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Kitchen-Klatter

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Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor
M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager
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FRIENDSHIP

We've talked and laughed together,
We've enjoyed the selfsame things,
We've known the happy feeling
True understanding brings,
And with all my heart I'm hoping
That whatever God may send
Throughout the years that be ahead
I'll have you for my friend.

—Anon.

My Dear Friends:

Yes, some of you have listened to me on the radio and written to me for many years. I started broadcasting Kitchen-Klatter twenty years ago next April. The year before that, I had been on the air several times, but did not have a regular program. My sister, Helen Fischer, conducted a "Mother's Hour" and I sometimes sang on that program, or said a few words. Our son Don took a course in radio broadcasting at college. His professor told him that it seemed to be easy for him to talk over the air. Then Don told him that his mother, three sisters, two brothers, four aunts, his uncle and cousins, too numerous to mention, were all experienced broadcasters, so it sort of ran in the family to be at home before a mike.

We have had some very interesting letters from our son Frederick, who is in the Chaplain's School at Williamsburg, Virginia. He has enjoyed visiting the old historical landmarks. Each morning he worships in the very building where Washington had his headquarters before the battle of Yorktown. He said the Navy surely trains you to be thorough. One of the executive officers said, "You may think it is foolish for us to discipline you men over such small trifles as a spot of dirt on your shoes, but the Navy has learned that if a man can't be trusted to do little things well, he can't be trusted to do anything well."

I am sure the training our young folks are receiving in the service will be of lasting benefit to them.

Edith Hansen's son Don is now in a United States hospital on the West coast. Although his lungs, where the shell went through them, are healing nicely, he still has the paralysis in his legs. The doctors have told him just what they told me when I first became paralyzed, only time will reveal the outcome. If one keeps the general health good, nature rebuilds the broken nerves. I can still see im-

provement in my condition and if I live long enough, I may walk sometime. Don Hansen is young and I feel sure will improve as time goes on.

Margery is still working in California. She lives in Glendale and works in Los Angeles.

She would have enjoyed a vacation at home this summer, but because of travel conditions and the fact she could be here such a short time, she decided to vacation with Dorothy and Lucile in San Francisco. Frank and Dorothy plan to move back to the Middle West when the war is over, and I wouldn't be surprised if Russell and Lucile do, too. We will surely be glad to have them near us.

Write me when you have time. Let me know if there is any way that I can improve the contents of this magazine. I want to make it as helpful as possible.

Leanna.

A GOOD MOTHER

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
And in her tongue is the law of kindness;

She looketh well to the ways of her household,

And eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed;

Her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thou excellest them all.

"Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain:
But a woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands;
And let her own works praise her in the gates."

—Prov. 31:26-31.



Lt. (j.g.) Frederick Driftmier, Chaplain in Navy

JUST VISITING

What do you think of "War Time" as it affects us out here in the Middle West? Do you go by it? I have talked to quite a number of women, in both town and country, and almost every one says they will be glad when "War Time" is discontinued.

Again September 1st rolls around and many a mother tackles once more the job of putting up school lunches. During the warm fall days, be especially careful of spoilage that would mean illness for your children. Be very careful about the meat used in sandwiches. Have it freshly prepared and do not put warm foods in the lunch pail unless a thermos bottle is used for them.

A friend who has been married for more than forty years made a remark that I want to pass on to the younger married couples among our readers. She said, "I often think now, how many unhappy moments could have been avoided if I had praised more, when things were done for my happiness. I made too much of little things that annoyed me." To brides she would say, "Be patient and more patient, and more and more blind to faults. Praise him for the little thoughtful things your husband does for you. This will help to make your life grow sweeter as the years go by."

You've heard that thunder sours milk. That's not actually the truth. The facts are that milk sours more quickly in warm humid weather, the kind that brings on the thunder storms.

I pity the child who grows up in a home where there are no books. Good reading material for a child is almost as essential as his being sent to school every day. Books are very inexpensive now. The price of a show will buy a good book. Mothers will find children much more contented at home in the evening, if there is interesting reading material provided for them. Buy a book every month and you will soon have a shelf full of books for the family to enjoy.

Like the "Little Red Hen" many of my Kitchen-Klatter sisters are saying, "I'll do it myself, then." Everything from painting houses to repairing the electric iron—we are learning how convenient it is to be able to do these jobs ourselves, even tho' they leave stiff muscles and broken finger nails.

A friend informs me that her meat hungry city cousins are making very frequent visits to the farm these days, and being a hospitable soul, she always asks them to stay for a meal. Let me see, I'm afraid three gallons of gas won't take me as far as Storm Lake, Iowa, so I might as well stop thinking about it and go fix us some eggs for supper.

Come into the Garden

SEPTEMBER IN THE GARDEN

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

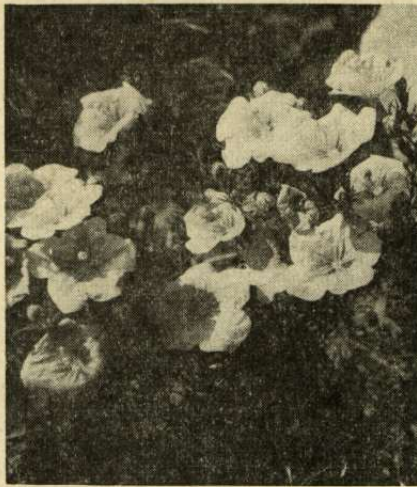
Our garden this month is like the outfit of the September bride—something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. You will find the same to be true in your own garden if you look around a little.

Something old—yes, the same reliable perennials bloom for us gayly each September, especially the chrysanthemums which no doubt have been going strong for several weeks. But there are always some favorites which bloom late and have a race with a blackening frost. We always like to see who is going to win, and almost feel a personal pride if the flowers make it first. Here we did not have the usual success in wintering over some of these usually very reliable perennials, and so a fresh start had to be made in spring with the usual pleasing result that many new-comers are watched eagerly for new bloom. At the moderate price of these fall beauties, it would pay big dividends to buy new plants each spring.

Something new—bad news too—a new pest appeared this year among the tomato vines causing them to wilt. As you may already know, it was caused by a worm-borer similar to the one which troubles our dahlias. This seems to ruin the plant for any further usefulness; a most disastrous crop loss too. But a new plant in our garden gave endless pleasure. A new hardy salvia, *Scalaria turkistanica*, a very interesting perennial, the gift of a friend, with large rough leaves bears a tall spike of bloom holding oddly shaped lilac-pink flowers of a decided Asiatic character, causing ones mind to wander off to strange places where this interesting plant is a native. One might almost expect to hear the faint chimes of temple bells on viewing it in early morning or during twilight hours. It is so odd that it must be seen to be appreciated.

Something borrowed—let us hope our eyes are not glancing on some gardening tool we forgot to return to some kindly neighbor. Let it rather be the results of the good ideas borrowed and put to use during the past season. A newer rotation of crops than we formerly used, some splendid method of garden conservation or a new method of harvesting a food crop—all these are borrowed treasures which do not need to be returned but may be passed on to a fellow-gardener.

And lastly, something blue. To me it was the blue borage growing by the kitchen door from a seed carelessly dropped. This old-fashioned herb, fragrant after a rain, or pungent in mid-afternoon hot sun, has truly the bluest of all flowers, which when fallen resemble small stars upon the grass. These flowers dress up a salad, just as the leaves add a refreshing zest to a cool drink.



The Cup Flower

DO YOU KNOW?

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

July and August are usually difficult garden months but with the cooler days of September, it revives in almost a magical way. Then we are encouraged to fill in any bare spots with new plants. Peonies should not be planted or divided in the Spring—the time to do it is now. Do you know that Peonies should never have more than two inches of soil over their crowns? If planted too deep they will not be able to properly place their buds.

