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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Number 8



Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

My Dear Friend,

I am writing this letter very early in the morning, while the "dew is on the clover". I imagine to my friends on farms, six o'clock in the morning doesn't seem very early. I have found it a good plan to get up early during hot weather, and do most of my desk work before noon. This past month has gone by so rapidly, it is hard to believe August is here. I can't believe August can be as busy a month as July has been, but it probably will be. I always think of it as the "pickle" month, and the month to can peaches. With just Mart and I left at home, it makes a big difference in the amount of food I need to can. Our "canning sugar" ration will be plenty for us.

Of course the outstanding event since I wrote you last is the birth of another granddaughter. Dorothy and Frank Johnson have a baby daughter, Kristin, born June 24. Our 30th wedding anniversary was June 25. We were hoping it would be born on that day. Lucile says the baby looks like Dorothy did, but Dorothy says she looks like her father. She was a fine 8 pound 10 ounce baby and I find it hard not to be able to see her and Juliana, my other granddaughter. They hope to come home for Christmas, if transportation conditions will allow. I am glad Margery could be with her sisters this summer, for it is impossible to hire help. I expect her back the first part of August. That will give her only a few weeks at home before she will have to leave for Pella, where she is to teach.

With all seven of our children away from home, it has meant a lot of letter writing. Somehow these husbands depend on us to write the letters, don't they? When Mart writes, he does a wonderful job, but it takes him quite a while to get at it. Our three soldier sons are well. Howard is at Fort Lewis, Wash., Wayne in Hawaii and Don at Chanute Field, Ill. Frederick, whose physical condition won't let him into the army, is in New York City, attending Union Seminary, which is a college that prepares the student for religious work. We are hoping that his health will permit him to continue his studies there during the coming school year.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Field have not heard from their son John for about two months. He is a dive bomber pilot and is probably in active service now. Another brave boy willing to risk

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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his life for his country. It makes our efforts on the home front look small, in comparison. I can't understand anyone doing anything that would hinder the progress of our fight for victory. Every delay means more lives lost. I am sure all Kitchen-Klatter mothers are doing what they can on the home front.

One of the results of the war is a shortage of paper. We are planning very carefully and will have magazines for our yearly subscribers, with maybe a few left over some months. This makes it necessary for you to become a yearly subscriber if you want to be sure to receive the magazine every month, and I know you do. Thank you for writing me what you like best about the magazine. I shall be sure you get these features every month.

I know you are all very busy but please write me when you have time. You know how much I appreciate your letters.

Lovingly,
—Leanna.

STOP AND THINK

A bit of good advice is given us by Mrs. Preston Varley of Stuart, Iowa. She writes, "Tell the mothers of young children that when they get behind with their work, tired and discouraged, they still have much to be thankful for. Let them stop, take a deep breath and think of the mothers in war torn Europe. Our children have food and our homes have not been bombed." We thank God every hour for these things and for the brave soldiers, sailors and marines who guard our shores.

A little boy went to Sunday School for the first time and when he came home his mother asked him what his teacher's name was. He replied, "I don't know her name, but I think she was Jesus' grandmother because she talked about him all the time."

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Due to paper shortages and increased cost we will be unable to accept Kitchen-Klatter Club subscriptions at a discount to allow a commission of 25c per subscription. Many magazines have found it necessary to increase their subscription price, but we hope to be able to maintain our regular price of \$1.00 per year. Until further notice, no subscriptions can be accepted at less than \$1.00 per year, and no premiums can be given with a subscription. I regret to have to make this announcement, and I sincerely hope that our Kitchen-Klatter readers will continue to cooperate with me as they have done in the past.

Leanna Driftmier,



Kristin Johnson, our daughter Dorothy's baby when 8 days old.

"SECRETS"

My daughter has a baby, the scientific kind.

And altho' I am the Grandma, I really do not mind,
When daughter says, "Now mother,
PLEASE remember this,
Modern babies are not rocked and never, never KISS
Nor fondle them, nor use a lot of silly BABY TALK."

I nod my head and smile and say,
"Yes dear, you are right"

But when they go away from home, I watch them out of sight,
Then I take her from her little bed and hold her tightly pressed
So warm and sweet and dear, against my hungry breast,
Then I kiss her on her forehead and on her little nose;
I kiss both dimpled knees and all the wee pink toes.

Then I say such foolish things, like,
"Is oo dramma's, durl
Where did oo dit that pitty smile, and is oo hair a doin' to turl."

Then I take her to the rocking chair and rock and sing a lullaby
The same old one I used to sing in the dear old days gone by.
Then she cuddles up so close to me, lays her hand upon my cheek
And slowly her eye lids close and soon she's fast asleep.

But when I hear them coming, I put her in her crib,
Tuck in her coverlet and straighten out her bib:

And they come in all anxious like and ask, "How's the baby been?"
And she just looks up at me with that funny little grin
And sort of winks her eye, as if to say
"Don't tell 'em Granny, we've got secrets, you and I."

—Selected.

Come into the Garden with Helen

GARDEN LORE IN AUGUST

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

We often hear it said that one must have a green thumb in order to be a good gardener, but the real secret lies deeper than that. One must have patience, be a keen observer and plan ahead. No matter how beautiful the garden may be this season, next year's success depends largely upon what we are doing now in August. We might compare the garden to a play which is being produced; it is what goes on behind the scenes which decides whether it will give pleasure to the on-lookers. And so now in August the apparent lull of activities belies the bustling activities going on behind the scenes, for the busy gardener is giving active thought to next year's garden flowers.

This is the time to sow pansies; to move Oriental poppies; to clean up after the midsummer display of bloom; to keep ground well cultivated and free of weeds, if not mulched; to gather seed; to read gardening books and papers for further knowledge during hours when heat makes garden work impossible; and to make plans for next year. A garden chart or plan is a good thing to make while the scene is still vividly present to the eye, preventing ruthlessly sacrificing some plant which will be dormant next spring as for instance the Platycodon.

In planting pansy seed, it is best to plant the best seed. One cannot expect to have seed and pansies too, for if the seed is allowed to form, the plant thinking its mission is over refuses to bloom with the profusion it might have, had the blooms been picked off when withered. Pansies allowed to seed back often produce plants with small bloom the following year, as the later a pansy blooms quite often the smaller the blooms are, and some of these late small blooms will seed back just as readily as the larger ones of early spring. Of course if one's object is to have seed of extra fine blooms the time to do it is at the start of the season and not at the end. In the long run the best seed is cheapest no matter how high. One may buy individual colors, or a mixture which may run to giants; to those suitable for cut flowers with extra long stems; or to special mixtures which favor certain blends of colors, depending on whether the pastel tints or those darker are wanted. Violas, or tufted pansies are smaller members of the pansy family suitable for rock gardens or to fill in little pockets of soil along walks. They do well in sun or shade, and if cut back when they threaten to become straggly, will

make a strong bushy growth, blooming all summer long. They also have the advantages of living over the winter if protected as are young pansy plants. Anyone who has ever had the experience of having strong pansy plants to use in abundance in early spring will never again let slip the opportunity of planting their seed in August.

English Daisies, *Bellis Perennis*, those dear little pink or white flowers we see in early spring in the same locations we find pansies may also be planted now. There is something so comforting about pansies or Hearts-ease as their old-fashioned name is, that now in a troubled world we must surely have them in our gardens next spring.

And the Oriental Poppies who have so obligingly gone to sleep, nearly every vestige of them, may safely be moved now like a sleepy child into a new bed. Look well to its location—it must have good drainage and not be where ice will cover it far too snugly in late spring.

The task of cleaning up the spent blooms of midsummer is not as much fun as it might be, but it is only due to the newly appearing fall flowers to give them a fresh setting. Keeping the ground cultivated and free of weeds is only good sense, since it will cut down next spring's work, and reading garden literature is time well spent. There is always something to learn about flowers.

