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# Kitchen-Klatter

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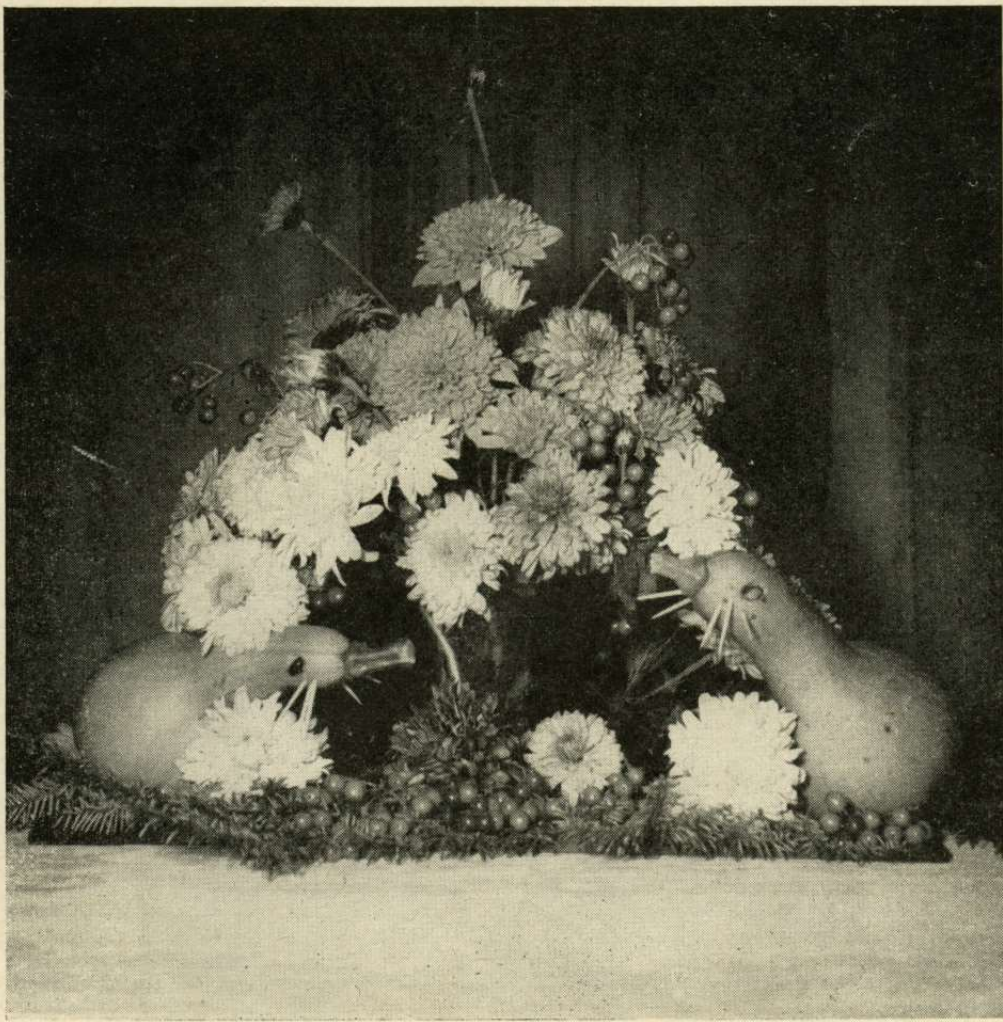


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LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

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Dear Friends:

Just before our car pulled away from the house when we started on this trip Lucile said, "Now, Mother, be sure to get your letter for the magazine to me in time. Let's not keep the printers waiting." So I'm going to do exactly that—get my letter off in plenty of time.

My, what a wonderful, wonderful vacation we are having. Every day has been enjoyed to the utmost, and so much has been crowded in that it's hard to know where to begin. Probably the best way to cover the ground is to get out the little diary I always keep when we travel, and from it you can get an idea of the route we took, etc.

The first day we went across southern Iowa on highway No. 2 and reached Fort Madison, where Lucile was born, around 3:30 in the afternoon. None of us felt the least bit tired, so we drove on across the Mississippi river to Macomb, Illinois, a very nice town where we had a comfortable motel.

After a fairly early breakfast we started out again, and Tuesday night found us at Richmond, Ind. On our road to Richmond we drove through Anderson and located the Guide Lamp factory where our son Donald was working at the time he was called back into the air corps over a year ago.

I said when we reached Richmond that the country we had driven through didn't look much different from Iowa, although there did seem to be fewer hills. Their corn crop looked better than ours and the alfalfa fields were very green. We noticed that all of the elm trees through that part of the country were circled with a black band about twelve inches wide. It was our conclusion that this must have been done to protect them from the insects that have been ruining our elm trees.

Our highway took us through a corner of West Virginia, and at Wheeling, just across the Ohio river, I had my first visit to a mining town. The city is built on either side of a long canyon, and the streets are very narrow. We noticed many, many hydrangeas, some of them ten feet high.

About four o'clock on Wednesday we crossed into Pennsylvania and were soon on the famous Turnpike, the world's greatest highway. It is

327 miles long and extends from the Ohio state line to Norristown, Penn., almost the entire length of the state. In this stretch there are seven tunnels, some of them over a mile long.

We certainly enjoyed all of the scenery as the Turnpike wound through the beautiful Appalachian mountains which are so lovely in the fall of the year. And not only is the country a wonderful sight to see, but you can relax and feel safe on that road. All in all, I hope that those of you who make a trip east don't miss the experience of driving on this highway.

Wednesday night we stayed in a motel at Somerset, Penn., and Thursday morning continued on our way. The large farms with their quaint rail fences, big barns and fine herds of dairy cattle grazing in green fields made a pretty picture.

At exactly twelve o'clock we reached Valley Forge and spent several hours visiting this historic spot. A guide gave us a map and by following it we were able to see the place where Washington and his men crossed the Delaware, their chapel, fort, and the home where Washington had his headquarters.

I got out of the car and went into the kitchen of this old house which is now in excellent condition. In the kitchen were old walnut cupboards, a saw-buck table, hickory chairs, bread trough and lovely old copper cooking utensils. Across the hall from the kitchen was General Washington's office. We would like to have spent more time there, but had to be on our way.

We found that our highway led through Westfield, New Jersey, so we stopped to call on Dwight Eaton, my sister's son. (Last month you saw a picture of Dwight when he was a little boy.) While we were there with Dwight, his wife Wilma, and their two sons, Craig and Douglas, we called my niece, Mary Fischer Chapin who lives at Glen Gardner, N. J. Mary wanted us to come and have breakfast with them the next morning, so we arranged our trip for this. As we drove up we saw her little boy, Jared, sitting on a small chair out in front waiting for the school bus, so Mart took a picture and if it turns out well you'll get to see it.

Since I had never seen New York City, Frederick planned our trip so that we went through the Holland

tunnel and along the Hudson river on Riverside Drive. This gave us a fine view of downtown New York with its towering sky line that I had seen in photographs so many times. Other things I had anticipated seeing were Grant's Tomb, Harry Emerson Fosdick's church, and Columbia University where Frederick was once a student.

At New Haven, Conn., we drove all around Yale University where Frederick graduated, and then on to Wallingford to see Choate School where he spent a year as chaplain.

This brings us up to Bristol, Rhode Island, where we arrived in time for supper on Friday night.

The eastern part of our country is surely different from the west coast. Here the mountains would be called foothills by westerners who use the Rockies as a basis for comparison. These hills are heavily wooded with maples, birch and other trees whose leaves turn color in the fall. The main roads wind in and out, cross little streams here and there, and give one many glimpses of the small factories that are located to utilize water power. There is simply nothing back here that reminds me of the Southwest or California!

One day last week Mart and I drove into northwest Massachusetts along the Mohawk Trail which goes through the most scenic sections of the Berkshire mountains. Our destination was the home of our good friend, Ethel Wells, who lives on a farm where more than 10,000 bushels of apples are picked yearly. Just as we arrived a helicopter was spraying the orchard to keep apples from falling off the trees.

Ethel lives only a short distance from Conway and Deerfield, towns where my father lived as a boy, so as guests of Maude Elmer, another Massachusetts friend whom we met in California, we had lunch at the old Deerfield Inn and went through the "Indian House", the old Congregational church (organized in 1688) and Deerfield Academy where father was once a student.

One of our big pleasures, as you can well imagine, is attending the church where Frederick is pastor, and meeting the friendly people of Bristol. But the thing I am enjoying the most is sitting on their sunny back porch reading to Mary Leanna or playing with David, whom I am seeing for the first time. Betty is a wonderful hostess, and it has been a genuine pleasure to spend a few days here. They are passing entirely too fast.

Portsmouth, N. H.

I brought this letter with me up to Portsmouth for I hoped to add more to it about the interesting things that we've seen on our side trips, but it looks as though the printer will be crowded for room if I add much more, so further details must wait until later.

Our plans now call for returning home by way of Niagara Falls and Detroit. We expect to be back for Mart's seventieth birthday on October 7th.

Always your friend . . . Leanna.



# Come into the Garden

## RAMBLING THROUGH NOVEMBER

By Pansy M. Barnes

Golden October—beloved by all—the month of flaming maples and gorgeous sunsets is past. We feel each year as Sara Teasdale did:

"O, burn me with your beauty, then,  
O, hurt me, tree and flower.

Wound me, that I through endless sleep

May bear the scar of you."

But the world turns swiftly and we must move with it.

Thank goodness, the weeds that we have fought with varying success have succumbed to the heavy frost! What would it be like to live in the tropics where frost is unknown! The hardy asters and late chrysanthemums which are in sheltered spots are still holding forth. But gardens need not be dreary through the wintry days ahead.

### These Plants Make A Difference

The hardy candytuft, which is like a glistening snow-bank in early Spring when the scillas and crocus unfurl their gay little banners, is a shining emerald border all the rest of the year. It is an absolute must for the low growing edging.

Evergreens may get too large for a small garden unless selected with a specialist's knowledge, but a tall growing green background may be achieved by training the *euonymus vegetus radicans* to a fence or against the house. When it has some age upon it, it will bear bright berries. Some call it "evergreen bitter-sweet". When zero days come its leaves look pinched and almost wilted, but they do not fall and when the weather moderates, look as fresh and bright as ever.

A beautiful ground cover which will thrive in deep shade as well as in full sunshine is the *vinca minor*. It is sometimes called "grave Myrtle" but by any name it's a beauty. It is a hardy trailing plant with glossy evergreen leaves, and in spring or early summer, the deep blue five-lobed flowers appear. The individual blooms are about an inch across. It will live under trees where grass will not grow and does not need mowing.

Small bulbs can be planted here and there among it as its roots do not go deeply into the soil. Even in the dead of winter, unless covered by snow, it makes an eye-resting spot of shining green. I'm afraid that we don't appreciate it enough here in the Middle West.

### Yes, It's Mulching Time Again

Of course you carefully saved fallen leaves many days ago to be used for mulching after the ground is frozen hard. But don't be in too much of a hurry to get this mulching done.

Hardy plants need frost to get them ready for winter, for winter injury to perennials is usually due to alternate freezing and thawing which tends to heave them out of the ground. A

matted mulch may cut off circulation of air. If the location is not well drained, much water may cause rotting of the roots.

Another disadvantage in too early mulching before the ground has frozen is the fact that you've made a handy refuge for field mice! With their sharp little claws they burrow in the unfrozen sod and dine on plant roots. (Sometimes the little scamps get into the house and you will find soil mysteriously dumped out of your house-plant pots. It is not done by "gremlins" but just by pesky field mice.)

Canterbury Bells and hollyhocks, as well as perennial poppies and delphiniums should not have leaves packed around them. Surround such plants with a small shovelful of coal ashes to keep water away from the foliage. Be sure this is beneath the foliage and not on top of them. Then cover them lightly with evergreen branches or old perennial tops.