This is a good time to divide and reset perennials. If watered wisely, they will have ample time to become well established before freezing weather comes. Set out new bulbs now for spring blooming—Tulips, Narcissus, Scillas, Crocus and others.

Do you know that Poinsettias will "throw their leaves" at you if you let them get too cold? Bring them in to a sunny window before the nights get cool. If you unwisely set your plants in the open ground and discover now that they resent being potted at this time of year, you will remember next spring to pot them while dormant. Then sink the pots in the ground.

Pot Freesia bulbs and set them in mottled sunshine under the edge of a tree. Unlike the Poinsettia, they may be left outside in their pots until frost is imminent. When they have to be brought inside, give them the sunniest window but they like it cool.

Do you know that the Cup Flower, *Nierembergia hippomanica*, is as easily started from cuttings as Geraniums? Select a plant or two with the nicest blossoms and pot them. Keep them in a sunny window until time to start cuttings in the spring. Then cut the stems in 3-inch lengths and place in moist sand. I often start them outside after danger of frost is past by putting the cuttings in a seed frame and placing a glass jar over them until they are well rooted.

IN SEPTEMBER

She seems a tiny, fragile thing
To send to school;
A little butterfly, too young
For book and rule.
But I must kiss her now and try
To hide my tears;
I must not spoil the dignity
Of her six years.
—Ruth Catherine Wood.

MY BABY STARTS TO SCHOOL

By Lois Shull

For several weeks now I've been sewing and getting school clothes ready for my children. At last the day has arrived and I stand at the door and wave goodbye to my offspring as they skip off to school. It's my youngest's first day of school and she's even more excited than the others who feel themselves very grown up and responsible for their little sister.

This is the day I, too, have looked forward to. For several years now I've had one or two small children at home all day, but finally I am to have long quiet days to myself. I shall be able to accept afternoon invitations without making plans for the care of my baby while I'm gone.

But somehow, as I look after my youngest, dancing between her big brother and sister, her red hair ribbon bobbing up and down, and her face wreathed in smiles as she anticipates the big adventure ahead, my heart suddenly does a flip-flop inside me and my face sobers. This is my baby, going out into the world! From now on she will cling less and less to me. All at once I feel very empty and alone. The wonderful free days ahead look much less inviting.

As the children turn the corner and are out of sight I close the door and survey my home which fairly shrieks its emptiness. My throat tightens. This isn't at all the way I had expected it to be. I'm alone for the day, yes, and maybe it's just as well. I wouldn't want my baby-who-is-growing-into-a-little-girl to think it makes me sad. She'd never in the world understand the tears in her mother's eyes on this, the biggest day of her life!

THE ORIGIN OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came);
And standing at its Master's feet,
And gazing in His face,
It said, in low and trembling tone,
And with a modest grace,
"Dear God, the name Thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot!"
Kindly the Father looked Him down.
And said: "Forget-me-not."
—Emily Bruce Roelfson.
(1841, 1921)

We can't understand how the ant acquires such a reputation for being so industrious. Nearly all we ever saw were on a picnic.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

It was a hot June morning in 1921 when I learned exactly how much trouble can overtake a person who has been genuinely careless—and every letter of the word "Careless" should really be printed in red ink—it was that kind of carelessness. I think you'll agree when you read what happened.

The D.A.R. Chapter of Clarinda decided to have an extra-special party for their annual Flag Day meeting, and as part of the program there was to be a minuet danced by eight girls, all daughters of members. Elaborate old-fashioned costumes were made for it, and to add the final touch, each girl was to wear her hair in the style of the period with many puffs and rolls piled high on top. I don't know where the other girls got the necessary switches, but I know only too well that a dear friend of mother's offered to let me wear hers. These were extraordinarily beautiful and expensive switches, and she didn't possess them as a matter of vanity—she really needed them!

This friend had an unusually lovely soprano voice and at the time I was rehearsing the minuet every afternoon she was putting in long hours of rehearsal for a cantata that was to be presented at the Methodist church. It was an ambitious undertaking for the choral society that had been organized, and once a week a voice director came from Des Moines for the rehearsals. Mother's friend was to sing the leading soprano role.

Well, the minuet was a great success, my hair-dress was a big sensation, and all in all I felt a vivid sense of triumph when it was all over. As soon as we returned home Mother carefully wrapped the switches in paper and told me to return them at once. I said that I would—but I didn't. And the next morning when Mother saw them still lying on the living room table she asked me to take them home without delay for the cantata was to be given that very night and she knew her friend would want to get them back into shape.

I went down town for something that morning, and it was when I turned into the post-office that Aunt Jessie Shambaugh drove up along the curbing and called to me to hurry home at once. From the tone of her voice I knew that something dreadful had happened, and I practically flew up hill and down hill to get home. When I walked into the house (no, to be exact, I *tore* into the house), the woman who had come to help do some cleaning told me to run to Mother's friend's home at once. I ran. And when I arrived there I found them both in tears.

It seems that the cleaning woman had picked up all of the newspapers from the living room table and burned them in the fireplace, and along with the papers, of course, went the switches that I had neglected to re-

turn. After all of these years I still find myself feeling a little weak and giddy when I remember the sensations that swept over me as I realized what had happened. If you had searched the world over you couldn't have found an unhappier person than I was at that moment.

The entire thing seemed to be doubly bad because of the cantata looming up only a few hours away. Mother's friend had to appear because no one else could sing her role, and so she appeared wearing a hat and no one knew why the leading soprano chose to do such an unusual thing when no one else wore hats!

The switches were replaced at great expense to Mother and Dad. I couldn't help financially, but obviously I had to do *something* to compensate for the trouble and expense I had caused, so I was given the job of wheeling her baby for a couple of hours every day for the summer and up through the warm weather of autumn. I know that I read all of the Victor Hugo books from the library while I wheeled, for I rigged up a prop for the book and could wander dreamily down one street and up another without realizing where I was until we reached curbsings.

All of this happened long ago and what was once a real tragedy to me has become now only a funny story, but certainly it explains the fact that I have a real aversion to borrowing anything, and if something simply has to be borrowed, I'm literally on pins and needles until it has been safely returned. It explains too, the fact that I always try to do things the moment they need to be done—I'm not a procrastinator. So, although it was an expensive and painful lesson, I'm sure that in the long run it was just about the most valuable experience that I ever had.

This was the summer too that Mother, Grandfather Field, Wayne and Margery, made a trip to Illinois. The rest of us children stayed at Grandfather Driftmier's house, only I trudged the length of the town to do my wheeling every day. Grandmother Field's only sister, Mrs. Eliza Cox,

lived in Toulon, Illinois, and Grandfather wanted to visit her again. Mother too wanted to see the town where her mother had been reared, and to meet friendly relatives for the first time.

Margery and Wayne were very good throughout the entire trip, and I'm sure that Mother really enjoyed this first little vacation that she had taken since her marriage. Certainly she looks very happy in the pictures that were taken, and some of the sweetest snapshots we ever had of Wayne were taken on this trip. Margery acquired such a reputation for being a perfect baby that years later when Dad and I went there on a brief business trip, people still asked about her and said that they remembered her as the best baby they'd ever seen.

Nothing untoward happened to those of us who stayed at home except for the fact that Frederick put a kernel of corn into his ear and had to go to the doctor to have it removed. We were happy at Grandfather's house for Aunt Anna was like a real mother to us, but I still remember how excited and happy we were when the travelers returned. Dorothy and I were both shocked at how much Margery had grown in only two weeks.

