a salesman, just an interruption in some woman's busy day.

But I remember when it was all so different, when he mattered to our family and to many other families pretty much cut off from the world. And the things that I have put down here are the things that rushed through my mind when I glanced at the two words, "Salesman Dies."

## NUT CONTEST

What nut is a sandy shore? Beechnut.

What nut is a girl's name. Hazel-nut.

What nut is a stone fence? Walnut.

What nut is a strong box? Chestnut.

What nut is a mission field? Brazil nut.

What nut has a hole in the middle? Doughnut.

What nut is a vegetable? Peanut.

What nut is good for bad boys? Hickory nut.

What nut is good on pancakes? Butternut.

What nut is a favorite in Ohio? Buckeye.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Do you ever pick up magazines and read articles that leave you wondering if the author is in possession of all his faculties? I've just now put such an article aside and am simply marveling at the raft of nonsensical ideas that were advanced on the care of snowsuits. This writer said that a snowsuit should be thoroughly brushed after each wearing, all spots removed instantly, and then the garment should be well aired on a heavily padded hanger. Once a week it should go to the cleaners if it wasn't made to stand home laundering. Under any conditions it must be cleaned or washed once a week. And so forth and so forth.

Now honestly! Do you actually know anyone, even the fussiest of mortals, who goes through all of this torment with a snowsuit? What are you supposed to do with the child while his suit is slowly drying (a two-day process) or lingering in the hands of the Dry Cleaners? A minimum of Two snowsuits would be absolute bedrock, and three would be wiser if you expected to follow through on such a program. Personally I feel (having just invested in one for Juliana) that any child is lucky to claim even ONE such rig. I will *try* to keep it looking presentable but I can't devote my life to it. I know full well that it will never see the Dry Cleaners until warm weather next spring for there'll be nothing else to wear. I'll tackle what spots can be budged painlessly and I'll get it up on a hook when I can, but that's the beginning and end of my dedication.

I also read an article the other day that I'm sure was written in dead earnest, but it left me feeling like Alice-In-Wonderland. This woman had four children ranging in age from nine months to seven years. She had a routine worked out that would command the full energies of about fifteen people. Their evening meal, for instance. She started working on this around four in the afternoon. At five she fed the baby and bedded him down. Later she fed the three year old separately, bathed and bedded him down, then tackled the five year old with the same deal and finally got at the seven year old. By this time it was eight o'clock and she then prepared a meal for herself and her husband, a leisurely, tranquil meal that was finally concluded about nine o'clock. Then she started the clearing up process. Her husband assisted with this. He arrived home at six o'clock, you see, but he had from six until eight to look at television and read the paper.

I'd be a jabbering idiot if I tried that routine for three days running. Anytime you catch me stringing the evening meal out from 4:00 until 9:30 you can figure that the worst has come to pass. If I were in her shoes I'd haul that baby right up to the table in a highchair and get the whole kit and kaboodle down at six sharp—ONE MEAL FOR ALL. I'd have those four away from the table by



I had just started to hang up some laundry when Russell came out with his camera intending to photograph a collection of roses that were in full bloom. I couldn't flee with my arm covered with wet clothes, and this is the result!

6:45 if it killed me, and off to bed they'd go and by 7:30 I'd be ready to relax. It's hard for me to believe that anyone would invite such disaster as lurks in that woman's schedule, and it seems to me that Santa Claus might make her a gift of twenty-four hours spent in a common run-of-the-mill home where people don't have such fancy notions.

Pajamas have been my latest sewing project. I've yet to buy Juliana her first pair for I've found that my own battle-proof stitching will hold up until the cloth is as thin as cheese-cloth. My new pattern, size eight, looked absolutely huge when I laid it out on the material and it seemed to me that the child would simply swim in the finished garment, but she doesn't. They actually fit. So I'll have to adjust myself to the idea that she is growing up by leaps and bounds.

I've also made four new white petticoats this fall at what I feel is a great saving. I purchased white percale at 35¢ per yard and it's heavy enough to wear like the proverbial cast iron. When starched and ironed carefully it looks very nice too. These are the simple two piece petticoats, just a front and a back seamed at the shoulders. I bound the neck and armholes with narrow white bias tape, and around the bottom I put a deep white ruffle edged with lace. Two of them were cut correctly on the fold of the material, but I decided to use the selvage edges and put a seam down the front and the back of the other two, thus utilizing every scrap of the material.

The other day as we sat down to plan our Thanksgiving menu which you will find on the recipe page, I thought back to Thanksgiving of 1918. We lived in Clarinda at that time and the Fields had been invited for a big dinner at one o'clock. Now the dining room of that house was quite small so it was decided to have the adults eat there, and the children (a grand total of 17) were to eat on a side porch that was glassed in but had no heat. It had been a very open, warm autumn and there was no good reason for figuring that it wouldn't hold over Thanksgiving.

Well, you've guessed it. We awakened Thanksgiving morning to find a beautiful snow storm in progress and immediately two big complications

rared up. Would the Fischers and the Fields be able to make it from Shenandoah over a dirt road and, if they did, where would the kids eat? A telephone call about ten o'clock settled all doubts. Uncle Henry's caravan would arrive in two cars, for nine of his children were then at home, and the Fischers would be able to get through in their car. This left Mother to figure out where she would seat a total of twenty-five people in a room that would have taken eight adults comfortably, and no more.

It was finally decided that the original arrangements would be carried through—the grown-ups would eat in the dining room and the kids would eat on the porch, snow or no snow. The theory was that we'd all be tearing around so much and working up such a sweat that we'd never know if we were cold or hot when we sat down to eat. And this theory was right. After three Fischers, nine Fields and five Driftmiers had spent one hour together there wasn't a one of us who would have known the difference if we'd been put down to a table in a blast furnace or a snow field. When I look back to the bedlam that *must* have gone on that day I can only conclude that Mother didn't have flesh and blood nerves but a system of piano wires in her system. No amount of screaming, shuffling, roaring or explosions ever seemed to phase her in the least. If it did, no one ever knew it.

Since I last wrote to you we had a "Gypsy Day" that took us to Clarksdale, Mo., on to Gallatin, and home by way of Bethany, Conception Junction, etc. Mother, Margery, Martin, Juliana and I started out from here about eight o'clock, and in Clarinda we picked up Aunt Martha Eaton because she too loves to drive without any sense of rushing pressure. At Clarksdale we stopped to see Hallie Barrow who writes something for us almost every month, and my! how much Juliana and Martin enjoyed her yard and garden. They are still talking about it. I could write quite a bit about our experiences on that day, but I'll limit it to the statements that I think the countryside in that section of Missouri is very beautiful; and I was much impressed by the handsome Harrison County Courthouse in Bethany.

Practically every odd moment through the fall was devoted to painting our fence. We promised ourselves that when the last stroke was finished we'd celebrate by going up to visit Dorothy, Frank and Kristin. As of this writing the entire outside is still left to do, so I can only hope that in the next issue you can read my triumphant words—"We had a grand trip to Lucas."