Hyacinths, tulips and daffodils which have been potted and placed in a dark, cool room to root should be watched as they will probably need water about once a week. When the tops are several inches high the pots can be set in a dark warm place near the furnace. Be sure not to bring them upstairs to a cool light room until the bud's stalks are at least six inches high. We are so anxious for the colorful, fragrant bloom that it is hard to wait!

Outside again, when the ground is really frozen, mulch the roses. A foot of leaves about the base of each bush is not too much. If any leaves are left, they can be piled in an out-of-the-way corner to rot. They will then furnish valuable humus, both for the borders and for potting house-plants.

The peony tops have been cut and burned on the trash pile. Newly planted peonies should be mulched, but established plants do not need it. However, both old and new varieties will appreciate the potash that a light sprinkling of wood ashes will provide.

### Thanksgiving Is Here!

#### Heap High the Harvest

The days are getting shorter and shorter — Thanksgiving is drawing near. How better can we express the spirit of the season than by a gay arrangement that is informal and proclaims the abundance of the Fall harvest! We can combine fruits and vegetables with flowers to make a lovely arrangement.

A large purple egg-plant makes a unique container. It should be well-shaped and free from blemishes. Cut off the top and remove enough of the pulp so that a glass or can may be placed inside to hold water. Pale yellow and lavender mums would be very attractive in this. And deep purple and white grapes would also be stunning combined with them. Bundles of grapes can be wired to pointed, slender sticks, and these can be



There are not many people in this world who know more about flowers than our good friend Pansy Barnes. Through the years we've much enjoyed having her for a close neighbor.

anchored in the egg-plant. If this entire arrangement is made on a mirror, and if you surround it with brilliantly colored leaves, you'll have a truly beautiful centerpiece.

Other materials that are not too hard to procure and that are useful in Thanksgiving arrangements are red and green grapes, limes, yellow and red peppers, cauliflower and hedge balls.

If we can make an arrangement that will bring a smile to the grown-ups in these worried days and delight the children as well, our efforts will certainly be worthwhile.

### The Cover Picture

Butternut squash "Schmoos" are the surprising creatures that you probably noticed at once. Their eyes, like those of "the man from our town who was wondrously wise" are from the barberry bush, while toothpicks make the sharp, shiny whiskers.

One of these squash was left over from 1950, and the lighter one is fresh from the 1951 garden. These are fine for baking and unsurpassed for pies. (Lucile's note: I will always feel grateful to Mrs. Barnes for introducing us to Butternut squash—they are simply delicious!)

Hemlock twigs, which are as beautiful as ferns, are used about the base. (If placed in water these branches will remain beautiful and fresh for a month.)

I also used berries from the High Bush cranberry—and I consider it a "must have" in the garden. Its blooms are produced freely and come out around Memorial day to combine with iris and peonies in large bouquets. Certainly their berries are a gay note in the November landscape and are much appreciated by the red birds.

It might interest you to know that the new Apricot High Bush cranberry fruits were used in this arrangement rather than the red ones for they photograph better.

A happy Thanksgiving to you and yours, and may your garden provide part of the cheer!



## DOROTHY WRITES ON AN AUTUMN NIGHT

Dear Friends:

We have had a lovely Fall day here in Lucas, and this afternoon Kristin and I put on light weight sweaters and went out into our front yard and picked up the hickory nuts that have fallen in the past three days.

We had a light frost the other night, but it was hard enough to nip the trees so now we can see a daily change in the timber. Frank says the trees will turn slowly and the timber will be just as beautiful as it was last year. One year since we have been living here we had a real hard freeze early in the season, and the leaves just all turned brown and fell off.

When I read Lucile's last letter in Kitchen-Klatter about all the things we did at home in the Fall in preparation for the long winter, it brought back so many vivid memories to me. It is the one time of the year that I have always wanted to be in the Middle West. Native Californians just don't know what they have missed. I know the first year we were in California I got so homesick the latter part of September that I had to come back to Iowa and visit the folks for a week.

This morning at the breakfast table Frank and I were talking about the Fall of the year and what it had meant to us as children, and Frank said that his first memories of the town of Lucas are all associated with this time of year. Shortly after the first hard frost and when the next warm day came along, his Dad would harness the team up to the wagon and they would all ride in to Hunter's General Store.

Bob Hunter, one of the highly respected and well-loved old-timers of Lucas, passed away last week, and Frank felt as if he had lost a real friend. Frank says he will never forget how Bob used to bring out fresh brown paper from the store to line the bottom of the wagon, and then he would carry out ten sacks of flour, two-hundred pound sacks of sugar, and of course a lot of other things, but those two items stand out in his mind.

Then the children would all go into the store and get new shoes. Mrs. Johnson would buy yards and yards of material for dresses for the girls. Frank says he can remember walking slowly around the store looking in all the glass show cases which were divided into compartments with beans in one, brown sugar in another, etc. When all the shopping was done and the family was ready to get back into the wagon to start the long ride home, Mr. Hunter would give them a big sack of candy. Hunter's store is still in the same place and has been operating all these years, but in recent years it has been a grocery store and not a "general" store.

I wonder what things we are doing with Kristin now that she will remember as she gets older, no matter where she is, when the last of September and the first of October come a-



Dorothy's and Frank's home is surrounded by such heavy timber that this is the only place a picture could be taken that would give you even a glimpse of their house. On the opposite side they've started construction on what will someday be a very large screened-in porch.

round?

Squirrel season is open now and there have been lots of hunters out asking permission to hunt in our timber. Frank hasn't found much time to go hunting yet, but we have managed to have several good squirrel dinners.

We have had awfully busy days in our office. We had our big official Lucas County Institute the last part of September, and that was a rushing time. The teachers were divided into two groups, elementary and secondary. I attended the elementary group because that was where Mrs. Kiburz was and I was there to help her. I came away from the meetings so inspired that I wanted to get right back into the schoolroom. Our topic for study and discussion for the day was "Science in the Elementary Grades", and we were very fortunate to have two very good speakers.

Miss Ivah Green, State Supervisor of Rural Education, gave one of the lectures, and I'm sure that those of you who have ever heard her will agree with me when I say that she never fails to give an inspiring talk. She has just written two books, "Partners With Nature" and "Good Health from Good Soil", written in a language that every elementary child can understand. Both of them are tremendously interesting, and I hope your children will have the opportunity to read them.

Our other speaker was Miss Pauline Sauer, Professor at Iowa State Teacher's College, who gave a demonstration of things that the teacher and the children can make at school to help them with their science lessons. They were all articles that could be made at no cost from old screenwire and other things the children could bring from home. One of them was a butterfly net made with an old broom stick, a wire clothes hanger, and an old pillow case or a feed sack. Miss Sauer also demonstrated to the teachers the correct way to mount butterflies and other insects. Of course science isn't just insects, so she told about many simple scientific experiments that could be easily handled in the school room.

Mrs. Kiburz has been busy visiting schools. She always tries to get around to all the schools at least once before the roads get bad. This leaves me in the office and in the library, taking care of the callers who drop in during the day. I have met several people who are daily listeners to Kitchen-Klatter and who take the magazine.

Tomorrow is another work day, so I must get to bed. Until next month...

Sincerely, Dorothy

### Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

Do you number among your friends someone who is lonely and hungry for friendly letters? If so, a gift subscription for the Kitchen-Klatter magazine will give her endless pleasure and joy. We've been told time without number that our magazine is a "letter from home" and we're proud that we've been able to bring happiness to people who've felt at times that the world has passed them by.

Send in your gift subscription today. Only \$1.00 will deliver twelve issues of Kitchen-Klatter to your friends.

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Note: Orders for "The Story Of An American Family" cannot be filled unless a subscription to Kitchen-Klatter is included. \$1.50 brings you the magazine for a year, and a copy of the book.

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## THIS DOLL HOUSE WILL BE AN HEIRLOOM

By Mabel Nair Brown

Last year from the moment the first mail-order Christmas catalogues arrived at our house, our six year old Sharon set her heart upon finding a dollhouse waiting for her beneath the tree on Christmas morning. Her dream house became a composite picture of certain features from all the pictures she saw—plus a good imagination! Finally, I decided that the only way to get a house which would live up to all her specifications was to make it.

Fortunately, my father, whose business is carpentry and fine cabinet work, was visiting us at the time and happily agreed to build the doll house and paint it for me. Eventually it became a project that brought fun and satisfaction to the whole family, so if you too have a little girl who is dreaming of a doll house for this Christmas, I heartily recommend that you consider building and furnishing it yourself. Not only will you have the fun of building it, but you will find it less expensive than those you buy (especially if it must have all the special features a little girl dreams about!).

### What Would We Do Without Crates?

Father turned to the ever-faithful orange crates for material. Two crates were used for the main portion of the house, and a third was used to make the kitchen wing and sun deck and to provide extra wood to fill in the spaces in the other two crates. Some odd scraps of plywood were used for the roof, the chimney, fireplace, etc. As my father laughingly pointed out, there might be things about the house that weren't exactly "according to Hoyle" (like the fireplace chimney not extending to the second story, for instance) but Sharon wasn't aware of them!

One orange crate was turned on its side to form the lower story (living room and dining room with an archway between) and the second crate was nailed to it to make the bedroom and bathroom upstairs. Half of the third crate was nailed to the lower crate on one end to make the kitchen wing. Small screen lath was used to make a railing around the sun deck above the kitchen.

The archway was made by cutting away about two-thirds of the center board on the lower crate. The remaining third, father carved to form a semi-arch between the rooms.

The one single thing that we all admired most was the fireplace. It has a tiny mantle on which a floral arrangement was placed and Father painted a tiny board to resemble the red fireplace tile which he fastened to the floor in front of the fireplace opening. I used small twigs to lay a fire, and tiny wires were fashioned into fire tongs to hang beside the fireplace.

The house was painted white with a green roof marked to resemble shingles. The chimney was painted red with white lines to mark the "bricks".



Many years ago on an autumn day Aunt Jessie Shambaugh stepped out on her south porch to be sure that her father and her little son were all right. As she opened the door she found them sound asleep, so she tiptoed back into the house and picked up her camera. Fortunately it was loaded. We've always loved this picture of Grandfather Field, who was then eighty-eight, and little Bill Shambaugh who had not yet reached his second birthday.

Green shutters were painted on the outside of each window, and I painted on flower boxes filled with bright colored flowers below the kitchen and living room windows!

Of course, being a modern house, there had to be picture windows in the dining room and living room! I cut drapes of maroon velvet scraps which I found in my piece bag, and used pinking shears so that I did not need to hem them. Glass curtains were cut from some worn-out net curtains. For the rug in these rooms I used a heavy turkish towel in a deep blue shade which fitted beautifully into the color scheme. (This very much resembles shag rugs.) From old greeting cards I found tiny etchings to use for the pictures to hang on the walls; these were framed with light brown and cream construction paper.

### And Now To Furnish It

The furniture throughout the house is the miniature plastic furniture one sees in all variety and department stores. Of course if one were artistically inclined and had the time, the furniture, too, might well be home-made, but we decided our abilities did not lie in that direction. So in the weeks preceding Christmas we had fun searching for all types of furniture and equipment for the house whenever we were in stores.

In the living room are twin easy chairs on either side of the fireplace, the grand piano (with a tiny lamp standing on it) and a davenport with tiny sofa cushions which I made from silk scraps. There are floor lamps and an end table and, in the nook-corner by the fireplace, we found the perfect storage space for a folding bridge table and chairs!

The dining room has a table, chairs, buffet, radio and another overstuffed chair with a reading lamp. There is

a clock on the radio and a tiny tea set on the buffet. There is also a sewing machine in the dining room which has a tiny wheel that actually turns and drawers that open.