Just before school started that fall we had a great scare. Wayne almost drowned in our lily pool. This pool had been constructed in such a way that it was thought to be fool-proof, because a shallow shelf only about eight inches deep had been built around the side and it extended far enough into the water that if ever a child fell in he could promptly scramble to his feet and get out. But not Wayne! When he fell in he promptly scrambled right into the center of the pool rather than out on to dry land, and the first thing any of us knew about it was when we heard a neighbor scream to us from across the street. Mother had left Wayne playing on the big screened-in porch with the door securely latched, and she had gone about her work in the kitchen thinking that he was safe enough. Someone left the door open and out Wayne went in a flash—and straight to the pool because it was forbidden territory. Well, when Mother heard that scream she went flying towards the pool just on general principles, and when she saw Wayne floundering helplessly among the water lilies she jumped right in and snatched him out. After he had been thumped a bit he was as good as new, but the next day an unsightly chicken-wire fence went up around the pool and it stayed there until Wayne was old enough to be trusted near the water. The carefully planned shelf that had added considerable expense to the pool was money thrown away so far as Wayne was concerned.

(Continued in October Issue)



Dorothy and I wheeling Margery in our doll buggy.

"Nothing that happens can hurt me,
Whether I lose or win,
Though life may be changed on the
surface,
I do my main living within."

FOR THE LUNCH BOX

MINCEMEAT COOKIES (Sugarless)

Cream 1 cup shortening, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup honey or maple syrup, 2 eggs and 2 cups mincemeat. Sift 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup seed-ed raisins, and 1 cup nut meats. Break up and pour - cup boiling water over it, let stand until soft and dissolved. Drop from spoon on cookie sheet and bake for about 15 minutes at 350 degrees F. Yields about 100 cookies. The dough may be mixed at any time, wrapped in waxed paper and stored in refrigerator. Slice and bake.—Anna Herr, Ellis, Kansas.

HONEY DATE COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup honey
- 1 egg
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/4 cup sour milk
- 3/4 cup pecans
- 1 cup raisins
- 2 cups dates

Cream butter and honey. Add beaten egg. Add sour milk alternately with sifted dry ingredients to which have been added the nutmeats and raisins and dates. Drop on greased sheet and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until browned. Chocolate chips may be substituted or cherries may be added in place of nuts or fruit.—Mrs. Harm Eilderts, Parkersburg, Iowa.

JAM SYRUP CAKE

- 1/2 cup lard
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup dark syrup
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/2 cup sour milk
- 1/2 cup jam (any kind)

Mix shortening, and egg yolks. Add syrup. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and spices. Add to above mixture with sour milk and jam. Add beaten egg whites and bake in either loaf pan or layers. Makes a large cake.—Mrs. R. D. Enninga, Hastings, Nebr.

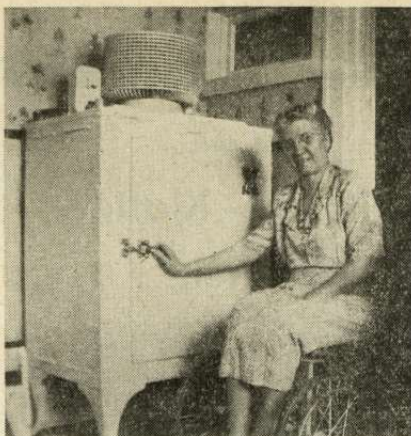
SANDWICH SPREAD

- 12 large cucumbers
- 8 medium onions
- 3 red peppers
- 1 green pepper

Grind rind and all. Salt lightly and let stand 2 hours. Let boil in juice for 5 minutes. Let drain dry and add "Dressing":

- 4 eggs well beaten
- 2 heaping tbsp. flour
- 1 tbsp. mustard seed
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 pt. vinegar

Put together. Mix and boil until thick. Add eggs last and seal.—Mrs. Lawrence Frybarger, Manhattan, Kansas.



Our refrigerator has been in constant use for over 17 years—summer and winter.

COOKING HELPS

"Tell the lady that wanted to know about using dill to pick off the leaves, leaving the main stalk standing. It will always send out new leaves or shoots and can be used over. The new leaves that it will grow are the best ones for pickles."—Mrs. W. A. Franke, Nickerson, Nebraska.

"A very good idea in making a cake that calls for sour milk is to beat it well with the egg beater until fluffy before adding it to the batter."—Mrs. Wright S. Miller, Bolivar, Missouri.

"When separating the yolk from the white of an egg, break it into a small funnel over a glass. The white will pass through and the yolk will remain in the funnel. Never beat egg whites in an aluminum pan, as it is sure to darken them."—Jane Nelson, Omaha, Nebraska.

"I use one package of Knox Gelatin and five tablespoons of Cool-Ade. Dissolve the gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water. Add 1 cup boiling water, and the Cool-Ade. Then add 1/2 cup syrup and 2 tablespoons sugar. Let cool and serve."—Mrs. Ed Sillman, Cook, Nebraska.

"Place your cookie sheet in the bottom of the oven when you are making pies and cobblers. It will catch all the juice and is much easier to clean than an oven."—Mrs. Loyal Crawford, Hampton, Iowa.

"I heard you mention about putting lemon juice in peas when canning. May I add that a teaspoon of vinegar to a quart is good too, to help keep from spoiling. I canned 78 pints this year. Also this works the same in canning corn, and has no taste of the vinegar when opened."—Mrs. Mark Woody, Monroe, Iowa.

"Perhaps this will help some one save time. When canning pears, scald them like peaches or tomatoes. This is much quicker than peeling them the old way."—E. L. Woodard, Palmyra, Nebraska.

Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

This morning I had to make a trip to town for repairs and for some nails and while at the hardware store I watched a lady buying dinner pails for her little boy who was just "a beginner" and a little girl of about seven.

The little boy did not seem the least bit enthused, but was more interested in a man who was buying a hay rope, while the little girl was very critical and was very much disappointed because he would not even look at the inside of the pail or at its method of fastening the lid down.

Little scenes like this takes one back a few years. How quickly have they passed, for my son is now 31, and my daughter is 29. I must say, things have really changed for me too. No one would ever judge from my shopping list that I was a woman, for it usually contains articles like it did today. Nails, bolts, repairs for the feed grinder—Buy more hog pellets, see about tractor gas stamps, etc., etc. I can assure you there are no nylons on my list.

It is fast approaching the time of year when we need to give our pullets a little special attention. As yet I have not been able to find the time to give mine this care, but I fully realize it should be done.

With the meat situation as it is, I am planning on using just as many cockerels as I can, and as I bought mostly pullets last spring, I will not have a very big surplus. Besides, I may use some to fill up a few empty jars as the other canned meats are running low, and I only have one book from which to take points.

This year I am planning on having only pullets in my flock when time for fall culling rolls around. I have definitely decided it doesn't pay to keep old hens and pullets together and rather than keep two houses going, I think I will cut down the number and have only pullets and use just the one house.

In looking over some recent poultry records, I see there were 16 percent more young chickens on the farm May first than the same time one year ago; also that the June record of chicks hatched has never been exceeded, and many hatcheries had to close down without filling all orders, owing to the small supply of eggs.

So it seems that the wholesale slaughter of hens to meet the meat requirements is beginning to take its toll. Perspective egg production estimates as indicated in June and July are expected to bring most unsatisfactory conditions the entire year, and not until January or February are market supplies expected to be normal. So I think the wise poultry man will get the flock into laying condition just as soon as possible.