THE PROPAGATION OF MADONNA LILIES

Olga Rolf Tiemann

Madonna Lilies (*Lilium candidum*) are the beautiful lilies that bloom in June. Their blossoms are snowy white and delightfully fragrant.

"Are the bulbs hardy? Can you leave them outside the year round?" visitors have asked when they beheld their gorgeous blossoms.

It seems incredible that anything producing such "hot-house looking" flowers could be perfectly safe outside the year around but the Madonnas are entirely hardy here.

They ask for a place in the sun, with the tops of their bulbs not more than two inches below the surface of the soil. Madonna Lilies become dormant in August. If they are to be moved it should be during this dormant period. Give them plenty of room for the thick lush fall growth each bulb makes. Dust the new leaves lightly with bordeaux mixture to keep them healthy.

If you have only two or three bulbs you'll wish you had several dozen and perhaps you'll look hopefully for seeds.



Madonna Lilies.

But for some reason the Madonna Lilies rarely set seed. But they are one of the easiest lilies to propagate from scales. After they have finished blooming, dig down carefully and pull off a few of the outer scales.

Now opinions differ as to whether to place these scales in a dry medium or a wet one. Personally, I have had excellent results in having it just barely moist. It has been my experience if the medium is too dry the scales will shrivel up and if it is too wet they rot. I have used both pure sand as a medium and a very sandy soil and had best results with the sandy soil—about two parts sand and one part soil. The scales may be planted in a flat or a bed made in the open in a sunny place. When I prepare a bed in the open, I protect it from further moisture for the first three weeks by placing a water-proof covering over it. A flat may be set under a bench or porch for that length of time. I place the scales on a layer of sand and cover with an inch of the sandy soil.

You will no doubt marvel as I have done, when you dig down to investigate at the end of 5 or 6 weeks to find one or two bulblets formed on each scale. If the scales were planted in a sunny place in the garden and are not too thick they may be left to grow on to blooming size where they are. Otherwise now is the time to move them. Set them on a layer of sand, scales and all, and cover with sandy soil. The new bulblets will send up green growth before winter.

If you would have more bulbs, prepare yourself to marvel even more. But you must have a strong heart to do what I am about to tell you. It would perhaps be almost as easy to yank out a strand of hair from the head of a dear friend as to yank the flowering stem from the heart of a lovely Madonna Lily but that is what you must do. You may wait if you wish until the last petal falls, then plant your feet firmly on each side of the flowering stalk—this is to prevent from

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 3)

AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER II

Grandmother Field stepped off of a box car at a place on the prairie called Shenandoah, Iowa, in 1870. It is hard for us grandchildren to realize that the town we know so well didn't exist at all, and that she and Grandfather Field didn't drive over the familiar road to Sunnyside Farm but rode horseback through deep prairie grass to the shanty that was waiting. It was a real shanty too, neither lathed nor plastered, and it probably needed a woman's hand very badly, for Grandfather Field and a friend who owned the adjoining land had kept batch in it for several months.

There was almost nothing to do with, of course, but in no time at all that shanty had been papered with newspapers and pictures, and there were white flour sack curtains at the windows. The dining table was a threshing machine platform hinged to the wall, but there was a niche in this wall that held the books of poetry that Grandmother Field loved and had brought with her from Illinois.

That first winter both Grandmother and Grandfather Field taught school. Grandmother rode a pony covered only with a blanket to teach the first school in Shenandoah. This blanket was one that Grandfather crocheted from heavy rough yarn that had been made in his Toulon factory, and it was really more than just a blanket; it fitted around the pony's neck and chest and covered its whole body. Early in the morning while Grandmother packed their lunches and tidied up the two rooms, Grandfather put this blanket on the pony and then they rode away in opposite directions to their schools. Grandmother's ride took her right over the hill where our home stands today.

After Henry was born Grandmother gave up her teaching. These next years were hard and busy ones for there was all the work that comes with a growing family and none of the modern conveniences that make daily chores more simple. Added to this was the fact that both Grandmother and Grandfather were extremely hospitable, and although two more rooms had been built on to the shanty the house was always full. Not only were needy relatives entertained for months at a time, but total strangers traveling by covered wagon to homesteads in Nebraska and Kansas could find help at the Field home.

In stormy or cold weather these weary travelers asked to come into the house to sleep, and they were never refused. Many times there were so many beds made up on the kitchen floor that Grandfather Field couldn't get to the stove to build a fire! And when there was a tired mother with a little baby Grandmother Field always insisted on giving them a good hot breakfast before they started out on the next lap of their journey. Mother has told us that she remembers one wagon that had painted on the cover in large letters: "TO KANSAS OR



My grandmother, Mrs. S. E. Field, and her first baby, Henry Field. Taken from an old tin-type.

BUST"; and two years later the same wagon came back, but this time it read: "BUSTED, BY THUNDER". The sorry times in other sections of the country were very real to the Field children for with their own eyes they saw the defeated homesteaders who had gone by earlier so confident.

Grandfather Field was to know some of these hard times himself, for one year all of the crops were lost in two days by clouds of grasshoppers. And another year corn was so cheap that bushels of it were burned for fuel. But these blows, hard as they were, could not compare to the blow that came when they lost Stephen. He was eighteen months old when he died, and so vividly had his memory been kept alive that when we were small children and recited off the names of our uncles and aunts we always included Stephen—and he had been gone for nearly fifty years. Mother named one of her children in his memory; Wayne's full name is Stephen Wayne.

This was the only death that the Field family was to know for many, many years. There were countless close calls, of course (the two most narrow escapes were illnesses that struck Mother), but in the days when a large family faced the fact that it might lose two or three children, they lost only Stephen.

Eventually the family grew so large that the original shanty, even with its numerous additions, literally couldn't hold them. Not only were there now four children, Henry, Helen, Martha and Jessie, but there were aged relatives who needed a home, and always at least one girl who wasn't going to get a chance in this world unless Grandmother and Grandfather Field took her in. Some of these girls were with them for years and always regarded the Field home as their own home. They returned after they were married to visit and show off their own youngsters, and so much a part of the family did they seem to be that when we were small we never could quite figure out if they were

really "Aunts" or just aunts!

Not long ago there was a letter from one of the girls who had once lived with them, and she recalled something that none of us had ever heard before. She said that once when Leanna was a baby only four or five months old she got her head caught between the bars of the crib, and Grandmother sent her at once for the butcher knife hoping to cut out one of the slats with it. The wood was too hard and they made no progress at all, so Grandmother sent her to the barn, for a keyhole saw. She didn't know a keyhole saw from any other saw and consequently brought back four saws! They took turns sawing while the other person held her head and comforted her, for naturally she was scared to death with this terrific racket in her ears. At last they succeeded in getting the slats out so that she could be freed from the crib. This little incident is one that Mother has never heard before either—it isn't often that we can surprise her in such a fashion!

There was a tremendous amount of work to be done, and Grandmother insisted upon order both inside and out. She never went to bed at night without straightening the living rooms and having the kitchen clean, for as she said, "You never know when you may have to call the doctor during the night." This particular habit has certainly carried on because I can remember Mother saying the identical words when she asked us to help her put things in order just before we went to bed. And now in my own home many years later I find myself straightening up the living room and even going out to wash the dinner dishes very late because "you never know when you may have to call the doctor during the night."

Grandmother said that she didn't love to cook, but she did it faithfully and well. All of the children remember her good bread, graham gems, rough and readies, floating islands, cup custards and baked apples. Two of these things, bread and floating islands, are Mother's specialties as well, and I never make floating islands in my own home without thinking of Mother, and then of Grandmother Field who first started the tradition.

In those days the distance from one end of the county to the other was a great trip, and consequently Mother didn't know until many years later that during the time she was growing up on Sunnyside Farm, Dad was growing up in another section of Page County. Next month we want to tell you something about our Driftmier relatives and their experiences as early settlers.

