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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

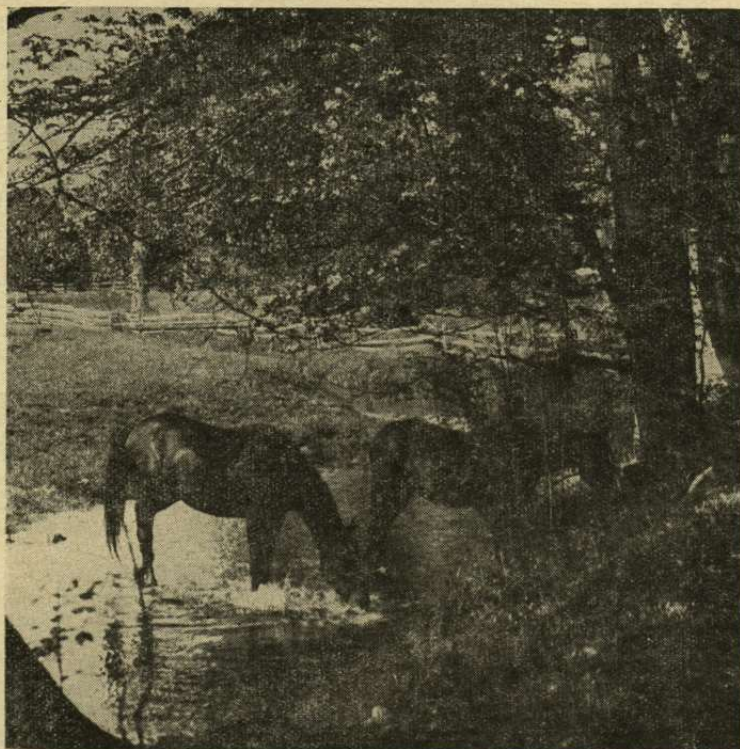
Price 10 cents



• Vol. 10

AUGUST, 1945

Number 8 •



Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

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Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in U. S. A.
Foreign Countries, \$1.50 per year.
Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published Monthly by
LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

My dear friends,

This morning reminds me of fall, although it is only July. (You see, the August magazine has to be prepared in July.) So far this summer there has been no real hot weather and the corn really needs it if it is going to grow and mature before frost comes. I bought a real thin voile dress for hot days and have not had it on yet.

I am sitting at the dining room table writing this, listening to Edith Hansen, the morning home maker at KMA, so if I start to give a recipe you will know why. We are so very happy that Don, their son who was wounded on Iwo Jima, is making better progress now and will soon be evacuated to this country. I hope he can come by plane. After he arrives and they have his address, Edith and her husband will go to see him. We folks at the studio will arrange to take her programs while she is gone.

We are alone again after such a happy visit with Wayne and Ted. Wayne was home a month and is now assigned to duty in the States. Ted, or perhaps we should call him Frederick now that he is an ordained minister in the Congregational Church, came home in time to have a good visit with Wayne, whom he had not seen for over six years. On the first of July he received his call and went to Omaha where he was sworn into the navy as a chaplain and ordered his uniforms, etc. He came back home for a few days, then left for William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia, where there is a school for chaplains. He will be there for several weeks.

Our daughters on the west coast seem to be getting along alright. Lucile is enjoying being at home again. She found her job was going to require that she make out of town trips and that would take her away from her husband and baby, so she decided to give it up. She finds plenty to do at home. It is so nice she and Dorothy can see each other often. Margery has been working as a bookkeeper in a Wholesale Drug Company in Los Angeles this summer. She lives just a few blocks from her Uncle Harry and Aunt Edith Driftmier, in Glendale, and finds it wonderful to be able to run in and visit with them often. The Shenandoah folks in Southern California had a picnic not long ago and Margery met many of her Iowa friends.

Several have asked me if my sister Sue is in Clarinda now. She has been

spending a few weeks in California with her daughters, but will soon be home.

As far as we know, Howard is still on Okinawa. In his last letter he said that they were going to be able to leave their fox hole beds and sleep in tents again, soon, and that he imagines he will be eating in China before he eats off of china.

I wish you could see, and smell, the big bouquet of Regal lilies on my living room table. Olga Tiemann brought them to me. The whole house is full of their fragrance. My lilies don't bloom well this year, for some reason. The huge white Shasta daisies are in bloom now and make lovely bouquets when combined with blue delphiniums. The whole length of our alley is a rainbow of hollyhocks. They surely thrive in cool rainy weather.

Well, this is all for now. Write when you have time. I enjoy your letters.

Sincerely,
Leanna.

GOOD INTENTIONS

I am sure this friend expresses the sentiments of many "Gold Star Mothers" when she writes, "Leanna, tell your listeners, to please, not express their sympathy in public places, when a family has had sad news. It would be so much better to call at the home or write their sympathy, because at least to me, it is hard to have people express sympathy without my shedding a few tears and that is a bit embarrassing in public. Actually, I have stayed home from church, just because of this".

PART OF ME

A part of me goes out to every one I meet;

Be it a smile, a thought, a single glance, a word,
It has effect on both of us, and each is changed

So neither can be as he was before we met.

A part of every one I meet stays with me;

It colors every part of life, my thought, my acts,
So each new day is shaped for me by those I've met,

My friends become the shapes and tints which paint my soul.

—Author Unknown.

TALKING IT OVER

My friends tell me that the woods and brush in some parts of the country are alive with ticks, so watch for them if you go picnicing or berry picking. If you find one on your body, do not try to pull it off, but touch it with a little alcohol or turpentine. Put a little iodine on the spot where it bit you.

A brave mother, who let her son go off to camp without any tears or sad farewells, felt well rewarded when her son wrote back, "Mom, you were super; you made it easy for me to go."

The best way to control the various kinds of bugs that get into your kitchen cabinet is to prevent their finding a home there. Keep the shelves spotlessly clean, leave no sacks containing a small amount of flour or other milled products on the shelf, clean the flour bin thoroughly after each sack of flour is used. Heat will kill any insects lodged in the cracks, so invert the bin over the stove, being careful not to burn it, of course.

Did you know that kitchen accidents are most likely to occur between 11 A. M. and noon, on Saturdays? That is because that is the time a homemaker is most tired and apt to become careless in performing her various tasks. Don't try to do the house work, canning, yard work and gardening all in one morning. Plan your work to protect your health. There will always be another day and if there isn't, what difference will it make if the work isn't done.

Are you always waiting for "the right time" to do things, or do you say you will do a certain job "when you get around to it"? Ten to one, the job will never be done. The folks who get things done are the ones who have learned that life is so full of complications, there never is a "right time" to do anything. They just push along, refusing to be stopped. Of course, the jobs may not all be done as well as they would like to have them done, but at least they accomplish something.

Stretch that sugar! One pound of sugar, three fourths cup of water and one tablespoon of lemon juice, simmered—not boiled—is 25% sweeter than ordinary sugar. This syrup will keep in the refrigerator and can be used in many ways.

A favorite saying of my mother was, "Have repose of manner". I think of it often when I feel nervous and jittery. There can be no better advice given to one who has to spend her time in a wheel chair or in bed. It is so easy to acquire nervous habits, be filled with little fears or feel as if you would like to climb up the walls. Nervousness takes its toll of good looks, too. To always be calm and happy takes lots of self discipline, but it pays in the end. You will live longer and enjoy life more.

Come into the Garden

GARDENS IN AUGUST

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Our gardens might well be compared to a stage on which various scenes are staged or played. In August, a good deal of the settings are shifted, old actors disappear, new ones take their places—the stage begins to be arranged for the old-time and well beloved pageant of glorious Autumn, with plans all laid for an entirely new play for next spring. Yes indeed, August is a very busy and interesting month. It is the month when we stop and look before and after; we see our mistakes but look hopefully toward the future.