VICTORY ANGEL FOOD CAKE

- 3/4 cup white syrup
- 1 cup egg whites
- 1 teasp. cream of tartar
- 1/4 teasp. salt
- 3/4 teasp. almond extract
- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1/2 cup sugar

Boil the syrup until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Beat egg whites until frothy then add cream of tartar and salt. Continue beating until stiff, but not dry. Add hot syrup a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Add almond extract. Sift together cake flour and sugar. Fold into egg whites and blend lightly. Bake in ungreased angel food cake pan for 60 minutes as follows: First 15 minutes, 320 degrees. Then 45 minutes at 300 degrees. When baked remove from oven and invert pan for 1 hour before removing cake from pan.—Mrs. Mike P. Bruner, David City, Nebraska.

HONEY APPLESAUCE CAKE

- 3/4 cup honey
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup unsweetened applesauce
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup raisins

Cream honey and shortening. Add eggs and beat well. Add raisins and nuts. Mix and sift together all the dry ingredients 3 times. Alternately add applesauce with sifted ingredients to honey mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.)—Mrs. F. E. Wahlstrom, Alta, Iowa.

CABBAGE SALAD

- 2 cups cabbage chopped or shredded
- 1/2 cup green pepper
- 1/2 cup red pepper
- 1 small onion
- 1/2 cup diced cucumber
- 1/2 cup chopped celery

Mix 1 tablespoon sugar, 1/4 cup vinegar, a little salt. Pour over above ingredients and use a fork to mix all together.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

PEPPER RELISH

- 12 green peppers
- 12 red peppers (sweet)
- 6 tart apples
- 6 large onions
- 6 large carrots

Grind all in food grinder. Pour over this 1 pint boiling water, with 2 tablespoons salt. Let stand 15 minutes, then drain.

Heat:

- 1 quart vinegar
- 1 quart sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- 2 teaspoons red pepper (optional)

Add to ground mixture and boil 20 minutes.—Mrs. Paul Oliver, Shenandoah, Iowa.

CANDY WITHOUT SUGAR

- 1 cup white syrup
- 1 cup dark syrup
- 1 1/2 cup cream

Cook syrup and 1 cup cream to soft ball stage. Stir vigorously, then add the rest of cream and boil to firm ball stage. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla, and nuts, if desired.

TO STIFFEN CROCHET WORK

- 2/3 cup salt
- 1 teaspoon cornstarch
- 1 teaspoon flour
- 1 cup water

Cook. Then rub into work to stiffen.—Mrs. F. W. Honzing, Hutchison, Kansas.

VANILLA ICE CREAM

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup heavy cream

Beat eggs until thick and lemon-colored. Stir in syrup, then milk and flavoring. Whip cream to custard-like consistency, and fold into egg mixture. Pour into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator, and freeze about 1 hour or until a 1-inch layer of mixture is frozen around sides. Remove tray from refrigerator, and beat mixture until smooth. Return to refrigerator and continue freezing 1 1/2 hours or until firm.—Mrs. Ralph Hutchins, Beaver, Iowa.

CANNED CHICKEN

Steam or boil the chicken until 2/3 done. Remove skin and bones, keeping meat in large pieces. Salt to taste. Pack pieces in hot jars. Cover with boiling broth. Process 60 minutes at 15 pounds pressure or 3 1/4 hours in hot water bath. Complete seal.

USE FOR YOUNG FOWL

Season with salt and pepper and brown in fat. Do not flour. Pack in hot jars. Add 2 tablespoons of fat in which fried, to each jar or cover with gravy. Process 60 minutes at 15 pounds pressure or 3 1/2 hours in hot water bath. Complete seal.

CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

Cook chicken until tender. Salt to taste. Add as many cooked noodles as desired. Fill jars. Process 60 minutes at 15 pounds pressure or 3 hours in hot water bath.

RED RELISH

1 qt. beets, 1 qt. cabbage, 1 cup onion, 2 sweet peppers, (Clean, chop and measure.)

Add: 1 cup grated horseradish, 1 or 2 cup of sugar, 3 cups of vinegar and 1 tablespoon of salt. Boil 10 minutes and seal in hot jars.

HONEY PICKLED PEACHES

- 2 cups strained honey
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1 cup water
- 12 peaches
- 24 cloves
- 1 one-inch stick cinnamon crushed

Combine honey, vinegar and water, also cinnamon. Boil 5 minutes. Insert 2 cloves in each peach. Let peaches simmer in the syrup about 8 minutes. Place in sterilized jars, fill jars full with syrup and seal.—Dorothy Heiniger, Oneida, Kansas.

TOMATO RELISH

- 30 ripe tomatoes
- 12 sour apples
- 5 tablespoons salt
- 10 onions
- 6 green peppers
- 1 qt. vinegar

Sugar to suit taste. Cook slowly 1 1/2 hours, or until thick as you like. Seal hot. Cinnamon and other spices may be added if you wish.—Mrs. Bernard Burgess, Rising City, Nebraska.

MIXED PICKLES

- 1 pt. sliced carrots
- 1 green pepper
- 2 red peppers
- 3 onions
- 1 cup green beans
- 1 tsp. tumeric
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground mustard

Chop, mix, and cook until the vegetables are tender. Seal in hot sterilized jars.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "Like many others these days, we are buying a new home and I am wondering now if it would be correct for us to have an "open-house" for old friends and neighbors, and new neighbors, too. Could you please give me information about this?"—Missouri.

ANS: One of the nicest customs we have is that of a house-warming, or an open-house when a new home is first occupied. It is certainly correct to have this, and to have the old friends and neighbors. It isn't so customary to invite the new neighbors, but personally I think that this is a nice thing to do—particularly in a community where people neighbor. A family moving in a big city might hesitate to include the new neighbors, although goodness knows you'll wonder someday why you didn't since nine-times out of ten they'll be just as good neighbors as the ones you left.

QUES: "I'm puzzled about something that happened to me, Leanna. While I was gone my sister-in-law came to the house, went through it from basement to attic and helped herself to several things she needed to borrow. My basement wasn't spick and span, and my work wasn't done as it should have been. When I went to see her the other day I found her hoeing in the garden right next to the house, and yet every door of the house was locked. I didn't feel free to ask her why, or to go into her house. What do you think about situations like this where people come in and borrow in your absence, yet lock the doors of their own homes?"—Nebraska.

ANS: I think that the situation sounds like the beginning of family trouble! It seems to me that only an emergency really warrants going in to a home where no one is present, and borrowing things. And it would have to be a pretty serious emergency to drive me to this. It's just one of the things that we don't do. As for the locked doors . . . well, let's be charitable and think that your sister-in-law is worried about sneak thieves. That's as sensible an explanation as any!

QUES: "In this neighborhood of growing children all of us parents have always gotten along and remained friends by keeping strictly out of any trouble between the children themselves. This happy arrangement is really suffering these days, however, for we have a new family in our midst with a father and mother who come right out, demand explanation, and stir up hard feelings between the youngsters. Several of us are tempted to make a call and express what we think, yet we don't want to build up lasting enmity. What would you suggest?"—Minnesota.

ANS: My suggestion would be that you not make the call. No matter how tactful and fair you might be, your new neighbors would resent it. I think the best solution is to continue with your old methods, and if the parents come to you or any of the other neighbors with complaints, point out to them then what your attitude is. Over a period of time they may come to see your way of handling the problem. All sensible parents surely come to realize sooner or later that the surest invitation to long and bitter neighborhood trouble is to participate in children's quarrels. They must be left alone to solve their disagreements. It's the only way they learn to live in this world for we can't trail them through life ironing out things for them.