HOPE

Ah, what a thoughtful, loving provision God hath made for us in the gift of the angel of Hope! There is no path so dark but we may see the glimmer of her shining wings, no misfortune so heavy but her helpful hand is outstretched to us, and her smile still ready to cheer and encourage us.

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "We have a dog who is sixteen years old, and unfortunately he is feeble, blind and deaf. He's been such a good pal that we hate to see him suffer, but at the same time we can hardly bring ourselves to having him put out of his misery. What do you think we should do about this?"—Minnesota.

ANS: I believe most people will agree with me that although it's hard to end the life of a faithful pet, it certainly is not humane to allow them to drag around in misery. We had the identical problem with our old dog Trix who had been the most faithful and loyal of pets for fifteen years. But finally we decided to have the veterinarian put him to sleep and we never regretted it. The children agreed with us that it was the only thing to do.

QUES: "Our town is full of soldiers, Leanna, and my fifteen year old daughter wants to go out with one of them, a good, clean, upright boy. She is a serious girl, earns extra money by taking care of youngsters, and can be depended upon. Do you think that she is too young to date this boy who is twenty-two?"—Nebraska.

ANS: In such situation I think that the answer depends upon the type of girl. A girl like your daughter might well be trusted to go out occasionally with a young soldier; other girls less stable might be much better off with high school boys their own age. If you can depend upon your girl to behave wisely in other circumstances, then I think you can depend upon her good judgment in this situation.

QUES: "I am a young girl who graduated from high school this spring, and I am very eager to go ahead and get an education so that I will be able to teach. I have no money and cannot decide if I should work and save money until I have enough to go to Teachers College, or if I should borrow the money now and get started this fall. What do you think would be the wiser course of action?"—Missouri.

ANS: If it is possible for you to borrow the money from someone who can well afford to spare it, I think it might be wise to get started immediately. You'll find that you have an extra incentive for working hard and making good records. So many, many times the discouragement of saving a considerable sum of money dims the original eagerness to get an education, and I'm sure there are countless girls working at jobs they don't enjoy who regret that they didn't borrow money and forge ahead while the habit of studying was still strong. Go the first year, if possible, and then drop out and work a year if necessary. It's always easier to go back if you've made the first year.

QUES: "Several months ago the

wife of a respected man in our town passed away and left three children of grade-school age. I am thirty and unmarried and have helped out in various homes since I was a young girl. He has asked me to come and take charge of their home, and I know that I could give those children good care, but this is a small town and I don't want to put myself in a place where people might gossip. Do you think I should accept the job?"—Iowa.

ANS: Well, if you take the job I suppose it is inevitable that people will gossip, and if you don't take it you will be depriving three children of care that they certainly need. This is one of the situations where there isn't a middle path. The best solution would be to have an elderly relative live with the family, not to take charge of the work but simply to present such a solid front to the world that the most thoughtless tongues couldn't gossip. If this is impossible I think that you'll just have to decide between being the subject of gossip (for people will gossip, I'm afraid) or doing what you feel is right towards the children.

QUES: "Every year I start a flower garden with high hopes, and every year my neighbor's chickens ruin it. We are good friends and I don't want trouble, but I do love flowers and like just half a chance to grow them. Can you suggest a magic solution?"—South Dakota.

ANS: No, I can't suggest a magic solution, but I can remind you that the law requires that all chickens in town be kept confined.

LETTER FROM WAYNE

Dear Mom and Dad:

Last night while on guard it occurred to me, that in all of my letters home, I had written very little about blackouts. It is funny that I haven't written more about it because the blackout every night is one of our major dislikes here in Hawaii. I don't pretend to be an authority, but after living in total blackout for over four hundred nights, I think I have had enough experience to write a few lines on the subject.

I was on duty as Sergeant of the Guard last night at the time it got dark, and as head of the guard detail, it was my responsibility to see that the strict blackout regulations were complied with. Violation of these regulations is punishable by a fine or imprisonment, and of course if I can get all the lights turned out at the required time, I can save the officers and men a lot of grief. This necessitates quite a bit of running around during the first five or ten minutes of the blackout period.

When I first arrived in Hawaii,



Wayne Driftmier, our son in Hawaii.

right after the "Blitz", the regulations were even more strict than they are now. At that time it was illegal to have any kind of light showing, even a glowing cigarette. Since then the laws have been modified to allow smoking in the open and to sanction the use of special blackout lamps in homes and hospitals. These lamps give off a very dull light and make it possible to distinguish people and furniture in the immediate vicinity. To give you an idea as to how bright they are—one can read the headlines of a newspaper by holding it directly under the lamp. You can see that this isn't very much light, but the lamps were certainly greeted with joy when they first arrived from the Mainland.

As one becomes accustomed to living in an area that has total blackout, his memory gets much better. A year ago I could go into a room a dozen or more times and still wouldn't have been able to describe the furniture or its relative position in the room. Since then I have been able to develop my memory to such an extent that I can now go into a room only once and a month or so later can still remember where each chair and lamp sets. My mind immediately fixes the location of the different objects in the event that I may have to go through the same room sometime after blackout hours. This must be a lesser degree of the same power a blind person is able to develop.

I could go on here for some time telling of the small inconveniences the blackouts cause, but they are very small and after a short time one gets accustomed to them, so I won't take time to outline them here. I have found that lights at night are more a luxury than anything else and that a person can get along without them if he stops to consider the safety of the Islands and the lives that the blackout might save in the event of another Japanese attack.

I see by my watch that it is 8:15 and time for me to turn out this light, so I will close till next week.

Wayne.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

COOKED SALAD DRESSING

Made in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
May 27, 1943

1/2 cup vinegar
1/2 cup water
1 teaspoon mustard
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour
4 egg yolks
3 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons butter

Mix dry ingredients, add vinegar and water. Boil and add slightly beaten yolks. Cook until thick and add butter.

HONEY QUEENS

Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
June 17, 1943

1/2 cup shortening
3 tablespoons sugar
1 cup honey
3 eggs, well beaten
4 cups all purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons soda
1/2 cup nutmeats

Cream the shortening, sugar and honey. Add the well beaten eggs. Sift flour with salt and soda, twice. Add half of the flour and beat hard two minutes then add rest of flour and nuts. Drop from teaspoon, making small mounds 1 1/2 inches apart. Flatten with wet spoon. Bake in moderate oven.—Mrs. Ernest Campbell, Lake City, Ia.

CHILI SAUCE

12 ripe tomatoes (chopped well), 4 onions, 2 green peppers, 3 hot peppers, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup vinegar. Mix, boil and seal while hot.

CUCUMBER PICKLES IN BRINE

3 gal. water
1 gal. vinegar
3 qts. salt
A little alum if desired.

Place cucumbers in this brine as you gather them. Weight them down. When wanted for table use, soak 24 hours in clear water. For one gallon of pickles prepare 1/2 gallon vinegar, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon whole cloves, 1 tablespoon cinnamon bark, or 2 tablespoons mixed spices.

FRANK FIELD'S DILL PICKLES

4 cups water
1 cup vinegar
1/2 cup bulk salt

Bring this to a good boil. Wash and dry the pickles and some grape leaves. Put a grape leaf in bottom of a clean jar, then fill jar with pickles, putting a sprig or two of dill in with them. A few slices of garlic or onion may be added if desired. Put another grape leaf on top. Fill jar with boiling vinegar and seal.

RIPE CUCUMBER CATSUP

Pare ripe cucumbers, slit lengthwise and remove the seed-like pulp. Chop or grind the cucumbers until fine and measure. To each quart of cucumber pulp add one cupful of chopped onions and two green peppers also chopped. Add one cupful of water and simmer gently until the mixture is tender (about 25 minutes). Make a syrup of two cupfuls of vinegar, one cup of white sugar, two tablespoonsful of mustard seed and one tablespoon of salt. Add the cucumber mixtures to the hot syrup and when boiling, pour into sterilized jars or bottles and seal. —Mrs. George Harwerth, Corning, Kans.