August is the big canning month of both fruits and vegetables. A lot of fruit will be packed away sugarless this year no doubt, to be eaten very sparingly with precious sweetening next winter. The jars must not go empty nor the fruit left to spoil on the tree or vine. We are becoming used to less sweetening and the vitamins are still there. Fruit juice or tomato juice is medicinal as well as appetizing. Dried apples are very good to eat as a confection with raisins, in moderation, and this is a splendid month in which to dry apples. The juicier Wealthies take longer to dry than some other varieties, but make a more sugary product than most. Children will welcome a few of these in their lunch pails next month. The early pioneers were brought up on a more rugged diet than we are used to, but they thrived on it. Perhaps we can learn some valuable lessons from them. They cooked their apples in cider for a delicious apple butter—with very little sugar added. The cider should be boiled down well before the pared and sliced apples are added.

August is a bountiful month in the garden. It is not one of those months when we have to do more and more with less and less. In fact its prodigality bewilders us. Fresh fruit is plentiful—no need of any other dessert—the salad bowl lacks nothing in the originality of its contents which is a bountiful assortment of tender succulent vegetables clamoring for a piquant dressing to bring out all the varied flavors combined therein. Meat is not essential in hot weather, often it is an added burden to the diet. Nature is helping us all to set our tables lavishly and well. The vegetarian is now in his glory.

Flower lovers are now looking ahead to next year's bloom. Early blooming annual and biennial seeds are planted in cold frames or in protected spots in the garden the latter part of the month. Don't forget to plant that pansy seed you now have ready—it's a must in any garden, especially those which children frequent. No other flower affords them so much pleasure. August is the month I like to start geranium cuttings, they root so easily now. The easiest way for the busy gardener to do this is to plant the cutting in a tin can having good

drainage and filled with good garden soil. Leave it in a shady spot to root, after which it may be brought gradually into full sun, as it develops its new leaves, a sure sign that growth is taking place. The old plant can then continue blooming till frost, feeling sure its usefulness is being continued.

Busy people will be glad to know that there are easy ways to plant the dependable columbines, delphiniums and the tricky lupins. In the case of the lupins, simply scatter the seed in the undisturbed sunny border in late Fall. New plants will appear in early Spring or even in late Fall without fail; no bother about transplanting either as they do not need to be moved. I like this way much the best in my garden. As to delphiniums, platycodons, columbines, pinks and sweet williams, the easiest way seems to be the best way in my own experience. Last August, late in the month, I planted seeds of these in open ground, gave them no other attention than Nature does, and this Spring had many strong young seedlings to transplant when convenient. This is Nature's way to plant seed and she should know best.

Fancy single and double petunias grown from seed take a bow in August. A semi-shady place is best for them. Many Hemerocallis are now in bloom together with white Hardy Phlox and Tiger Lilies. For blue we see the Chinese Bellflower, Platycodon.

Gardens at night are beautiful under an August moon or even by artificial light. When work is done, what is more appropriate than to enjoy the fruits of our labors, resting in our gardens made lovely by the work of our own hands?

"This garden help surely helped me save my cucumbers and other vines bothered by pesky bugs. One of the pickle vines grew out toward a fence, in a bunch of yellow sweet clover. Here the nicest pickles grew, and never a bug. This gave me an idea. I broke off small bunches of sweet clover and put under the vines of the other hills and presto, no bugs. Only had to do the "treatment" three or four times."—Hamilton, Iowa.

When you water your garden give it a good soaking but be careful not to wash away the soil.

Mere sprinkling produces shallow root growth and the plants will not be able to stand the hot weather.

WAYLaid CHARITY

"Lady, could you give me a quarter to get me where my family is?" asked the ragged caller.

"Certainly, my boy, here is a quarter, and where is the family?"

"At the movies."



Jimmie Bill Rolf likes the large white Datura blossoms

DO YOU KNOW?

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Do you know that Fairy-lilies (Zephy ranthes—perhaps you call them Rain-lilies) have lovely, luscious blossoms that develop rapidly after a good soaking rain? Especially if it has been quite dry before. Do you know, too, that these blossoms last much longer if cut just when the buds are ready to open and brought inside than if they are left on the plants? They will open perfectly and remain fresh and pretty for a number of days while if left outside they fade quickly to an ugly, washed-out color.

Daturas are almost as pretty as white lilies. They open their blossoms toward evening and close them when the hot sun reaches them the next morning. Plant them where you can see them from your breakfast table for they are at their loveliest at that time. Perhaps you have tried to pick them to use in vases and found that they wilted almost immediately. You may be glad to know that they will "stand up" nicely if the ends of the stems are burned or placed in about an inch of hot water for a few minutes as soon as picked. Then plunge them into cold water.

Nigella is a pretty little annual with blue or white flowers that self-sows nicely. The feathery foliage arranges itself around the blossoms and gives reason for the name Love-in-a-Mist. The seeds are small and look as if they had been cut from the finest black velvet. Do you know, too, that the seeds are fragrant? I have decided they have the tantalizing odor of ripe grapes.

Do you know that if you plant Heavenly Blue Morning Glory seed in pots this month, they will be ready to bloom when Jack Frost takes over outside? You can also cut streamers with well-developed buds from the old vines when frost seems imminent and put in vases of water to open their blossoms.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Vernes

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

On an August afternoon in 1919 Mother and I were sitting on the front porch sewing and talking when the idea of lemonade for supper struck us. Mother said that she would go in and call Dad and ask him to stop and get the lemons, and she went on in the house to do this. In a moment she came back with a very surprised look on her face, and she said that just as she picked up the receiver someone on the party line said, "Did you know that Mr. Driftmier bought a house today?"

This was enough to make anyone hang on for a moment, and she did.

The transaction couldn't have been made more than an hour or so earlier, but full details of it were given and when Mother came back out to the porch to tell me she was pretty much thunderstruck by it all. Of course Dad hadn't just turned around and bought a new house without consulting Mother. This particular piece of property had been discussed back and forth for some time. But Mother had left the final decision to Dad, and when he made up his mind to buy it he went ahead with the intention of surprising her with the news.

We decided that we'd act as though nothing at all had happened, Mother went ahead and called about the lemons, and we sat down to supper as usual when Dad arrived. I remember that I could hardly keep from giggling during the meal, and there were times when Mother got up and went to the kitchen hurriedly after more bread or more lemonade. I don't know how long Dad would have kept his secret, but suddenly Mother looked around and said, "We'll need new rugs for the living room, you know," and that did it—the cat was out of the bag.

This new house, the last one we were to occupy in Clarinda, stood not far from the edge of town on the corner of 18th and Garfield streets. It was considerably larger than the house we were living in, and there were several features that pleased Mother very much. One of these was a large sleeping porch (with a southwest exposure) that could accommodate three double beds and a couple of cribs. Then there was a big garage practically attached to the house with a laundry room built on to it, and this meant that all of the business of washing and ironing (a terrific job for our family) could be done out of the house.

The yard was big enough to be divided into several sections—I'm sure that Howard thought it covered several acres because he had to mow the grass.

I believe it was because Dad wouldn't let him mow the lawn by the light of a flash light attached to the lawn mower, that he decided to run away. I can remember so well how mother watched him gather his things together, even suggested that he roll them up in his raincoat and fasten a belt around them. The nearer he came to being ready to go, the fainter of heart he became. Our helping him

get started took most of the thrill out of his adventure for him. As a last straw, as he reluctantly started up the road his pack on his back, Mother called him to come back a minute so she could take a picture to keep to remember him by. This was a bit too much for Howard. He came back, unpacked and put things away, glad to be received back into the family circle again. I guess lots of boys and even some girls go through the experience of wanting to "run away." If yours decide on such a move, try mothers little plan for it as it seemed to work.

There were a number of fine old pine trees, and one big elm tree in back where Howard and a friend built a treehouse shortly after we moved. This was the most elaborate treehouse that I've ever seen, for it was on several levels, had built-in bunks, and it seems to me that they even strung up electric lights. This was the treehouse, incidentally, that Wayne climbed up into when he was eighteen months old! Howard was at school and couldn't rescue him, so Mother climbed up there herself and brought him safely down.

We moved to the new house just before school began in September. It was the right season of the year for doing extensive work in the yard, and Mother planted several hundred Darwin tulip bulbs around the small stone wall that bordered the driveway, and along the white fence that divided the two sections of the yard. Wayne sat in his buggy in the sun while she worked, and when we children came home from school we helped rake leaves for big bonfires after supper.