QUES: "What am I going to do about this problem, Leanna? I have two little girls, twelve and ten, and my sister has an only child, a girl fourteen. She passes on all of her lovely clothes to my oldest girl, and I'd be glad to get them were it not for the fact that it causes never-ending trouble and hard-feelings. The ten year old cries and refuses to wear her own things, saying that she ought to get to wear Barbara's clothes too. It does no good to point out that they don't fit, etc. She's become so irritable and such a problem that I'm wondering if I shouldn't just pass up the clothes altogether even though I really can't afford to do this. Have you any suggestions?"—Nebraska.

ANS: Yes, I do have a suggestion and it is this: Why don't you alter half of the next batch to fit your youngest girl? Things like this make such a lasting impression on children that it's worth time and effort to find a happy solution. She is hurt and jealous, and she shouldn't be allowed to continue feeling this way. Accept the clothes, give the child her first choice this once, and then get busy with your scissors and thread. Believe me, it's worth it.

QUES: "I've been worried for a long time over this situation, and haven't been able to figure out what to do about it. My son and his wife live six blocks or so from us, but in spite of my efforts to be friendly, my daughter-in-law has always maintained quite formal relations with me. She doesn't encourage my assistance or advise at any time or in any way, and because of this I don't know what to do about the problem. They go away frequently in the evenings and leave their little three-year old boy alone in the house. It's bad enough in summer, but during the winter when the house is closed and the furnace fire is going I think it's very dangerous. I spoke to my son about it, but they continue going right ahead. Do you think at the risk of



Bert Wilson, USN, Son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wilson, Abilene, Kansas.

having a scene that I should speak to my daughter-in-law about it? It really worries me half to death."—South Dakota.

ANS: And well it might, for I think it extremely dangerous to leave a small child alone in a house day or night, winter or summer. The papers are full of tragedies that have resulted from this. Why don't you offer to stay with the youngster? Offer in a friendly way, not mentioning the fact that you feel she does wrong in leaving him alone. If she doesn't accept your offer, speak to your son and tell him that at the risk of offending his wife you feel compelled to talk with her about it. Surely this will prod him to action.

TO A SON IN SERVICE

By Mrs. Helen S. Alling

Remember this, dear son of mine,
Our God is ever good and kind;
He guards your day, His love is true;
His sacrifice was made for you,
In need, He will His mercy lend;
He is your best and truest friend.
He never fails to answer prayer
In His own way; give Him your care.
He gave His Son—He wants your love—

To save you for His home above.
His way is wiser than your own,
He's always near, you're not alone.
Then pray, and wait His answer, son,
And say, "Dear Lord, Thy will be done!"

TO DRY CORN

Dried Corn.—1 gallon corn, 1 cup cream, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon salt. Mix all together and cook till the cream has cooked down. Put in shallow pan in a moderate oven 3 or 4 hours. Spread out to dry. When ready to use, just wash and cook. You do not have to soak it.—Alma Stalcup, Centralia, Kansas.



OVER THE FENCE

Mrs. Avis A. Rice, 5 Stanwood Street, Gloucester, Mass., would enjoy hearing from those of you named "Avis". Mrs. Rice lost her only son in a plane crash off New Guinea, last September. Our sympathy goes out to her.

"Friday, July 13th was an unlucky day for us in this part of the state", writes Mrs. Leona Thompson of Anthon, Iowa. Wind, rain and hail caused a great deal of damage to farm crops.

Another wheel chair lady has found useful work that she can do. Mrs. Helen Dugan, Montrose, Missouri, has a son in an Oklahoma camp who writes of a lady in a wheel chair who manages a "Help Yourself Laundry". Here service men and their wives pay fifty cents for the use of tubs and washing machine. This lady is ready to help any and all with their laundry problems.

Mrs. Barbara Gillespie, Bethany, Missouri is looking for a copy of the old song, "Goodbye, Dear Old Step-stone, Goodbye to My Home".

Mrs. Lura Morris, Springville, Iowa, would like to find a copy of the poem which begins "This earth is a mighty ball profound, Just five and twenty thousand miles around".

"Anna" is such a good, old-fashioned name. In Graettinger, Iowa, seventeen Annas met for an afternoon party. I hope I am fortunate enough to receive one of the pictures taken of the group. I believe our readers would like to see it in the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine".

If you know where the parents of Richard Sleiter live, write to Mrs. M. E. Clark, Greenleaf, Kansas. An army buddy of his is trying to get this address.

A friend in Omaha, Nebraska, has given a home to a little baby who was abandoned by her mother. This friend has several small children of her own. She would appreciate any clothes for the baby. Size 6 mo. to 1 yr. Send them to me if you want to help her. See that they are clean and mended.

"Every morning lean thine arm awhile
Upon the window sill of heaven
And gaze upon thy God.
Then, with the vision in thy heart,
Turn strong to meet thy day."



Margery Driftmier visits a pet farm in California

KITCHEN-KLATTER KINKS

"Fluffy Meringue for your pies may be made by adding a teaspoon of baking powder to the well beaten 2-egg whites before adding sugar."—Mrs. Lester Konrad, Melcher, Iowa.

"Here is a little help in making bread. I make a sponge and let it set from 1 1/2 to 2 hours before adding all the flour and add the salt and grease when I add the last flour. Then let rise and make in loaves just as usual."—Mrs. G. A. Ebert, Route 1, Kellogg, Iowa.

"Did you ever try frying raw potatoes and raw parsnips together using about 2/3 potatoes and 1/3 parsnips and cook slowly as the parsnips scorch easily."—Mrs. S. L. Perry, Ia.

"Do you know bread pudding is delicious when made with butter scotch pudding dessert powder instead of the usual custard? You use no eggs or sugar this way. Use a little more milk than for the dessert pudding or it will be too thick."—Mrs. J. F. Heiser, Chillicothe, Missouri.

"For those dutch ovens that darken food, (skillets) cook some potatoes or peelings in them and then wash and use."—Mrs. Charles Eckert, Jr., Chula, Missouri.

"Instead of lighting your oven in warm weather, to bake biscuits, grease thoroughly a heavy skillet and place the biscuits in it. Put over moderate flame and cover until they are browned on the bottom, then carefully turn and brown on other side."—Mrs. Wm. S. Grieman, Hutchison, Kansas.

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

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Time for another visit with you. These are busy days everywhere. My mail is full of talk about gardens and chickens and canning. Isn't it grand to be able to do these things. Everyone is learning to count, too, at least up to 85. Only one of our boys has 85 points. He hopes to be home by Christmas. The other three likely will see Pacific service. I keep hoping the Japs will discover that they are licked pretty soon, then all our boys can come home.

Mr. Hayzlett and I are enjoying this summer in California. Everything is so different from Iowa but I like it here and feel better than I have for years. Have a little more time for Neighboring too, and that is nice. It won't be long till fall cleaning time, will it? When you get at that hall closet, will you remember some of the shutin folk? Meta Reimer, 218 Emerald St., Watertown, Wisconsin, wants some quilt pieces. Several others have asked for pieces. Ask for some names.

Mrs. Ida Branson, 211 W. North St., Mountain Grove, Mo., wants crochet thread. She is one of older friends and not so long ago fell and broke her leg. She is now flat on her back in bed and needs something to keep her hands busy. She would enjoy letters.

Carrie Rice, 623 Lake St., Waupaca, Wisconsin, wants letters. She is a long time shutin. Recently she has had to give up using crutches and now just sits, or scoots from one chair to another. Pretty hard for a woman 83 years old and living alone. She should have a wheel chair but can't afford one.