ORANGE PARTY CAKES

Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
July 1, 1943

1/2 cup white sugar
1/2 cup white syrup
2 eggs, beaten separately
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/8 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup hot milk.

Beat egg whites stiff. Beat yolks until light, then add to whites. Slowly beat in the sugar, then the syrup, and beat 5 minutes. Add orange rind. Sift flour and measure, then sift with salt, and baking powder. Fold the sifted dry ingredients into the cake batter. Lastly beat in the hot milk in which the butter has been melted. Pour into small greased pan or muffin cups. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES

4 quarts cucumbers, cut in slices
1 quart onions, sliced
1 cup salt
1 1/4 pounds brown sugar
1 quart cider vinegar
1 tablespoon broken stick cinnamon
1 1/2 tablespoons white mustard seed
1/2 tablespoon whole allspice
1 teaspoon celery seed
1/4 teaspoon cayenne pepper

Wash cucumbers, using about the 6-inch size. Cut in slices from one-fourth to one-third inch in thickness. Peel onions and slice. Put in separate vessels, with a sprinkling of salt between the layers. Let stand overnight.

The next morning prepare jars, washing and scalding them. Prepare lids and rubbers.

Drain cucumbers and onions from salt and rinse in several clear waters. Prepare syrup, measure sugar into preserving kettle, add vinegar. Tie spices loosely in a bag, put into kettle. Heat syrup to boiling, boil 5 minutes, or until well seasoned with spices. Remove spices. Drain vegetables from clear water, add to syrup and heat them just to boiling, but do not boil. Turn into jars and seal.

SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES (14 days)

Into a clean stone jar put two gallons of cucumbers, washed and sliced lengthwise. Dissolve two cups of salt in one gallon of boiling water and pour while hot over pickles. Then cover and weight down pickles and let stand one week. On the eighth day, drain, then pour one gallon of boiling water over them and let stand 24 hours. On the ninth day, drain and pour one gallon of boiling water with one tablespoon of powdered alum over the pickles and let stand 24 hours. On the following day or tenth day, drain again, pour one gallon boiling water over them, let stand 24 hours, then drain.

For the pickling mixture, combine five pints of vinegar boiling hot, six cups sugar, 1/2 ounce celery seed, one ounce cinnamon stick. Pour this over pickles, drain off for 3 mornings, reheating it and adding one cup of sugar each morning. With third and last heating pack pickles into sterilized jars, pour hot liquid over them and seal.

PEPPERS

Use Bell peppers or mangoes. Remove stems and seed. Pack into hot jars. Cover with hot brine made by dissolving 1/2 cup salt in 1 quart water. Process 10 minutes in hot water bath.

TOMATO CATSUP

2 gallon tomatoes, 4 medium size onions, cut and cook together till onions are tender, then rub through sieve. Add—2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons pepper, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 cup sugar. Boil down half. Add 1 cup vinegar and boil hard for 5 minutes. Bottle.

PRESERVE CORN BY SALTING

Plunge ears of husked corn into boiling water and cook for 10 minutes. Cook and cut from cob. Weigh it. Pack in stone jars, alternating layers of corn and dry salt. Use 1 part of salt to 7 of corn. Over it put a heavy weighted cover so brine will cover the corn. After 2 or 3 weeks put the salted corn in clean glass jars and seal tightly. Salted corn keeps Vitamin A best.

DRYED CORN

"My recipe for dried corn. This corn will have that right-off-the-cob taste next winter when the snow flies. To 5 quarts corn, measured after it is cut from the cob, allow 1/2 cup sugar and 1/4 cup salt. In cutting the kernels from the cob, do not cut too closely to the cob, but scrape all the milk from the cut off kernels with the back side of the knife blade. Mix the corn, sugar and salt, and put on plates or bread pans and set in the oven to dry. Keep a very slow fire. Stir frequently to prevent scorching. It should dry in a half day but may take longer. Do not let the oven get too hot. When dried till it rattles like shelled corn, put in pound coffee cans and set away for winter. When you want to use it, soak in warm water from 1 1/2 to 2 hours, then put rich cream over it, or a cream thickening. Do not salt it as it is salted enough when dried."—Milton, Iowa.

CAN CORN ON THE COB

Use only wide mouth jars, so none of the kernels will be crushed. Cut the ears the length of the jar, fit in snugly, add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart (2 teaspoons to a 2 quart jar), adjust lids and cold pack for 3 hours, starting with cold water. Do not blanch the corn before packing. Overcooking leaves a cob taste. This same method may be used in canning corn cut from the cob. Most failures in canning corn come from packing the corn too tightly in the jar—also in trying to do too much at a time.—Mrs. Henry Dreosch, Rodman, Iowa.

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STUFFED SQUASH

Parboil a small squash until tender, then put in cold water to remove skin. Cut a piece off the top, remove the seeds and fill with one finely chopped onion, 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs, 1/4 cup minced celery, 2 tablespoons melted butter, salt and pepper to taste and 1 well beaten egg. Cover squash and bake until brown.—Mrs. Robert Lacy, Coon Rapids, Iowa.

SPANISH RICE

1 cup rice
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups boiling water

Place in a skillet and cook 20 minutes. Add 3 large tomatoes, peeled and chopped, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook 20 minutes more. Add 1/2 pound hamburger which has been steamed in a small amount of water.—Mrs. J. R. Shelly, Preston, Nebr.

CHOCOLATE FLUFF TOPPING

Beat 1 egg white with 1/8 teaspoon salt until stiff enough to hold a point. Add 3 tablespoons corn syrup and continue beating until very thick. Fold in 1/3 cup semi-sweet chocolate bits which have been melted and cooled. Add a few drops vanilla.—Mrs. Chas. Ahl, Hector, Minn.

APPLE SAUCE FRUIT CAKE

3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1/2 cup shortening
2 eggs, well beaten
2 cups thick apple sauce, mashed
3 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking soda
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
2 cups chopped nut meats
2 cups chopped dates
2 cups chopped raisins
1 cup sliced gumdrops
4 ounces mixed candied fruits

Mix and sift flour, soda, salt and spices. Mix about 1/2 of the flour with the nut meats and fruits. Cream shortening till smooth, add sugar and cream till fluffy, then beat in eggs. Add flour alternately with the applesauce, beaten well. Beat in fruit-nut mixture. Turn into greased loaf pans and bake in moderately slow oven (325 degrees) one and one-half hours or longer. Makes two small loaves or one large one.—Mrs. E. I. Tillman, Stanton, Iowa.

HAND LOTION

1/2 ounce tincture of benzoin
1/2 ounce gum tragacanth
4 ounces glycerin
6 ounces bay rum
1 quart boiling water

Pour boiling water over gum tragacanth and let stand over night. Then add glycerin and bay rum and, the last thing, pour benzoin in slowly and keep stirring all the time to prevent curdling.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Hot meals are often safer during the summer. Less danger of contamination by dangerous bacteria as cooking destroys these germs. The stomach can more easily digest warm or hot foods, as a cold greasy food when mixed with the alkali of the stomach will form soap balls which may cause bloating and cramps.

Intestinal troubles are common during the hot weather when fruits and vegetables are eaten raw, for it is difficult to remove the bacteria that causes dysentery.

Overweight folks should remember that watermelon is low in calories but high in mineral and vitamin content. That extra 30 or 50 pounds of "excess baggage" can cause many troubles especially during the hot weather, for it puts an extra strain upon the heart, the feet swell and the physical machinery is all out of balance.