A little later in the autumn we all piled into the car and drove to the country after apples and walnuts. There was a fine fruit and vegetable cellar in the basement, and Dad had the satisfaction of seeing it filled almost to overflowing. I remember that we wrapped the Jonathans and wine-saps individually in paper, and had a good time doing it.

The first winter we lived in the new house we had a roaring fire in the big living room fireplace every night. It was Howard's job to get the logs in and after supper he always went out and brought in an armful plus kindling. We had popcorn almost every night, and big bowls of apples, and Dad read while Mother sewed. Those were very happy evenings, and they are still so vivid that it doesn't seem possible twenty-five years have passed since then.

Shortly after midnight on February 2nd, 1921, Margery was born. We had all wanted a girl very badly, and had had her named Margery Anne for months, but I hadn't really dared hope that we'd actually get a girl and when I returned to the house in the morning after spending the night at Grandfather Driftmier's, I was so overcome with delight at Margery's arrival that I broke down and cried. In fact, I was so excited that I put my dress on wrong side out and it wasn't until the morning at school was half over that I discovered it!

Margery was a pretty baby too, and an unusually good baby. Dorothy and Frederick had been such serious feeding problems that I don't know



Grandfather Driftmier with Howard, Dorothy, Ted, Wayne and me.

if Mother only just got into the swing of things with Wayne and Margery, or whether they really were the kind of babies that you hear about and almost never see regardless of the fact that they were the third and fourth. The third and fourth and beyond this, if you have a really big family, they are supposed to cause no one concern at all, you know. Well, at any rate, Margery simply slept and ate and grew and was no more trouble than a life-sized doll.

It's a fortunate thing that this was the case, for when she was only about two months old Wayne became critically ill and almost died. Exactly what caused this illness, and what the illness actually was, no one ever knew, but it's always been the supposition that he climbed up a ladder that had been left standing against a cupboard in the garage and got into some old medicine that had been stored there. It would seem that a top shelf in a garage cupboard might be a safe place. With Wayne around it evidently wasn't for although no one actually saw him on the ladder, we've always thought that in the few minutes he was alone he must have climbed up it.

Only a few minutes after he'd been found in the garage he became deathly ill and went into convulsions. Nothing like this had ever happened in our family before, and Mother was sure that he was dying. I thought he was too, and ran screaming across the street to get one of our neighbors. On my way I met Howard and told him to run and get a doctor. He set out like the wind itself, and the result of this was that the doctor whom Mother had called and the doctor Howard found both arrived at the same time—and Dad too.

He had convulsions periodically throughout that day and the next day, and for quite a long time was gravely ill. It took a number of weeks to get him back on his feet, and some place we have a picture taken during this time where he looks like only a shadow of his usual self.

And at last he was well again and playing with Teddy and the world was right. That was the summer Mother went to Illinois with Grandfather Field and Margery and Wayne, and the summer I wheeled a neighbor's child for two hours a day, day in and day out, because I had been incredibly careless and had to work out the catastrophe that I caused. In the next issue I will tell you about these things.

(Continued in Sept. Issue)

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "I've gotten so discouraged with my home life, Leanna. My only boy won't help me in any way, and my husband encourages this by telling him that he can do as he pleases. He spends our money drinking, and leaves all home problems entirely up to me. Don't you think that a husband has as much duty towards his children as their mother?"—Dakota.

ANS: Certainly I think so. It is virtually impossible to expect children to grow and develop in the right way if all of the influence comes from only one parent. It is the mutual responsibility of the father and mother to rear their children. As for the drinking—I'm afraid that nagging only makes this condition worse, and I'm sure that it must be a great temptation to nag. Don't berate your husband in front of the children. As they grow older they'll be able to see for themselves the difficulties that his behavior has caused.

QUES: "My husband and I can't seem to agree on this point, so I'm asking you your opinion. We have one boy, ten years old, and three younger girls. I feel that it's only right for our boy to do his share of household duties, and since we live in town and have only a small yard there really isn't enough for him to do outside to keep him out of mischief. My husband says that I'll make him a "sissy" but it seems to me that any boy might profit from learning to do some things inside the house. Do you think I'm mistaken?"—Nebraska.

ANS: Indeed I do not think that you are mistaken. I think that every boy should learn how to do the routine things in a house, and the boys themselves really appreciate knowing these things in later years. Perhaps your husband feels that you go at it the wrong way. Don't make him feel that he is doing his sisters' work. Point out to him that in a home everyone works to make it run successfully, and that whatever he does is his share, and not simply lifting some of the duties from his sisters' shoulders.

QUES: "My little girl, now five years old, is beginning to ask me questions about where babies come from, and so forth. She still seems such a baby to me that I thought I'd tell her the stork brings them, and wait until she is eight or nine before I tell her the truth. Isn't this all right?"—Ill.

ANS: My dear friend, I cannot tell you too emphatically that this is anything but all right. By the time she is eight or nine she will never come to you for any kind of information. Every question that a child asks should be answered truthfully and simply. Answer exactly what is asked and no more. As other questions

arise they can be answered in turn.

QUES: "My husband's family is Swedish, and although they speak English in public, they always use their native tongue in the home. Our two small girls spend considerable time with them and are beginning to converse quite fluently in Swedish. This worries my husband for he feels that they should speak only English—he's afraid they'll pick up an accent. I said that I'd write and ask you."—South Dakota.

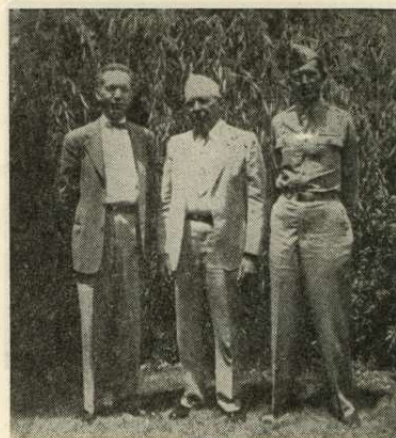
ANS: I feel that any child who can learn to speak other languages is a fortunate child. It is extremely unlikely that they will pick up any kind of an accent. We never know what is ahead of us in this world, and it is just possible that some day it will stand them in good stead to be able to speak the Swedish language fluently. Certainly I wouldn't worry any more about this.

QUES: "Do you think that it is advisable to have a birthday party for a one-year-old child? Our little Barbara will be a year old next month and I thought I'd like to have about ten other youngsters in for an afternoon party. What has been your experience along this line?"

ANS: Well! I can tell you one thing for certain; when you have seven children you don't get around to a birthday party the first year, or even the second and third years. It keeps you humping to keep up with the parties after they're in school, if you have seven. I really doubt if a party of this size for a one-year-old is advisable. Babies so young get very fretful and tired, so it's more a party for the mothers than for the children. Personally, I think that the fourth birthday is amply soon enough to celebrate with a genuine party.

QUES: "Is it considered good taste to have a church wedding for a second marriage? My first husband was killed in Africa two years ago and now I'm being married again. I had a big church wedding the first time and feel just a little strange about doing this again, although it is my husband's-to-be first marriage and I don't want to cast any shadow over it for him."—Missouri.

ANS: It seems to me that your own admission of feeling "just a little strange" is the answer to your question, for although big church weddings may not be considered in "bad" taste by some people, I've always had the feeling that second marriages should be performed simply and quietly in the home with only relatives and close friends present. As for casting a shadow over your future husband's plans—I doubt very much if he'll be disappointed at not having a big church wedding.



Frederick and Wayne Driftmier with their father on Father's Day.

MEASURES OF LIFE

What does it matter if I live for fifty years or one;
As long as I have time enough, to get my duty done.
The more important thing in life, is trying to decide
What talent I possess and how it ought to be applied.
How I can use the gift of God, as everybody should
To bring about more happiness and do the greatest good.
To help my neighbors and to serve my country in its need
With kindness and sincerity, in every word and deed.
It matters not to me how long, I dwell upon this sod;
I merely do the best I can and leave the rest to God.