Always . . . Lucile.

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## LETTERS WE ENJOYED

"Dear Leanna: I teach a Sunday School class of high-school age girls, and for several years we've fixed up a basket and taken it to the County Home for Thanksgiving. A couple of days before Thanksgiving we always meet at my home to make up several batches of candy, polish some bright red apples, and decorate cookies that I make earlier in the day. About noon on Thanksgiving Day I run out with the basket and leave it with the Superintendent.

"The girls have always helped eagerly with this project and I felt quite well satisfied with the whole thing until Thanksgiving Day two years ago. On that day I had company coming for dinner so I grabbed up the big basket and rushed out with it, thrust it into the Superintendent's hands and hurried back to my car. Unfortunately it stalled, and as I sat there waiting for assistance I glanced up at the windows in the main wing and saw several people standing there looking out. I don't think it was my imagination, but they all seemed so lonely—as if they'd look in vain for anyone to be coming to see them. I couldn't get it off my mind.

"Last year I called the Superintendent and asked her if she'd mind if the girls came out with me and if we presented a little program and spent a short time visiting with the old people. She said we'd be more than welcome, so the girls practised several of the old favorite hymns, selected a couple of timely poems, and we all went out together with the basket.

"I'm not a writer so I can't find words to tell you what wonderful joy we felt about us that hour. I'm sure that the time we spent there meant far more than anything we could ever take in the basket, and it gave the girls a much deeper sense of service and responsibility. Last Sunday they asked if we could do the same thing again this year, and of course we can. In fact, I'd run into trouble if I tried to put a damper on their plans. Most of these girls come from homes where they have big dinners and then go on to the football game, but there isn't a one of them who doesn't anticipate spending an hour at the County Home just before dinner. I hope that other Sunday School classes or church groups will consider such a project for it brings great gratification to everyone concerned."

—Mrs. L. E., Iowa.

"Dear Leanna: In our church we don't change ministers very often, but when we do it's always been the custom for our Ladies Aid to go in a group about a month after the new minister has arrived, and present his family with a gift for the house. Once we took a table lamp, another time we took a nice wool blanket, and I remember once we took a couple of the men folks with us and went on a hot summer day and put up good new clothes poles and lines.

"In August we had a new minister to occupy the parsonage and we knew, of course, that he had several small children. So we decided to have a kitchen shower just before they ar-

rived. We keep our parsonage up in such good condition that it wasn't necessary for us to do any work, and we just went over the night before they were due to arrive and pretty well stocked the shelves with staples and canned goods. We had ice put in the refrigerator and left bacon, milk and a pound of butter in there. We put a couple of boxes of soap chips in the compartment under the sink. In other words, we just took things that any of us would be surprised and happy to find if we were going into a new house with a family to look out for.

"Later the minister and his wife told us that it was the nicest surprise they ever had and they've been in several communities. After this we plan to pass up the lamps, etc., and have a kitchen shower for we can see that it means a lot."—Mrs. J. J., Nebraska.

"Dear Friends: The other morning as I washed up the breakfast dishes I got to thinking about our Thanksgiving dinner last year and decided to write and tell you what happened at this house.

"I think it all began when my husband and I were talking one evening about two years ago how things have changed. We both grew up in big families with many, many relatives living within twenty-five or thirty miles, quite a distance in those days of unimproved roads, and it was unheard of to have any big holiday gathering without including everyone down to the second cousins, widowed great-aunts, and even a couple of elderly people who weren't related to any of us but were just such old, old friends that they seemed like members of the family.

"I can't remember that any meal was ever served with an attempt at style. We just had loads and loads of good food, and as many as could get around the dining room table (stretched out the length of the room) sat down there; the others just squeezed in wherever a chair could be placed. This was before the day of card tables so we used a couple of old work tables moved in from the porch, small stands that ordinarily held houseplants and even plain wooden boxes turned upside down for the children. They sat on the floor and thought nothing of it. Everything was crowded and confused, but the point is that everyone had a wonderful time and didn't mind the inconveniences.

"Many years have passed since then and now there doesn't seem to be any of the spirit of the old times. My husband and I have three children and two grandchildren. Just about the same set-up is true of my brothers and sisters, and my husband's brothers and sisters. Our holidays are limited to just the immediate members of our family for no one has seemed to feel that it would be possible to set a nice table for more than eight or ten, or have things stylish, you might say, as well as being extra comfortable. I really don't think that this is anything out of the ordinary for as I look around I see my friends doing the same thing. I think it just seems

to be the accepted thing today.

"Well, last summer we decided to have an old-fashioned Thanksgiving and invite cousins, uncles, aunts, etc., whom we don't ever see except for maybe a hurried call once every year or two. We asked them early in October so they'd know we were planning on it, and I know they all looked forward to it for weeks. I didn't attempt to have a lot of fuss and frills but fixed quantities of food and did just what my folks used to do—crowded as many as possible into the dining room and then used card tables for the others. We borrowed folding chairs from the local Funeral Home so no one had to sit on the floor.

"In many ways I think that this was the happiest Thanksgiving we ever had. I got a great deal of pleasure from visiting with relatives whom I enjoy but don't take time to see, and everyone else seemed to feel that it was a highlight never to be forgotten. I wondered, of course, if any of those who talked so enthusiastically would care enough to try the same thing, but I must have started something because this year one of my cousins is having the entire relationship at her house for Thanksgiving dinner and we're working on plans for Christmas.

"I wanted to tell you about this because it seems to me that today's children miss a lot by not knowing their more distant relatives, and not having the excitement of big get-togethers. I thought that it might just put a bee in someone's bonnet and that another family gathering might get underway as a result.

"Yours for a happy Thanksgiving."  
—Mrs. A. L., Kansas.

## Letter From\* Frederick—Continued

er women are gossips and scandal-mongers is nine times out of ten just such a person herself. The man who is cynical about women or about politics is quite often assumed to be immoral in his relations with both women and politics. President Hadley of Yale once said: "The man who has faith in the integrity of others in the face of irresponsible accusations is assumed to have the confidence in other's goodness because he is a good man himself." There is a lot of truth in that statement. You know it is always the friendly person who thinks that most of the people in his community are friendly, and it is always the charitable person who assumes that other people are basically very generous.

It is late now, and as I look out the window I can see that the moon is under a cloud, and the night is no longer bright and sparkling, rather gray. I haven't heard a bus pass the house for the past thirty minutes, and that means it is time for me to go to bed. Everything will be quiet now until just before dawn when the heavy trucks will start roaring by on their way from Newport to Providence. It is rather chilly here tonight, and I suppose we shall have a heavy frost by morning. All is well with us, and I hope that the same can be said of you.  
Sincerely, Frederick.





## THANKSGIVING

November spreads a feast  
Of lovely things!  
Lush fruits and ample stores  
Fit for kings.  
While I look out upon  
This tiny plot,  
My heart brims with the blessings  
God has wrought.