Send a cheery letter to Mrs. Emil Labs, 7104 Lake St., Omaha 4, Nebr. She can't answer but we don't do these little things for the return we might get. She likes view cards. Lena Springer, Rt. 1, Box 170, Industry, Ill., is quite ill again. Joel Swenson is home from the hospital, still unable to walk. His address is New Richland, Minn. He is the young man who makes birdhouses for a hobby. Virginia Duncan, Rt. 2, Stewartsville, Mo., needs cheer. She is about 14. Mrs. Mamie Lakomecki, 5128 W. Medill, Chicago 39, Ill., wants letters. She is shutin.

The Shut-In Shop run by Margaret Nickerson Martin has moved. If you are shutin and want to sell some of your handwork or if you want to buy something, write to Margaret at 532 N. Jackson St., Jackson, Mich. She guarantees satisfaction.

I hope we can get started to making more wheel chair robes this fall. The need is so great that we must all get busy. If you are interested, write me for details. You will find my address in the Little Ad Column. More than a hundred have ordered the blank scrap books to fill for our soldiers. If you haven't, please send me your order right away. Send \$1.50 for 10 books and fill them with stories or whatever you think would interest a boy over on some lonely Pacific island. Might be your own boy.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is a cold, windy day in San Francisco, and I've been sitting here at the typewriter remembering that it was just exactly a year ago to the day that we arrived from Hollywood. Never has a year gone so fast. It really frightens me to think of it, for at this rate Juliana will be grown and gone before I know it!

I believe that in the first letter I wrote to you after we moved here I said that it might be an August dog-day where you were, but that it was so cold here I had the heaters going, and Juliana was wearing a wool sweater over her dress. Well, a year later I can say the same thing again. The heaters have been going all day, and I just now got Juliana up from her nap and put on the old wool sweater. I regret that I can't knit, for sweaters are my biggest clothes expense for her—sweaters and shoes. Every San Francisco child needs at least three sweaters, for it's a rare day when they go outdoors without wearing one.

This has been a busy day. I did a big washing on the board, and believe me, that's hard work. I never really needed a machine until Juliana was born, and of course they were unavailable by that time and have continued to be. (Guess what my first big purchase is going to be when consumer's goods are all back on the market?) After I had all of the clothes hung up with Juliana's invaluable assistance (this always means at least a half-dozen pieces to rinse again after she's dropped them on the ground), I came back in the house and made a batch of dough for gingerbread men. They turned out beautifully too, only I'm sure that Juliana still wonders why one didn't jump out of the pan and run away.

That brings me up to eleven o'clock, and I'll stop right there for you can imagine the other details of a trip to the store, and lunch, and naps and the rest of it. I will have to tell you that when Juliana awakened from her nap she said, "I want to go and see Kristin at Aunt Dorothy's house," and when I explained that we couldn't go today she looked at me and said,

"But mother, I do love my cousin Kristin and I have to see her." These days they run hand-in-hand down the street together, and if I do say so myself, that looks sweet!

We've had a little painting spree at our house. Juliana's high chair looked just plain awful after almost two years of hard use, and twice I took it to the basement intending to have it hauled away. Then Russell spotted it down there and brought it back up saying that he intended to rehabilitate it. Well, it's rehabilitated now and I wish you could see it.

First he gave it two coats of flat white paint. Then he painted the back panel with tiny figures of little rabbits, goats, flowers, and so forth from one of her favorite books, "Franzi and Gizi." On the back panel he put "Mr. Sunshine" and more flowers and birds. After all of this was done (and I can assure you that the colors and designs are beautiful) he gave it a coat of clear shellac. Then he found a piece of red leather and upholstered the seat, side arms, and foot rest. Now it's the best looking high chair I ever saw in my life, and she loves it, truly loves it. As she grows older we will saw the legs down, eventually remove the footrest, and then she'll have a chair that she can use for a long, long time.

After he finished the high chair he painted our rocking chair, the chair that Juliana asked me to buy so that we could rock and sing. It has little peasant figures on it, and it's just as charming as it can be. Every night we rock and sing, and her favorite song is "How Many Miles to Babylon?", the song that I can remember Aunt Anna Driftmier singing to me years and years ago.

Dorothy and I plan to go to Oakland this week to see Donald Hansen, Edith Hansen's son. He is now there after months in hospitals in the Pacific, and we are very anxious to call on him. I know that Edith will be eagerly awaiting a letter from us as soon as we're able to see him, so we want to go over there as soon as possible.

Aunt Sue Conrad dropped in for a few minutes on her road to the station where she was taking the train back to Iowa. It was a very short visit, but even the shortest visit with someone from home is better than nothing at all. Now if Frederick turns up here before he goes to his assignment we will be very happy. I haven't seen him for seven years, and that's a long time.

I must stop now and think about supper, so this must be all. What are you having for supper tonight? I wish you were here to give me some ideas.

Sincerely, Lucile.

A QUEER CUSTOM

Long ago it was the custom for each wedding guest to bring with him a little cake. These were stacked one on top of the other in a towering pyramid. No matter how high it was, the bride and groom had to lean across it to kiss one another in token of a happy marriage.

IT IS A ROSE

The tiny girl leaned against my knee and smiled up into my face. "See!" she said proudly, holding up a bit of paper. I looked at the paper. I could see only some faint, scribbled lines, without form. The little girl felt the question in my eyes. A shadow wavered across her face—then a small defiance. "It is a rose," she said firmly—but she looked as a puppy looks, when he wants you to pat him. I knew that look, I had felt that way myself. "Yes dear, it is a rose—a lovely rose," I answered quickly. And we beamed together over her masterpiece.

Then she went off to play. And I sat thinking the long, sad thoughts that sometimes come. I thought how valiantly we dream when we are young. So sure our gallant dreams will all come true. And then the years move on, and we move with them, dreaming still. A little fearful now, perhaps. Not quite so sure that we will set the world afire—but making mighty gestures—talking big!—Starting so many splendid, daring deeds—Finishing so few.

More years. The path behind us is all littered with our broken dreams. Yet still we think that somewhere, just ahead, the big adventure waits—a little while—and we will show the world!—a little while—another chance—a new and finer love—a bigger and better job. Then things will click at last! And they will see we weren't just puttering 'round. Those times we failed? Those times we went astray? We didn't know then what 'twas all about. But now we know. And know each stroke will count. Soon they will see the whole—our perfect finished plan—and cry—How wonderful!

A little while. Then, suddenly, the years are done. And we are children, standing at God's mighty knee—a scribbled scrap of paper in our hand with only some vague marks to show for all our work and dreams. Will God, I wonder, scorn those poor weak lines—Say they mean nothing—Punish us for wasting time? Or will He see the pleading in our foolish eyes, and answer gently—"Yes, dear child, it is a rose." — Contributed

THE RULES OF THREE

Three things to govern:
Temper, tongue and conduct.
Three things to cultivate:
Courage, affection and gentleness.
Three things to commend:
Thrift, industry and promptness.
Three things to despise:
Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.
Three things to admire:
Dignity, intellectual power and gracefulness.
Three things to give:
Alms to the needy, comfort to the sad, and appreciation to the worthy.
(Author not known).

Bride, "A tramp is at the door. I'm going to give him one of my pies. I feel sorry for him."
Kind Husband, "So do I."



Juliana puts the candles on Kristin's birthday cake.



FOR THE CHILDREN

LOOKING AROUND YOU

By Maxine Sickels

I try to write each month something that each of you can see with your own eyes, wherever you are—frogs and toads and birds are to be found nearly anywhere if you are really looking around you. . . . And so are insects.

A book which I have says that insects and man are the two most successful animals in the world. That means that they have grown more numerous and spread and kept on living all over the world. If you read and remember your history you know that man has spread out over nearly all the world and has settled there and used the lands to make a living. It is not in the history books—but so have insects. While many other animals like the bison, the passenger pigeon, the mammoth, and the dinosaur are gone or nearly gone.