The kitchen is complete with range, refrigerator, dish cupboard, automatic washer, ironer, vacuum sweeper, garbage pail, broom, dustpan, table and chairs and a high chair. When Sharon first saw the house on Christmas morning the entire doll house family was seated around the breakfast table. We purchased the small dolls that are jointed so that they sit, stand, bend, etc. (There is actually a tiny baby doll for the highchair.) For the kitchen curtains I made ruffled ones that frame the window by running narrow elastic through the center of a band of flowered material. The kitchen is done in red and white with touches of yellow and green. There is a little red rocker so mother can rock the baby while dinner cooks! Red linoleum covers the floor.

Right here, perhaps, I should say that the walls and ceilings of each room were papered with wallpaper in harmonious colors.

### The Upstairs Was Fun

The master bedroom upstairs has ruffled priscilla curtains of pale yellow dimity. The wallpaper is delicate green and a heavy wash cloth in a deeper green makes a perfect rug for the floor. There are twin beds, the baby's carriage, a night stand with a small lamp and a little blonde wooden rocker with matching magazine rack. I made tiny magazines (stapled colored pages together) to fit in this rack.

Probably the most interesting thing in the bathroom is the walls, for the lower half has white and green oilcloth in a tile design pasted upon it, with the upper half white. Then I pasted very small decals (ducks, lambs, etc.) as a border on the white part just above where it joins the oilcloth. Curtains here are green plastic cut with the pinking shears. Linoleum in a green, black and white design was used on the floor.

An outside stairway leads to the sundeck where there are lounge chairs, umbrella covered table, swing for baby and tiny pots filled with artificial flowers. The furniture on the deck is white with trim in red and blue and the linoleum is red.

When we saw Sharon's eyes on Christmas morning, we all knew our time and efforts had been well worthwhile. Soon, perhaps by Christmas time this year, she will know that Santa Claus lives in the heart and not in person and when she does then we will explain the history of her beloved house to her and she will love it even more dearly because Grandfather made it and because we all had a hand in furnishing it.

Note: We think an "attached garage" might easily have been made by adding another half orange crate on the other end of the house off the living room.

In our attic was an old fashioned piano bench which we found made a table just the right height for the house to stand upon so that Sharon could reach it easily.



## A THANKSGIVING DINNER BASED ON CORN

By Hallie M. Barrow

Did you ever stop to think that you could have a fine Thanksgiving dinner and use just what the Pilgrims did?

You could start with oysters. The Indians evidently were very fond of oysters and ate so many that tons of oyster shells are found in mounds from Maine on down the coast to Florida. Next you might serve a clam chowder or a fish course. The main course would be the traditional wild turkey and probably it would be served with a cornbread dressing. Of course you could have cranberry sauce because cranberries are natives of the Massachusetts bogs. And you could also have potatoes, squash and hominy, and possibly a fruit salad made of persimmons or dried fruits or berries, for dessert, you might serve either pumpkin pie or Indian pudding, and the only sweetening in either would be wild honey.

It would be terribly out of keeping to use cut flowers for the table centerpiece! As the last gesture hollow out a pumpkin or a squash with a long neck to resemble a horn of plenty. Fill your pumpkin bowl or your squash cornucopia with bitter-sweet, colored leaves, nuts, seed pods and highly colored ears of Indian corn or popcorn.

Now it might seem that if you used corn pone for bread and the stuffing, popped corn, hominy and an Indian pudding made from corn meal and then ears of corn for table decorations that you were sort of over-doing the corn. But the corn you use would be your most truly American product. Many other parts of the world at that time could furnish wild turkeys, cranberries, vegetables, fruits and nuts, yet only in America could you find corn.

Corn is distinctly an American grain and records show that no reference has ever been found in the archives of any civilization which mention corn except the Indian tribes scattered up and down the two American continents. No reference, according to corn researchers, has ever been found of it until Columbus discovered America.

It is true that the word corn is used in the Bible and early English records, but it was a general name for small grains . . . it did not mean ear corn as we know it. However, corn of all types was known to the Indians in both North and South America . . . dent, flint, sweet corn and popcorn.

It was the Indians who showed the Pilgrims how to plant corn and made them understand that a dead fish should be put in each hill. It might have been the squaws who demonstrated corn culture since amongst the Indian tribes, it was the squaws who scratched the ground to make hills where several grains were dropped. Their cultivation was about as rude, and while they didn't call the dead fish fertilizer, yet they knew that the best corn came from the

hills so treated. They roasted the corn in the husks in ashes before the grain began to harden. They ground the hard grains with rocks into a meal out of which they made corn pones and they made a sort of hominy, using ashes in place of commercial lye. Of course they saved seed, for corn was an important crop in their lives. They used the husks for many purposes . . . for weaving, making mats, baskets, sandals, braided it for ropes, and they used the cobs for pipes.

Corn is one thing which didn't come over on the Mayflower and botanists now are searching ruins of ancient Indian tribes to see if they can't find the ancestor of our corn. For corn doesn't grow wild, at least not nowadays. Many of our researchers feel that pod corn was the parent.

At the Ohio State Fair this year, there was some pod corn exhibited which was quite a curiosity for in pod corn each kernel is enclosed in a chafy pod. Another farmer to make the head lines recently had picked up a handful of corn in an old blacksmith shop. He knew the corn was sixty years old and planted it just to see if any would sprout. The stalks that matured had ears of pod corn.

The Indians must have liked popcorn as well as we do. At least they went to a great deal of trouble to have it. They first heated rocks very hot, then covered them with sand and when the sand was extremely hot, they took out the rocks and buried popcorn grains. As it popped, it would scatter the sand and they would pluck out the popped grains.

Even more interesting is the record from South America where evidently the popcorn grains grew along the tassel like pod corn. They found that by dipping a tassel in hot oil, the grain would pop but remain on the tassel. These long tassels with popped grains along their length were used purely for decoration.

Any gardener who raises Indian or squaw corn or strawberry popcorn to be used for winter arrangements wouldn't smile at the Incas or Peruvians for using popped corn on the tassel for ornaments. Even bitter-sweet takes a second place to the very ornamental strawberry popcorn for charm strings or arrangements.

One of the most attractive corn table decorations is made on a small lace paper doily, using an ear of the strawberry popcorn for the center. Place it with the large end down, and around that put single rows of the large white hominy corn. (One of the varieties which has immense grains is Silver King.) Where the large white grains touch, put the pointed end of yellow grains. It really looks like a big flower.

One of the women who lectured on arrangements in a series that I attended, used a great deal of corn in her demonstrations. Red, yellow and white ears with their husks pulled back about half-way to show the ear cobs were bunched on a copper tray

and later spread out fanwise in an old wooden chopping bowl. A corn husk doll stood in the middle.

Still another way of using corn in arrangements was by placing handfuls of the shelled grain around a tray of small pumpkins, gourds and squash. Small piles of shelled calico corn were scattered around nuts, and I hope that when you gather nuts, you get a few hazel nut branches with the nuts still in the burs. Or, if you have ever made those seed pictures, you can do a lot with corn.

Maybe you can think of another way of using corn for your Thanksgiving dinner and will remember to give thanks to the Indians for handing down to us our most important crop. There is no question but that our mush pots, our bowls of grit, sacks of popcorn, hominy products, corn meal and corn pone came direct from the Indians to our first settlers.

## TRICKS WITH CAKES

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Cakes have long been associated with the really wonderful events in our lives. Birthday cakes, wedding cakes, anniversary cakes . . . these are only a few of the ones you've enjoyed. Some of your fondest memories may be connected with a very special cake baked for you by some loved one.

There are two such cakes that I remember. One was a Devil's Food my mother baked for my seventh birthday. Since mine is a spring birth date, the day frequently falls near Easter. Mom had generously frosted this huge loaf cake, then on each big square she perched a marshmallow chicken, rabbit or Easter egg. Every guest at the party was entranced, and so was I!

The other cake which I shall long remember was baked by Mom for my most recent birthday. It was a three-tiered angel food affair, requiring sixty eggs.

As I'm sure you've guessed before, the most elaborate cakes are not always the ones we remember best. Certainly it is a thrill to behold a masterpiece like Lucile's lamb cake, or the beauties produced by Mrs. Vik, Iowa's champion cake decorator who has won so many honors at the State Fair. Nevertheless, time, expense, and a woeful lack of such elaborate creative talent need not discourage the rest of us in our efforts to make memorable cakes. Some of the Slick Tricks can turn your ordinary cake into one to delight the small fry of your household.

At our house we frequently use paper and scissors to add extra fillip to a layer cake. When cutting the waxed paper lining, we cut an extra one or two with which to "doodle" while the cake bakes. It may be cut in a big fat heart near Valentine's Day. In October the fat, grinning face of a black cat may emerge. Santa's face is featured in December! Using this as a pattern, the cooled cake is trimmed to the desired shape. (If you have youngsters, you needn't worry

(Continued on Page 16)



## FREDERICK REPORTS A DINNER CONVERSATION

Dear Friends,

In just thirty-six hours my mother and father will be leaving Rhode Island for Iowa. We have been trying our best to persuade them to remain for at least another week or two, but with no success. Their two weeks with us here have been altogether too short, and we are already making plans for their next visit. We know that they have had a good time, for the weather has been perfect, and they have been able to see everything that they had hoped to see while in this part of the country.

I am writing this letter after having returned from a family dinner party at a beautiful restaurant where mother and dad had an opportunity to try several famous New England dishes. This restaurant is located in what used to be an old grist mill run by water power, and from our table we could look out over the mill pond and the dam where a flock of white geese swam lazily along under the willow trees. Betty and I had eaten at this particular restaurant on our honeymoon, but little did we dream then that someday we would be eating there again with mother and dad.

While we were eating dinner tonight we had a very interesting discussion of matters relating to the rearing of children and the disciplining of children in general. Because I am a clergyman I always take a particular delight in interjecting some question into a discussion that will provoke considerable difference of opinion and lively verbal battles. Tonight I did just that when I dropped this bombshell: "How often should you forgive another person? When should you forgive and when should you not forgive?"

Well, I think that my question is what made us so late home this evening—we just talked and talked and talked! Of course right away someone gave the expected reply to my question by saying that Jesus said we should forgive seventy times seven or 490 times before taking any other action, but we didn't let that truth settle the matter for us, since we all knew that what Jesus meant when he said that was simply that we should be very generous with our forgiveness, for the phrase "seventy times seven" was merely a figure of speech meaning "many times".

Someone at the table tonight pointed out that as much as we like to think of the forgiveness of God, it would seem that there is plenty of evidence pointing to the fact that God does not always forgive. For example, it appears to us that God does not always forgive ignorance. One of the most difficult things to understand about life is why a man cannot be forgiven for doing wrong, if he does not know that it is wrong that he is doing. Whether or not one knows that sunburn results from exposing skin to the direct rays of the sun, we can still get sunburned. Ignorance of the anatomy of a bee, does not prevent a sting. Ignorance



Do you remember Frederick's account of his trip to the carnival with Mary Leanna? Here he is telling it to Kristin, Emily, Martin and Juliana who were wide-eyed with astonishment.

of the law of gravity does not save one from a destructive fall. Ignorance of the laws of society does not excuse a man in court. Ignorance of the spiritual law "The wages of sin is death" does not save one from moral ruin. There are few more tragic utterances than the cry: "I didn't know!" Certainly this is something we should think about when we are wondering how often we personally should forgive ignorance.

I put my oar deep into the discussion by suggesting that the best teaching of Jesus on the matter of forgiveness is his parable of the "Prodigal Son," the story of the bad boy who ran away from home and then after losing all his money, returned to his home to be forgiven by his father.