November crowns the earth  
Most bountifully,  
With jewels of more worth  
By far,  
Than princes, shahs and kings  
Could 'ere possess;  
And cloaks my soul with joy  
And peacefulness.  
—Gladys E. Templeton.

## OLD-FASHIONED OYSTER STUFFING

(For 10 to 12 lb. turkey)

- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup butter
- 6 cups dry bread crumbs
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 3 cups chopped oysters
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 and 3/4ths cups of milk and oyster liquid

Cook celery and onion in fat until golden. Add crumbs and parsley; mix thoroughly. Add oysters, bay leaf, seasonings, and eggs. Add enough liquid to moisten. Remove bay leaf. Stuff turkey lightly to allow room for expansion.

## SWISS STEAK WITH RICE

- 2 lbs. round steak, 1 inch thick
- 2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 6 onions, sliced
- 1/4 cup fat
- 1 cup rice
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 can condensed tomato soup
- 1 can water
- 2 1/2 cups green beans, drained

Season meat and sprinkle with flour. Brown onions in fat; remove, and brown meat. Place meat in casserole; add onions, uncooked rice, and bay leaf; pour over soup and water. Cover. Bake in 350 degree oven for 2 hours. Arrange beans around meat and cook 15 minutes longer. This is a hearty one-dish meal that will be complete if you serve with it a fruit salad, and a piece of layer cake for dessert.

## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

## FROZEN PINEAPPLE SQUARES

(Fine for Thanksgiving dinner because it can be prepared far in advance.)

- 9 oz. cream cheese
- 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple
- 1 envelope gelatin
- 3 Tbls. water
- 3 Tbls. pineapple juice
- 3/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup heavy cream

Let cream cheese stand at room temperature to soften. Drain juice from pineapple. Soak gelatin in 3 Tbls. water and 3 Tbls. pineapple juice and then set over boiling water until gelatine is dissolved. Mix this with remainder of pineapple juice, add cream cheese, stir with a fork until fairly well mixed, and then beat with rotary beater until smooth. Add mayonnaise, crushed pineapple, green pepper, lemon juice and salt. Whip cream and fold into cheese mixture until thoroughly blended. Pour into ice-cube trays and freeze.

## APRICOT MARMALADE

(A delicious winter jam that makes a nice change from the jellies and preserves on our cellar shelves.)

- 1 lb. dried apricots
- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 6 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. grated lemon rind
- 1 Tbls. grated orange rind.

Soak apricots overnight in enough cold water to cover. The next day cover and cook until puffy and tender and strain through a sieve. To 2 cups apricot pulp add sugar, lemon juice, lemon rind and orange rind. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick and waxy—about 15 minutes.

## DELICIOUS ICING

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cook brown sugar, white sugar, sour cream and a pinch of salt to the soft ball stage and then remove from the heat. Stir while cooking. Add soda, butter and vanilla and let cool. Beat and spread onto the cake. The friend who sent this says: "This wonderful frosting was used on a chocolate cake. It has a wonderful flavor and is so creamy."

## CARAMEL BAKED APPLES

- 6 to 8 apples
- 1/2 cup seedless raisins
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup orange juice

Wash apples and core. Pare about one strip around top and then place in deep baking dish. Fill centers with raisins. Combine flour, sugar and cinnamon; cut in butter. Place jumbo stick of cinnamon in center of each apple. Sprinkle crumb mixture over apples. Pour water and orange juice over them. Bake uncovered in 350 degree oven for 1 hour, basting occasionally. Serve with cream.

## SUPER REFRIGERATOR ROLLS

- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 5 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cake yeast
- 5 to 6 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg
- 3/4 tsp. salt

Scald milk. Add shortening and sugar. When mixture is lukewarm, add yeast and dissolve. (If dry yeast is used, dissolve it in 1/4 cup warm water and reduce milk to one and 3/4ths cups.) Add soda and baking powder sifted with three cups flour. Beat until bubbles come. Allow to rise one-half hour.

Beat egg and salt until light and add to the sponge. Add remaining flour to make a soft dough. (The less flour you use, the lighter the rolls.) Knead until smooth. Place in greased bowl, grease the top, and place in refrigerator. The dough will keep in the ice box for a week or more.

Divide dough into three parts. Roll each part into a circle about nine inches in diameter and spread each circle with melted butter. Cut each circle into 16 wedge-shaped pieces. Roll each piece beginning at the wide end. Place on greased baking sheet. Allow to rise for one and one-half hours, then bake 20 minutes in 400-degree oven.

## ABIGAIL'S TURKEY STUFFING

- 8 cups soft bread torn into small pieces
- 1/2 cup celery cut into small pieces
- 1/2 cup tart apples cut into small pieces
- 1/2 cup chopped almonds (with skins and unroasted)
- 3 Tbls. sage, crushed
- 1 medium-sized onion, minced
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup butter, melted
- Hot water

Mix all ingredients except butter and hot water; add butter slowly, tossing lightly until blended. Then add only enough hot water to make the stuffing adhere so that it may be put into the fowl. This will fill a fowl weighing about 13 pounds.



### CHILLED MIXED FRUIT

If you are solely responsible for a big meal it's a great time saver to use the mixed cocktail fruit for this, but if you have ample help you can go to the work of preparing a combination of various fruits. We like a mixture of chopped pears, oranges, pineapple, white grapes and a small amount of diced orange. A little bit of sweetened cranberry juice adds a lovely color and flavor, and by all means top the fruit with a maraschino cherry. Whatever you use, plan to prepare it far enough in advance that it can be thoroughly chilled.

### BAKED SWEET POTATOES WITH PINEAPPLE

Either sweet potatoes or yams can be used for this dish. Of course you get a much more colorful dish when yams are used. But either way, boil them first with their skins on. When cool, slip off their jackets and mash vigorously adding a chunk of butter and a small amount of heavy cream. Now add finely cut shreds of pineapple that have been thoroughly drained. A tsp. of grated orange peel adds a great deal of flavor too. Turn into a large buttered casserole and keep hot in the oven until serving time.

### GOOD MUSH (will not pop when fried)

In top of double boiler put 2 cups boiling water and salt to taste. Mix 1 cup of milk and 1 cup of cornmeal; pour this into the 2 cups of boiling water and stir constantly. When good and smooth let cook until real thick, stirring only once or twice, and then pour out to cool. Slice and fry. This really does *not* sputter in any way when fried and is delicious.

### RED VELVET CAKE

2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour  
2 cups sugar  
6 Tbls. cocoa  
2 tsp. soda  
4 well-beaten eggs  
2 cups sour cream  
1 tsp. vanilla  
Sift all dry ingredients together. Combine eggs, sour cream and vanilla and add to dry ingredients. Beat 3 minutes. Pour into greased and lightly floured 9x13 inch cake pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

### SAUSAGE BALLS IN SQUASH HALVES

4 acorn squash  
1 1/2 lbs. ground sausage  
Cut squash in half lengthwise. Bake cut side down for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. (A cooky sheet is fine for this.) Shape sausage in small balls and brown in small amount of hot fat. Pour off excess fat. Turn squash, season lightly with salt and pepper and fill with sausage balls. Bake 30 minutes longer, or until tender.