—James Metcalfe.—

DEAR MOM

I wish I had the power to write
The thoughts within my heart tonight;
I sit and watch a lonely star,
And wonder how and where you are.
You know, mom, it's a funny thing
How close a war, a son can bring
And how for many months I've tried
To keep emotions deep inside.
I told you brave men never cried,
I'm sorry mom; I guess I lied,
For if we stood here to embrace
You'd find a tearstain on my face.
I'm sorry, if when I was home
I left you standing all alone,
For it was you who shared my fears
And soothed my heart and dried my tears.
Yes, if I had the power to write
The thoughts within my heart tonight,
The words would ring out clear and true;
I'm proud to say, mom, I love you!
By Sgt. Raymond Barnthson.

What is your name? It is fun to know what your name means. Alma mean "fair". Amy means "beloved". Beatrice means "happy". Bertha means "bright". Dorothy means "gift of God", and Margery means "a pearl".



FLUFFY WHITE SUGARLESS CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening (Spry or Crisco)
- 1/2 teaspoon almond extract
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 1/3 cups white corn syrup
- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 3 egg whites (large) or 4 small
- 1/2 cup milk

Cream shortening, flavoring and corn syrup together. Then sift flour, salt, and baking powder together. Stir 1/4 of the dry ingredients into the creamed mixture. Then alternately add milk and the rest of the dry ingredients. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake from 30 to 35 minutes in a moderate oven. This cake can be used in variations. Melt 2 squares of sweet chocolate and add it to half of cake mixture. Drop this mixture alternately by spoonfuls into other half of the mixture to make a nice marble cake. Also chopped nuts may be added to make a nut cake.—Dora Spaulding, Shenandoah, Iowa.

CHOCOLATE ICING

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup cream
- 1 or 2 squares chocolate

Boil until a little dropped in cold water makes a soft ball. Remove from fire and add a good teaspoon of butter. Let cool a few minutes, then add vanilla and beat until smooth and the right consistency to spread.—Mrs. Dora Spaulding, Shenandoah, Iowa.

SANDWICH BREAD

- 1 1/2 cups raisins (ground) Dates may be used
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 cup nut meats
- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Grind raisins or cut dates, pour boiling water over them. Add sugar and soda. Cool mixture, then add beaten egg and flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Add nuts and vanilla. Bake slowly for 1 hour. Cut and spread with butter.—Mrs. Herman Eggert, Fremont, Nebraska.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

STEAMED PUDDING

- 1 cup fine bread crumbs
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup molasses (1/2 cup corn sirup may be preferred)
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup nut meats
- 1 egg
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

Bring raisins to the boiling point in the hot water. Drain and use liquid (be sure there is one cup.) Mix liquid with molasses and add beaten egg. Combine with sifted dry ingredients and add raisins and nuts. Pour into greased tin can with tight lid and steam three hours.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Melt 2 tablespoons butter or spry and 1 1/2 squares of chocolate in double boiler. When melted, add 1/2 cup honey. Cook until smooth, then add 2 egg yolks mixed with 1/3 cup milk. Add 1/4 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla and cook a few minutes. Then add 2 cups soft, coarse bread crumbs, 1/2 cup raisins, and 1/2 cup nuts. Lastly fold in 2 egg whites beaten stiff. Cover and steam in a double boiler 30 to 40 minutes.

Serve with whipped cream or plain cream or a sauce.

I use cocoa and a little more shortening in place of chocolate. Graham crackers or cookie crumbs can be used in place of bread crumbs. Syrup can be used in place of honey.—Mrs. Bert Anderson, Red Cloud, Nebraska.

RAISIN PIE

- 1 1/2 cups seedless raisins
- 1 cup orange juice
- Grated rind of one orange
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice.
- 4 tablespoons corn starch
- 3/4 cup honey
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup water

Wash and drain raisins. Moisten corn starch with cold water and combine with other ingredients. Bring to boil and cook until thickened. Pour into unbaked pastry shell and cover with a top crust. Bake in hot oven, 425 degrees, for thirty minutes.

HOT DISH

- 1 1/2 pound ground beef
- 1 cup peas
- 1 small bunch celery
- 1 quart or can of tomatoes
- 1 medium onion
- 3 or 4 medium carrots.
- 2/3 cup raw rice.

Melt a little fat in pan and cut up onion and brown. Add ground beef and cook. Dice carrots and pre-cook until almost done. Then place a layer of meat, peas, celery, tomatoes and rice until all ingredients are used. Bake in oven an hour or more until rice is done. This will serve twelve or more.—Mrs. C. Shuenk, Sioux City 20, Iowa.

EASY SWEET SACCHARIN PICKLES

Wash cucumbers and dry thoroughly. Leave small ones whole. Large ones may be split lengthwise into quarters. Pack into jars and pour over them the following pickling sirup:

- 2 quarts of vinegar
- 1/4 cupful of salt
- 1 1/2 teaspoons of ground cinnamon

1/2 teaspoonful of ground cloves
1/2 teaspoonful of ground allspice
3 tablespoonfuls of ground mustard
2 teaspoonfuls of powdered alum
1 teaspoonful of saccharin
1/2 cupful of prepared horseradish.
Mix ingredients thoroughly and cool. When cold pour over the cucumbers packed in the jars. This amount is sufficient to cover 4 quarts of pickles.

VICTORY CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup white syrup
- 2 eggs (separated) beat yolks
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 1/2 cups cake flour
- 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift cake flour, measure, add baking powder and salt. Cream shortening and syrup. Add beaten egg yolks and vanilla. Add flour and milk alternately. Mix until blended. Beat egg whites stiff, but not dry. Fold into first mixture and bake in moderate oven.

FROSTING

- 1/2 cup raspberry preserves (or any kind of preserves you wish)
 - 2 egg whites beaten stiff
- Heat for 2 seconds and beat until stiff.

Miss Leona Haase,
Fenton, Iowa.

SUGARLESS JELL

- 1 cup fruit juice
- 2 tablespoons Sure-Jell
- 1 cup light syrup

Boil fruit juice and Sure-Jell for 2 minutes, then add syrup and boil until it sheets from a spoon.—Mrs. Russell McKern, Princeton, Missouri.

COOKING HELPS

If a pot of soup is too salty, wring a clean white cloth out of cold water and put over top of pot, change frequently and renew. This surely has done the trick for me. When sugar is caked, I use the medium side of my vegetable grater to reduce it to granulation again.—Lois M. Druke, 8038 Floral, Skokie, Illinois.

To keep marshmallows fresh, keep in bread box. When defrosting your refrigerator, remove trays of ice cubes and wrap in newspapers and place on the shelf. You will not be without cubes.—Mrs. Alice Macy, Osceola, Ia.

Heat lemons well before using and there will be twice the quantity of juice. To help rid the house of the odor of cooking vegetables; put a little vinegar in an open sauce pan on the stove.—Mrs. E. N. Hutchinson, Cromwell, Iowa.

A secret in making delicious potato salad is to cut the potatoes while they are warm. And while warm add the onions and salad dressing. As the salad cools, the flavor will penetrate the potatoes.—Kitchen-Klatter Sister.

Regardless the sugarless recipes, I find I can make most any plain cake, cookies, or pudding with all syrup. Just use double as much syrup as the recipe calls for sugar. Then cut liquids to one-half. You will soon forget you didn't use sugar.—Mrs. Chester Williams, Route 2, Corwith, Iowa.

Did you ever take cold mashed potatoes and use in potato salad? We like them much better as they are seasoned a lot nicer than boiled ones. I also add a slice or two of bread that has been soaked in milk, pepper, and sage, with cold mashed potatoes. Have hot fat in pan and fry until it's cooked together well.—Mrs. G. L. Hunt, 601 So. 6th Street, Nebraska City, Nebraska.

For a bread box that smells moldy, try this. Once in ten days wash your bread box clean. Then take 1/3 cup of vinegar and a small clean cloth and wash the entire inside with the vinegar and your bread box keeps fresh smelling and your precious home-made bread will not mould.—Mrs. John C. Klein, Sioux Center, Ia.