The pharisees who heard Jesus tell this story immediately thought that the story had a wrong ending, they thought that the boy should not have been forgiven since he obviously had done wrong. I think the point Jesus wanted to make with this story has to do with the direction the prodigal son was heading. The father forgave the son on his way back, not on his outward journey. Jesus seemed to be saying that you forgive a person when he is on the way up, not on the way down. Or to put it in religious terms, the sinner must show some signs of repentance.

A great many of you reading this letter have had opportunity to observe the effects of justified and unjustified forgiveness, and you know that few things are more destructive of character than undeserved forgiveness. Forgiving a person while he is still on the way down, still headed toward the swine, is like adding fuel to a burning house. Forgiving a person at the wrong time can be most harmful, but forgiving a person who has shown real repentance can be a most redeeming factor.

I shall never forget one lesson that I had on the subject of forgiveness. When I had been out of college but a short time and was still a very, very, young and inexperienced teacher, I had occasion to sit on a discipline board concerning a matter of theft. I was a great believer in justice being done, and for setting an example before the other students that would make them shiver at the thought of the consequences of theft.

Another member of the discipline

board was quite opposed to my wishes for stern measures in the case, for he insisted that the boy involved was extremely repentant and was deserving of another chance. Just when it seemed that my vote would expel the boy (repentance or no repentance did not matter to me then) my friend on the board said to me: "Driftmier, what do you think of Ricky Jones, the president of the student council?"

"Why!" I replied, "I have never in all my life known a finer boy than Rickey. He is a prince of a fellow, but what has he to do with this case? Ricky is not involved in this!"

"No," said my friend, "he is not involved here, but three years ago when he was a freshman he sat before this very board with the proved charge of theft against him. He was a very repentant boy and so the board forgave him. For the same reason I think we should forgive the boy before us today."

I had learned a lesson. Needless to say, I voted to forgive the boy.

To forgive is an act of faith on the part of the one who forgives, and the amount of faith required by the forger is determined by the amount of repentance in the heart of the sinner. The real crux of this whole problem is the difficulty of knowing how sincere the repentance is, and when the repentance is sincere, it is we who will need the mercy of God if we fail to forgive.

You know, my friends, it is a wonderful thing to be forgiven, but it is even a finer thing to be able to forgive. I sometimes wonder which brings the greatest heartaches to the world, the presence of evil in the hearts of a sinner, or the absence of forgiveness in the hearts of those who have been sinned against.

When something unkind is done to hurt us, the pain is sharp like the cut of a knife into tender flesh. That is an evil, but knife wounds do heal, and the pain is not for long. When you and I have been hurt, and then refuse to forgive, no matter how sorry the other party may be, no matter how repentant, then we are keeping the cut open and raw, keeping the pain alive and persistent, and the longer the wound is kept open; the more persistent the pain will be. Our righteous anger can very quickly be turned into unrighteousness by a failure to forgive when forgiveness is justified, and a failure to reward repentance does more to corrode the soul into bitterness than anything I know of.

Well, now you know the intellectual menu of our supper this evening. It was over our second or third cup of coffee that we all agreed that the problem of forgiveness is a much more profound problem than it first appears to be on the surface.

Of one thing we were all certain, and that was this: each individual person needing forgiveness must be considered as an individual case. We can't even treat our children just alike, for each child is different, with different ideas and different emotional backgrounds.

Sincerely, Frederick.



## DON'T THROW IT AWAY! CHRISTMAS IS COMING

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Perhaps it is just a hangover from Pioneer Days but there is something mighty satisfying about making something out of nothing.

Take round boxes, for example, such as ice cream cartons, oatmeal or salt boxes. Last year a friend of mine gave me a tall thin vase which would have been difficult to wrap. She took an oatmeal box, covered it neatly with Christmas wrapping paper and used it for a gift box. To wrap it, she used a transparent paper, made a roll shape and tied each end with bows of red and gold ribbon. Thus an oatmeal box and a little ingenuity made one of the prettiest wrapped gifts I have ever received.

For a string holder, paint a smaller carton, punch a hole in the top for the string to pass through and shellac if you wish.

A quart-sized carton makes an attractive container for your can of cleanser. Paint the carton, add a bright picture clipped from a magazine and cover with a coat of shellac. Sew a large bright bead on top to use in removing lid. Now put in a can of your favorite cleanser and you have a useful gift to brighten up the kitchen.

Be sure to think twice before you throw away small wooden boxes. Three small wooden cheese boxes, cut down and arranged in tiers may be painted to hold a collection of what-nots. Or you may choose to paint one and fill it with boxes of your favorite spices.

Cigar boxes painted or covered with old Christmas seals or stamps and shellaced make sewing boxes, a jewelry box or handkerchief box. A cigar box is ideal for making doll house furniture. Remove the lid, add four legs and you have a doll bed; or turn it into a table, chair, davenport or trunk.

Using orange crates has almost become a good old American tradition. The heavy ends may be sandpapered and made into bread boards or chopping blocks. Or paint the boards some bright color and put a nail in each corner and one in the center. Give children a few jar rings and they will spend hours playing with this *Toss Game Board*. You may make a similar board with nails for spools of thread; add a cork or pin cushion in the center for needles and you have a fine sewing board.

If you have an inexpensive coping saw, you may use the thinner boards from the orange crates to cut out garden markers, toy animals to be converted into tooth brush holders, or designs to paint and use for pot holders.

Shame on you if you throw away your spools! Paint the various sizes in gay colors and small children will play for hours stacking and building them, or stringing them on heavy thread. Painted spools with pointed sticks inverted through the holes make excellent tops. Spools of different sizes make ideal dolls for the babies in the family.

Search through the rag bag for scraps of material to be converted into practical gifts. Bean bags may be made from the scraps of heavier material. Small scraps of print may be pieced in patch work fashion for colorful washable pillow tops. Bits of velvet make pin cushions. Doll dresses made from scraps of material will delight the heart of any little girl.

Never destroy your old magazines until you are sure you have salvaged every usable bit. Save pretty pictures from the cover, put them into frames from the Five and Dime, and make an attractive picture arrangement. If the cover would appeal to a child, paste it on cardboard and then cut it into a jig-saw puzzle. Household hints, recipes, menus, and party helps pasted into a small book would be a welcomed gift for a new bride. A scrap book with stories, puzzles, games, riddles will keep a youngster entertained for hours. For the friend who enjoys poetry, start a book of poems as you clip special bits of poetry from magazines.

Old greeting cards provide hours of amusement for children. Scrap books of these cards are always welcomed by children's wards of hospitals. By removing the inside sheets of old cards you may make a folded piece of stationery for children to use in their correspondence. Children will enjoy making their own Christmas wrapping paper and tags by decorating white paper with pictures and designs cut from old Christmas cards.

As my Grandmother used to say, "Don't throw it away—it might come in handy." In your very own rag bag or junk box there may be an extra special gift for your family or friends.  
**DON'T THROW IT AWAY!**

## FALL'S FAREWELL

This changing Autumn scene imparts  
to me  
A hidden source of some great mystery.  
How earth bound roots distill their  
golden dye  
To burnish trees that match a sunset  
sky.  
While music of a magic flute is heard,  
A flashing wing reveals a scarlet  
bird.  
To fall I drink a farewell toast, while  
high  
Above this russet pyre, the wild geese  
cry.

—Elfriede Schutt

## FOR A GUEST ROOM

Sleep sweet within this quiet room  
O thou, who'er thou art,  
And let no mournful yesterdays  
Disturb thy quiet heart;  
Nor let tomorrows fright thy rest  
With dreams of coming ill;  
The Maker is thy changeless friend,  
His love surrounds thee still.  
Forget thyself and all the world,  
Put out each feverish light;  
The stars are keeping watch o'erhead,  
Sleep sweet; Goodnight, goodnight.

—Unknown

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

A few days ago one of the neighbors took a day off and went to call on the patients at Sunny Acres Nursing Home, 268 Billerica Road, Chelmsford, Mass. She found a number of people there who were lonely and asked her to find someone to write them. So she turned for help to the Good Neighbors. Will you write to one or more of these? All addresses are as given above. John Wheeldon, John Wilson, George Wilkins, John Parker, Scott Martin, Hattie Martel and Grandma Ellen McDonald. I doubt if some of these will be able to answer, but usually they are the ones who need mail the most.

Remember little Butch Walters who had something wrong with his hip bone socket and was in a cast so long? He had the cast removed and is now able to sit up long enough so he can eat at the table, and is he ever thrilled over it! He was six years old in October. He loves to get mail of any kind. 3137 Ave F., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Mrs. Clara Waugh, 602 E. Washington, Rushville, Ill., is an elderly shut-in. She is alone and gets awfully discouraged.

Miss Pearl Seifert, 221 E. Union Blvd., Bethlehem, Pa., does not like to be called a shut-in, though at times she is bedfast for months at a stretch. Other times she can be up and around the home. She has not been well since she had scarlet fever and rheumatism when she was 4 years old.

Miss Jessie Wedster, 9802 S. Loomis St., Chicago 43, Ill., is a long-time shut-in. She spends a good deal of her time in the hospital but is hoping she can be home this year for Christmas. When she is home she has to be in bed most of the time.

Mrs. Gloria McNary, Uncas-on-Thames Sanitarium, Norwich, Conn., needs friendly letters. I told you about her earlier this year. She has been in this Sanitarium since before Christmas last year, in very serious condition and is not improving. By the time you read this, she will have had a lung operation which they hope will help. Her three small children ages 5, 3 and 2, are not allowed to be with her, which does not help her morale. I do hope you will write her, though she cannot answer.

Mrs. Clara Entrot, Seelyville, Pa., broke her hip some years ago and has been bedfast ever since.

Frank Gilmore, City Hospital, 629 Main St., Bangor, Maine, age 31, is unable to walk. He goes in a wheel chair and wants correspondents.

Mrs. Lydia Hughes, Apt. 206, 1315 W. 9 St., Los Angeles, California, has been very sick for several months and needs cheer.

Mrs. Oscar Jentoft, 1120 Parkpoint, Duluth, Minn., is confined to a wheel chair with multiple sclerosis. She is alone the entire day and would be so happy to have letters.

Would you like to make some dolls for children in a hospital? Write to me about it. My address is 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.





### OLD-FASHIONED OYSTER STUFFING FOR THANKSGIVING TURKEY

- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt and pepper
- 6 1/2 cups bread crumbs (dry)
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 3/4 cups milk and liquid from oysters

Put butter or margarine in skillet and cook celery and onions in it until tender but not brown. Add crumbs, oysters, bay leaf, seasonings and eggs. Add enough liquid to moisten—you don't want the mixture dry but it mustn't be too moist. Allow to stand for an hour or so. Remove bay leaf and stuff turkey. This makes enough for a 10-to 12-pound turkey, but don't pack it in tightly or the bird will split open.

### CHILLED CRANBERRY AND PINEAPPLE JUICE

- 4 cups cranberries
- 6 cups water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 large can unsweetened pineapple juice

Cook cranberries in water until skins pop; strain through fine sieve. Add sugar and cook for 2 minutes. Combine with pineapple juice and chill until ice cold. Serves 12.

### CANDIED-ORANGE SWEET POTATOES

Boil potatoes until tender and when cool remove skins. If large potatoes are used, cut into thick slices; if small potatoes are used, leave them whole. Put a layer in a thickly buttered casserole, cover with a layer of brown sugar and a layer of grated orange rind. Build up with alternate layers until casserole is almost full. Cover with orange juice, and if you can spare the pecans, dot a few over the top. Bake for approximately 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

### SOUR-CREAM DRESSING

- 1 pint sour cream
- 1/2 cup chili sauce
- 1 heaping tablespoon horse-radish
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Mix all ingredients together and serve in a separate bowl. This is delicious for all vegetable salads.