In fact people sometimes worry about insects being too successful. They might get powerful enough to rule the world. Right now the flies and mosquitoes can run me into the house. I have to arm myself with a spray gun and a swatter before I can even sit on my own front porch. Hey! who is boss around here?

We had better get down to the business of me introducing you to an insect.

First of all, an insect's body has three parts. In front is his head. On his head is two antenna or feelers and whatever eyes this insect has. Next is the thorax—a word from your health study meaning chest. To the thorax is fastened the six legs and whatever wings the insect has. Behind the thorax is the abdomen or rear part where the bees carry their stingers.

Second, all grown up insects have six legs, and six only.

Third, all insects carry their skeletons on the outsides of their bodies. Look at the grasshopper—if you can catch one. The outside of his body is armor plated. All of his framework to keep him in the shape of a grasshopper is on the outside. Maybe that is the reason he is such a funny shape. Maybe you would be a funny shape too if all of your bones showed.

Too, a grasshopper is one insect whose babies look like their parents. A baby grasshopper looks nearly like his mother only it is a teeny weeny little thing. It has a hard case on the outside too, and as it grows what do you think happens? Why Junior Grasshopper just humps up his back and splits his skin—in much the same way you can hump up your back and split that outgrown dress or shirt that is uncomfortably tight. Only don't try it because Junior Grasshop-

per just comes out with a new skin that hardens as it dries and away he goes again. You would come out without any dress or shirt and no new one in sight.

Not all insects grow up in just that way. Many of them hatch from an egg as a caterpillar or larva—a little worm to you. After which they go through an inactive stage as a pupa or cocoon before coming out as an adult mosquito, fly, butterfly or what-laid-the-egg-in-the-first-place.

When you get to this paragraph you will see that you are near the end and you will complain that I have not told you enough. Like all of the outdoors what you will see with your own eyes is much more interesting than what you read.

Watch flies laying their eggs in refuse. See the tiny worms that hatch there. Put a large caterpillar into a screen covered box. furnish him with leaves from the plant on which you picked him and you may be lucky enough to see him spin his cocoon some fall day.

There are so many things to see if you really look.

HE PLAYS A FIDDLE

Have you heard the locust playing his fiddle? He plays only one tune but the grasshopper plays many tunes on his fiddle. It is on one wing and he plays it with his leg, which he uses as a bow.

The grasshopper has a day and a night tune. When the sun goes behind a cloud he will sometimes stop his day tones and begin his night tune.

CANNING TIME AT GRANDMA'S

I could smell a sweet aroma floating through the Autumn air. Coming out of grandma's kitchen, Peach or apricot or pear, Grandma's kitchen door was open. I sneaked up and took a peek. Grandma's sauce was boiling over. Grandma sat there fast asleep!

—Charlotte Belden.

RIDDLES

What is always going, yet never moves? A clock.

Why is a circle like a bell? Because it makes a ring.

Why does a book resemble a tree in summer? Because both have leaves.

Why does a rooster resemble a cavalry officer? Because they both wear spurs.

What beam is of no use to a carpenter? A Moonbeam.

Crooked as a rainbow, teeth like a cat, guess all your lifetime and you can't guess that? A circular saw.

AUGUST DIARY OUTDOORS

By Maxine Sickels

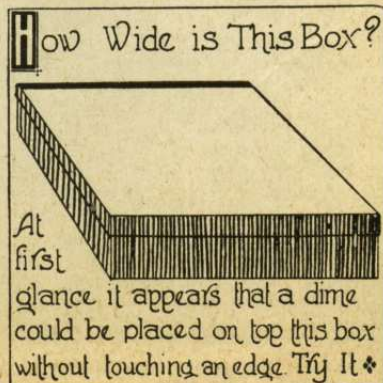
August 5—It has often seemed to me that August is a month of waiting. Perhaps because we are waiting for school to begin. But even this month has its outdoors interest. After all, Jennie Wren decided not to raise another family on the porch. She fussed around there a day or so and then flew away. You will be glad to know that I won the battle with the aphids on the cabbage plants. At least you would be glad if you had to eat at my house. Imagine roasting ears and baked potatoes and no cole slaw. Now the cabbage is being attacked by green worms who finally emerge as white butterflies. That means that they are not worms at all but are caterpillars.

August 12—I had the happiest surprise this morning that anyone could want. As I worked in the garden and around the yard a cardinal came and sang a song as sweet as any he sang in the spring. But even he could not make me think this burning heat belonged to the springtime. Maybe he was only trying to make my work lighter. He did.

August 19—The locusts are buzzing in every tree this hot afternoon. Now and then one of the boys find one singing and climbs as close as they can to watch it. They are fearsome looking insects but so far as I know are harmless. If you look around the base of trees and in the shrubbery you will find the transparent light brown cases from which the flying insects have emerged. And by the way they are not really locusts but are cicadas. Real locusts look like grasshoppers. There is a saying that it is six weeks to frost from the day you hear the first zzzzing. We hope not, for they have been with us for three weeks now.

August 26—This is the day that marks the end of the vacation for some of you. It is also the week that you should finish your diaries and send them to me. I hope for a lot of them to read. I know you had fun making them and I hope it put eyes in your heads to see all of the wonderful things that Mother Nature has in her OUTDOORS.

NOTE: When you finish your summer diary—mail it to Maxine Sickels, Kellerton, Iowa. She has a lovely book for the child who sends in the best diary.—Leanna.



OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

ODD AND UNUSUAL HOBBIES

By Mrs. Eli Espe

If it were possible to learn of all the odd and unusual hobbies of today, together with their origin and history, it would make a large volume of most interesting reading. Studying hobbies, one is led to believe that having a hobby is instinctive in the average human, even in small children. What mother of an average little boy hasn't been horrified more than once by the "collection" she finds in his pockets, which range from things live and "wriggly", to others, cold and clammy, which might include live frogs, and great crawling bugs to tiny dead snakes and baby mice.

History reveals that even the uncivilized savages had hobbies, many of them gruesome ones, for instances the head hunters of Africa, and the American Indian with his "collection" of scalps. One often sees pictures of natives in foreign lands, with strings of teeth from wild animals wound around their necks, and it is interesting to note that most of their "collections" are strung on cords or fastened in some way, to be used as an adornment for their persons.

Heart-shaped things is the hobby of vivacious Vera-Ellen, dancing star of "Connecticut Yankee". A heart shaped wedding cake was the beginning. All the mirrors in her home are "hearts". Her clothes which she designs have hearts splattered on somewhere, somehow, in short, she has everything heart shaped that she can possibly manage.

A doctor in Delevare has a rather unusual hobby. He collects articles taken from throats and stomachs of patients. After removing a half dollar, which she had swallowed, from the stomach of a 17 year old girl, he gave her two quarters and kept the 50c piece to add to his collection.

Agrosologist is the name of the grass collector. A very interesting hobby considering there are about 50,000 types of grasses with about 10,000 specimens growing in the United States.

A Texas Clergyman collects pictures of Christ as his hobby and has nearly 300, ranging in size from miniature prints to one several feet in length, and come from all over the world.

Collecting pine cones is a rather unusual hobby, a lady in Pasadena California has specimens from all kinds of cone bearing trees.

A girl in Paterson, N. J., collects miniature angels. One unusual specimen is painted with a luminous substance which makes the figure glow in the dark.

Next month I will tell you of many other unusual hobbies. In the meantime why don't you join the Kitchen-Klatter Hobby Club, and tell us what your hobby is?