### THANKSGIVING WITH THE DRIFTMERS

Once again on Thursday, November 23rd, we'll sit down to the big table in our family home and celebrate another Thanksgiving Day. At the time this is written we cannot know how many of our family will be present to enjoy the day, but we're hoping that circumstances will permit most of us to gather together.

When I think of the meals that have been put on that table! Plain, simple, everyday meals, more elaborate, special meals for birthdays, home-comings and other out of the ordinary occasions, and the really extra-fine, groaning-board variety served on Thanksgiving and Christmas! Well, a staff of accountants would have a merry time trying to figure out exactly how many meals *have* been served, and how many different kinds of dishes have been tried out and put before the family.

There was a time when we gathered around that table three times a day in the following seating arrangement: Dad sat at the head of the table—no one can remember when he didn't; Mother sat at the foot of the table and next to her was a highchair pulled right up for action—Donald was the last one to occupy it. In a row along one side sat Wayne, Lucile and Frederick; in a row along the other side sat Howard, Dorothy and Margery. Margery occupied a junior-size chair that was pulled up beside Dad. Whenever anyone graduated from the highchair he promptly moved into that junior chair at Dad's right hand. It was clearly understood that whoever occupied the highchair couldn't be held wholly responsible for much of anything, but once out of it—my! that was where manners began and where the seating arrangement proved to be highly successful.

This particular plan for gathering at the table lasted a good many years; in fact, there are moments when I'm sure that all of us think for one fleeting second as we sit down at the old accustomed places in our sober adult roles, that somehow this is all a mistake—time cannot have wrenched all of us from noisy childhood to the dignity of middle age! But it has, no doubt about it. And now we tug in the old highchair and junior chair for our own children and say firmly, "Now for goodness' sakes, let's see if we can't be just a little quiet."

It's been said that the kitchen is the heart of the home and I'm sure this is true, but the dining room table at the folks' house comes very close to being an exception. So much vigorous living has gone on around it that you can almost hear the echoes! And we're grateful that we're still permitted to gather there and add another holiday dinner to the long, long list of happy times.

Perhaps many of you will sit down at one o'clock on November 23rd to the identical menu for it's midwestern cooking without any exotic frills and furbelows. I know that author-

ities say you should begin such a meal with soup, but you won't see it listed here. Are we the *only* ones who think of soup as a meal in itself and consider it an annoyance when small bowls appear, thus holding up the turkey? No, we'll pass up the soup on Thanksgiving. But chilled mixed fruit is another thing. You can prepare it hours in advance, it doesn't really trouble anyone, and it looks so *nice* on the table.

Chilled Mixed Fruit  
Roast Turkey  
Mashed Potatoes  
Giblet Gravy  
Baked Sweet Potatoes with Pineapple  
Hot Rolls  
Grape Jelly  
Pickles—Olives—Celery Sticks  
Tossed Green Salad  
Pumpkin Pie  
Coffee

On this page and the preceding page you'll find suggestions for these things. You can't go wrong on any of them. We realize that not all families are as large as ours or living as close together, but this year do make an effort to have an old-fashioned Thanksgiving and if circumstances have left you alone with only memories of more bustling, busy days, decide to invite other people who are also alone and share the day together.—Lucile.

### CINNAMON NUT SQUARES

(No shortening in these. They stay moist a long time and are grand for the lunch box.)

1 cup sifted flour  
1 cup sugar  
1 tsp. vanilla  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
1 tsp. baking powder  
1 1/4 cup chopped dates  
1 cup chopped nuts  
1 egg  
2/3 cup milk

Sift dry ingredients together into a bowl and add dates and nuts. Beat egg, add egg, milk and vanilla to the mixture in the bowl and beat well. Pour into 9x13 greased pan and bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool and cut in squares.

### DELICIOUS BARBECUED RIBS

3 lbs. spare ribs  
2 Tbls. butter  
1 medium onion  
2 Tbls. lemon juice  
1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce  
1 small bottle catsup  
2 Tbls. vinegar  
2 Tbls. brown sugar  
1 tsp. dry mustard  
1/2 cup water

Cut ribs in pieces for easy serving, place in uncovered pan and brown in moderate oven for 30 min. Pour sauce over the ribs and let cook in oven for another 30 minutes at a temperature of 350 degrees. To make sauce cut the onion fine and brown in the butter. When nicely browned add the remaining ingredients, salt and pepper to taste, and simmer for 20 minutes. Then pour over the ribs.



## GIFT TIME

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Wasn't it a wonderful summer? But now, with fruit shelves and deep freeze stuffed to capacity, with potatoes, pumpkins and turnips in their bins and the pressure canner stored somewhat thankfully away, we view the delightfully long fall and winter days with capricious eye. How shall we use these warmly welcomed spare hours?

For many of us, now is the time to dig out the knitting needles, the crochet hook and tatting shuttle. Still others suddenly realize that the sewing machine can be used for other purposes besides the endless patching of overalls and rompers, and all of us have probably reflected that now would be the ideal time to make a few gifts. Whether you plan to make gifts now for Christmas time or whether you simply want some things on hand for club exchanges, hostess gifts, or for the youngsters who visit your home, you'll welcome new suggestions and your fall days will be full and fun!

First, let's talk about gifts you can make for youngsters. Old sheets can certainly be put to use here! With your pinking shears, cut the material into small squares, just the right size for a very young lady's handkerchief. In one corner embroider a motif or an initial, or perhaps you'd like to applique a calico cat or a gingham dog. Again, you might hem the handkerchief and crochet small, colorful edges to match the child's school dresses. A box of these handkerchiefs make a nice Christmas gift; one slipped into a birthday card will be welcomed, and of course your own little girl will love having a nice supply of her very own handkerchiefs, especially if she is permitted to iron them herself each week.

Every small girl loves an apron, especially if Mother has one like it. For that mother-daughter pair on your gift list, fashion attractive hostess aprons from old sheets. White is always dainty and may be made so gay with a bit of embroidery!

For most of us that printed feed sack has become quite a mainstay. Last winter I bought a number of stuffed-animal patterns and a roll of cotton and went to work fashioning playthings for the "younger set." It seemed, however, that no matter how many giraffes and elephants I made, there were never many on hand at once. The youngsters who came with their parents to visit thought it quite a privilege to take home one of Myrt's animals, and no one ever criticized the knobby necks of the giraffes nor the lamb's wobbly legs!

For your friends, use the old oil-cloth to make a washbasket lining. If you have a very large supply of feed sacks, cut and sew them for carpet rags. Crochet the rugs yourself; they will be bright and cheerful (as well as extra sturdy), and your friend will appreciate your work. Don't forget the endless potholder possibilities; they are always welcome and useful hostess gifts.