## "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

### WALDORF SALAD (12 servings)

- 4 cups diced apples (Jonathans or winesaps)
- 2 cups chopped celery
- 2 bananas chopped
- 1 cup chopped nut meats (preferably black walnuts)

We always peel our apples for this salad with the exception of just a few pieces to give color. Bananas are added at the last minute to prevent their turning dark. Our favorite dressing for this is a combination of salad dressing and whipped cream.

### BARBECUED PORK CHOPS

- 8 lean pork chops (trim off fat)
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 1 cup water
- 1 bay leaf

Brown chops in hot fat. Combine remaining ingredients, bring to boiling point and pour over chops. Cover tightly and bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately one hour.

### 4½ MINUTE FUDGE

- 4 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 bars German chocolate (Baker's Brand)
- 2 pkgs. semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1 large can evaporated milk
- 1 jar marshmallow whip
- 1 Tbls. vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup nuts

Boil sugar and milk for exactly 4 1/2 minutes after it starts to boil. Pour this over the other ingredients, mix well, cool and add the nuts. Put in ice box when cool.

### CABBAGE WITH LEMON SAUCE

- 1 head of cabbage
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 1 1/2 cups sugar

Very finely shred the amount of cabbage you'd prepare for your family if you were fixing coleslaw. In a bowl combine the sugar, lemon juice and grated lemon rind. Stir thoroughly and pour over cabbage. Chill. When ready to serve, press off liquid. This should be prepared at least three hours before it is to be eaten. Perhaps it sounds peculiar, but this is remarkably delicious and always makes a hit with everyone. Certainly it is easy to fix! Don't add a single thing beyond what is mentioned here.

### LEMON CRACKLE

- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup sugar
- Juice of 2 lemons
- 2 egg beaten
- 1 cup water
- 1 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Combine cornstarch and sugar. Add lemon juice, eggs, water and vanilla. Cook in double boiler until thick.

- Mix 1 cup flour
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 10 soda crackers crushed
- 1 cup coconut

Press this mixture in pan. Then put in filling explained above and bake at 350 degrees until it browns. Serve plain or with whipped cream.

### DELICIOUS PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1 Tbls. gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 cup crushed, drained pineapple
- 1 cup shredded American cheese
- 1 cup cream, whipped

Bring sugar and pineapple juice to boiling point. Then add gelatine that has been dissolved in the cold water. When mixture has started to thicken, fold in the pineapple, cheese and whipped cream. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce.

### COUNTRY-FRIED STEAK

Enough round steak for your family

- 1 beaten egg
- Dash of pepper
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 3 Tbls. melted fat
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups hot water

Pound steak vigorously. Dip in beaten egg to which salt and pepper have been added, and then in bread crumbs. Brown in hot fat on both sides. Then remove from pan, stir in flour and cook until blended. Gradually add water, stir until smooth, and then return meat to gravy, cover and cook over low heat until meat is tender.

### CUSTARD PUMPKIN PIE

(Will make 3 9-in. pies)

- 1 large can pumpkin or 3 1/2 cups
- 2 cups sugar
- 6 eggs
- 4 cups rich milk
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ginger (or 1/2 tsp.)
- 1 tsp. allspice (or 1/2 tsp.)
- 1 tsp. nutmeg (or 1/2 tsp.)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. cake flour

Mix pumpkin, sugar, flour, salt and spices. Beat eggs well and add milk; then mix well. Add to pumpkin, mix well, and pour into 3 9-inch unbaked pie shells. (If you don't want to use it all, it keeps well in the refrigerator.) Bake for approximately one hour at 350 degrees, or until a knife blade inserted comes out clean.



## DRIFTMIR'S THANKSGIVING DINNER 1951

With a big family it's always hard to know very far in advance just how many will be able to gather around the dining room table at the folks' home for Thanksgiving dinner, but at this time it looks as though we will all be there with the exception of Frederick's family and Donald. However, Donald never knows when a sudden furlough will turn up, so just possibly there'll be a knock on the door very late the night before Thanksgiving, and we'll have another of his surprise visits.

Mother's big table will be pulled out its full length, but even though every additional board is in it we'll be compelled to put Juliana, Kristin, Martin and Emily at a small table in front of the east windows in the dining room. The four of them "fit" so nicely at this particular table that we can't help but wonder what arrangements we'll make when Alison is old enough to leave her high chair and join them!

Do you ever wonder about the details behind linen and china? I do! Consequently it might interest you to know that on the big table will be a damask cloth that was Dad's Christmas gift to Mother in 1926. He selected it himself, and I remember vividly how happy Mother was when she opened the box and saw it, plus a dozen napkins. The last time we used it we noticed that it's getting mighty thin in many spots, so this may be its last appearance before extensive repairs are made.

For a centerpiece we will use a beautiful low pottery bowl in shades of gray and chartreuse that Aunt Susan Conrad made several years ago. We children usually go together and buy flowers for holiday meals, and this year will be no exception. On the buffet there will be an arrangement of fruit and gourds in the lovely kola wood tray that Frederick, Betty and Dad gave to Mother for her gift when they were all together in Honolulu.

Both Juliana and Kristin like to make placecards, so each person will find his chair by looking for a brightly colored turkey that has his name written on it.

The china that we'll use on this day was a gift to Mother and Dad from all of their children, and the silver was Dad's gift to Mother for Christmas five years ago. Does this sound familiar? Well, I think most families, particularly when they're big families, can look at a table and say approximately the same thing. Perhaps some people just run out and buy what they want when they want it, but in our family it wasn't this way. And when I think how much lasting pleasure we've gotten from joining forces to make it possible for Mother and Dad to have some of the things they had to forego when the seven of us were growing up . . . well, I'm glad that's the way it is.

## Our Menu

Chilled Cranberry and Pineapple Juice  
Roast turkey with oyster stuffing  
Mashed Potatoes—turkey gravy  
Candied-Orange sweet potatoes  
Green beans with mushrooms  
Waldorf Salad  
Hot Rolls—strawberry preserves  
Relish platter  
Mince Pie with hard sauce  
Coffee

Mother, Abigail, Margery and I got together to work out this menu, and as we jotted down the items we knew, automatically, what the division of work would be.

Mother will prepare the chilled cranberry and pineapple juice, mashed potatoes and candied sweet potatoes. Abigail will stuff the turkey and roast it, and make one of the mince pies. Margery will be responsible for the Waldorf salad and hot rolls. I will prepare the green beans with mushrooms, make up the relish platter (several kinds of pickles, olives and stuffed celery), and furnish one of the pies and hard sauce. Dorothy will probably be with us, but since she comes from a distance we don't expect anything of her beyond setting the table and making the coffee!

A happy, happy Thanksgiving to you.  
—Lucile.

## APPLE-OATMEAL BARS

1 cup flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1 cup quick-cooking oatmeal.  
1/2 cup butter or margarine  
2 1/2 cups sliced apples  
2 Tbls. butter  
1/2 cup sugar

Sift together the flour, salt, soda and brown sugar; mix in oatmeal. Cut in butter or shortening until crumbly; spread half of the mixture in baking dish, buttered, 7-11 inches. Arrange apples over crumb mixture; dot with butter and sprinkle sugar over apples. Cover with remaining crumb mixture. Bake in a 350 oven 40 to 45 minutes. Cut in squares or bars and serve warm with Juliana's favorite lemon sauce, or cold as a cooky.

## CHURCH DINNER MEAT LOAF

3 1/2 lbs. ground beef or veal  
3/4 lb. ground ham  
3 eggs  
1 1/2 cups milk  
2 tsp. salt  
Pepper to taste  
1 1/2 cups bread crumbs  
6 Tbls. horseradish  
6 Tbls. catsup  
1 small can mushrooms  
8 slices bacon

Mix all ingredients and form into loaf. Dredge both top and bottom with flour. Cover top with strips of bacon and then bake, covered, for 3 hours in a 325 degree oven. This makes a big meat loaf (will serve 15 or 16) that is delicious, slices beautifully for serving, and tastes more expensive than it is.

## SOME OF OUR FAVORITE AUTUMN MEALS

Barbecued Pork Chops  
Baked Yams or Sweet Potatoes  
Applesauce  
Tossed Green Salad  
Banana Cream Pie  
\* \* \*

Cabbage and Smoked Sausages  
baked together  
Baked Irish potatoes  
Waldorf Salad  
Gingerbread with whipped cream  
\* \* \*

Pot Roast  
Mashed Potatoes and brown gravy  
Buttered Carrots  
Cabbage with lemon sauce  
Pumpkin Pie  
\* \* \*

Chicken Fried Round Steak  
Hashed Brown potatoes  
Buttered Lima Beans  
Perfection Salad  
Pineapple Upside-Down Cake  
\* \* \*

Chili  
Hard Rolls  
Tossed Green Salad  
Chilled custard

—Lucile.

## RUBY TAPIOCA

4 or 5 tart apples  
1/2 cup sugar  
2 Tbls. minute tapioca  
3 Tbls. red cinnamon candy  
1 1/2 cups hot water  
1 Tbls. lemon juice

Pare and core apples and cut in eighths lengthwise. Combine sugar, water and candy. Cook until dissolved, stirring frequently. Add apples and cook until tender. If syrup has boiled down, add enough water to make 1 cup. Put syrup in top part of double boiler, add tapioca, cook 15 minutes, and stir frequently. Remove from heat, add lemon juice, and then pour over apples. Chill and serve with cream.

## DELICIOUS CUSTARD FILLING FOR CREAM PUFFS

2 cups milk  
2 Tbls. cornstarch  
1 cup sugar  
4 egg yolks  
1 tsp. plain gelatine  
2 Tbls. cold water  
1 tsp. vanilla

Scald the milk. Transfer to top part of double boiler. Combine cornstarch and sugar and add to it. Beat egg yolks until light and fluffy, add small amount of milk and sugar mixture and beat again. Then add egg yolk mixture to remainder of milk in double boiler and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Dissolve gelatine in cold water and add to hot custard. Remove from fire. Cool and add vanilla.

This makes a delicious cream puff filling that holds its shape beautifully when allowed to stand in a cool place. Fill puffs before it congeals. The small amount of gelatine added does away with the necessity of using more cornstarch.



## THE OLD WEST

Last year the Angelus Club of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Omaha, Nebr., presented their annual banquet with the theme "The Old West". Muriel Gillies took time to write the details of this affair, and the chances are you can find some good ideas here for your own church or club banquet. In fact, you'd better save this issue just in case some young people turn up next spring wanting suggestions for a different Junior-Senior banquet.

Muriel writes: "The theme of our banquet was "The Old West" and we arranged tables, each seating two couples on a side (8 to a table) in a horseshoe with the speakers' table (guests seated on one side only) at the open end of the horseshoe.

"In the middle of the floor I built a big campfire—and I know the neighbors thought me crazy when they saw me out gathering wood on a snowy day! I used an extension cord, light bulb, red cellophane and a large strainer for this fire; the strainer covered the light bulb in such a way that no paper or wood came in contact with it—thus no fire hazard.

"The tables were lighted by old oil lamps, and in the center of each (with the exception of the speakers' table) was a miniature campfire. These were made by wiring flash light bulbs to flash light batteries, four of them to a bundle. Two might have done the job but we didn't want the "fire" going out on us during dinner. These bundles of batteries were wrapped in brown crepe paper with a red cellophane covered hole at the top. The entire bundle was then covered with small sticks and twigs.

"A corral made of Lincoln logs centered the speakers' table, and we filled it with animals, horses and cowboys. We found many plastic figures among our committee for this corral. Hanging on the walls and spread around the room were holsters and pistols (many a youngster gave up playing cowboy for that day!), and my sister loaned her "horse collection" to us so we had these spread over all the tables. They looked very western.