Don't neglect the rules I gave you about stretching several times before arising in the morning. Also the panting breaths following each meal as oxygen is needed to burn the carbohydrates before they become "excess baggage". Hang your eight-day schedule on the kitchen wall and read it often—this is an encouragement to follow the rules, but avoid the foods to which you are sensitive.

Extra salt is necessary where so much is lost thru perspiration. Muscle cramps, fatigue, and heat exhaustion are often the result of serious loss of salt. Salt tablets are less apt to upset the stomach than table salt as the tablets are not usually dissolved until after leaving the stomach. Folks with a sensitive stomach may find it necessary to take the salt with the meals to avoid any unpleasant after effect.

The housewife as well as the farmer may be surprised to discover the comparative freshness at the end of the day after having taken 15 grain salt tablets every three or four hours when or after perspiring.

The lemon has dropped from the lime-light since it became such a common fruit. The citric acid found in the fruit ranks high in mineral and vitamin content and folks suffering with pain in joints, may find great relief from using two or three lemons a day.

It is not an acid producing fruit even tho' the name is confusing and it has a very definite alkaline-ash reaction in the system.

If you are allergic to lemons, use the juice from raspberries, rhubarb, currants, mulberries, and oranges as these contain the same citric acid found in the lemon.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends

Tonight this letter must go off to Mother by airmail, and of course it would be the time that Juliana decided to be downright cross. Add to this the fact that an old friend arrived from San Francisco, and then get the picture of Dorothy calling down to me regarding problems that concern Kristin, and THEN if this letter makes sense it will be a wonder!

Naturally the most exciting thing that has happened this past month was Kristin's arrival. We were all hoping so much that she'd beat the July magazine to the printers, but she waited until the last possible moment was past—and then she arrived! I was afraid Juliana would do that, you know, but she cooperated in splendid fashion—and it's a good thing since I'd been so confident that she would. Dorothy was wiser; she made no promises whatsoever, but those last days seemed so endless that the three of us, Dorothy, Frank and I, were mighty happy to start towards the hospital at 5:30 on the morning of June 24th. It had been the original idea that I was to go along for the purpose of keeping Frank bucked up, but it turned out just the other way around, much to my chagrin.

Frank and I saw Kristin when she was only ten minutes old, and that, needless to say, was a very exciting moment. I told Mother that I felt like bursting into tears when I saw that black-haired little baby smacking at her fingers and wrapped only in a blanket. She weighed eight pounds and ten ounces and couldn't be called a really small baby, but after handling Juliana's fifteen solid pounds she looked very tiny and fragile to my eyes.

As soon as we had seen Dorothy and knew that she was fine, we hurried home to telephone mother. We knew how anxiously she had been waiting for that call, and I'll bet her heart really jumped when she picked up the receiver and the operator said, "Los Angeles calling." I was so excited I could scarcely talk, and Margery helped fill in the details that slipped my mind. Mother said that Dad was down town, and news of a baby's arrival travels so fast that she said she only hoped he got home before someone stopped him on the street and broke the news by congratulating him.

So now we're all back home again with a baby upstairs and a baby downstairs. With Juliana's first weeks so shortly behind me I'm regarded as the fount of all wisdom, and how competent I feel when I pick up Kristin and say sagely, "Oh, it's just a little gas." Both Dorothy and Margery groan with relief, and I'm relieved too when the baby "burps" and confirms my opinion. I told Dorothy that she didn't know how fortunate she was to have her baby after I had mine. We were all so inexperienced when Juliana came home from the hospital that we couldn't do anything but agonize together, or call Louise Fischer Alexander once in a while



Our three daughters, Margery, Dorothy and Lucile, with little Juliana. Margery, who has spent the summer with her sisters, plans to be home by August 1.

for her practical theories. I felt absolutely lost then, so I think you can imagine what a nice, warm little glow of satisfaction spreads over me when the whole family looks at me hopefully and says: "What do you think is the matter with Kristin, Lucile?"

There isn't anything really the matter with her, of course. Just a touch of colic now and then, and too many blankets once in a while. She's a good, beautiful baby, and she looks like an advertisement for something or other when she lies in the lovely white basket that Dorothy and Margery fixed together. Margery has gotten such a work-out with babies that we asked her if she still clung to her ambition to have seven, and to our utter amazement she said, "Certainly." We were confident that after this round with Juliana and Kristin she would settle for three at the most!

We expect Juliana's first tooth just any day now. She's only four months old but if ever I saw symptoms of an approaching tooth that child has them. The lovely embroidered yokes of her little dresses have to be concealed with bibs, and when I feed her cereal or carrots she wants to eat her hands right along with the rest. She is determined to sit straight up all of the time now and the doctor says that she mustn't, so we have quite a struggle keeping her happy on her back. She loves her rattles now and there's a blue teddy-bear with bells in its eyes that she enjoys, and I noticed today that Russell got out a pink plush rabbit that is as big as she is!

We had one sad blow this past month—Russell's darkroom was destroyed by fire. Those of you who have lost financially through fire know what a sickening sensation it is to stand by helplessly and watch a building go up in smoke and flames. We're still trying to get our breath from this and realize that it's really gone. The only blessing involved is that he did save his fine camera—otherwise I'm afraid there would have been no more pictures of Juliana and Kristin.

Dorothy has just called down that she needs my advice, and Juliana is scolding me very eloquently from her bassinet, so this must be all.

—Lucile.

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3) pulling up bulb and all if the soil is loose. Clasp both hands firmly around the stalk about two-thirds of the way down, give a slight twist to the stalk and pull firmly upward. You will be surprised how easily the stem pulls out.

Prepare a trench 4 to 6 inches deep with one side vertical and the other sloping. Place a layer of sand on the sloping side. Remove the lower leaves and lay the lily stems on the sand with the base of the stems at the bottom of the trench. The top ends will protrude a ways. I cover the stem with sand, then fill in the rest of the trench with soil. I have the sand and the soil just barely moist and cover the first 3 weeks to keep further moisture away if it is in an unprotected spot.

If conditions are favorable, new bulbets will have formed in 5 to 6 weeks—some will be the size of peas and others larger. There may be as many as 20 or more on a single stem. They are now ready to set in a sunny row in the garden on a cushion of sand. The largest bulbs with roots may be removed and set separately. Leave the others on the stem and after cutting off the top end without bulbs, plant the lower end horizontally in the row. Cover with an inch or more of sand soil. Root growth and leaf development will take place before freezing weather.

If any of the bulbs appear too near the surface of the soil when winter comes, more soil should be added. When the ground freezes solidly, all the bulbets should be covered with a fairly heavy mulch. Something rather coarse and loose first for the leaves remain green all winter. Evergreen branches or old zinnia tops are very good. Then over that place excelsior or straw or a few leaves.

"We read the magazine from cover to cover and re-read it over and over again. I like it because it has such homelike every day helpful information. I save all mine and whenever I have an entertainment I get out my Kitchen-Klatters and always find some games that just fit the occasion."

—Mrs. Henry Tebben, Parkersburg, Iowa.



The plant Wayne had sent to me for Mother's Day. This picture was taken to send to him.



By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

Today is an unusually hot day it seems to me, and I noticed the thermometer and the chickens feel the same way about it. The hens are seeking the coolest spots they can find and there is a continuous procession of younger chickens around the watering pans. It makes me think of when we used to go to county fairs and by mid-afternoon the crowd ganged around the water fountains trying to get a drink in their tin cups, glasses, paper cups or whatever was obtainable. Some could get a drink quickly and get away while others would stand and visit or rinse out their cups with lots of splashing while the waiting ones were simply famishing for a drink.

I gathered the eggs about two o'clock which makes my second trip around to the nests today and I couldn't help but notice how warm they were. I try to keep them in as cool a place as possible and market them often.