When making cottage cheese, I set the sour milk on the back of the stove. When the curd and whey separate, I dip out the whey, put it on to heat almost to the boiling point, then pour it into the curd or clabber, stirring all the time. Then take off the stove, and let cool. When cool, strain through clean flour or sugar sack and let drain. It never is over done when made this way.—Mrs. Wesley Kolman, Agenda, Kansas.

Our dealer told me to wash the rubber around the refrigerator door with soda water and then wax with paste wax. Could be done once a week if many hands use the door.—Mrs. David Pixler, Tracy, Iowa.

SUGAR SAVING DEVILS FOOD CAKE

1 3/4 cups sifted cake flour
1 1/2 teaspoons soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup shortening
4 tablespoons sugar
1 cup white syrup
2 egg yolks unbeaten
1/2 cup cocoa
2/3 cup sweet milk
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla
2 egg whites
Add 1/3 cup hot water to cocoa. Let cool while mixing cake or sift cocoa with flour. Sift flour once, measure, add soda, salt. Sift together 3 times. Cream shortening. Add sugar and blend well. Add syrup gradually, beating well. Add 1/4 cup of flour and beat until smooth and well blended. Add egg yolk one at a time, beating well after each. Sift cocoa with flour. Add remaining flour in thirds alternately with milk and beat well after each addition. Add vanilla. Fold in egg whites. Bake in three nine inch layer pans. Makes a large cake. Use an icing desired.—Mrs. Lydia Reineke, Alta Vista, Kans.

SANDWICH FILLING

Grind 2 cups seedless raisins
Add 1/2 cup orange juice
1/2 cup peanut butter
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon salt
Mix thoroughly.
Mrs. Pearl Perrigo,
Ewing, Missouri.

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Prevent odors and tastes of one food penetrating another by keeping a "Sentinel" in your refrigerator. Yes, cantaloupes, fish, onions, butter, milk and other foods may be kept in the refrigerator safely if you place a "Sentinel" on the top wire shelf. It absorbs odors. Price \$1.00 Postpaid.

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FAMILY FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

It was a hot August evening. I was putting the last of the supper dishes in the cupboard when I heard singing.

"He flew through the air with the greatest of ease." The rest of the song was lost in shouts of laughter from the youngsters out at the old bag swing. The giggles died away to a busy murmur, and then an eager voice was heard at the screen door. "Mom, it's so hot inside. You and Daddy come out on the porch. We want to put on a show for you. C'mon, please."

With school just three weeks away, evenings out of doors with the children would come to an end all too soon.

"We'll be delighted," I said.

Soon we were seated in "reserved rockers" on the porch by an usher wearing a cowboy suit.

"Ladeez and gentlemen," began the young M. C. in his most grown-up manner, "Miss Betty Hutton will now present a song and dance number."

With a fancy swirl of the long flared skirt of my old voile dress, here came little sister around a tree onto the stage. I'm sure her father never laughed harder than at her rendition of "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey", with gestures and dance steps copied from a recent movie.

Next Rastus and Remus appeared on the scene with bright red bandanas around their necks and old torn straw hats tilted jauntily on their heads. Here's where the 13 year old's love of the joke columns came into its own. You should have heard their drawls sprinkled generously with "you-alls" and "yas-suhs".

"When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain"—ah me, I laughed until I cried at the sight of sister, this time plumped up with two big pillows beneath my crepe nightgown for her version of Kate Smith in evening dress. She had just swung into a second chorus with much gusto and volume when plop! the pillows began to slide groundward. There was a swift look of consternation, then a giggle and a wild grab to catch the padding and "Katie" made a dashing exit around the house amid whoops of laughter from an appreciative (?) audience.

Smothering his laughter, the M. C. came to the rescue requesting the audience to join in singing "God Bless American". A lump came to my throat as the cowboy appeared with our big flag to stand at stiff attention for a grand finale.

A glass of cool nectar and a plate of cookies topped off a happy evening for both cast and audience.

STRETCH THE SUGAR

Serve fresh, ripe fruits.

Save syrup from canned fruit to sweeten sauces and beverages.

Sweeten fruit or cereals with sugar syrup.

Use no frostings on cakes.

Serve sweet rolls more often, instead of cakes.

Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda C. Wiles

Never in the history of the country has the poultry-man been faced with such uncertainty as at the present time. Some see a higher demand for poultry and eggs and are keeping back a larger number of hens from the market while others are paying less attention to their flocks and are allowing them to slide down hill in production and quality.

I think everyone has noticed the large number of hens and springs that have found their way in the meat counter. This is bound to have its effect on egg production later. Owing to meat shortage, eggs are being consumed in larger numbers—and prices are higher—but feed is high and loss of chicks must be cut to the minimum to have a profit in either eggs or poultry meat.

Despite their many achievements, the poultry-man sees trouble ahead—but also great opportunities.

One thing I do believe has been definitely improved is the quality of eggs and poultry now placed on the market. As a whole, the chickens found in meat counters are much better fed than they usually are and look more like a finished product than like a crow.

Trouble knocked at the hen house door last year when the supply exceeded the demand and prices slipped, but this year, with egg production easing off eight percent and scarcity of meat causing a bigger demand of eggs, I believe we will continue to get a good price for eggs. There will be a good demand for eggs as long as we help to feed the liberated areas—after that it might be a very good idea to decrease the number of producers, in fact, a recent survey shows a downward trend is under way and hens and pullets number about ten percent less than the average farm flock. I found this out from a poultry-man that has been doing a lot of summer culling of flocks the past month.

A lady recently wrote me asking for a sure method of breaking a hen from eating eggs. Well, the only sure method I know is to separate the head from the body just back of the ears, scald, pick, and prepare in the usual manner with lots of raisin dressing and roast for about two hours and I am sure that hen won't eat any more eggs. I do not know of a cure, but often lack of oyster shell will cause them to break eggs, partly from the desire to eat the egg, and partly because the shell of the egg was not hard enough when it was laid and was broken causing the hen to have the appetite for eggs. Some think that adding a little salt to the feed will stop them.

Be sure to keep plenty of water out for your chickens during the hot weather, and also provide shade for them.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

I want to talk about the USO scrapbook for our soldier boys again. Quite a few sent for books to make and I know you will get a lot of satisfaction from knowing you are helping the boys. Some have inquired if the books are really used. There is on file at Scrapbook Service headquarters the record of one scrapbook that had been signed by 610 boys who read and enjoyed it. This book was in the Alaska area. Another is known to have been in circulation in the South Pacific for 14 months. Is that sufficient answer? And doesn't it inspire you to start hunting out material to start some books today?

Blank scrapbooks are furnished by the USO at cost plus postage, which amounts to \$1.50 for ten books. Send your order to me at 695 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California, and I will have them sent you at once. Do not order less than ten books. They come only in packages of ten. If you think you can't make that many yourself, get your neighbors to help or your Sunday School class or your club. While you wait for them to come, gather material to put in them, any sort of material that your own boy would find enjoyable. I clip everything I think may be suitable from all the magazines before they go to the paper collection drive, then when I am ready to fill a book the material is all ready. Full directions are printed in each book, also what to do with them when they are finished.

One reason that I am interested in the making of these books is that many people who are shut in and unable to take an active part in the war effort, but still want to help, can do their bit this way. You have more time to collect material, and you can make your books real morale builders. Put your name and address in each.

Do you want to do something nice for a little ten year old girl who recently had an operation on both of her feet? She has been in the hospital for several weeks, fifty miles away from home. Letters or books or playthings that she could handle in bed would help. She is Pauline Hicks, c/o Mrs. Gordon Hicks, Route 2, Spartansburg, Pa. She will not be able to write you.

Edward J. Barczuk, 2648 N. Meade Ave., Chicago 39, Ill., wants to hear from folks, especially those who have arthritis. He has been bedfast for 8 years, his entire body rigid except his left arm. With that left hand he can write and his ambition is to become a cartoonist. Send him a line of cheer and include your pet cartoon. He was born September 2, 1919.