"Our napkins had bright colored borders. Our nut cups were plain white ones that I painted in various bright colors and filled with nuts and candy corn. Perched on top of each nut cup was a tiny western hat, the brim made from construction paper, and the crown made by painting a white nut cup to match. Elastic thread formed the cord around the crown, and also the chin cord so that they could be worn—and they were! On the brim was each person's name, so it served also as a place card.

"I gave each person a so-called western nick name. For instance, I was "Montana" Muriel and John was "Hashknife" Gillies. (Thinking up enough nicknames with a western air for fifty people almost sprained my brain!)

"The program books were our pride and joy. These were made by enlarging a book found in a child's coloring book and running it off (mimeographed) on various colors of con-



Mother and her little granddaughter, Emily, are enjoying a stroll through Russell's and Lucile's garden.

struction paper. Then they were hand colored and gilded. A member of our committee who was bedfast did the handwork and cutting on the covers of the program."

(Lucile's note: the program sent to me was really handsome. It measured 7 inches in length, was outlined with black India ink, and the large ankle band was gilded and brilliantly colored in green, blue and gold. There were even spurs at the side! The top of the boot was edged with a deep band of blue, and there were attractive green and gold designs on the side. And a high heel, of course.)

"There were two white sheets, also boot shaped, on the inside of the boot, and the entire thing was stapled together. The first white sheet contained the menu that was titled *Chuck*. It read as follows, and I'll translate the items for you: Red River (Fruit Juice); Branded Squealers (Barbecued Pork Chops); Corraled Idahos (Baked Potatoes); Cholla (Limas and Corn); Spring Roundup (Spring Salad); Ride'em Cowboy (Apple pie a la mode); Sourdough (rolls); Grease (butter); Sleep Rustler (Coffee).

"The second sheet contained the program that was presided over by the Range Boss, president of the club. His opening speech was followed by "Campfire Caterwauling" led by "Weary" Propp. The song sheets contained only western songs, and did they sing them! After this "Clementine" and "Pollywolly Doodle" were sung by a quartet composed of The Bowlegged Buckaroos, namely: "Ride-along" Sallander, "Buffalo" Baynes, "Hashknife" Gillies, and "Cheyenne" Sherbondy.

"Western Warbling" (more group singing) was followed by "United by Love" presented by the Prairie Players. This was a very "corny melodrammer" which had been engineered in advance. Five people found an x in their little hats, and they were called to the speakers' table where they found they were to be the cast of "United by Love." Copies were provided for each person, and while the crowd sang the group of songs titled "Western Warbling" the cast retired to another room, read through their

lines, assembled the few props I had prepared, and then returned to present their drama. It was a riot! We all laughed until we were weak.

"Some people, of course, can enter into the spirit of such an affair much more easily than others, and you can control the situation by putting the x in the combination hat-placecards, thus insuring yourself of good co-operation.

"The remaining three toasts titled "Brands", "Rustlers" and "Frontiers" were all excellent and furnished just the right note upon which to conclude the banquet.

"It represented a great deal of work, of course, but it was certainly well worth while and people were most appreciative."

## A LADY'S HANDBAG

The contents are unknown, until She opens purse to pay that bill. New calendar and almanac, Like loot of Kleptomaniac, Usual feminine make-up Stirred round, as in a mixing cup. The harassed clerk tries not to stare At patron, clawing in despair.

A compact rolls upon the floor, And followed by half dozen more Small disc like objects—all but coin. That lost bus ticket to Des Moines At last is found, plus cards unmailed With odds and ends of silk that failed To match, stuffed, until linings sag. Billfold at home in OTHER bag.

—Ella Bedsaul

Man may criticize woman all he wants to, but there are three things in her favor: First, she never wastes two dollars' worth of shotgun shells in order to get a twenty-five cent rabbit. Second, you never heard of one going into a restaurant and buying a fifty-cent meal, and giving the waiter a 25-cent tip because he smiled at her. Third, we've never heard of a woman who will use twenty gallons of gas and pay twenty-five dollars for boat hire to get to where the fish are not.

## GARDEN SONG

Long have I loved the garden with its sighing  
Wind in the elm and birdsong melody;  
Laughed with the eager dawn that raced to sunset—  
Thrilled as the songsweet dusk lit stars for me!

—Ethel Broendel

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## DO YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT MY WINTER SCHEDULE

Hello Good Friends:

A few moments ago I put Dad's birthday cake in the oven, and while it's baking I'll sit down for a little visit with you.

I wouldn't dare leave the kitchen and start anything at this typewriter if it weren't for a kitchen clock that Russell gave me about two years ago. This electric clock has a timer on it that sounds like nothing so much as a wildly excited rattlesnake when it goes off. Furthermore, it continues until it is turned off. I find it a great improvement over the clock I had earlier for that one had only a delicate sounding chime that couldn't be heard at any distance—if you missed the one chime it was just too bad.

Unless you operate in such a fashion that you're always in the kitchen when something is cooking or baking, it seems to me that this type of clock is a worthwhile investment. I can safely sit down at the typewriter and concentrate without once keeping a cake (or anything else in the line of cooking) on my mind. Nothing has been burned since this clock came into the house—and that's surely more than I could say once upon a time!

Do you have a winter schedule and a summer schedule, or do you just click off the days the year around without too much variation? Well, I have winter and summer compartmented, and since I enjoy hearing what you do with your day, perhaps you'd like to know how ninety-nine out of a hundred of mine go . . . in the winter.

At six o'clock the alarm goes off. This too is an electric clock with an aggravating sounding buzzer, and it's put on the other side of the room so that we MUST get up to dispose of the noise. By 6:30 Russell and I are through with breakfast, and I go to my desk for a half-hour. It's 7:00 then, and Juliana must get up, dress, and have her breakfast by 7:25 for she's due at her music lesson or supervised practise every morning of the week (aside from Sunday and Monday) at 7:30. After she leaves I "pick up" downstairs, wash the breakfast dishes, and prepare anything in the line of dessert that we may be having for lunch.

At 8:30 I leave the house to go up to Mother's. Our visit with you falls between 9:00 and 9:30, and as a rule it is close to 10:00 before I return to the house. Then I tackle either washing or ironing several days of the week, or I clean on the days when I'm not working with laundry.

At 12:15 we eat lunch, and by 12:45 Juliana is ready to start back to school. It is *always* my goal to have the kitchen completely cleaned by 1:00 so that I may go to my desk. I spend every afternoon at my desk from 1:00 until 5:00 except for two days out of the month when I attend an afternoon meeting at the church.

At 5:00 I go to the kitchen, test any recipe that I may be in a frame of mind to test, and start preparing din-

ner. This hour Juliana always spends with me; we visit together while I cook. The three of us sit down to the table at 6:00, and I *aim* always to be out of the kitchen with all of the supper dishes done by 7:00.

From 7:00 until 8:00 Juliana and I do something together. At 8:00 she goes to bed, and then I do one of two things: return to my desk (about four nights out of the seven) or sew on the remaining two nights of the week. I try to get to bed by 11:00 and I always read for an hour, so at midnight lights are out and another day is done.

So, there you have my winter schedule or I should say, my school year schedule. During the three summer months I have quite a different routine, but what I'm in right now will go on until the end of next May. Those of you who live on the farm and tell me about your schedules will note that no provision is made for running out to do chores, taking care of chickens, caring for a big vegetable garden, etc., etc. But I think we're even when you figure my hours at the desk!

I cannot imagine not being busy. I cannot imagine being happy without more projects lined up than I can ever expect to get to! I've known idle people in my day and I think they're the unhappiest mortals I've ever run across. It so happens that my own family really needs my efforts, but if I didn't have a family and no one was honestly dependent upon my activities, I'd drum up a collection of people who actually had to have from me what I was able to do.

Years ago when we lived in Hollywood an item appeared in the Los Angeles paper that I have never been able to forget. It was this:

A fabulously wealthy woman who lived in one of the most expensive hotels in that expensive area, committed suicide by taking an overdose of sleeping pills. The staff of the hotel reported that through the two or three years she had lived there she had taken a cab on almost every fair day and instructed the driver to deliver her to a small park near an orphanage. She sat on a bench there and watched the children playing in their grounds that adjoined the park . . . at a given time, several hours later, the driver was instructed to return, pick her up, and take her to the hotel.

She left a note that contained exactly one line: "I am too lonely to continue living." There were no heirs, not even the distant relatives who almost invariably crop up under such conditions, and no one contested her will that left her entire great estate to the orphanage.

I've never been able to forget that case. I've thought over and over again what a shame it was that she couldn't forget her loneliness in utilizing her money to bring happiness to those children—just imagine the fun and pleasure you could have under such circumstances! Nothing was done with her money after her death that couldn't have been done just as well before her death, and think how

it would have transfigured her life. Oh, but I wish that all people existing in comparable loneliness could find the simple key and turn it to open up the entire world that is waiting for what they can *give*. Man has known for thousands of years that to find ones life one must first lose it. But to take action on this . . . ah, that is another matter entirely.

*Ten minutes out for kitchen:*

Well, the cake looks fine. I'll decorate it tomorrow before we go to church, and then about 1:30 tomorrow afternoon we'll have it with seven big candles blazing away. Dad will be seventy tomorrow and I can honestly say that he doesn't seem any older to me than he did when he had his fortieth birthday—which I clearly recall. I think the thing that makes such a difference about age in these days is that people who never alter their working routine simply cannot seem old. Dad is doing precisely the same things he did today that he went through when he was forty, and as long as he continues such busy working days he won't seem any older to us.

Generally the last thing we send down to the printers is Mother's letter, but this month my letter is the very final piece of copy. I deliberately left it until now because I wanted to be able to tell you that the folks are home, and that all of us are having a good time hearing the details of their trip.

We expect to go to Red Oak tonight to get Dorothy and Kristin, so they will be here for the birthday dinner tomorrow. We're going to eat fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, buttered peas, hot rolls, a relish plate, moulded cranberry salad, and the birthday cake and ice cream. Abigail and I are frying the chicken, and I'm going to brown my two before I go to church. I'll leave the pieces spread out on my big cooky sheet in a 200 degree oven, and they'll be done to a turn when I return. We have the food preparation farmed out to the point where Mother won't have a thing to do but peel the potatoes. After all there will be fourteen of us at the table tomorrow, so we girls feel that the least we can do is take the bulk of the load from Mother.

Until December . . . Lucile.

## THESE THINGS I KNOW

I have planted a garden, so I know what faith is.  
I have seen the birch trees swaying in the breeze,  
So I know what grace is.  
I have listened to birds caroling,  
So I know what music is.  
I have seen the morning, and clouds after showers,  
So I know what beauty is.  
I have read a book beside a wood fire,  
So I know what contentment is.  
I have seen the miracle of the sunset,  
So I know what grandeur is.  
And because I have perceived all these things  
I know what wealth is.

—Unknown



## A FAMILY READING CIRCLE

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

The second week of November is officially set aside as Book Week but it may become much more significant than that to many farm families. It can be the beginning of a happy shared experience which will bring the parents and children into a closer companionship. There will be no long dull winter evenings for the happy family that begins a revival of the family reading hour.

No book will surpass the Bible for the family reading circle. Even the very youngest member will enjoy the story of the flood, the tale of Joseph, David, the shepherd lad, and the beautiful story of the Baby Jesus. At Christmas time as you assemble your creche, decorate your tree, and sing Christmas carols, you will read the Christmas story from the Bible and a family tradition will be born.

We have used our Farm Bureau Membership card and secured a card from the Centerville Public Library. Here we have access to numerous excellent books for reading aloud. We find that the classic tales for children such as "the Three Bears," "Cinderella," and "The Three Little Pigs" are so beautifully illustrated that they are most interesting even to us. Books on the Iowa Pupil's Reading Circle are fine to read aloud.

From these story book characters many family jokes arise which become more significant as time goes by. We have often laughed at Mother Raccoon's procrastination in the book "Wait Till The Moon Is Full" and often when one of us keep "putting off" something we are apt to hear the family say, "Must we wait on you till the moon is full?"