— HOBBY EXCHANGES —

Will exchange cacti and succulents. Write first. Mrs. George Morten, Hartington, Nebraska.

Collecting flowered hankies. Will exchange what collector wants of equal value. Mrs. Paul Bailie, Muscoda, Wisc.

Collects pictures of people in any branch of the Service. Mrs. Jack Cox, Jr., Route 1, Mercer, Missouri.

Will exchange pencils, match covers, and view cards. Miss Barbara DeFrance, Garwin, Iowa.

Will exchange shakers. Mrs. Art DeFrance, Garwin, Iowa.

I am interested in collecting old teaspoons of all sorts. Especially those with names of towns and states on them. Mrs. William DeWitt, 1130 North Oxford, St. Paul 3, Minnesota.

Will exchange hankies. Would like one from every state. Mrs. George Matern, LeMars, Iowa.

FINDS "LITTLE ADS" PAY

Dear Leanna,

Enclosed find \$1.00 for my twenty word ad for the September issue of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I sold \$50.00 worth from my last ad. I wish I would have been in time for the August issue.

Sincerely, Mrs. A. C. Otte,
Elkhorn, Nebraska.

"SENTINEL" GUARDS YOUR FOOD

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.

Order from Leanna Driftmiller
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YARN DOLLS, seven inches tall, crocheted dress and hat. Washable. State color, \$1.00 each postpaid; Chenille Corsage, fifty cents. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Mo.

HAVE SOME NEW Ladies right shoes. Would like to exchange for left shoes. Write first. Mrs. Hulda Kiefer, Box 96, Russell, Kansas.

Miss Josie Pfannebecker
Rt 1 Bx 136
Sigourney Iowa

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AID SOCIETY HELPS

JOSEPH'S APRON

The first time I ever saw the words 'Joseph's Apron' I couldn't imagine what in the world they meant, for obviously we never see patterns for men's aprons and scarcely associate this article of wearing apparel with men—unless we stretch our minds to include bakers and chefs. Now I am hoping that these words have attracted your attention as firmly as they first attracted mine, for of all the ways to make a considerable sum of money with a minimum of effort it is the most successful scheme ever devised.

When you propose this plan at your Ladies Aid meeting, state first that you need an apron, not a badly torn and ready-for-the-ragbag-apron, but one that will stand quite a bit of strain—for we hope that it's going to return to you very, very heavy.

Since you are the person who has proposed this scheme, I would suggest that you be the first to take Joseph's Apron home for a patch. Put on the patch just anywhere, and underneath it be sure to put a coin. Then pass it on to the next person, and with it send this little verse:

"This apron is old and in need of a patch,
What does it matter if colors don't match?
Where does it need it? perhaps you will say,
Now listen and I will tell you the way.
No, there are no holes, not even a tear,
The idea is just put a patch anywhere.
Beneath each patch we ask of you
To place a coin to help us through.
If you have a coin and the time you lack,
Hand on to a member the coin in a sack,
So if you'll help us, thanks very much.
We'll be glad to help you when you're needy of such."

Don't confine Joseph's Apron to the members of your Aid. Give everyone whom you know a chance to put on a patch; they won't feel imposed upon; they'll think it's fun to put a coin underneath a crazy patch.

You won't believe how much money you can make on this old apron until you've tried it. I know of one church in Nebraska that found \$200 under-

neath the patches. I know of another church in Minnesota that found over \$200, and a church in Kansas that made \$187.65. It has occurred to me that since so many people have contributed to Joseph's Apron it might be fun to cut off the patches at a public affair of some sort. The Ladies Aid in Nebraska that I mentioned above cut off the patches at the conclusion of their annual Chicken Pie Dinner. The apron was so peculiar looking that everyone had a great deal of fun out of seeing a race between two members who clipped off the patches for dear life. Another member counted the coins as they fell off, and the entire crowd was tremendously interested in seeing exactly how much had been made.

FAMILY FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

"Cellar shelves full, bins overflowing,
A full harvest moon to remember;
Cool crispy morn, the rustle of corn,
The first day of school—that's September."

I stand in the doorway and watch the new pony cart go rattling merrily down the road to school. I smile as I think of all the "ohs and ahs" when the cart pulls up with a flourish at the schoolhouse steps. As the proud little owner had said of his hand-work, "Boy! it sure is an eye opener!"—Red body, blue wheels, with white trimmings and a big white V, for Victory, on the back of the seat. What a grand investment in fun and experience was the money spent for a bit of lumber and paint!

But one cannot day dream for long. There is work to be done, for "tops" on our September events list is the annual fall festival and chicken supper at the little country church.

This festival, like Topsy, "jes grewed". It began years ago with bazaar booth, home made candy counter, refreshment stand with ice cream, cake and pie for sale, all set up on the church lawn. There would be a Ladies Aid quilt auction, a free program and novelty booth. I remember we children sitting on the grass cutting up old catalogues for confetti and tying dyed chicken feathers to balloon sticks for "ticklers". And what fun and suspense to help blow up the balloons with a tire pump!

A few years later a community vegetable booth was featured with a loving cup presented to the family who brought the biggest variety. The ladies were also invited to bring some bouquets to be judged.

The next year several families had individual farm booths. That's where family fun and friendly rivalry began. Who'd have biggest display? Who, the neatest—"Lookit", Jim's big squash, Dad" or "Mamma, Molly says they have okra. What's okra?" or "Aunt Minnie has a shelf of her fancy canned stuff."

After the judging, the vegetables are auctioned and how glad town visitors are to get them.

The few bouquets grew to a widely advertised flower show with the whole family taking pride in lovely

vases, unusual arrangements and choice flowers.

Then it was decided to feature an old fashioned fried chicken supper with all the trimmings right from our own gardens—sliced tomatoes, corn, cabbage slaw, relishes and also home made bread. What an undertaking to bring everything (dishes, food, soap, water, stoves—even garbage pails!) from home to set up an outdoor kitchen and dining room. But it certainly draws the crowd.

A hybrid corn exhibit is now a big attraction with different companies donating seed corn for prizes.

The family with the most points now have their name engraved on a lovely silver plaque which hangs in the church.

This year, as last, the bazaar booth will be filled with dozens of lovely and useful articles made of feed sacks.

Yes, our "Junior County Fair" is lots of work but it certainly brings lots of family fun together with our neighbors and friends.

CONTESTS FOR A SEWING CLUB

WHAT KIND OF MATERIAL SHOULD THEY WEAR?

1. An artist. Canvas.
2. The gardener. Lawn.
3. A dairyman. Cheese-cloth.
4. An editor. Print.
5. A banker. Checks.
6. A hunter. Duck.
7. A hairdresser. Haircloth.
8. A Scotchman. Plaids.
9. A prisoner. Stripes.
10. A government official. Red tape.
11. An architect. Blue prints.
12. A minister. Broadcloth.
13. An undertaker. Crepe.
14. A barber. Mo-hair.
15. A girl who loves money. Cashmere.
16. A girl whose eyesight is poor. Dimity.
17. A girl on a vacation. Outing flannel.
18. A woodchopper's wife. Corduroy.
19. A musical girl. Organdy.

SEWING BASKET

1. What a farmer does to his sheep. Shears.
2. Something that is thrown away. Waste.
3. To pick one's way in and out. Thread.
4. A blow on the ear. Cuff.
5. A sign of servitude. Yoke.
6. An exclamation. Ahem!
7. A company of musicians. A Band.
8. A grassy yard. Lawn.
9. Music played by Highlanders. Piping.
10. A portion of armor. Shield.
11. Part of a door. Panel.
12. A process in bookmaking. Binding.
13. To run along the edge. Skirt.

Good bye for now, see you next month!—Leanna.