Make a mitten pattern on a sheet of paper, using your own hand for



Juliana wanted to help us plant tulips, but as fast as she dug the holes Bawler tried to get into them. Here she was just about ready to give up in despair.

size. Then cut two of the mittens from turkish toweling, sew them together on the machine, leaving the top open. Turn, fill with scented bath powder, and sew the top shut. Now cut an identical mitten from bright taffeta and whip it to the powder-filled mitten, leaving the top open so you may slip it on. Presto, a powder mitt! Bath mitts for the actual business of scrubbing may be fashioned the same way, using chips of your favorite toilet soap in place of the powder. Of course you will replace the taffeta with more toweling. A pair of these, attractively boxed, make a fine Christmas gift.

Hurrah for you if you are handy with a coping saw! Spice racks to fit the kitchen drawers, a cook-book rack for the inside of a cupboard door, or a colorful dog, kitten or Negro Mammy with little screws to hold the potholders near the stove... all of these things find a reward in a sincere "thank you."

Whatever gifts you may plan to make, do start early and enjoy a "holiday breather" instead of that frantic last-minute rush to get your things ready for bazaar or Christmas tree. You'll be glad you did!

## COVER PICTURE

Time *does* fly! Those of you who keep a file of Kitchen-Klatter may recall our November cover in 1947 when Kristin and Juliana stood on chairs to watch their Grandfather Driftmier carve the turkey. They are now so grown up that they'd be shocked at the very idea of doing anything but sitting properly at the table to watch the carving process. But Martin and Emily have come along in the meantime and they're right at the age where you couldn't keep them off of chairs if you wanted to. Martin was almost weak with anticipation by the time he was able to light into his turkey, and even little Emily got away with an astonishing amount.

ROLL FILM DEVELOPED  
AND PRINTED

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15 REPRINTS 50¢.  
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Box 67  
Shenandoah, Iowa

## AUTUMN'S FINALE

Now a deep silence settles on the wood,  
Save where a tall pine tree leans to the ground  
Crooning a goodnight to the calming wind  
And autumn waits, so loath to leave the stage  
To winter, for hers was a stellar role  
Played in brilliant pageantry. Triumphant,  
She takes her final bow. Like the last burst  
Of applause, wood vines flash a scarlet flame,  
And the curtain falls. In the lilac dusk  
The goldenrod wears drab attire; Queen Anne  
Droops white lace in russet tatters, brushing  
Brown grass. Thus I saw the autumn go.  
The play must end and we, likewise will  
Dream and lose before we taste of Paradise.

—Carolyn Willis Owen.

## HOBBIES

Old buttons.—Vera Bliesman, Denison, Iowa. Write to her for interesting details about the work she is doing with eight small boys who are interested in collecting buttons.

Little iron match holders or old wooden salt box. Will exchange.—Helen Shick, Jefferson, Ia.

Salt and pepper shakers.—Mrs. Chas. Vjraska, Friend, Nebr.

Crocheted hot pads.—Mrs. John L. Hostetler, Box 82, Kalona, Ia.

Handkerchiefs.—Mrs. Walter Schmidt, Wentzville, Mo.

House plants and flower seeds and bulbs. Will exchange for some, or something of equal value. Please write first.—Mrs. Catherine Pechota, Spillville, Ia

House plants.—Miss Colleen Barnes, RFD, Lawrence, Kans.

GARDEN CLUBS  
CHURCH GROUPS  
SELL GROW FAST  
POTTING SOIL

If there is not a dealer in your town, write for club plan. Buy at wholesale, sell to Friends, and Neighbors, and make money for your club activities. Grow Fast Potting Soil is ideal for all house plants, especially African Violets, Gloxinias, etc. Attractively packaged. Write today.

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Box 309

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## PEP UP YOUR BAZAAR WITH HOMEGROWN "FANCIES"

By Mabel Nair Brown

Is your fall bazaar bogged down in an apron or a "fancywork" rut? Then perhaps something new and different needs to be added! Here are some ideas for some money makers that will appeal to most homemakers for use in her own home or as gifts for her favorite people. What's more they are made from things you might have in your own garden, back yard, yes, even in the back pasture! And don't be surprised if, after you discover how much fun you have making some of these things for the bazaar, you find you have taken up one of them as a hobby.

Dish gardens are the first item you might consider—they offer wonderful possibilities if you have a good imagination. A low flat bowl (china, plastic or glass) or a shallow pan is the "garden". Fill it with a loam and sand mixture. I like to put a layer of sand on the top. Then arrange a miniature garden or woods scene in the bowl. With tiny sedum plants from the rock garden, little weed or grass plants, a small mirror for a pool, and perhaps miniature swan from the Five and Ten, one can create a lovely garden scene that will delight young and old alike—surely 'twill be like a breath of summer to dispel the gloom of a winter's day.

Yes, by watering them carefully they can be kept growing all winter. The plants will need to be pinched back occasionally. The soil in the dish can be molded into little hills and valleys with the hand. Tiny sprigs of pine make realistic trees in a woodland scene and a miniature deer or two standing on the brink of a mirror pool will add a natural touch.

There could be many variations of the farm scene. And there is the old-fashioned flower garden too; make a picket fence and gate of tooth-picks which you have dipped in white shoe polish! Can't you see how fascinating these gardens would be for the town youngsters, yes and grown-ups too?

Winter bouquets are not a new idea, but had you thought of a special booth filled with all the materials for the bouquets and allowing the customer to pick out the various sprays, pods, etc., to make up an arrangement of his own preferences? For such a booth your organization would begin by collecting a big supply of all the interesting dried material they can find such as milkweed pods, catalpa and trumpet vine pods, cattails, dried grasses, bitter-sweet and unusual weed stalks, keeping in mind the fact that the most commonplace weed takes on a fairy-like beauty when sprinkled with gold or silver powder, or painted a delicate pastel shade. Of course you will want to leave some of the branches and stalks in their natural color.

It will make for greater efficiency—and lots more visiting and fun!—if all this material is brought to a central place and then several ladies meet there and prepare the "flowers" for sale; thus the same paints and pow-

ders can be used by all the women on many kinds of plants. Two quart fruit jars covered with aluminum foil make fine containers for displaying the different kinds of bouquet material in the booth.

Pine cones are another source of these "homegrown fancies". Many folks will welcome an opportunity to buy the cones just "as is", but for added eye appeal offer some which have been painted in gold, silver or white. Lovely wreathes made of pinecones (wired into shape) which are then given a coat of clear shellac and sprinkled with bronzing powder before they dry, find enthusiastic buyers for holiday decorations. Of course you will tie a jaunty red bow on each wreath. And do try some clever miniature Christmas trees made by tipping the cones in gold or silver, then gluing on tiny bright colored candies for the ornaments and, finally, setting each little "tree" in a nutcup base of a matching color. Hold the tree upright by fastening it in the nutcup with a dab of modeling clay. These make very attractive holiday place favors.