It is amazing how reading books aloud with your children will enlighten you. Some of our travel books led us to purchase a United States puzzle map. When our four-year old became more adept at assembling the map and identifying the outlines of the states more accurately than we, you may be sure that two parents got right down to work on their geography lesson. You will be astonished at the amount of information you can glean from such a map.

It is indeed a fortunate child who loves a good book. To make a child feel that reading is just for FUN, choose books that he will really enjoy. Do not select books because he is required to read them at school or because they are on a selected list. If the child does not like to read, let him listen while other members of the family read aloud. Strive to develop the attitude that reading is something to enjoy — not something to be endured.

If you are annoyed by the comics your children read, the blood curdling serials they relish, why not begin a family reading hour where good literature is presented? In the Book of Proverbs we read, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Surely we are training in that way when we impart in our children a genuine



These years we see Frederick so rarely that any trips he makes to Shenandoah are occasions for family pictures. Standing from left to right are Frederick, Abigail, Wayne, Russell, Lucile, Margery, Howard and Dorothy. In the front row are Martin, Mother, Alison, Dad, Emily, Juliana and Kristin.

love for good literature.

The whole family will all profit by the companionship such an adventure offers and I dare say that you will be surprised and delighted to see how your educational outlook is broadened.

## FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

1. What part of a turkey does the farmer watch anxiously?
2. What part does sister keep on her dressing table?
3. What part of the turkey unlocks the front door?
4. What is the most unpleasant part of the bird?
5. What part of a turkey is part of a sentence?
6. Why is a glutton like a turkey?
7. What part of the turkey is an Oriental?
8. Why is a turkey immodest?
9. What is the dressmaker's favorite part of the turkey?
10. In what country is he cooked?
11. What part of a turkey is a story?
12. What part is one of little John's noisemakers?

ANSWERS: 1. Crop; 2. Comb; 3. The last part-key; 4. Bill; 5. Claws (claw); 6. He gobbles; 7. Turk; 8. We can see his dressing; 9. Pin (feather); 10. Greece (grease); 11. Tail (table); 12. Drum stick.

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Free to oppose what I think wrong,  
Free to choose those who govern my country.  
This heritage of freedom I pledge to uphold  
For myself and all mankind.

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, 1951.

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

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

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

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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:

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; 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 29th day of September, 1951.

(Seal) H. L. Murphy.  
(My commission expires July 4, 1954).





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE STUBBORN LEAF

By Myrtle E. Felkner

One autumn day as the Fall Wind blew through the timber, he spied a little leaf clinging all alone to the tip-top of a great oak tree.

"Ho, Ho," laughed the Wind. "It is fall, little leaf. You are already red and yellow and brown. Now I am going to blow you away. Whooff!" The Wind puffed out his cheeks and blew a tremendous blast of cold air at the little oak leaf.

"Do be careful," cried the leaf, "or I will lose my hold. I am going to stay here all winter and watch the world."

"No, no," urged the Wind. "You must leave the tree so you can be covered with snow before my brother, the Winter Wind, arrives. He is fierce and cold, and you will be blown to bits if you stay on the tree."

"Oh, I don't believe a word you say. I would be bored buried under the snow. I shall stay here."

"Whooff!" said the Fall Wind in reply, but the little leaf just laughed at him, so he hurried across the meadows, pushing windmills and drying clothes. He forgot all about the little leaf.

The little leaf danced from the top of the oak tree all fall. She saw the farmers husk their corn and carry it in bulging wagons to the cribs. She saw the squirrels tuck nuts and bits of grain into their tree nests, and she saw boys and girls carry huge yellow pumpkins to the basement. Then one night while the leaf slept, Old Winter Wind sneaked across the meadow to the edge of the timber where the oak tree stood.

"Whooff!" he said when he saw the little leaf. The little leaf awoke shivering. She shivered so hard she almost forgot to hang onto the big oak tree.

"Whooff!" said Winter Wind again. "You had better let go, Little Leaf. It is going to snow tonight and if you don't get covered up, you will be cold all winter."

The little leaf rattled on the branch. "Certainly not," she said. "I want to stay here where I can see the world."

"If you don't let go, I shall leave you here to freeze," warned the Wind. "I cannot spend a whole night trying to blow one stubborn leaf to the ground."

"Whooff, yourself," shivered the sassy little leaf. "I am going to stay and watch the snow."

Old Winter Wind growled to himself and sped across the meadow. Soon it began to snow. He spent the night blowing drifts against the snowfences and rattling windows. By morning the ground was deep and soft with

snow and the big oak tree was wearing a fuzzy fur coat of frost. The little leaf was very cold, very wet and very sad.

Day after day passed and the Winter Wind did not come back to blow the little leaf to the ground. Sometimes she could see him scooting snow across the fields or lifting the wings of shiny silver airplanes, but he did not return to the oak tree. The little leaf became quite brown and crackly. She did not think it fun to play with the sunbeams anymore. She had seen enough of the world. The little leaf felt lonely and cold dangling from the tip-top of the oak tree.

One early morning the oak tree and the little leaf awoke to hear a clump! clump! clump! in the snow. The farmer and his son were coming to the timber to saw trees for firewood.

"See here!" exclaimed the farmer. "Here is the dead oak tree. Let's chop it down first."

"Oh, no, Dad, that isn't the right one. It's the oak tree by the cattle fence that is dead. This oak tree is a fine one."

The farmer looked at the tree and looked at his son. Then he shook his head. "No, Son, this is the dead one, I'm sure. Come, let's get busy." The farmer raised his ax and was just ready to swing at the tree.

"Father, look! This tree must be alive. See, there is a little brown leaf at the very top. It must not have fallen when the other leaves fell this fall."

The farmer shoved his cap back on his head and gazed at the leaf. "Guess you're right, Son. Well, let's get that oak by the cattle fence, then." The farmer and the boy picked up their axes and clumped through the snow into the timber.

"Oh, my," breathed the oak tree. "Little Leaf, you have saved my life. I will do anything I can for you. Maybe if I stretch my limbs, you can see even more of the world."

"I am quite weary of the world," said the little leaf sadly. "It is so full of ice and snow and I am cold."

"Little Leaf, right here by my feet it is a nice bare nook. Perhaps if I shake my top branches a bit, you will fall off."

"Oh, please try!" sighed the leaf. The big oak tree shook her top branches. The little leaf fell off and drifted to the bare nook at the foot of the oak tree. There she snuggled down among the other leaves and fell fast asleep.

### ARITHMETIC

Clickity clack; Clickity clock  
My dear Grandma knits a sock.  
One, two, purl, her needles click;  
They sound just like arithmetic.

—Grace Stoner Clark



Emily came over to play with Juliana on a September day and arrived just in time to find her trying to make an arrangement of hardy asters for one of the little terrace tables. With the best will in the world Emily started out to help, but from the expression on Juliana's face you can see that things were not going too well!

### FOR THE LITTLE COOK

A Molasses Toddy will really chase the chills on frosty days or nights, and Taffy Apples are a real old-fashioned treat for a Thanksgiving party.

#### Molasses Toddy

1 tablespoon molasses  
1 cup milk, heated  
A dash of nutmeg

Add the molasses to the milk and mix well. Top with a dash of nutmeg. Serves 1.

#### Taffy Apples

6 to 8 medium size apples  
2 cups sugar  
1/2 cup water  
1/2 cup butter  
1 teaspoon vinegar  
1/2 cup cream

Wash and dry apples and place on wooden skewers. Cook sugar and water in a sauce pan until sugar dissolves; add remaining ingredients. Cook, stirring constantly, until a small quantity forms a hard ball in cold water. Remove from heat. Dip the apples in this hot syrup. Cool on a plate which has been well rubbed with butter.

—Mildred Grenier

### GUESS THE ANIMALS

Put these letters in the right blanks below

And the names of six animals you will know.

The rhyme will help you choose them well,

So go ahead—no more I'll tell.

A A B C C D E G G I L L M M O O  
P T U W

— This household pet purrs when content;

— That this digs with his nose is evident;

— She gives us creamy milk to drink;

— He frisks around like a tiddlywink;

— This one is known as man's best friend;

— This is stubborn, but has strength to spend.

Answers

CAT PIG COW LAMB DOG MULE

—Grace Stoner Clark



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**PURE LINEN HANKIES,** with tatted corner and edge, \$1.25 ea. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State St., Barborton, Ohio.

**PERFECT XMAS GIFT:** Personalized stationery. 100 sheets 50 envelopes on white paper. In attractive gift box. Name and address on each sheet and envelope in blue or burgundy ink. Postpaid to your door for only \$1.95. Print name and address. State colors preferred. LAWSON'S JEWELRY & GIFTS, SHENANDOAH, IA.

**GLOSSY GUMMED PHOTO STAMPS** from any size photo or negative. 50, \$1.00; 100, \$1.50. Goff, 4430 So. 25th St., Omaha 7, Nebr.

**FOR SALE:** Handkerchiefs, crochet butterfly and edge. 75¢. Alma Waidelich, Shell-rock, Iowa.

**LITTLE GIRLS CROCHETED DRESSES,** Ladies organdy and print aprons, infant-wear. Guaranteed. Beulah's, Box 112, Cairo, Nebr.

**FOR SALE:** Beautiful Piece Quilt Top. 2 full size snow ball. 1 full size small diamond. 1 full size friendship wreath—\$8.00 each. I twin size snowball, 1 twin size 8 pointed star. \$6.00 each. Mrs. Joe Day, R 1, West Des Moines, Iowa.

**LOVELY FELT BABY SHOES,** choice of white blue, pink, or yellow. Two dollars, postpaid. Baby Book, free. Bessie Bugh, Cherokee, Iowa.

**HOUSE OF HALEH ORIGINAL SACHETS—**Tabu, Intoxication, Faberge, Coty—all quality perfumes beautifully packaged. 50 cents postpaid, tax included. Haleh-Originals, 1537 64th, Des Moines, Iowa.

**REDUCING BOOKLET—**(by nurse). Easy to follow 14 day schedule, food charts, gas forming foods, arthritis helps, price 40¢. Audrey Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Beautiful all wool woven rugs. A variety of colors and sizes. Mrs. Dan Sasse, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

**DAVENPORT SET—**Red variegated embroidered, 6 strands for roses, cream background, can send picture. Guaranteed. Myrtle Blair, Harlan, Iowa.

**COOK BOOKS** make attractive Christmas Gifts. Blue, green, yellow. Compiled by WSCS. Price \$1.25 plus 10¢ postage. Order early. Mrs. Herbert Gustofson, Farnhamville, Iowa.

**WILL EMBROIDER ON SHARES.** Velma Hutton, 1901 Central Park, Topeka, Kans.

**CORRECT REPAIRS MADE ON WATCHES.** Send yours for free estimate to KATHRYN A. ROSS, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**LINEN HANKIES** crocheted edge. Nylon or silk, white or colored, \$1.00. Sachet, Rose Basket or Daisy, 50¢. Mrs. Jacob Pflaum, Reserve, Kansas.

**FOR SALE:** Black Walnut meats \$1.15 a pint. Mrs. Chris Rasmussen, 2019 South 6th Street, Harlan, Iowa.

**STRIPPED FEATHER QUILTS.** \$30.00 C. O. D. Ludmila Hotovy, Dwight, Nebraska.

**LADIES DRESSES,** send print, sacks, thread, measurements \$1.25. Mrs. T. R. Anderson, Route 1, Garden Grove, Iowa.

**RECIPES** Bette Morgan Lanning Jr., Jackson, Minn., will send you her Blue Ribbon Prize Winning Recipes—25¢ each. Different one each month. "Delicious Brown Sugar Drop Cooky's". Also have Aluminum Foil—75¢ a roll.

**PUPS.** Pomeranian, beautiful coats, registered purebred Foxterriers. No Sunday calls. Harold Van Zante, Kennel, Monroe, Iowa.

**SEWING—**Experienced, ladies dresses \$1.50. Sale, trimmed bib aprons \$1.00. Free apron \$4.00 order. Rowena Winters, 4816-55, Des Moines, Iowa.

**WRIST PINCUSHION** 15¢. Carrie Hooper, 214 North Pine, Santa Maria, California.

**LOVELY HALF APRONS FOR SALE:** Assorted colors, styles, \$2.50 postpaid. Year around. Mrs. Helen Hartke, Winnebago, Minn.

**COVERALL SACK APRONS** \$1.00, tea style 55¢. Christmas cards name imprinted 50 for \$1.25. Mary Redman, Rt. 3, Ft. Scott, Kansas.

**NOTICE:** Due to rise in postal rates, beginning November 1, 1951, our price for sharpening sewing and barber scissors will be 40¢ ea. postpaid.—Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**21 CHRISTMAS CARDS** — \$1.00. Mrs. Ruth Griffith, 2303 Sixth Ave., Kearney, Nebr.

**EXPERT PHOTO COLORING.** Done in oils, \$1.50 each. Send complete color chart. Satisfaction guaranteed. Gladys Ryan, Frankfort, Kansas.

**"SMOCKED DRESSES,** children's dressmaking. Laura Mitchell, Bedford, Iowa". (Note new address.)

**HANDWORK FOR SALE,** send stamp for list—crocheted rose doilies, all colors, \$1.75. Mrs. John Brenner, Woodward, Okla.

**CANARIES—**Pedigreed Rollers, Red Factor Orange also Whites. Grace Powell, 2213 Monroe, Unionville, Mo.

**BABY SHOES** pin cushion. 75¢ each. Florence Logsdon, Van Wert, Iowa.

**PERSONALIZED HAND EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES.** Lovely for gifts. Write for description and prices. S. Bergin, 214 15th St., Cloquet, Minn.

**CROCHETED COMBINATION PINEAPPLE-SPIDERWEB DOILIES** 21" \$2.50, 12" \$1.00. Pineapple towel pocket 75¢. Pineapple dishcloth 75¢. Pineapple doily 8" 50¢. Nutcups 25¢. Handkerchiefs, corner, edge, linen \$1.00 cotton 50¢. Irene Timmerman, Route 5, Decatur, Illinois.

**SELL YOUR HANDWORK,** through our fast growing exchange. No commission. Quick turn-over. Particulars 10¢. Miss Vivien Maxwell, Steamboat Springs, Colo.

**SPECIAL—**3 fine quality hankies (birds, flowers etc.)—crocheted edges—gift folders, \$3.50. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

**GAY PRINT AND ORGANDY APRONS.** Charming and practical for gifts. Sure to please. \$1.25. Ada Higbee, Route 5, Bloomfield, Iowa.

**EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES** \$2.25. Tea Towels, set of 7—\$3.50. Aprons, clothes-pin aprons \$1.00 each. Mrs. Ray Dixon, Allerton, Iowa.

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS:** Floral Coreopsis Doily—about 15 in. diameter. Eight delicately shaded yellow coreopsis blossoms with bright eyes on a field of hunter green rays. A new and refreshing color sensation. \$2.00 postpaid. A. J. Eltgroth, Route 2, Carroll, Iowa.

**CROCHETED BUTTERFLY DAVENPORT SETS** large \$6.00 chair sets to match \$4.00 white, ecru. Coffee-table doilies oval pineapple 26x14, 28x15, 30x15, \$3.00 white. Crocheted tablecloths daisy 72x99, 60x84 white \$30.00. Fine thread. All on hand. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

**YARN DOLLS** — 7 in.—crocheted clothes—\$1.00. Satin pajama pillows, like rose—10 in. diameter—\$2.00. Crocheted chicken pin-cushion, 50¢. Cameo jewelry—rings, pins, earrings, necklaces—35¢ to \$1.00. Bath mitts, embroidered faces—small, medium—65¢ pr. Felt baby sandals 75¢. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Mo.

**ORDER OF EASTERN STAR MEMBERS.** White organdy aprons. Appliqued star pocket plus two other appliqued stars. Ruffle, \$1.75. Thelma Wagner, Hampton, Iowa.

**LOOK, HAND PAINTED TEA TOWELS** 50¢-65¢. Pillow cases \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00. Print half aprons \$1.00. Georgie's Shop, Beverly, Kansas.

**CROCHETED PINEAPPLE DOILIES.** 10" 75¢, 12" \$1.00, 14" \$1.50, 16" \$2.00, white or ecru. 12 or 14" Floral Doilies \$2.00. Vanity Sets \$2.00. 42" pillow slip edgings \$1.00, any color. Cloth 32x32 ecru \$3.00. All fine thread. Pineapple davenport sets, backs 18x38 \$5.00. Chair Sets backs 18x24 \$4.00. Arms 12x18. Pineapple dresser scarfs, 16x36 \$3.00, white or ecru. Heavier thread. Mrs. Violet Rhoades, Craig, Mo.

**OLD BEADS WANTED,** large or small, any color, strung or unstrung. Send yours for estimate. Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**BEAUTIFUL ALL OCCASION OR CHRISTMAS CARDS.** 21 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

**FOR GIFTS:** Wood fibre flowers and cor-sages, also 8" character dolls in crocheted outfits. Order early. Mrs. Warren Fogel, Brooklyn, Iowa.

**PERFUME:** "Breath of Flowers" an introductory offer. True flower fragrances. In one dram bottles 60¢ each or three for \$1.50, tax included. Choose from the following, Rose, Carnation, Narcissus, Gardenia, and Bouquet. "Good things come in small packages." J. L. Kucirek Laboratories, 1507 So. 58 St., Omaha 6, Nebr.

**SEWING WANTED:** Send print or feed sacks, pattern, measurements, buttons and \$1.50. Mrs. Frank Bily, Oelwein, Iowa.

**EXCELLENT WHITE MUSLIN FEED BAGS:** No print, 100 lb. size, 25¢ each, plus postage, while supply lasts. Herb Heil's Turkey Farm, Louisville, Nebr.

**NEW ALABASTER SHAKERS.** Tree shape, book shape \$1.00 pair. Some old boots, toilets, or fancy handled, \$1.50 pr. Painted columbine and "Colorado" on all. Postpaid. Hafers Novelties, R-8 Box 451X, Ft. Collins, Colo.

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Miss Josie Pfannebecker  
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Sigourney Iowa

2

(Continued from Page 6)

about the waste. The trims will be gobbled up as they fall from your knife. If you haven't any such kibitzers, dry the trimmed portions for crumbs in other dishes.)

Now for the frosting! Use vegetable food coloring to tint it appropriately; chocolate frosting for the black cat, of course. Use corn candies to add a toothy grin; gum drops or jelly beans make satisfactory eyes and noses; thinly sliced strips of licorice may be whiskers. Occasionally give the youngsters full charge of the decorating job at hand. The results may be hilarious, but they'll be heartwarming, too.

The Valentine Cake at our house is as traditional as the Christmas tree. Since the first year of our marriage I've spent the morning of February 14 baking a cake to cut heart-wise and decorate with red frosting as my Valentine gift for Paul. Even a husband (or should I say *especially* a husband?) appreciates such extra effort.

A "Welcome Home" cake is usually a thrill to winter vacationists when they arrive home. Last winter my folks vacationed in Texas and Mexico. When they arrived home in the spring, we greeted them with such a cake. Here is how we decorated it.

First we prepared a plain white layer cake, frosting it smoothly with white frosting. Then we cut a map of Iowa from a newspaper and laid it lightly on the cake. Using a toothpick, we traced the outline of the map on the frosting. Next we lifted our pattern map from the cake and filled in the remaining outline with green frosting. (Green for fertile Iowa, you know.) We used a toothpick here to coax the frosting into the wiggly-waggles of Iowa's river boundaries!

Small road signs were then cut from stiff file cards and stuck to toothpicks with more green frosting. On these roadsigns were printed the names of the towns where we children live—Centerville, Waterloo, Marshalltown, Waverly and Aredale. Consulting the pattern map again, we planted the road signs at the proper places on the green Iowa. A big "Welcome Home!" was lettered beneath this. The cake made a big hit, not only for the decorating job, but because it gave them something to serve the neighbors who came to call as soon as the front door was opened!

Now I want to tell you of the special cake baked by my mother, Mrs. Alfred McWilliams of Aredale, Iowa. This is the one she usually bakes for showers, weddings, anniversaries, or any occasion when a good many persons are to be served. It will easily serve 56 people.

First she makes a double batch of angel food batter. She bakes this in an aluminum dish pan with a clean

tin can in the middle of the pan for the tube. (Put a few rocks in the can so it won't rise in the batter!)

Now make your regular-sized angel food, and lastly make a regular batch and split it in half, baking these halves in ordinary kitchen pans, about eight-inch size. (No tube in this top layer.) Now you're ready to assemble the cake.

From a sheet of tin cut two circles, one the size of the dish pan, the other the size of the regular angel cake. By placing these tins between layers, you will prevent squashing of the bottom layers. The first tin is supported by that tin can you used as a tube in the dish pan. An olive bottle is very nearly the right size to insert in the regular-sized tube, and it holds the second circle of tin. If you do not use these tin circles, the bottom layers are likely to cave in with the weight of the upper ones.

After you have properly tiered the cake, it is time to start frosting. Since you do not frost between layers due to the tin circles, you must assemble first, frost second!) Mom uses four batches of her regular seven-minute frosting, (which brings the number of eggs involved to sixty!), spreading with a lavish hand and making lots of scoops and hollows with her spoon. You may now decorate it however you wish, either using a pastry tube or especially prepared decorations which you may purchase. Candles prancing around the shelf of each layer make of it a dramatic affair and especially nice for a 50th anniversary.

Cakes are always wonderful gifts and wonderful ways of saying, "See, I thought of you today." Take a cake to a new mother, wrapped in a clean, new diaper for an extra chuckle. Use your hands to tell what is in your heart. Be it ever so humble, the cake's the thing!

### THIS HOUSE

This house has known the gentle touch  
Of zephyr wafted silver rain  
As well as gales of downy snow  
That tapped upon its window pane.  
The room resounds of baby's feet  
While ringing laughter fills the air;  
When silence soothes the velvet night  
I hear a simple childish prayer.  
The walls re-echo kindly words  
From lips that counseled good alone,  
And memories weave a golden chain  
That hold the loved ones we have known.

—Elfriede Schutt

### MY PRAYER FOR YOU

God fold you in His arms; and in His peace,  
Keep you by night and day.  
Granting you sun-glints through the darkest hours,  
Assurance when you pray.  
And all I fail to ask, not knowing how,  
I leave to His wise choice  
Who loves you best; and so in all He sends  
We will rejoice.

**SUSIE**  
the PELICAN

Handy Sewing Kit

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ONLY \$2

SEND NO MONEY. Send name, state number wanted. Mailed same day order received. Pay postman \$2.00 plus small postage. Or send money, save postage. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! LINNWOOD MFG. CO., Dept. K-1 SEWARD, NEBR.

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There'll be no more dried out, tasteless food at your house if you use these fine quality plastic bags. Bread and cakes wrapped in them stay fresh indefinitely. Vegetables improve in quality. Left-overs can be used many days later.

They are an absolute MUST in packing lunch boxes.

- 1 18x24"
- 1 16x20"
- 1 14x16"
- 2 10x14"
- 4 8x10"
- 2 6x9"

All 11 top quality plastic bags for only \$1.00, P. P.

Order from LEANNA DRIFTMIR,  
Shenandoah, Iowa.

Goodbye until next month.

—Leanna and Lucile.