In looking over some reports in a local paper I see the Iowa farmers are given credit for stepping up the egg production fifty percent and flock numbers twenty-five percent, which isn't such a bad showing considering we have stepped up dairy and livestock production besides, to say nothing of crops and in spite of labor shortage and perverse weather conditions. No strikes on the farm, and no time-and-a-half for overtime.

Egg production in Iowa is the greatest in any state and yet Iowa's egg business is largely in the hands of small farm flocks.

Now we must increase our efforts to bring the pullets into production so as to keep up the record. Cull the flock of old hens and begin giving special attention to the pullets and in this way check disease, prevent overcrowding, and save feed.

Prices are better than for many years for both poultry and eggs. Feed is high, but it must not be withheld and still expect to get best results. Plenty of feed, plenty of water and shade help to bring them into thrifty maturity, which is what we need to meet this demand for more eggs.

Iowa farm women are doing the most of the work of raising bigger flocks and by careful management getting more eggs out of the flocks they have. This is their part on the "home front".

"I am writing a line. I enjoy your radio visits and that wonderful Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I love it. I never get tired of reading it over and over. I can hardly wait from one month to the next to get them. I don't see how you could print them so cheap."—Mrs. Verna Springer, Woodburn, Iowa.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

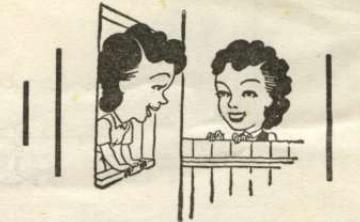
One of the most uplifting letters in my mail this month came from Miss Juanita Elliott, 314 Hudson St., Buffalo (1), N. Y. In this letter she says, "Outside my windows are flowering chestnut trees, and I can see tall lovely elms across the street. How I thank God that He spared us to see the trees get green again!" Isn't that inspiring, especially coming from a long time shutin? Juanita writes some very clever verses and has had some of them made up into greeting cards. One of them has a picture of a kitten inside a country mailbox, and underneath it says "Waiting for a Letter From You". They sell for 10c each, in case you would like to help her. Ruth Hastie, about whom I told you some time ago, writes that she received so many nice cards for her birthday. You remember her as the girl in New Zealand. She says "Thank every one for cheering a lonely soul." Ruth's brother is in the army in North Africa.

Will you send a card to an elderly friend who will not be able to answer? Mrs. M. E. Fox, c/o Mrs. C. R. Burrell, Gilmore City, Iowa, broke her hip last April. She has been in the hospital until just recently when they took her to her daughter's home. She is still in bed and it may be some time before she can be up. Pretty cards with an encouraging message would mean a lot to her. Another almost exactly similar case is that of Mrs. George Gee (age 70), only she is still in the hospital. Send your cards c/o Swallum Hospital, Storm Lake, Iowa.

We have been asked to help get glasses for an invalid girl. Will you help? The girl is Florence Cunningham—many of you know her. She has been bedfast for many years, and is not able to even turn over in bed. She lies on her stomach all the time. She can use her hands some and could read or sew if she had glasses, but she has no means. Here is what I would like to do. I will write her doctor and have him go out and test her eyes and make the glasses, and take them to her. Providing of course that you wish to get them. Send me a dime or whatever you wish to give. You can address me just Shenandoah, Iowa. If enough comes in, I'll go ahead and have them made. It will be a wonderful thing for her.

Carrie V. Rice, c/o Hospital, King, Wisc., would enjoy hearing from you but she is not able to write much. She has been in the hospital for many months and will probably spend the rest of her life there. She is well along in years, and is so lonely since her home is broken up.

Do mosquitoes bother you? Mrs. Emma Krause of Lake Benton, Minn., gives this recipe for a mosquito chaser—1 oz. of Citronella, 1 oz. Spirits of Camphor and 2 pounds of paraffin. Mix and pour in greased muffin tins using a soft white cord in the center for a wick. Set these around in your yard and light them while you enjoy an evening on your lawn.



OVER THE FENCE

Mrs. Charles Kingstrom of Thompson, Iowa, would like to have an old fashioned stocking foot pattern. If you have one, will you please send it to her.

Did you ever wish that you could spend your mornings in your back yard instead of over the hot cook stove canning vegetables? Mrs. Bessie Waltemate of Waverly, Iowa, has discovered how to enjoy her yard and can at the same time. She places an old wash boiler on her crude outdoors fire place and while her cold pack canning is progressing, she sits near by in an easy rocker and crochets.

Mrs. Jennie Penelerick of Eldora, Iowa, is interested in large flowering gloxinias. She will buy or exchange bulbs.

Mrs. Floyd Tibbles of Macedonia, Iowa, has been in California, caring for her little granddaughter. She writes that she hears the Blackwood Brothers on the air every day at 12:30 p. m., broadcasting "God's Half Hour". They also sing at the San Diego Tabernacle.

Please send a message of cheer to Mrs. Raymond Stoaks at Oakdale, Ia. Mr. Stoaks' mother and father are taking care of their tiny twin babies while the brave mother is in the sanitarium. The other grandmother is staying in the home caring for the other five children. Having had to be in a hospital, away from my family for several months, I know how Mrs. Stoaks would enjoy letters. Please write her. The address is "Mrs. Raymond Stoaks, Oakdale, Iowa, c/o Sanitarium."

I believe Mr. and Mrs. Blomster of Swea City, Iowa, have broken all previous records of this kind. They have had children in their city schools for 36 years. Their oldest son Oliver entered the primary grade in 1907 and their son, Robert graduated this spring. Can any of you beat this record?

Chuck Davis, one of the entertainers whom you have enjoyed from KMA has been drafted into the service of our country.

Howard Matson, known to many of you as Froggie, was married recently. Best wishes from the Kitchen-Klatter Sisters.



FOR THE CHILDREN



Joan Getaz has been heard over KMA, entertaining at 9:30 A.M. Tues., Thurs., and Sat.

JOAN AND MONA

January 7th I boarded a plane for a flight to Morristown, N. J., where I secured a Seeing Eye Dog. Each student must remain in Morristown one month in order to be capable of handling a guide dog. The dogs are given to their prospective owners two days after entering the school. Within these two days, the trainers and the faculty become acquainted with each student personally and so select as nearly as possible the guide who most suits the personality of the student so that each are more as a unit. Quiet calm dogs are given to that type of person and on the other hand, high spirited dogs are given to people of that nature as they spend many happy years together. Ten to twelve years is the average span. The dogs are in training three months before the students take their training with them and the trainer. The dogs are taught obedience, exercise, to fetch, rest, sit, and many commands such as right, left, steady, etc. They are fed twice a day and meat is their principle diet with eggs, fresh vegetables and cottage cheese secondary.

Mona is my dog's name. She was six on Memorial Day. Mona is a Boxer, weighing fifty-six pounds, golden fawn in color, with a jet black muzzle. She has short hair which is kept very sleek due to the curry comb and brush, very much like horses are cared for. Baths are drying to the skin of any dog. Mona sleeps on a cedar mattress which keeps away all dog odors. Her bed is on the floor beside my own. She is protective only of things I possess and our private quarters. In public, she is dignified and quite aloof, but very observing of what goes on about her.

Our listeners have been and still are grand in sending us letters and cards of encouragement and cheer.

Best wishes to every one,

Joan and Mona Getaz.

MOTHER'S PHILOSOPHY

Grace M. Fouts

Is growing old a thing to dread?
We often hear 'tis so,
But "Dear me no!" my mother says,
And surely she must know.

A life is lived just day by day,
One fraught with joys . . . one tears,
Just do the task that's yours today,
Fret not of future years.

And mother says to trustful be,
Contented with your lot,
Be happy, steadfast in the right
And then, just like as not

When eventide of life has come
Your sunset skies will glow,
And you will not feel old at all.
She's tried it out, you know. . . .

FOUND ON A PENNY

Give each one of your guests a penny and a paper on which the following contest questions are written. They are to fill in the answers.