Of course such novelties as logs (a hollowed out branch cut to resemble a log) filled with pine cones and bits of evergreen find a ready buyer. Pine cone turkeys are cunning Thanksgiving decorations. The cone is the body, an extra small cone becomes the head, and the legs are made of pipe cleaners. Add a fantail cut from half of a candy bon-bon paper if you wish. If you cannot find the cones in two sizes, Mr. Turkey can have a head cut from cardboard.

Charm strings already made up, as well as the various items for people to buy who wish to assemble their own, are another popular item. Variegated novelty corn, red popcorn, gourds, seed pods and straw flowers are a few such materials you might have on sale. And had you thought of selling choice selected squash, pumpkins, gourds (washed and polished to a fare-u-well, of course) also the large ears of corn so that people who haven't had the pleasure of raising a garden might buy them to make up table centerpieces? Lovely purple eggplant or bright red apples might be included, particularly if your sale falls near a holiday.

And have you a herb gardener in the neighborhood? Gaily wrapped packages of fragrant herbs will delight those homemakers who are always on the lookout for "something different". Perhaps the grower can be persuaded to include a recipe for using the herb in each package as an added selling point.

Corn husk mats or corn husk dolls could be featured in another booth. The secret of their success is in being sure the husks have been soaked in water until they are soft and pliable to work with. You might find an elderly grandmother in your group who is an old hand at making the dolls and could teach others the trick.

If you are fortunate enough to have someone who has made a rose jar or a fragrance jar perhaps they will sell part of their "canned perfume" (decorate small empty cold cream jars for



On a recent Sunday afternoon these three sisters, Helen Fischer, Sue Conrad and Leanna Driftmier had a good visit at Aunt Sue's home in Clarinda. She has a big pottery shop in conjunction with her home, and on display there are samples of the many exquisite things that she makes. Here she is showing them a lovely big bowl in soft turquoise that had just been completed.

containers). This is an item that will be requested year after year once you get it in your bazaar and you might well plan now to have it a specialty at next year's bazaar so that all members can remember to harvest the fragrant petals next summer.

Once you embark on the project of these homegrown bazaar "fancies" you will find there are almost numberless possibilities in the everyday surroundings of your farm homes and in your gardens for making all these things I have mentioned, and many more you will think of as you go along.

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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

COUNTY OF PAGE  
STATE OF IOWA ss.

1. 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. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

Driftmier Publishing Company, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

M. H. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

S. W. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

3. 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. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear 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; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the 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.

S. W. DRIFTMIER,

Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th

day of September, 1950. Dale Priest.

(SEAL) (My commission expires July 4, 1951.)



## LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

The great day finally arrived! Last Wednesday when Kristin and I came home from school Kristin opened the back door, clicked the switch in the kitchen, and yes, the lights came on! Kristin said, "Mother what is that funny noise in here?" and it was the refrigerator. Frank had been here with the inspector and had turned it on before he left. I had gotten so used to working around the house until it was so dark I could hardly see before I would light the lamps, that I still find myself doing the same thing, forgetting that I can just go to the wall and push the button. What a wonderful, wonderful feeling it was to go to town last night and buy up a week's supply of fresh vegetables and bring meat home from the locker, and know that in the refrigerator they would stay fresh until I wanted to use them.

Yesterday morning I took Kristin in to Chariton to spend the day with her Aunt Edna. She takes music lessons every Saturday now, and Edna said if I wanted to bring her in in the morning she would see that she got to her lesson in the afternoon and I could bring her new vacuum cleaner out and go over my carpets with it. So I did just that. My carpet sweeper has always done a very good job of taking up everything that was on the surface, but it was amazing how much dirt and dust that vacuum was able to take out of them. They actually look like new again. When Frank came home to supper, I told him that when we went in after Kristin that evening and returned Edna's cleaner, I was going right down town and get myself one, so that is just what we did. Kristin and I had more fun this morning taking turns running it over the carpets again even if they didn't look as if they needed it.

We have a radio-phonograph combination that we have let Edna and Raymond use ever since we came back from California, and Kristin can hardly wait until we bring it home now so she can have some records like Juliana's. Kristin is also enjoying the light in her room so much. We have never allowed her to play in her room after dark because we have always been afraid that in some way a lamp might get knocked over and start a fire. So she can hardly believe yet that she can just go up there and turn on her light and play as much as she wants to.

We had a big family dinner this noon at the August Johnson's in honor of Mrs. Johnson's birthday. There were relatives here from Burlington, Chariton, Norwood and Lacona to enjoy the delicious meal. But it seems as if all our birthday celebrations manage to have something happen to throw a dark cloud on them. Last time, you will remember, we received the telegram about Mr. Larson's son being injured in Korea, and today Frank's father had a painful accident. He stumbled and fell, and was in such terrible pain we were afraid his arm had been broken, but we rushed him

right in to the hospital and found that his right shoulder had been dislocated. The doctor gave him an anesthetic and put it back in place and tonight he is resting well.

School is going along much the same as usual. We had one birthday party this past month. Little Jennie Chandler was seven and her sister brought ice cream and cake the last hour of school on Friday, so that we could all help her celebrate.

Frank has been busy getting in his last crop of alfalfa. He has several acres of gerno to cut and shock for fodder, and there is also some late corn that will have to be cut for fodder. But most of our corn is going to make it this year for which we are very thankful.

The timber is just beginning to turn now, and when you come along the bottom road and look up the hill at the trees, these few yellow ones stand out very brilliantly among the green ones. When I drive home in the evening after school, the sun is shining on the timber and I never cease to marvel at the beauty of it, and how fortunate I am to be able to live right in the middle of it. Throughout all the rural schools in Iowa this year we are teaching the value of conserving our forests throughout the country, and last Saturday we teachers in Lucas County were very fortunate to be able to go on a conducted tour with the State Conservation Officer who is in charge of the state forest reserve which is located just a few miles southwest of Lucas. Our County Superintendent, Mrs. Gladys Kiburz, has done a wonderful job of planning things like this for us teachers so that we can go back to our schools and teach our children the things that they should know about their country.

I have had so many people ask me if I didn't find it very difficult to teach and keep house too. Teaching is a hard job if you take your profession seriously, but it is always interesting and never a dull moment, and also very fascinating. My family is never neglected and neither is my school work, but I'm afraid that during the week my house is sadly neglected. I have learned to close my eyes and not even see the dust on the piano, or that the kitchen floor needs scrubbing, but on Saturday—I have a wonderful time all day just cleaning and getting everything in shape to start a new week. Kristin likes school so much herself that she thinks it is very nice that her mother can be a teacher. Frank is never home in the daytime anyway and, when he comes home for supper in the evening, it is just as if I had been here all day (except for the dust on the piano), so, except for the extra work it gives me, everything has worked out beautifully.