BOOST

"Enclosed please find one dollar for the renewal of Kitchen-Klatter. I don't want to miss a single copy. It is such a helpful magazine. I read it over and over and so do the rest of the family." Mrs. Frank Musil, Marble Rock, Ia.



Margery Driftmier and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hayzlett. This picture was taken at the Shenandoah picnic in California.

CLOVER LEAF LAPEL PIN

By Lois Neff

From an old green felt hat cut a four leaf clover leaf. A good size is 2 1/2 inches across the leaf and 4 inches from tip of stem to tip of leaf.

From bits of yarn make a yellow, white, or red clover blossom. Hold two fingers of the left hand close together while you wind the yarn around them 12 to 20 times depending upon the coarseness of the yarn. If the finished blossom is not full, round, and fluffy, you need to wind the yarn around the fingers more times. Remove the yarn from the fingers and tie a thread or string very tightly around the middle of it. Clip the double ends. This lets the yarn form a ball. Shear off any uneven ends. Sew a piece of yarn the color of the flower to it for the flower stem, making it an inch longer than the leaf stem.

Sew the clover flower to the center of the clover leaf then twine the flower stem about the clover leaf stem. Sew it in place with a stitch or two.

Sew a small safety pin to the back of the clover leaf just below the stem.

To keep the stem from falling forward stiffen it by covering the back of the clover leaf stem and the upper two halves of the leaf with glue. Allow to dry and your Clover Leaf Pin is ready to wear.

These pins are very nice for 4-H Club members.

MELLOWING AGE

We get the sweetest comfort

When we wear the oldest shoe.

We love the old friends better

Than we'll ever love the new.

The old songs are more appealing

To the wearied heart—and so

We find the sweetest music

In the tunes of long ago.

For—there's a kind of mellow sweetness

In a good thing growing old—

Each year that rolls around it

Leaves an added touch of gold.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

As a rule I write to you at night, but this time it is morning and I've just come in from the backyard where I got Juliana started on her cakes in the sandbox. These days she makes a long row of them with flour for frosting, and whenever a fresh batch is done I have to go out and admire them and pretend to taste them. There was a time when I wouldn't have tramped up and down that flight of stairs into the backyard more than once a month, if that often, but I think nothing now of doing it as frequently as twenty-five times a day. And it isn't making me thin, much to my sorrow.

Since I last wrote to you Dorothy and I have turned out coats and hats for our girls. Many of you think nothing of whipping up a coat, I know, and we even have a friend who has never yet bought a coat and her boys are twelve and fourteen. Remembering this I feel a little foolish when I look with pride at our handiwork, but we'd never tackled coats because we were afraid to, and it was with lively fears that we cut into the tweed. The tweed has a fine check in it with brown predominating, and we made brown velveteen collars and brown velveteen facings. Then we had little buttons covered with the brown velvet and I'll admit that we had the buttonholes made professionally.

Now they are done, and when Kristin and Juliana walk down the street everyone turns and says, "Well, twins!" We've gotten tired of explaining that they're little cousins with four months difference in their ages, so we go right ahead and let them think that they're twins.

A couple of weeks ago we drove down to the beach on a Sunday afternoon, and while we were there Russell and Frank suddenly had a hankering to go on the roller-coaster. They apologized for this lapse into childhood by saying that they hadn't been on one for years, so Dorothy and I didn't even lift an eyebrow. We stood below and watched, and everytime they came to a curve where they could see us they waved. This put Kristin and Juliana into fits of excitement, and they talked for hours about "Daddy 'way up in the sky." I really don't believe they ever expected to see their respective fathers again. Then we walked along the shore, and

the youngsters raced the waves until one big fellow swooped in and soaked their shoes. This meant that we had to go home, and it's the only thing that could have gotten us away from there without endless stalling.

Kristin's birthday was the only subject Juliana talked about for days in advance and days afterward. I made a big birthday cake, and the two little candles actually looked lost on it. We lighted them again and again so that they could have the thrill of blowing them out. We don't have another birthday to celebrate now for eight months, and I've explained until I'm blue in the face that we can't have another birthday until Juliana and Kristin are three years old.

The United Nations Conference is over now, the colorful guests have all gone home, and the city is back to what might be called normal—meaning that we're left now with just the usual problems of San Francisco in war times. The housing shortage is much worse now than it has ever been, and if I told you how many families with little children spent the nights in stations and theaters you wouldn't believe me. Frank has never yet ridden anywhere on the street car except the rear "cow-catcher" and Russell looks as though he had been in a football game when he gets home at night, for where he boards his car he is able to squeeze on the bottom step. I'm glad that I'm no longer battling it, for I don't believe that I've thought to tell you before that I'm not at the office anymore. I'm a full-time housewife now—and I like it.

A fresh batch of cakes has been turned out so I must go out now and inspect them. Until next month then. . . .

—Lucile.

HELPFUL HINTS

When Cleaning White Shoes, wash the dirt off with a damp cloth or brush and while shoes are still damp, apply white polish. It goes on smoother and the shoes look better than when applied to dry shoes.—Mrs. Earl Tilley, Bethany, Mo.

HINT ON USING OLEOMARGINE

Soften the Oleo till it can be whipped with a Dover egg beater. Add 1 egg and beat well until mixed smooth, then add 1 cup lukewarm milk or cream. Beat again until smooth. More eggs may be used if desired. This tastes like butter and goes a long way.—Mrs. S. S. Mohr, Hope, Kans.

HOMINY. In making hominy, use baking soda instead of lye—2 tablespoons soda instead of 1 tablespoon lye. When hominy is prepared, cold pack it. It keeps well and is nice to use later in the season.

If it's a woolen garment which has been scorched—not too badly—scrape it lightly with the back side of a silver knife. It will remove the scorch.—Mrs. W. R. Newman, Fremont, Nebr.

Baking an angel food cake? Try using 1/2 cup white sirup instead of that much sugar and add 3/4 cup chopped black walnut meats.—Sophie Hass, Galesville, Wis.



OVER THE FENCE

Mothers, watch out for Ringworm of the scalp. It is very contagious and there are many cases in the Middle West, especially among children. At the first sign of it, go to your doctor.

Mrs. Robert Moore of Hopewell, New Jersey, would like to hear from Kitchen-Klatter friends in Washington, Oregon, California, and Arizona. Write and tell her what you really think of the state as a place to live.

Who has an old brass spittoon? I am looking for one to use to plant some ferns in. If you have one, write me. I'll polish it up.

Mrs. Amelia Snee of David City, Nebraska, writes that she has found the best way to keep birds out of your berries is to have a couple of mulberry trees growing near. The birds much prefer them to any other berry.

Annie Diver, 311 Grove Street, Lagsport, Indiana, is very discouraged. She is facing a serious operation and would like to have letters of cheer from Kitchen-Klatter friends.

Are the cabbage worms bothering your cabbages? There is an old superstition that if you walk bare footed, with your hair down, three times around each cabbage, there will be no more worms. (You probably mash all of them—no thanks!)

Marcella Tungland, Oakdale, Iowa, and Mrs. Leroy Cave, Orson, Iowa, wish me to express their sincere thanks to all who sent them mail in the past weeks.

If you want directions for making roseleaf, beads, Mrs. Philip Kinsey 312 Leslie Strett, Carrollton, Missouri, will send them in exchange for a pot holder or a few old buttons.

It will be a happy day for Mrs. Charlotte Senter of Council Bluffs, Iowa, when her Seabee husband returns from the Pacific and she introduces him to his twin daughters.

Ruth Tague, Gorin, Missouri, writes, "Is there anyone who has a 'Ruth' club? I would like to join." Her sister, Vera Ann, who is 11 years old would like some pen pals.

Out at North Bend, Oregon, there is an Iowa Picnic every year. Mrs. A. Grossen, formerly of Exira, Iowa, is the president of the organization this year.



Juliana and Kristin in one of their few quiet moments



FOR THE CHILDREN

JULY DIARY OUTDOORS

By Maxine Sickels

July 1: The wren family have gone out to hunt their own bugs and worms. Before they did we had many interesting experiences. One day the boys were eating raisins on the porch. Mother wren saw one that had been dropped on the floor. She flew down near it and seized it in her bill. Don't you think she would take such a nice tidbit to her babies at once? She didn't. She flew to a branch of the cedar tree and there she examined that raisin all over with a wise black eye. At last she decided that it might do for her babies since I thought it good enough for mine. So she carried it to them. Each time she came for a raisin, she would carry it to the tree and look it all over. She only took five or six and then flew away to look for her usual food.

July 8: Now the catbird family are trying their wings. Birds grow up quickly. Two or three weeks and many of them are ready to take care of themselves. People who study birds say that the young usually come back to their old neighborhood to build their nests. Maybe that is one of last years boys and his family in the new birdhouse in the cedar tree.

July 15: Ladybug, ladybug, fly to my home.

There's bugs on my cabbage and it soon will be gone! I found a lot of little green bugs called aphids. They give off a sweetish liquid that ants like so they are sometimes called ant's cows. Ladybugs like the aphids to eat and would be a big help to me.

July 23: There wasn't enough ladybugs enlisted in my army to fight the aphids so I had to spray them. I hope I win. I know I like cabbage as well as any aphid. If I should ask you what man's worst enemy was, would you ever think to answer, "Insects"?

July 29: Dearie me. Jennie Wren has decided that she will raise another family in our old gourd. Did I ever tell you that her home is an old gourd with a hole in it about half way up? One morning as I got breakfast, she was scolding and fussing around like a little old woman in a brown cap and dress and goodness gracious, when I looked out the window, she was throwing sticks out of the house. Father Wren, like the good husband he is, was sitting in the vines singing to entertain her.

I am glad she will be out there again for she is good company. She sets up a great scolding and chattering at the cats and the pup and the chickens as well. I like to think that she depends upon me to come to make them go away. When I do, she goes about her business again.



"Light refreshments are served."

ONE THING AT A TIME

Work while you work,
Play while you play;
That is the way
To be happy and gay.
All that you do
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.
One thing at a time
And that done well;
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.
—M. A. Stodart.

READ THIS VERY FAST

Sinful Ceasar sipped his snifter,
seized his knees and sneezed.

A skunk stood on a stump. The
stump thunk, the skunk stunk, but
the skunk thunk the stump stunk.

LOOKING AROUND YOU

How are those diaries coming along? I see so much to think about and to write about that I never get it all written. I am sure that at least some of you will draw some good pictures to go with yours. A picture can tell more than a thousand words.

I hope you were able to find a toad or a frog and sit quit still and watch him. (Don't ask me how to sit still and watch a frog that is hopping around the yard. You will just have to figure that out.)

This month we are going to talk a little bit about birds. Some of these things I have read, some I have seen and many of them you can see for yourself. No doubt you will see many things that I have not. That is the reason that OUTDOORS is always interesting to people who keep their eyes open and their brains working.

Did your science books last year say that birds belong to the animal kingdom? You know that this is true because all living things are either plants or animals. Well, all animals that have feathers are birds. Feathers are the birds mark. They are al-

so his clothes. Like your clothes they get worn and dirty. When they do, the bird changes them for new ones. That is the old ones fall out and the new ones come in. Old Mother Nature is very wise about this too. She has only a few come out at once so that by and by the little bird has a new coat, but he has never been bare and cold or sunburned, or couldn't fly.

Even if all birds have feathers, they are not all alike. They do all walk on two feet instead of four but not all of their feet look alike. Ducks have webbed feet to swim. Hawks have talons or claws for snatching their prey. Qualls have walking feet. Every bird that roosts in a tree has an automatic device to keep him there while he is asleep. If you can, watch a chicken walk. Each time it lifts its foot, it toes bend. That is because the tendon (or cord) that bends the toes goes around its knee so that it tightens when the knee bends. That fastens the toes around a branch as long as the bird is sitting down and straightens them out when he stands up.

Birds can fly. They are made to fly. Many of their bones are filled with air. They also have extra air sacs in their bodies. Man learned to fly by watching birds.

Birds are good friends of ours. They are our best help in our war against insects. We just couldn't get along without them. I think I could get along without this old owl that steals one of my chickens every night I forget to shut them up, but even an owl catches lots of rats and mice. Birds peck our fruit, but think of the hundreds of insects it takes to raise one brood of birds.

I haven't told you much about birds. There are books and books about them. There are all the things you can learn by reading, and all the things you can learn by asking, and all the things you can learn by looking. There are many many things that even ornithologists (people who study birds) do not know. Here are some of them.

Why do birds migrate?
How do they know where to go?
How do they find the way?
How can they build nests?

—Maxine

"Daddy, is ink very expensive?"

"Not at all, sonny."

"Then why is it mother made such a fuss when I spilled some on the parlor rug?"



OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

My hobby is crochet holders, doilies, and chair sets. Will exchange one crocheted holder for 2 large feed sacks that have been washed.—Bessie Dingsley, Box 44, Rowley, Iowa.

Will exchange lima beans or hybrid rice popcorn for feed sacks either printed or plain. Write first.—Mrs. Lucille Horseman, Rt. 1, Rembrandt, Iowa.

Will exchange pins.—Judy McKel-lips, Oneida, Kansas.

Will exchange print feed sacks for a pair of shakers.—Mrs. Phillip Hassebrook, Brewster, Minnesota.

Will exchange fancy paper colored napkins, fancy bottles less than 5 inches tall for buttons or crocheted pot holders.—Mrs. Addie McSweeney, Henderson, Iowa.

Will exchange pre-war dress material for a doll about 15 inches or 18 inches. Would like curls or nice hair.—Mrs. Emil Westerman, c/o Mrs. Ed Hageman, Wayne, Nebraska.

Would like to buy five or six tea cups and saucers and five or six coffee cups and saucers of the Ironstone China Luster Tea Leaf pattern. Write first.—Mrs. L. Simes, 309 New York Avenue, Creston, Iowa.

Would like pen pals. Will exchange house and out door flowers.—Mrs. Talihta Newton, Jasper, Ohio.

Would like view cards of Iowa county court houses and would like to hear from Iowa sisters who collect view cards.—Mrs. Carl Hansen, Cumberland, Iowa.

Will exchange pot holders and small doilies for salt and pepper sets.—Mrs. Fred M. Kesi, Box 15, Elberon, Iowa.

Collects miniature animals.—Delores VanMote, 931 South Street, Jackson, Minnesota.

RIDING A HOBBY

When life seems dull and drab to you, The days are long, the nights are too, You're pepleless, don't know what to do, It's time to ride a hobby.

You'll find your days are filled with fun
You just can't stop, once you've begun.
You will collect from sun to sun
When once you ride a hobby.

So start today, get in the game
You may make money, perhaps win fame,
Life will be interesting and not tame
When once you ride a hobby.

—By Allie Eisenbiel.



Edith Hansen, Morning Homemaker at KMA, and her son Harold who is now in the service, taking his "boot" training.

HOBBIES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

By Mrs. Eli Espe

In a recent fire which destroyed his house, Bing Crosby lost his collection of pipes, however fellow members of the Athletic Round Table are featuring a campaign to build another collection of pipes for him.

Fritz Kreisler and Jascha Heifetz, two of the greatest violinists of our times, collected coins to some extent.

Enrico Caruso was at one time an active coin collector. After his death his collection was auctioned off for around \$25,000. It contained many fine gold pieces.

Basil Rathbone collects hands, sculptured out of marble, plaster and glass.

Lowell Thomas has a great stone fireplace built of stones from famous historic structures down through the ages.

The custom of having dinner and luncheon guests autograph a tablecloth probably had its beginning with Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. A tablecloth used by Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie at their New York home is now on exhibition at the museum of the City of New York and on it are embroidered the names of famous persons dating back to 1887. The earliest name is that of Andrew Carnegie himself dated 1887; and among the many other accompanying it are those of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Elihu Root, Woodrow Wilson and J. S. Billings.

In the comfortable attractive home of the Andy Devine's are found many fine antiques which are part of the homes furnishings. A plate rail best displays Mrs. Devine's cherished collection of old oil lamps.

Thomas Edison in early youth displayed a fondness for chemistry and physics. He collected some 200 bottles, gathered from all over his home town and placed them in the basement of his home. They were arranged on shelves and all were labelled "poison", so no one would disturb his collection of chemicals.

Mrs. Alf Landon is said to have a very fine and unusual collection of Bennington Pottery.

Another movie star hobbyist is Edward G. Robinson who finds relaxation in his chemistry and physics laboratory. He also collects fine paintings.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 100,000 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.

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.

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JOIN HOBBY CLUB. Write letters, make friends, exchange hobbies, nationwide. (Women only.) One dollar a year dues. Sample Club Paper, ten cents. Write, Aleta Morrisette, Route 3, Box 798, San Bernardino, California.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITH HOBBIES. 64 pages exciting experiences, ideas, plans for making hobbies profitable. \$1.00 postpaid. Write, Aleta Morrisette, Route 3, Box 798, San Bernardino, California.

LOVELY ROSE MEDALLIONS FOR PILLOW CASES, 4 for 75 cents. Have a pretty house dress made. (Medium size V neck). Send 3 feed sacks and \$1.00 to Mrs. Irene Hinks, Munda, Kansas.

AFRICAN VIOLETS. White Lady, \$1.00; Pink Beauty, 75¢; Blue Girl, 75¢; Blue Boy, 75¢; Trilby, 75¢; if ordering just one plant, add thirty cents for postage and packing. If more than one, add twenty-five per cent of the cost of the plants. Other choice house-plants postpaid: Flaming Ixora, \$1.00; Bird's Nest Fern (undivided leaf-superior house fern), \$1.25; Kangaroo vine, (rare and choice house vine), \$1.00; Spathyphyllum, \$2.50. (narrow, glossy green leaves, peppermint scented bloom like small calla lilies, which last 3 or 4 weeks.) Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Iowa.

CROCHETED BABY SLIPPERS, 75¢; Novelty print clown bean bag, 50¢; Hot pan doll dress holders, 50¢. Clara Taylor, Early, Iowa.

CROCHETED ROSE POT HOLDERS, 3 for \$1.00; Dutch Wool Hats, \$1.50; Cotton, \$1.00. Mrs. K. Chapman, 1239 William Street, Baltimore 30, Maryland.

POEMS FROM MY SCRAP BOOK

A book of my favorite poems including many I have read over the air. This book has in it comforting war poems, and makes a nice gift for a war mother or wife. With an order for three of the books for \$1.00, I will send you, free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures—Prices 35¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 3 books. Postpaid.

Order from Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa



AID SOCIETY HELPS

A BEAN SOCIAL

A Ladies Aid group in Topeka, Kansas tried this clever bean social with great success, and because I think that your group could try it with equal success I am quoting the letter that outlined the plan.

"Our group held a bean social this spring, and not only was it amusing but we made a nice little amount of money. We sold tickets for ten cents, and as each person bought a ticket we gave him ten beans tied up in bags. Many tickets we sold in advance, and others bought at the church as they arrived.

"We had every kind of thing tied in boxes and packages, and sold each one for so many beans. The children soon used up their beans and bought more. The things we had brought to dispose of at the social were something on the order of a "white elephant." The children got many useful play things and the sport of opening the package.

"Then for older groups there were rooted house plant slips and the little border Iris. They sold for more beans, of course, so the people who wished to purchase had to buy more beans.

"There was an hour's entertainment given by a family of five children who are really clever. They charged \$1.00 for the hour. Then we served cocoa and wafers furnished by different members; the milk cost the most, for cocoa and wafers were taken from our commissary. We also sold home made candy at a penny per piece—we never do have candy enough at any of our sales!

"The social feature was mostly what we were working for. This was the second bean social we have held in two years, and they were both a great success."

The statement that the social feature was mostly what these Topeka women were working for interested me almost as much as the bean social because I have long felt that our Ladies Aid Society must shoulder a great share of the responsibility that the church must take for the community.

We all need money for our church and its activities but we also need to take the burden of knitting a close social life for our congregation, and we need to take this burden willingly.

We hear a great deal about people growing away from the church in

these times, and we will continue to hear more about it in the future unless each and everyone of us accepts the fact that our Aid must strike right out for a program of happy social gatherings that bring people together in a spirit of comradeship.

Now take this bean social for instance. No Aid Society is going to wax wealthy putting on entertainments of this nature, but think of the fun, think of the opportunity for the young people to realize that the older members of the church feel an interest in them, think of the new friendships that are made—for make it a cardinal rule NEVER to have an affair of this kind without seeing that new families in your church are invited.

Let's feel that we have discouraged our responsibilities when we go to Aid meetings once a month and work like Trojans to make our annual chicken dinner a success. Let's not feel that we've accomplished the greatest feat of all when our financial secretary reads her report at the close of the year and announces a nice balance in the treasury. Instead, let us remember that we hold the power to keep our church a live, growing force of Christian faith that enriches the lives of the entire community. Let us shoulder the task of building an interesting program of events in which young and old can share happily. Let us make our church a gathering place for all people at all times, not just for Sunday morning services fifty-two times each year.

LET US SHOW OUR LOVE FOR THE OLD CHURCH

"Here is a quiet room, pause for a little space,
And in the deepening gloom, pray for God's grace.

Let no unholy thought enter thy musing mind,

Things that the world hath wrought, unclean, untrue, unkind,

Leave them behind.

Pray for the strength of God, strength to obey His plan,

Rise from thy knees less clod, than when thy prayer began

More of a man."

—Selected.

MY CANDLE

My faith is just a candle's gleam,
Burning warm against the night;
Often the light is small and dim,

Yet it never goes out . . . quite.
I envy souls whose faith can match

The system of a polar star

Or a dazzling searchlight swift to catch

And hold great visions from afar.

My candle is not very tall,
Nor strong, but it is white and pure;

Its rays shine clear about my feet
And make each forward step secure.

My candle's glow, tho not so wide
Helps neighbors living by my side.

—Alice Gorton Wynn.

AN ARCTIC PARTY

Wouldn't this kind of a party appeal to you and your friends on a hot August day? A friend wrote me of an Arctic Party she gave last year which proved to be a grand success.

The invitations were very clever. On the card was an airplane headed for a snowy mountain on which a polar bear stood, holding a flag on which were the words, "North Pole." The guests were asked to dress in white and a forfeit had to be paid by any one who mentioned the weather.

Glass icicles, such as we use on Christmas trees, hung from the light fixtures. A huge pile of cotton snowballs sprinkled with artificial snow, were on the piano. The chairs were covered with white sheets and a white canvas had been spread on the rug.

The centerpiece on the dining room table was a huge cake of ice. (Ferns and vines had been twined around it to hide the pan.) At either side of the ice cube were globes of gold fish. White candles were placed in glass candle holders and artificial snow was scattered generously over the white table cloth. (Don't you begin to feel cool?)

A lovely "white" lunch was served. I believe I remember part of it. White breast of chicken, potato chips, rolls, pear salad, ice cream, and white syrup cake. Guests were asked to tell of the coldest experience they ever had.

The following contest may be used:

AN ICE CONTEST

1. What ice do friends enjoy giving? Advice.

2. The most harmful ice. Vice.

3. An ice that calls us. Entice.

4. An ice we hope to enter. Paradise.

5. An ice we should not harbor. Malice.

6. Ice in a girl's name. Alice.

7. An ice that happens three times. Thrice.

8. An ice used in a game. Dice.

9. An ice that is a food. Rice.

10. An ice ladies are afraid of. Mice.

11. An ice you pay for goods. Price.

12. An ice that repeats itself. Twice.

A SLEUTHING PARTY

This forms an evenings entertainment for a group of young people. Divide the crowd into two groups. Give each group a list of things to find out. The list should be the same but the questions arranged in different order. See which group finds the correct answers first. When my young folks gave a party like this, these were some of the questions asked:

1. How many posts around the swimming pool?

2. How many trees in a certain park?

3. How many windows in the high school?

4. How many shoes in the shoe store window?

5. How many buildings at the CCC camp?

6. How many parks in your city?