1. A fruit. Date.
2. A flower. Tulip.
3. An animal. Hare (hair).
4. Married. United.
5. Part of a river. Mouth.
6. A grain. Wheat.
7. Place of Worship. Temple.
8. Make of auto. Lincoln.
9. What a potato has. Eye.
10. A beverage. Tea (T).
11. An eating place. In (inn).
12. Small. We (wee).
13. Freedom. Liberty.
14. Found in a cornfield. Ear.
15. Found in a postoffice. Letters.
16. Found in a cabbage patch. Head.
17. Part of a hill. Brow.
18. Found on old nails. Rust.

WHO KNOWS THE ANSWERS?

How did you get along with the questions last month? Did you find someone who couldn't answer of them? I have a few more good ones here for you. See what you can do with these:

1. Why is a melancholy maiden a good companion?
2. Why is a hungry boy like a caterpillar?
3. What is the most common country seat?
4. Why should a grocer succeed if he sells good eggs?

Answers

1. Because she is always a-musing.
2. Because he can make the butter fly.
3. A milk stool.
4. Because he sets a good eggs-ample and shows eggs-cellent motives.

OUR DOCTOR'S CANDY RECIPE

1 cup cream
1 cup sugar
1 cup white karo
1 tablespoon butter
2 teaspoons vanilla
Cook to soft ball stage
1/2 package corn flakes.
1/2 package rice krispies
1 cup cocoanut
1 cup peanuts or black walnut meats
Stir and pour out on buttered cookie sheet. Pat it out with your buttered hand. It covers the largest cookie sheet.—Mrs. Jessie Taylor, Des Moines, Iowa.

THE FIVE BRUSH BROTHERS

The Five Brush Brothers
Are all good friends of mine,
First there's Sammy Shoebush
Who likes to make things shine.

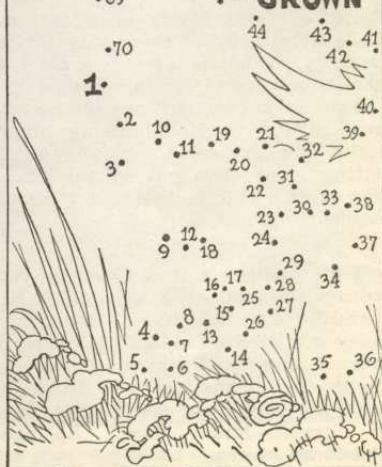
Then, there's Charley Clothesbrush
Who helps to keep me clean,
And next is Harry Hairbrush
Who gives my hair a sheen.

Then there's Neddy Nailbrush
Who dislikes dirt and grime,
And little Tommy Toothbrush
Who makes my teeth to shine.

Five Brush Brothers,
All good friends and true,
They help to keep me clean and well,
And they'll do the same for you.

—Laura Alice Boyd.

WHAT ANIMAL
ALTHOUGH MUCH
TINIER THAN ITS
PARENTS WHEN BORN
HAS LEGS AS LONG
AS THEY WILL
EVER BE
WHEN
IT IS
FULL
GROWN



Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

DOLLS AND MORE DOLLS!

Willow Nolting, 1012 Barnett, Kansas City, Kansas, has a collection of 806 dolls, from 1/2 inch to 29 inches in size, which she has collected in the past 6 years. She has them in a seven foot showcase and a built-in cupboard in her room. Each one is numbered and she has a list of them typed in a book, together with the name of the person who gave them to her.

HOBBIES

Mrs. Eugene J. Wallace, Cameron, Missouri, would like to get several pieces of Royal Ironstone China, with Albert Meakin, England, on the back. The dishes have a bronze edge and bronze tealeaf design. She wants to complete a set.

Hankies, pencils, souvenirs, Iowa county court house views.—Margaret Fitchett, Rt. 1, Adel, Iowa.

Stamps, shakers, State Capitol view cards, twins whose birthdays are Sept. 29 or 30.—Madalene Fitchett, Rt. 1, Adel, Iowa.

Old glassware and old fashioned buttons. Will exchange perennials, named begonia slips or bulbs, or seeds of a great variety of plants including Anemone pulsatilla patens (Pasque). Write first.—Mrs. Harry C. Crisp, Dell Rapids, South Dakota.

Postcard views, buttons, paper napkins.—Mrs. Russell Lanman, Rt. 1, Floris, Iowa.

Shakers.—Miss Minnie Leman, 2511 N Sheridan, Peoria, Ill.

Shakers, jigsaw puzzles.—Mrs. Bernice Biegert, Box 184, Kenesaw, Nebr.

Political campaign and advertising badges, vases, shoes.—Mrs. Nellie Dodd, 4235 Baldwin, Lincoln, Nebr.

Shakers.—Mrs. Tommy Peterson, Box 12, Kimballton, Iowa.

Advertising Pencils.—Ardella Griffith, c/o Luther Griffith, Garvin, Minn.

Shakers.—JoAnn Anders, Alden, Ia. Small bottles and stamps.—Marion Anders, age 6, Alden, Iowa, c/o Mrs. Walter Anders.

Holders, especially crocheted, appliqued or knitted ones. Also toothpick holders.—Mrs. Edna Mauer, 1115 No. 9 St., Colton, Calif.

Buttons and window plants.—Mrs. David P. Smith, 602 Warden Apts., Fort Dodge, Ia.

"I'd like to exchange Double Flowered Red Rose that blooms every month for yellow or white chrysanthemums or tulips. We can't exchange in any state but Iowa."—Mrs. Flora Downing, Bloomfield, Iowa.

Make it over,
Wear it out.
Make it do,
Or do without.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps!

THE ROMANCE OF ZINNIAS

By Mrs. Frank Dehn

My favorite annual is the zinnia. You need not have a "green finger" to be able to raise them and they never disappoint one for they will grow in poor soil and withstand drouth if necessary. They require little attention.

Did you ever hear of flowers saving a man's life? Zinnias have an interesting history. They are named for a man whose life they saved.

An old German botanist, Dr. John Godfrey Zinn, was riding across the hot plains of old Mexico. He noticed some red and yellow flowers and climbed down to fill his knapsack with the plants. Suddenly he was surrounded by Mexican bandits who tore open his knapsack expecting to rob him. They were disgusted when they found only wild flowers. "Let's kill him!" they cried in their disappointment. Fortunately for Dr. Zinn the leader did not agree but said, "No, he has but a child's mind, or he would not be carrying a load of wild weeds in his bag. Let him go, for it is said that a curse follows him who kills a childish mind."

Realizing that he owed his life to the little flowers, it is no wonder that old Dr. Zinn raised them carefully in his gardens and sent the seeds all over the world. They were called Zinnias in his honor.

At first they received little attention as the colors were not so bright and the flowers were single.

Double varieties were first exhibited by Messrs. Vilmorin in Paris in 1861. They originated in India from the common single Mexican varieties and the seeds were sent to France in 1858.

We now have magnificent zinnias. American growers have improved the shape until it is perfect. They come in every color except blue. My white ones were especially admired. I like all of them, the orange gold, canary gold, lavender, red flame, pink, rose and scarlet. Dainty and gay as chorus girls, the little Pompon zinnias look like rosettes of velvet. They are very nice for bouquets. Next year I want to try the Dwarf Mexican variety.

I sent some zinnias and other annual seeds to my friend in Australia and she said they did well in the land "down under." She also enjoyed the American seed catalogs I sent.

Another name for zinnias is "Youth and Old Age", because they bloom from June until Jack Frost mows them off yet the flowers remain perfect and cheerful looking until the seed is quite ripe.