Well, it has been a busy day, and this visit with you has been a relaxing time and I feel fresh to start on and finish my work that must be done before bedtime. So until next month,

Sincerely, Dorothy.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter 11 A.M.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

So many of the Kitchen-Klatter readers expressed interest in Ann, of whom I told you a couple months ago, that I am sure you will be glad to know your letters have helped her. She wanted me to tell you as she is not able to write herself. I, too, thank you for helping her.

Little Paul McClintock needs some special attention. He has been in a cast for nearly a year and will have to be for many months more. The cast keeps his feet 18 inches apart and he is unable to sit up. He must lie either on his stomach or back. His oldest brother, who is 12, has been helping to care for him this summer but since school has started Paul will have to amuse himself more. He loves to get mail and is making a scrapbook of view cards. Gather up a bunch of cards and send to him, please. His address is Box 24, Marcus, Iowa.

William J. Jones is back home again. He spent several months at a military hospital in Delaware where he had 3 major operations. He has to have more, but must build up first, and he is hoping the new hospital which is being built near his home town will be finished before he has to go again. He misses his mail since he has been moved around so much, and asks that you write him again. Write to R-175 S. Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa.

Mrs. Mary Budt, 930 S. 10 St., Lincoln, Nebr., needs cheer. She is not able to go outdoors at all. Letters would help.

Mrs. Stella Brauender, 512 State St., Hudson, N. Y., has been bedfast for 3 years. Do write to her.

Cheer has been asked for Mrs. Gale Love, 1900 E. 57 St., Cleveland, Ohio. More than a year ago she fell through the floor of a second story porch and injured her spine. They think she will be all right in time, but it is taking a long time.

Mrs. Erma Curtis, 1333 S. Hill St., Apt. 5, Los Angeles 15, Calif., has been ill for several years. She gets about the house a little with the aid of a cane, but is unable to be out. She cannot lie down but sleeps propped up in her chair. She has a birthday November 19. Let's try to make it a happy day for her.

Mrs. Flora Springer, 19 Wentworth St., Dorchester 24, Mass., is very lonely since her husband died last spring, leaving her entirely alone. She has been ill for many years, and not able to leave her home for more than ten years. Now her sight is failing and she fears she may go blind.

The new Guide for Good Neighbors is ready for mailing. It tells about a lot more shutin people who need cheer. There is also a list of shutins who have handwork to sell. You can help them a lot by buying some of their handwork and it will help you with your Christmas shopping besides. Write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif., and ask for a copy of the Guide. It will be sent free.

Someone said, "Yesterday is a cancelled cheque, tomorrow is a promissory note, and today is ready cash."





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### PAPA RABBIT AND THE WIND

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Papa Rabbit was undoubtedly a lazy rabbit. "Why," scolded his good wife one morning, "don't you get some carrots for dinner?"

"Huuuurmph," muttered Papa Rabbit, who was snoozing.

"Or gather some milkweed silk to keep us warm this winter? The wind will be cold pretty soon."

"Huuuurumph," said Papa Rabbit again, and this made his wife so irritated that she biffed him with the broom. Poor Papa Rabbit. He stumbled out of the hollow log house, still rubbing his eyes and wondering what in the world made Mama Rabbit so cross this morning.

"I wish," he muttered to himself, "that I didn't have to do any more than the wind does. Just getting into a fellow's house and making it cold all the time. Milkweed pods, humph!"

Just as Papa Rabbit said this, through the grass hustled the West Wind.

"Who says I don't work?" demanded the Wind. "Come on, I'll show you!" Before Papa Rabbit had time to protest, the Wind picked him up, tossed him head-over-tail a couple times in midair, and carried him along, high over the meadow and trees.

Before long they came to a farm where a tall windmill stood. The West Wind tossed Papa Rabbit to the tiny platform next to the wheel. Then he puffed out his cheeks and blew and blew. The wheel turned, and the water came. When he had filled the tanks and all the buckets, the Wind picked up Papa Rabbit again and hustled away without a word.

Next they came to a small town, and behind every house there was a line full of wet clothes.

"Washday," sighed the Wind. "I scarcely have time to breath on washdays." Then he set Papa Rabbit on a clothesline pole and puffed his cheeks again. He blew until every sheet and shirt and romper was dry. Then with a whoosh he picked Papa Rabbit from the post and hustled away.

"What else do you do?" inquired Papa Rabbit timidly, as he was carried along.

"Incidentals," replied the Wind. "You see, as I go along I rock the birds in the trees and puff an occasional cool breeze into houses and factories and blow the kites of boys and girls high into the sky."

"You are a busy fellow," Papa Rabbit said, and then he found himself lifted higher and higher, as the Wind spied an airplane. The Wind was too busy to answer. Steadily and surely

he lifted the silver plane, boosting its wings higher and faster every minute. It was a fine thing to watch.

All day long Papa Rabbit watched the Wind hard at work. He blew fall leaves from trees, dried the rain-sodden meadow, and blew tiny seeds far and wide until they found their winter homes. When dusk came, he carried Papa Rabbit home.

"You are the hardest working fellow I know," said Papa Rabbit. "I am sorry I spoke so unkindly this morning. Now I had better hustle along and get those milkweed pods."

"No need," answered the Wind cheerfully, "You see, I just blew a few home with you." Sure enough, there was a huge pile right outside the door. Mama Rabbit was very happy.

"How did you get so many in such a short time?" she asked Papa.

"The Wind," said Papa happily, but though he told her all that he had done that day, Mama Rabbit just laughed and didn't believe a word of it.

But the woman who saw a rabbit on the windmill platform, and the boy who saw a rabbit on the clothesline pole, and the airplane pilot who saw a rabbit rolling head-over-tail in midair could have told Mama Rabbit that it was all just exactly so.

### HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE?

Aesop of fable fame was asked by a traveler how long it would take him to get to Athens.

"You'll be there when you arrive," said Aesop.

"Of course!" answered the traveler. "But how long will it take me?"

"I don't know," said Aesop.

The traveler stalked off, exasperated. After he had traveled along for about two or three minutes, Aesop hailed him.

"It will take you one hour to reach Athens," he called.

"Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?" demanded the traveler.

"How could I know before I saw how fast you can travel?" answered Aesop.

### MY BROOM HORSE

I'll ride my new broom horse today  
Beyond the garden wall,  
He's very wild and dangerous  
When out of kitchen-stall.

I'll ride him fast around the block  
To gentle him, you see,  
So mother dear can handle him  
When she takes him from me.

—Gertrude M. Robinson.



Tent days are over for this year, but we thought that you children might like to see the home-made blanket variety that Kristin, Martin and Juliana enjoyed on hot summer days. The girls got so exasperated with Martin because he could never remember to stoop down low enough and was always bringing down the blanket on their heads.

### "THANKS"

This may be used as an acrostic by smaller children for your Thanksgiving program at club, church or school. Preceding this the crowd may sing, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

If you are having a big family gathering let the school-age children in your group learn this and present it just before the meal is served.

**T**

Thank you for the TIES that bind.  
Friends to friends and to all mankind.  
For sacred ties that bind each one.  
In closer union with God and Son.

**H**

Thank you for our HOMES so dear  
That welcome us from far and near.  
Bless each home where love will reign;  
Home Sweet Home—how sweet the name.

**A**

Thank you for ALL riches rare,  
Earthly gain and Heavenly care.  
For all thy blessings beyond measure,  
Make us worthy of our treasure.

**N**

Thank you for this NATION free,  
May we worthy citizens be.  
A nation blessed by NATURE, too.  
O lovely symbol—Red, White, and Blue!

**K**

Thank you for KNOWLEDGE that  
we are free  
To speak, to walk in liberty.  
As Pilgrim fathers of other day  
Shall we look to Thee to direct our way.

**S**

Thank you for our STORE of wealth,  
Food, clothing, freedom, health.  
We bow heads and humbly say,  
"Thank you, God, this Thanksgiving Day."

—By Mildred Cathcart.

1. What are the best book markers?
  2. What has a tongue but can't talk?
  3. What is the nicest thing to put in a pie?
  4. "One for the money, Two for the show"—spell That with four letters.
  5. What turns without moving?
  6. When is a brown dog apt to come in the house?
  7. What did your father first plant in the garden?
  8. What is the story about the bed?
1. Dirty hands. 2. Your shoe. 3. Teeth. 4. T-h-a-t. 5. Sour cream. 6. When the door is open. 7. His foot. 8. It isn't made up yet.



## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 125,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding date of issue. December Ads due November 1. January Ads due December 1. February Ads due January 1.

Send Ads Direct To  
Driftmier Publishing Co.  
Shenandoah, Ia.

**MOTHER'S LOVE SONGS.** A beautiful book of poems by Martha Field Eaton. Price \$1.00. Would make a lovely Christmas gift for a mother. Order from Martha Field Eaton, Box 467, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**"CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD".** Mail old jewelry, watch cases, optical scrap, dental gold—for prompt estimate to: Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**XMAS GIFT:** For print coverall apron, \$1. Tie apron 65¢, rick rack trim. Crochet pot holder with every order. Crochet apron, \$2.50. Mrs. Joe Day, Rt. 1, West Des Moines, Iowa.

**"HUBBARD'S CHOICEST RECIPES".** A 145 page cook-book of 500 home tested recipes compiled by the Band Mothers' Club. Make wonderful birthday, shower, and Christmas gifts. Price \$2. Postpaid. Mrs. Will Lennier, Hubbard, Iowa.

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Give "Kitchen-Klatter" as a Christmas gift. Price \$1.00 a year.



## TREASURES THAT ENDURE

By Elizabeth E. Barnes

Goethe, with profound insight, said that a man is rich in proportion to the things he has learned to do without.

The capacity, not for acquiring possessions, but the ability to shed all unnecessary impedimenta, is the secret of a serene, happy existence.

The insight to determine what these essentials are mark the difference between the abundant life, and aimless, empty existence. We must learn to travel light if we crave a satisfactory life. Shackled to tradition and convention, and super-sensitive to the opinions of associates, we become terribly afraid to step out decisively and live our lives according to the promptings of our truest selves.

A great deal of the frenzy and unrest that keeps the world boiling and causes endless heartaches comes about through trying to "keep up" with other people. We must by all means live on as fine a scale as our neighbors, whether we can afford to or not, or whether to do so would lead to our greater welfare or happiness. If Mrs. Jones steps out in a fur coat, we long to go and do likewise. Should Mr. Smith park a shiny new car before his door, gloom and envy spoil our days until we too can follow suit.

It's a profound mystery, this desire to ape other people. Why the urge to mold our lives in the grooves set by our associates? Why not carve our own channels? Why not be individual and distinctive? Certainly, God meant you to be you, and me to be me, for otherwise we would not have been created with such widely different abilities and personalities.

Is it so terribly important if your neighbor drives the latest model car, while you rattle along in your shabby jalopy, or travel on foot? Who can measure your wealth of content against that of your rich neighbor? Does it matter so much if you must wear your several-years-old coat, while Mrs. Next-door walks forth in the latest creation in costly furs? No telling what heaviness of heart and frustration that coat may be covering. Or, how gladly she might change places with you, shabby apparel and all, if, in the barter, she could acquire your heart singing with sheer joy of living.

The resources of the universe are at your command and mine. When we become aware of that tremendously significant fact we begin to live abundantly. All the money in the world cannot buy a sunset, or the love of a friend. These, and infinitely more, are available to the poorest when he opens his heart and mind to receive them. We need not even ask

these blessings. Merely must we hold ourselves in readiness for the unspeakable riches of heaven and earth to enter in.

To live content with small means, to find joy in the common things, books, music, nature, to walk in love and understanding with those who travel with us, to be ready to share, to give, to laugh much, to love greatly—these are the marks of true riches. They are the treasures that endure, which no thief can steal, time destroy. Travel light? Yes! 937 at 10 excess baggage that retards! 10 of Mard your kit heavily with the 10s of the spirit that lend wings to 10 feet, for the fruits of the spirit are immortal, and happy is he who carries in his heart the key to the treasure house where they abide.

## SEARCH FOR THESE THINGS

Give each guest a slip of paper on which the following items are written. Hide the various objects about the room and give a prize to the person who can be the first to fill out his list correctly. The completed list should read as follows:

1. Her first beau. Ribbon bow.
2. Hidden tears. Onion.
3. A drive through the woods. Nail in a block of wood.
4. Flower of the family. Flour in a dish.
5. My own native land. Dirt in a dish.
6. Tax on tea. Tea with tacks on it.
7. A worn traveler. Old shoe.
8. Ruins of China. Broken dish.
9. Broken heart. Valentine.
10. Sweet sixteen. Sugar in a dish.
11. Swimming match. Match in a glass of water.
12. Switch tenders. Hair pins.
13. Departed days. Old calendar.
14. We part to meet again. Scissors.
15. Kids at rest. Kid gloves.
16. Member of a baseball game. Pitcher.
17. Stiffening for backbone. Box of starch.
18. Midnight alarm. Small bell standing on alarm clock.

## WATCH CONTEST

1. Support of a flower. Stem.
2. The collected books of an author. Works.
3. What most folks look out for. Number One.
4. A company. Number Two.
5. A crowd. Number Three.
6. Always found at a circus. Ring.
7. A summer flower. Four O'Clock.
8. Something used before. Second hand.
9. What a policeman should do. Watch.
10. Insects. Ticks.
11. Kept by a secretary. Minutes.
12. Wedding Anniversary. Gold or silver.
13. Every one has all there is, but many say they have none. Time.
14. Decided in court. Case.
15. What we give to our friends. Hands.

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Five miniature pottery pitchers glazed in pastel shades, suitable for what-not shelf, or to make into a necklace, lapel ornament, curtain pulls, etc. Perfect for a gift, but you'll want to keep them. Order early and avoid the Christmas rush.

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