There's a lesson for us in the zinnias for we too should "grow lovely growing old" and try our best, like them, to be cheerful and gay and add new beauty to the world.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 50,000 people read this magazine every month. 5¢ per word. \$1.00 minimum. Payable in advance. When counting words include name and address. Rejection rights reserved.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS. A special offer of "Parent's" Magazine, 8 months for \$1.00. "Parent's" is recognized as the best guide for rearing children. Offer closes Aug. 31, 1943, so mail me \$1.00 soon and get in on the special price. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

FOR THE CHILDREN. True Comics. 64 pages in color. 12 issues for \$1.00. A substitute for trashy comics. It's heroes are real, men and women your children should know and admire. An ideal birthday gift. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

FOR SALE. An old violin. Mrs. Ben Schuknecht, Seward, Nebr.

FOR SALE. A good second hand Diamond iron. Mrs. Georgia Humble, Rt. 1, Fremont, Nebr.

HEALTH BOOKLET: Eight-Day Reducing Schedule, Nervous & Anemic, Acid Producing Foods, Gray Hair, Wrinkles, Why We Grow Old, Page of Gossip, and other helps. Price 15¢. Write "Health Booklet", your name and address on paper and fold around the coin. Mail to Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

JOIN HOBBY CLUB, Exchange hobbies. Nationwide. Sample copy of Hobby paper 10¢ coin. Aleta Morissette, Rt. 1, Bx. 313a, San Bernardino, Calif.

LIQUID STOCKINGS. A cosmetic preparation that gives the legs a smooth silky lustre. Looks like Nylon! Won't rub off or water spot. Easily applied and removed. Colors: Bali-Beige, Aloha-Tan, Tropic-Nude, Cubana. Large sample, 20¢. H. Rasmussen, Boonville, Mo.

PRESS-ON MENDING TAPE. Easier, stronger, quicker than sewing. 30 x 1 1/2 inches, only 15¢. H. Rasmussen, Boonville, Mo.

ATTENTION, VIEW CARD COLLECTORS, Post Card Views of all State Capital Buildings. Scripture text postcards for all occasions. 25¢ a dozen. Gertrude Haylett, Box 288, Shenandoah, Iowa.

VICTORY GARDEN SPECIAL. King Corn book, how to can and dry corn and many other good corn recipes, only 10¢ postpaid. Send to Mrs. Mae Zeigler, Laurel, Ia.

THE WORKBASKET Pattern Service. Each month's issue includes a large sheet of directions for making all sorts of articles suitable for the home, wearing apparel, novelties etc., also a free transfer pattern. You will be delighted with the Workbasket. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

HANDMADE LIBERTY BELLS; Red, White, Blue; tied red, white, blue ribbon, 30¢. Necklaces 50¢. All made of Gimp thread. G. Buckminster, Wisconsin Dells, Wisc.

NOVELTY FELT LAPEL ORNAMENTS, Assorted (as they come). 30¢ each—2 for 50¢. You'll like them for gift giving. Ruth M. Zaugg, 212 No. 24 St., Omaha, Nebr.

BUY BEAUTY

Eva Hopkins Creme Powder with Sponge	\$1.10
Two Jars (Rouge compact Free)	\$2.20
Six Jars	\$5.50
3 Cakes Salmarine Soap	\$1.00
Postpaid at these prices and tax paid.	
EVA HOPKINS, SHENANDOAH, IA.	



AID SOCIETY HELPS

The following plan for making money was used by a Red Cross group instead of an Aid Society, but could be used by a group of church ladies. Mrs. F. D. Sontag, of Worthington, Minn., writes:

"We are a group of women who work with scraps. We make quilts of material given to us and also quilt for other people. Used clothing goes into woven rag rugs and lap covers, braided rugs etc. We have now added pillow cases, embroidered, cutwork and crocheted edged ones. We also make tatting. Cuddle toys and especially designed baby quilts are good sellers."

There are 100 women enrolled in this group of workers and they have made 150 quilts, 45 baby quilts, 70 rugs, 20 pairs of pillow cases, besides many aprons and smaller articles. The money made is placed in a general fund and used where most needed. They have helped furnish a sun room for the hospital at Sioux Falls Air Force School and have spent hundreds of dollars for soldiers' kits, surgical dressings and supplies.

CONFIDENCE Lola R. Carr

And if tomorrow come,
I shall not fear.
Today has been, and yesterday,
And still I stand
Made stronger for their passing.
Tomorrow—?
I shall go to meet but God,
Who fills all space and Who has
said,
"Yea, I am with thee. Be not thou
afraid!"

THE MASTER'S CARE

The camel at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain,
To have his burden lifted off
And rest again.

My soul, thou too shouldst to thy
knees,
When twilight draweth to a close
And let thy Master lift thy load
And grant repose.

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load,
Then raises up anew to take
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's
dawn
That God may give thee daily care
Assured that He no load too great
Will make thee bear.

—Selected.

A HARD TIMES PARTY

Thompson, Iowa. "We attended a Hard Times Party last winter and enjoyed it so much that I want to tell you about it. The door of the home was temporarily boarded up so we climbed in the window. Every one was in costume in keeping with the 'hard-times' idea. Even the house was in hard time attire. The good curtains had been taken down and old ragged ones hung in their place. The furniture had been replaced with old broken pieces, tied together with twine and rope. The good rugs were covered with scraps of linoleum. Some were given boxes and inverted pails to sit on. A game called 'Making your will' was played. Each guest was given a slip of paper on which were three columns of numbers running from one to five. We wrote a list of five articles in the first column, folded the paper so no one could read it and passed it on. The next person wrote the names of five heirs (from the group) folded the paper and passed it on again. The third person wrote what the five articles were to be used for. These papers were then mixed and each guest read his will.

When lunch time came each lady removed a shoe and threw it on a pile in the middle of the room. The men picked a shoe and found the owner who was to be his lunch partner. The napkins were newspapers and the lunch fit the occasion.—A Kitchen-Klatter.

PERTAINING TO SEWING

1. What a farmer does to his sheep? Shears.
2. That which is cast away? Waist (waste).
3. A blow? Cuff.
4. A company of musicians? Band.
5. A grass plot? Lawn.
6. Part of a door? Panel.
7. What a cook does to a roast? Baste.
8. A pastel color? Pink.
9. To pick one's way. Thread.
10. Found on a harness? Tucks.

WHAT COLOR?

1. What color do you feel in a state of depression? Blue.
2. The names of two seas? Coral-Red.
3. Is fragrant? Lavender.
4. A sour fruit? Lemon.
5. A sweet citrus fruit? Orange.
6. Denotes purity? White.
7. Two more fruits? Plum-Cherry.
8. Valuable as money? Gold.
9. A girl's name? Rose.
10. What we get in a summer's vacation? Tan.
11. Shows envy? Green.
12. A beverage? Wine.

CRACKER CONTEST

Give each one 3 crackers to eat. The first one to eat all three and whistle, wins a prize.



Mrs. Edith Hansen with her picnic basket. The flowers are in Mrs. Helen Fischer's yard.

EAGER TO DO OUR BIT

Home makers all over America are asking if there isn't something more that they can do to help win the war. We really have a big full time job to do, right in our own homes, for food will win the war and it is up to us to see that the most effective use is made of the food supply so that the right foods will be available for war use when they are needed. We must co-operate with our grocer, helping use the surplus commodities, listen to radio programs and read food columns. It is our patriotic duty not to let one pound of fruit or one vegetable be wasted. What you can't use, give to a neighbor.

—Edith Hansen.

DESIGNS IN MINIATURE



Let's welcome baby with the daintiest of layettes. It's easy when you have transfer C9571, 10¢, on hand, for this useful pattern brings all sorts of cunning embroideries and motifs. A whole host of exquisite little flowers, baskets, bowknots, nosegays are for dress, jacket or slip embroidery. There are a number of hem scallops—designs suitable for wee pillow slips, the intriguing bib and the complete pattern for the diminutive shoes. The chicken and duck will make a clever crib quilt and completing the transfer is Petey, the soft little rabbit cuddle toy with the gay wink.

Order From Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa