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# Kitchen-Klatter

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

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My Dear Friends,

I look forward each month to writing this letter for I feel it is an answer to all the friendly letters I receive from many of you. Others would write, I know, if you were not so busy.

I am glad so many of your boys and girls are returning home from the far corners of the earth. My, the stories they will have to tell of their travels. If they are like our boys, they have had enough of being on the move and will be glad to settle down and begin life where they left off when they were called into the service, forgetting all that has happened "in between times." They will need a lot of help and encouragement such as only those who love them can give!

So far, none of our four sons have been discharged from the service. Don, our youngest, is still at the Army Air Base at Herington, Kansas. They are very short of weather forecasters and he is working long hours. As soon as he is discharged, he will start to college again, probably taking Industrial Engineering. Wayne wants to finish college, too. He is interested in business administration and advertising. The oldest son, Howard, is still in the Pacific and hopes to be home inside of a year, although he may be put into the Army of Occupation. Frederick expects to finish his training in the Chaplain School at Williamsburg, Virginia, some time in October, then be assigned to his field of duty. He writes he may be given a furlough at that time. He says he is reminded again of the fact that the world isn't so large after all. When his Commanding Officer heard he was from Shenandoah, Iowa, he said he stayed with relatives and went to school in Shenandoah. In farther conversation, it seems he lived in the very house we live in and slept in the room Frederick has always used as his.

I wonder if you were listening the morning Gertrude Hayzlett was awarded the "Good, good neighbor" orchid, on Tom Brenneman's program from Hollywood. A special newscast cut off the last part of the letter that was written recommending her for this honor, and no one knows who wrote the letter. Gertrude would like very much to have this information so she may thank them.

Edith Hansen, the morning home maker on KMA and her husband, left the middle of September for Camp Pendleton, California, to visit their

son Donald, who is recovering from wounds received on Iwo Jima. He is in a ward in the Marine Hospital, where over thirty boys are receiving treatment for paralysis. Don was shot through the lungs and back by a sniper. Although his progress toward recovery is necessarily slow, we hope he will soon be able to return home. Harold, the Hansen's other son, has just finished his boot training and expects to be sent overseas this month. He is also a Marine.

We are having a good old soaking rain this afternoon which was quite badly needed. It looks as if the weather is favorable for maturing our corn crop here in Southern Iowa. We were quite worried for awhile.

In this issue you will find a picture of Rosemary Rice who has charge of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine office. We employ six helpers in our office at this time. Next month I will introduce you to another one of them. They are a mighty efficient office force, each having her own particular work to do.

Now with canning and housecleaning out of the way, I hope you will find time to write me a line or two. You may be sure it will be appreciated.

Lovingly, Leanna.

### LEFT-OVERS

By Alfred I. Tooke

I had a little laughter left.

I shared it with my neighbors.  
It made the longest hour seem short,  
And lightened all our labors.

I had some courage I could spare,  
So up the street I hurried,  
To give some to a person who  
I knew was badly worried.

I had some joy that I could share.  
I knew a place where sadness  
Had entered in, and so I went  
And gave them of my gladness.

I gave a lot of hopeful words  
To people who were fearful,  
To bring them smiles instead of  
frowns,  
And leave them feeling cheerful.

But oh, the more I gave away,  
The more I had for giving,  
For these things hoarded quickly die,  
But shared, they go on living.

### JUST VISITING

I read only this morning of a child being suffocated in a grain bin. Children love to play in the newly threshed grain but this tragic incident proves that it isn't a safe thing to do.

Don't feel too badly if your husband is one of those silent men who do not express their love for you in beautiful sentiments such as all women love to hear. He may be like the fellow who said to his wife, "Mary, you mean so much to me that sometimes it is almost more than I can stand not to tell you about it."

If ever in the history of the world there was a time for understanding and sympathy, it is now. It must extend to the far corners of the earth, for there is sorrow and suffering all over the world. Those of our friends who have lost loved ones in battle have our sympathy and the thousands coming home, maimed, blind, and broken, must know there is nothing within our power to do for them, we would not gladly do. Let us show our sympathy and understanding in deeds as well as words.

I can't understand parents who turn against their children when they do wrong, yet many do. Then, if ever, they need their parents love and understanding. Many times the child goes wrong because of some lack of training in the home. I believe all children are born good and no effort on our part to keep them that way, is too great.

Someone has said that a successful marriage is the union of two good forgivers. A very good definition!

How wonderful friends are! Mothers whose boys will never come home have written me how glad they are that our four boys came through the war safely. God bless those brave mothers! I know it has not been easy for them to so control their own grief and find joy in others good fortune.

Many of you will have sons returning from the service who will not be able to find jobs just as soon as they arrive home. If they are unemployed for a few months, make them feel that they are only taking a much needed vacation. The war ended so abruptly, it will take several months for industry to provide jobs for everyone.

Every sixteen minutes an accidental death occurs in an American home. Don't let it happen in your home. Be constantly alert and use common sense.

If you have fears which you are keeping to yourself, talk them over with a friend. In telling your fears to a sympathetic listener, they often vanish like smoke in the air!



# Come into the Garden



Brown-eyed Susans.

## NORTHSIDE PLANTINGS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Northside plantings should not present a problem if there is plenty of moisture. Among the shrubs we think of good old *Spiraea van Houtte*, *S. Anthony Waterer*, and *Weigela*. If there is room for something in the way of a small tree, we could use Dogwood or Redbud.

Many native flowers do as well or better here than in their shady woodland homes. If the soil is moist leaf-mold, ferns like the dainty Maiden-hair thoroughly enjoy such a place. Solomon's Seal grows right next to the foundation. Jack-in-the-Pulpit and *Mertensia* Bluebells appreciate the shade. Dutchman's Breeches and Shooting Stars may be planted and all kinds of violets.

If given the chance, many perennials would name this location as their first choice. Bleeding Hearts grow huge and in the spring produce many fine branches hung with valentines. Hostas do not bleach their leaves when grown in the shade as they do in the sun. Those with green and white leaves like *Hosta decorata* and *H. fortunei albo-marginata* are especially pretty. Almost everyone knows the large-flowered white one (*H. Subcordata grandiflora*) that blooms in August—its leaves are yellowish-green and its blossoms the largest of any of the Hostas. *H. fortunei* has glaucous blue leathery foliage. The leaves are the decorative part about the Hostas and very useful in arrangements.

Some Lilies want plenty of light but bleach if exposed to the direct rays of the sun especially during the hotter hours of the day. *Lilium henryi* and the Speciosum Lilies are in this class. The Red Russian and Formosan Lilies grow well in the sun but

do equally well north of the house. *Clematis recta*, a bush Clematis with white blossoms, and Celandine Poppy with dark green leaves and yellow blossoms grow well here. If ample moisture is present at all times, nothing could be nicer than the hardy Primulas. The Brown-eyed Susan—*Rudbeckia triloba*—blooms much longer if planted up close to the north foundation—it is biennial.

There is much to tell about the annuals happy here and the tender plants we set out during the growing season but we must leave that until next month.

## OCTOBER IN THE GARDEN

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

October is a month in which it is no hardship to work out doors, in fact we are very thankful for the many last minute tasks which demand our attention in the crisp air under the bluest of skies, when Nature puts on her gayest robes and invites us to enjoy life with her. Garden rubbish should be gathered up and burned. This is a good plan to follow, since it makes it much easier to plow the garden; it destroys all insects and diseased plants and it also saves much labor in spring when we never know what we will have to contend with.

Late apples are usually picked as late as possible, and all the unblemished ones may be carefully wrapped in paper and stored in a cool basement. Empty peach boxes are good containers for these, and two layers are better than three or more. Varieties vary in length of keeping qualities: the Northwest Greenings and Malindas being good into March.

The everbearing strawberries make a last come-back appearance now. Here we do not cover our strawberries until February, as it is in the spring when freezing and thawing, late devastating frosts and other unexpected happenings make havoc among the plants. Some never cover the bed at all, and with luck have early berries, but it is usually better to be safe than to be sorry. The old canes of the raspberries may be trimmed out now and burned. If conveniently located to the strawberry bed, the mulch which we hope has not had a great deal of seed in it but has been something clean, may be put around the raspberry canes.

Last minute harvesting of late vegetables will prove most helpful in making delicious sandwich spread. We used the Tomato Pepper for the first time in years last year and liked it very much. This pepper resembles the tomato in size, shape and color and is not as strong as some are. We saved the seed for future planting.

Bringing in the house-plants is sometimes very discouraging to beginners in the art of growing flowers. They often wilt badly or lose their leaves. This is to be expected as they are undergoing a severe shock from

the upsetting of their water system. The little roots which are the feeders are broken, they have no means of contacting their usual supply of food or water; the leaves miss this supply and also the moist, fresh air of the outdoors, and consequently show it. Keep them in a cool, shady place for a few days till things re-adjust themselves for them. It is not easy for a plant to be torn from its surroundings any more than for a person, so be patient and they will pick up in a short time. Do not put them in a prominent place until they have fully recovered. Use the succulents in fancy pots, African Violets and blooming gloxinias to cover the gap until begonias and other easily disturbed plants have fully recovered.

## "A WOMAN'S PRAYER"

I, a woman, do pledge myself before my God

To share with all women in implementing Peace.

I shall not allow terror and greed, cruelty and oppression

To invade my domestic tranquility.

I will encircle my hearth and my home

With the warmth of human affection I shall strive to give my children, and my children's children

A world that is secure and free.

I shall teach them to love and lend aid

To their fellow men, as I shall do, And above all I shall clasp the hand of my neighbor

From sea to sea in lasting friendship.

(Written especially for the United Women's Conference)—Mrs. Edward B. Norton.

## THANK GOD AMERICA

Down on your knees, America,

And Thank our God on high

That once more Peace for us doth reign,

On Land and Sea and Sky.

Thank God for answered prayers, friends,

He heard our earnest plea,

How true the promise that he gave,

"Ask and it shall be given unto Thee."

Thank God, Oh Dear America

God has been gracious to us all

To us he turned his loving ear

And heard our every call.

Oh, may we never from him stray

But cling tightly to his hand

Grant Lord thy everlasting Peace

O'er our beloved land.

—Alma Dey,

Gresham, Nebraska.

If you're ever sad,

There's one thing you can do,

Just make somebody happy,

And then you'll be happy, too

—Lillian E. Landman.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Summer vacations were always a long, drawn-out lark for us children, but I can understand now why Mother was relieved when the morning school bells rang the first week in September. That fall there were three of us to get started down the hill, and three to stay at home. I don't believe that Mother had any help in the house at this particular time, and I'll never live long enough to know how she got everything done. We just took for granted the fact that there would be a good hot meal on the table every noon, and that we'd sit down to another good hot meal at night. During the week we weren't of much help except that Dorothy and I always took care of Margery when we returned home from school. She was a good natured baby who never objected to being dressed and undressed when we played "house" with her, and she didn't even complain when we somehow got her into our doll carriage and wheeled her all around.

On Saturdays all of us really pitched in and helped. It was Howard's job to wax the living room and dining room floors, and he devised a wonderful time-saver. Instead of going over it laboriously on his knees for the final polishing he got Wayne or Frederick to sit on an old coat, and then he pulled the coat around at a great rate. It gave a wonderful polish to the floors, and the boys loved it. I've never heard of any other floors being polished in such an unorthodox fashion, but it worked.

I started to help with the Saturday baking at this time, for we never faced a weekend without a cake in the house and a jar of cookies. It was early in my days as a cook that I achieved the reputation of being a dangerous cook, and it all came about because of the coffee cake. I tackled this cake with the cook book beside me while Mother was upstairs cleaning, and when it came to the step that called for one cup of coffee, I reached up for the coffee can and put in one cup of coffee. Then I finished the cake, put it in a pan, and started it to baking. When Mother came downstairs and glanced in at the cake she couldn't imagine what all of the brown spots were, but when it came out of the oven . . . well, to this day I've never heard the last of my first coffee cake.

Mother did a great deal of sewing that winter. She was always making something, of course, but the reason I remember this particular stretch of sewing was because Frederick and Wayne had lovely new blue wool sailor suits with white silk braid stitched around the collar, and Dorothy and I had identical dresses that were the joy of our lives. Dorothy's dress was of pale rose wool with an accordion pleated skirt, and lovely soft wool flowers embroidered on the yoke. Mine was just like this in a pale green. It took many long hours of embroider-

ing and sewing at night to make all of those things, and I understand now that the reason she found energy to do it after a hard day was because it gave her so much satisfaction to see her children start to Sunday School in things that she had made with her own hands.

Sunday School was something that we never missed in spite of blizzards or thermometers soaring close to hundred mark. We stayed to church too. Mother sang in the choir, and we sat in the back pew with Dad. After church we hurried home to eat our Sunday dinner, and until cold weather arrived in earnest we took long, rambling drives in the afternoon. But we always arrived home in time to set out for Christian Endeavor at five o'clock. We were taught at an early age that if you belonged to an organization it was your duty to participate in it. I don't remember that there was any excuse short of illness that was considered valid grounds for missing Sunday School, Church, and Christian Endeavor.

We slid through that winter without mishaps of any kind. The only person who caused sleepless nights was Frederick, and many were the times that Mother and Dad were up all night long nursing his croup. Frederick was given to alarming attacks of this ailment, and sometimes it would be five or six in the morning before it had subsided to the point where they could stop the treatment. I wonder now how Mother faced her day at home and Dad faced the day at the store after one of these sessions.

Wayne was the member of our family who always gave us the worst scares. He was the one who climbed up into Howard's tree-house, you may recall, and the only one who couldn't be trusted near the lily pool. Well, in the spring of the following year he had one of the narrowest escapes of his life.

It was a warm May morning and Mother had put him on the screened porch while she cleaned the living room. It must have been at this time that he learned to unlatch the lock by climbing on to a chair, for all of a sudden Mother heard a wild scream from across the street. She ran to the door just in time to see our good neighbor, Mrs. Parkins, run out to the middle of the street, pick up Wayne, hold him high above her head, and then stand there while a big drove of cattle separated and passed around her on both sides. It seems that she was out working in her yard when she looked up and saw the cattle coming down the street. At the same moment she saw Wayne run out from the parking, and she knew that he would be trampled because he was so small. There wasn't time to get across the street so she just stood there with him while they went around.

It really seemed as though no doors or locks were barriers so far as Wayne was concerned. I can't remember that any of the rest of us ever had close shaves, and I know for a fact that Frederick never even had a bad tumble or wandered away



Dad and Donnie Paul.

from the yard. But Wayne was into something all of the time, even until he was twelve and ran an ice-pick completely through his hand and had to have anti-tetanus injections. It seems almost needless to add that he was the only one of us who was ever knocked down by a car! I don't know how Mother managed until he was old enough to go to school and was safe for at least a few hours of the day.

On the morning of August 16th, 1922, Donald Paul was born. We older children knew that he was expected, of course, only we always referred to the coming baby as "she" and her name, Marcia, was waiting for her. Dorothy and I anticipated having a new baby sister to play with, and I don't believe that it ever really occurred to us that we'd have a brother. We must have had our hearts firmly set on Marcia, for when Aunt Jessie told us the news she prefaced it by saying, "Your mother says that you're not to feel badly that it was Donald Paul because he is a lovely baby."

Honesty compels me to state that Donald Paul was not a pretty baby. After all, we had had Wayne and Margery and we knew pretty babies when we saw them! But Donald Paul was far from a beauty. He made up for it, however, by being as strong as an ox, and even better natured than Marge. I don't remember that he ever cried or fussed. We could do anything we liked with him, and he thoroughly enjoyed it. When he was old enough to sit in a high chair he came to the table and was part of the big crowd around the table. There were no feeding problems at our house. Everyone ate what was put before him, plates were cleaned up, and there was no spooning food into any child's mouth once he could manage by himself. I often remember this when I hear haggard mothers in the park complaining about their one and only youngster's refusal to eat. It's too bad that the Driftmier table can't be reconstructed for all of these cases—and I add in a whisper, for two little girls I know who are named Juliana and Kristin.

(Continued in November)



## SCHOOL LUNCHES

## SANDWICHES

The sandwiches that are sent in the lunch should be very nutritious for they are the "backbone" of the school lunch. Plan the sandwiches carefully, giving from day to day a variety of combinations in the fillings. How well I remember when I taught country school, the little girl who never had anything but jelly on her sandwiches.

Use varieties of bread, have it fresh, and spread the filling generously, clear to the edge of the crusts. Wrap the sandwiches in waxed paper to keep them moist and to prevent flavors spreading to the rest of the lunch.

Some sandwich fillings are:

Sliced hard boiled egg and bacon.

Cottage or cream cheese blended with nut meats and minced green peppers.

Chopped liver and onion or pickle combined with salad dressing.

Ham and pickle ground and mixed with salad dressing.

Salad dressing to which chopped stuffed olives and pickles have been added.

Salmon or tuny fish, celery, and pickles with dressing.

Left over roast beef with catsup.

Bacon and slices of raw tomato.

Lettuce and cucumber with dressing.

A bun scooped out and filled with potato or chicken salad.

Peanut butter combinations.

Yes, when the school bell rings for noon recess, thousands of school children will open their lunch boxes. A good lunch pays high dividends in better marks on the report card and fewer absences because of illness.



Rosemary Rice.

Rosemary Rice is in charge of the Kitchen-Klatter office. She was born and reared in Shenandoah and graduated from our high school with the Class of 1944. She has two younger sisters at home and an older brother who has spent twenty months in the European theatre of war. Rosemary will soon be twenty and is unmarried.

## PRESSED BEEF

- 3 lbs. beef neck
- 2 qts. water
- 2 tablesp. salt
- 2 bay leaves
- 1 peeled clove garlic
- 1/2 teas. pepper
- 1 sliced medium onion
- 1/4 cup bottled horseradish
- 1/2 cup minced parsley

Combine first 7 ingredients in a large kettle. Cover; simmer 2 hours. Uncover; simmer 2 hours, or until meat is very tender. Quickly cool by setting kettle in cold water. Drain off liquid; if necessary, boil down to 1/2 cup. Remove spices, skin and bones from meat. Pull meat into shreds; add remaining ingredients. Press firmly into 10x5x3 inch loaf pan. Over top pour the 1/2 cup liquid. Cover; chill several hours, or until firm enough to slice. Delicious as cold meat or for sandwiches. Serves 6 to 8.

## SAUSAGE RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 cup rice cooked in boiling salted water until tender
- 1 pound sausage
- 1 green pepper chopped fine
- 1 small onion chopped fine
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 pint strained tomatoes

Make sausage into tiny balls and fry. Pour off part of fat, then add onions and fry to delicate brown. Add tomatoes, pepper, salt, and rice. Place in casserole and bake 1 hour to blend ingredients. 1/2 teaspoon chili powder gives it a spicy Mexican flavor.—Mrs. Dale L. Brown, Lohrville, Iowa.

## COOKING HELPS

I've been canning pickles the past few days and as our family won't eat pickles that don't have at least a little sweetening in them, I used the ordinary syrup. I use about 1 quart vinegar, 2 cups syrup, and 2 cups water. Boil together and drop in the cucumbers just till they are warm and pack in jars with a sprig of dill and then let the vinegar solution come to a boil again. Pour over pickles and seal tightly. To the above amount, I add about 1/3 teaspoon alum to make them stay firm. A little less vinegar may be used depending on the strength of the brand that you use.—Mrs. Frank Stanislov, Linwood, Nebraska.

A hint when baking corn bread. A little sugar sprinkled on top just before putting it in the oven, (does not need much) looks and tastes far better.—Mrs. John Bles, Route 2, Oxford, Nebraska.

When boiling potatoes for mashing, cut them as for French fries. Much time and fuel will be saved. Stretch your meat balls by adding oatmeal to the hamburgers or grated potatoes are very good.

When storing fresh lard at butchering time, be sure to pour lard into stone jars after it has cooled but still liquid. If poured into stone jars when too hot, it checks the glaze and the next time you use the jar, the rancid lard which seeps under this checked glaze, will spoil your fresh lard.—Mrs. W. R. Zimmerman, Alta Vista, Kansas.

I wonder if the lady who has hard crusted bread has ever tried dampening a cloth with cold water and rubbing it over her bread as soon as she removes it from the oven. This will do the work and she can save her lard and butter.—Mrs. J. L. Hoyt, Galva, Iowa.

One kitchen help that I use at this time of year is this way of chilling cantaloupes. In order to keep them from imparting their flavor to everything in the refrigerator, I cut up the cantaloupes into fourths, then eighths cut it out of the rinds, and place pieces in a fruit jar and put the lid on tightly, then chill over night. Then they are ready to serve for breakfast.—Mrs. J. M. Dobkins, Manhattan, Kansas.

I heard you say one day to use the seed heads of dill for flavoring. Use the whole thing except the large stems, all has a very good dill flavor. When drying dill for future use, pick before seeds are ripe and use it all.—Mrs. Louis Troll, Route 4, Harlan, Ia.

Wrap green bananas in a damp cloth and store a few days in a warm, dark place and they ripen beautifully. We buy pork nuckles and use to season green beans. One nuckle can be cut into four parts. It takes the place of bacon.—Mrs. W. W. Ettleman, Percival, Iowa.

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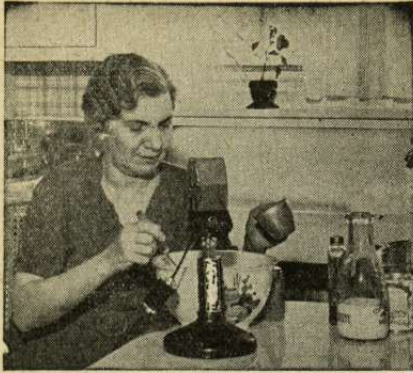
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## PRESERVING TIME

There's promise in preserving  
As smiling summer goes,  
I place the jars and glasses  
In long, alluring rows;  
The grape jam, in rich purple,  
Beside the quince of gold.  
There's triumph in the storing  
That fills the winter hold.

## GREEN TOMATO RELISH

1 1/2 gallons green tomatoes chopped  
5 tbsp. salt  
3 large sweet red peppers chopped  
6 large sweet green peppers chopped  
1/2 medium sized head cabbage ground  
4 1/2 cups strong vinegar  
3 cups molasses  
1 tbsp. each celery seed and mustard seed  
1 1/2 tsp. whole cloves (tied in bag)  
Mix tomatoes with salt and let stand overnight. Drain. Put onions and cabbage through food chopper, using coarse knife. Mix all vegetables, molasses, vinegar and spices in large kettle. Cook until vegetables are tender and thick, about 35 minutes. Seal airtight in hot sterilized jars and this makes 9 half pint jars.

## CHILI SAUCE

2 quarts peeled, ripe tomatoes  
2 seeded green peppers  
2 peeled onions  
1 pint vinegar  
1 tablespoon salt  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1 teaspoon cloves  
1 teaspoon allspice  
1 teaspoon black pepper  
Chop tomatoes, peppers and onions; combine. Add remaining ingredients. Cook until thick. Adjust jar rings on clean, hot jars. Fill hot, into jars. Wipe off jar rings. Seal.

## PEPPER HASH

1 pound seeded sweet red peppers  
1 pound seeded green peppers  
1 1/2 pounds peeled onions  
Water  
1 pint vinegar  
1/2 pound sugar  
Cut peppers and onions fine or run through food chopper, using medium knife. Add 2 quarts water. Let stand 5 minutes; drain. Add 1/2 pint vine-

# "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

gar and 1 quart water. Bring to boil. Drain; pressing lightly. Add remaining vinegar and sugar; mix. Bring to boil. Adjust jar rings on clean, hot jars. Pack boiling hot. Wipe off jar rings. Partially seal. Process in water bath 10 minutes. Complete seal.

## ORANGE BLOSSOM HONEY CAKE

1/2 cup Spry  
3/4 teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons grated orange rind  
1/2 cup sugar  
2 eggs  
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder  
2 cups sifted cake flour  
1/4 cup milk  
1/2 cup honey  
Blend Spry, salt, orange rind. Add sugar, eggs, flour. Combine honey and milk and alternate with flour. Spread in two, eight inch cake pans. Bake at 350 degrees F., twenty minutes.

### Frosting

1/4 cup sugar  
1/4 cup light corn syrup  
1 egg yolk  
1 teaspoon grated orange rind  
2 tablespoons corn starch  
3/4 cup orange juice  
1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind  
1 egg white  
Cook sugar, corn starch, salt, corn syrup, and orange juice in double boiler, 15 minutes. Add egg yolk, fold in egg whites.—Mrs. H. G. Pohl, Pomery, Iowa.

## PEANUT COOKIES

1/3 cup shortening  
1/4 cup peanut butter  
1/3 cup sugar  
1/3 cup brown sugar  
1 egg  
1/2 cup chopped roasted peanuts  
1/4 cup milk  
1 cup flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
Cream shortening, peanut butter, sugar, and vanilla extract. Add egg and beat well. Add peanuts and milk. Blend. Add flour sifted with salt and baking powder. Drop from spoon on to greased cookie sheet. Let stand a few minutes. Flatten with the bottom of a greased glass. Bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees, 13 to 15 minutes.—Mrs. Ralph Hutchins,—Beaver, Iowa.

## SALAD DRESSING

Part 1—  
2 tablespoons butter  
1 cup warm water  
1/2 cup flour  
Part 2—  
1 egg  
1 cup salad oil  
1/4 cup vinegar  
1 tablespoon sugar (or syrup)  
1 teaspoon mustard  
1 1/2 teaspoons salt  
1/8 teaspoon red pepper  
Method: Melt butter in sauce pan, add flour and blend, gradually add warm water and stir constantly (I use egg beater) and cook until flour is cooked. Needs only a short time. Put all ingredients of Part 2 in a bowl, add paste mixture while hot and beat until smooth, white and creamy. Makes almost a quart.—Mrs. Dale L. Brown.

## ONE BAR SOAP

Mix and let cool, 1/2 cup soft water and 1/2 tablespoon lye. When cool, add 1 tablespoon ammonia and 1 tablespoon borax. Pour in 1 cup warm grease. Stir until it begins to get thick. Then pour into mold or let stand in what ever its made in. Never use tin or aluminum.

## LOAF QUICK BREAD

2 cups whole wheat flour  
2 cups white flour  
1/4 cup sugar  
1 teaspoon soda  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon salt  
Mix these ingredients thoroughly and add:  
1 3/4 cups sour milk  
3/4 cup molasses or sorghum  
1 cup dried fruit washed thoroughly and cut fine  
1 cup chopped nuts, if desired  
Mix just enough to combine. Pour into two one-pound bread pans and bake 50 to 60 minutes at 350 degree Fahrenheit.  
This bread makes nice sandwiches for the lunch box. Especially when made with a cheese filling. Try them.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER COOK BOOKS Any 6 for \$1.00

Vol. 1.—Cookies and Candies.  
Vol. 2.—Salads and Sandwiches.  
Vol. 3.—Vegetables.  
Vol. 4.—Cakes, Pies Frozen Desserts and Puddings.  
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With an order for six of the books for \$1.00, I will send you, free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures. Price 25¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 6 books. Postpaid.  
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Shenandoah, Iowa



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "Leanna, what do you think of parents who try to run their children's lives? I am twenty-six, still living at home, and my folks boss me from morning until night. I want to go to town to work for the Telephone Company, but my folks won't let me go. I'm not needed here."—Minn.

**ANS:** If you are really not needed at home I see no earthly reason why you shouldn't take the job with the telephone company. However, if it is humanly possible I would try to make this break without bitter feelings. Simply be firm about your decision to go and don't argue with them. Go to visit them on Sundays when you have time, and keep up friendly relations. I suspect that they'll look at you with new respect when they see that you are capable of holding down a job and living independently. Some parents can't seem to realize that their children are actually twenty-six!

**QUES:** "Don't you honestly think that all married couples should have children, Leanna? I'm terribly disappointed because our two boys don't either one have children and they've both been married for over five years. Their wives say that they don't want children, but they don't give any reason beyond this whenever the subject is mentioned."—Ill.

**ANS:** It seems to me extremely inadvisable to take any stand on such a subject. There can be many genuinely good reasons for a couple not to have children, reasons that are known only to the two people involved. This is a subject that most women are sensitive about, and those who cannot have children feel loathe to discuss it. As a rule there is something behind the phrase "I don't want to have children." It is something that you can do nothing about, and although I realize that it is a disappointment to you not to have grandchildren, I'd suggest that you do not open the subject again. Things change, you know. Perhaps a year from now you'll have two grandchildren.

**QUES:** "We have three daughters, one who has been married for two years, and the others still in high school. I always tried to get the girls to help me in the house in what I thought was the right way, and that's the reason I'm at a loss to understand what is the matter with my married daughter. She has a nice six-room house and everything to do with, but Leanna, it is the most littered, disorderly and just plain dirty house that I've ever been in. Her father and I are embarrassed about it, for I hear little remarks from time to time. Her husband never says anything, but he comes from a lovely home and I'm sure that he notices it. What can I do to get my girl to straighten up and

be a good home-maker? I might add that she doesn't run around much, not more than any of the other young married women. But she seems to read a great deal, chat with her neighbors, and so forth."—Kansas.

**ANS:** I'm sure that this perplexed mother thinks that she's the only one with such a problem, but I just wish she could see other letters in this vein that have reached me. One mother whom I know decided to turn up early in the morning at her daughter's house with the news that it was a perfect day for fall housecleaning, so why didn't they pitch in? As she worked that day she made friendly suggestions from time to time about the importance of keeping things clean, but she didn't nag or come right out and accuse the girl of being a miserable housekeeper. She must have gone at it the right way for the girl started to improve, and a year later (when her mother wrote and told me about it) she was doing a good job as a home-maker. I think that this is worth trying. It might work in your case too.

**QUES:** "My husband always took quite an interest in our church and not only attended morning services with the children and me, but went to covered dish suppers, was a regular usher, attended the Men's classes, and in other ways really was a faithful member. About a year ago we lost our minister who had been with us for almost seven years, and my husband took an instant dislike to the new minister. As a result he has dropped out of all church activities and says flatly that he won't attend again until we have changed ministers. I've talked and talked but it does no good. What would you suggest?"—N. M.

**ANS:** I'd stop talking. Obviously it isn't getting you anywhere, and will only lead to increased stubbornness on his part. There are people (I started to say "men" and then decided to make it "people") who get set ideas in their heads, and nothing can make them change their minds. I'd go right ahead with the children, mention nothing whatsoever about the church and its activities, and ignore his attitude. He may come around to a more intelligent viewpoint if ignored entirely. He may not. But it won't do any good to keep on talking about it. And don't, under any circumstances, have the new minister go out of his way to talk to your husband. It would only antagonize him.

**NOTE:** If there are any questions you would like to have answered in this department, mail them to me marked "personal." I will respect your confidence by not printing your name or town.



The Anniversary Party at KMA on July 27th.

On July 27th, Mr. Earl Coryell, of the Three Daughters Deodorant Company brought to the KMA studio, a three tiered cake with three candles on it, celebrating the three years his product has been advertised on the Kitchen-Klatter Program. There was ice cream, too, which was enjoyed by the whole office force. In this picture are my husband and I, Mr. Coryell, and Earl May. The party which was broadcast was probably heard by many of you.

### EARLY SUPPER FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

By Mrs. Ella Espe

School days are here again and the old familiar "Hey Mom!! What's cookin'?" is heard in many a household around 4:30 each afternoon, these days, as hungry children troop in. And unless they do find something "cookin'" that can be served shortly, they usually go to the cupboard and devour practically everything but the shelves, which is apt to be quite as upsetting to small stomachs as it is to mother's plans for the next meal or two. If children must eat a cold lunch at noon, they should have a warm supper as soon as they arrive home, if at all possible.

The plan that was most satisfactory at our house for the children's early supper, and one that made little extra work for me, was to prepare a sufficient amount of food for our noon meal so that enough would be left over for the kiddies supper. For instance, if we had mashed potatoes, roast beef, gravy, creamed peas, salad, and a dessert, I would put the left over gravy in a pan or casserole, add slices of roast beef, and mashed potatoes, formed into small balls, heating together and in another small casserole the creamed peas. The dinner table was cleared of soiled dishes and perishable foods put into the refrigerator, this left the table partly set. About an hour before the children arrived home, I put the covered casseroles in a pan of water to heat, either in the oven or over low heat on top of the stove.

It took only a few minutes then to place some clean plates and silver, get milk, salad, (if we had one) and dessert from the refrigerator, then bring on the casserole of hot food.



## FAMILY FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown



## OVER THE FENCE

Glenna Joann Chambers, Gorin, Missouri, was eleven years old on April 5th. She would like to know if she has a twin.

Mrs. Earl R. Smith, Curlew, Iowa, writes that knowing Frank Field could answer every question asked him, she wished she had time to have written and asked him how to get a swarm of bees out of her car. Just how would you tackle that job?

Mrs. Ralph Stouffer, Benedict, Nebraska, would appreciate cards from Kitchen-Klatter friends. She has been in the hospital seven times this past year.

While waiting in a doctors office, the lady sitting next to Mrs. Charles Gipe, Strahan, Iowa, opened her pocket book and took out a Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and began reading it. Mrs. Gipe says, "I spoke to her and we shook hands. Yes, Leanna, we feel we know folks who read your heart warming magazine."

Howard Ehret, Atchison, Kansas, recently visited his mother's father's birthplace in England. He sent his mother a white rock he picked up there that looks like a cooked potato with eyes. She values it very highly.

Mrs. Elsie Pearson, Route 2, Box 6A, Floodwood, Minn., would like to belong to a "Round Robin" composed of Elsie's. If you would enjoy belonging to such a group, write to her.

Mrs. Leon Tudor, 62 Chestnut Street, Chester, Illinois, would like to exchange flower seed, so when you pick seeds in your flower garden, remember her. Write first and tell her what you have to trade.

Have you a pattern for the "Triple Irish Chain Quilt"? Mrs. J. A. Stevens, Beaver Crossing, Nebraska, would like very much to have one.

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

"Yoo-hoo, don't forget the mustard," Dad was calling reminders to the pantry brigade while he was coddling the nice bed of coals for the weiner roast. One of those extemporaneous family parties we have every fall. This time we were out in the grove. Once we had a weiner roast in the pasture lane! Funny place? Perhaps, but the willows along the fence whispered softly and we could see the bright October moon and stars in their full glory overhead.

After we had eaten we sat around the campfire while Dad pointed out the North Star, the Big and Little Dippers, and tried to answer eager little question boxes who asked, "How far away is the North Star" or "How long would it take an airplane to fly to Mars?"

We topped off the evening by singing a few old folk songs, western ballads, and a popular chorus or two.

For several days we'd been gathering in the vegetables for winter. We all love that. Providing of course, we get it done in a rather leisurely way so we can pause a bit to admire the big squash or note the quality of the basket of golden carrots. Of course, it's a different story, if one waits until some late afternoon when it begins a cold drizzle, the wind whips to the northwest and the radio forecasts a sudden drop in temperature. Then everyone has to scurry around (in muddy overshoes and cold wet gloves to load vegetables into the trailer to be hauled to cellar) feeling like—well like putting up storm windows in the first snow storm. We learn and laugh later, with our experiences, don't we?

Well, this time we had it all done efficiently and early. In the afternoon I'd wrap cabbages, dig and sort vegetables and bulbs. After school, dad and the children would carry sand to the cellar for packing carrots and beets, or dig a pit for cabbage, or we'd go out to the truck patch for pumpkins and squashes.

This day, as we were riding to town for the music lesson, we decided we'd earned a treat. By the time daddy came from the field, chores were done and a nice bonfire going. The children carried out some orange crates and an old wagon seat for camp chairs. The eats were piled into the large dishpan, weiners, buns, dill pickles, relish, jar of milk, doughnuts, oh yes, and mustard.

Hallowe'en was just three days away and after our supper dad and I fell to reminiscing about the masquerade Hallowe'en parties we'd enjoyed. The kiddies were fascinated as we told of one boy who came as a Chinaman, even to the queue of hair down his back.

The youngsters could have listened to our tales all night but there was work for all, next day, but say, let's give them an old fashioned Hallowe'en this year with all the trimmings.



By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

Two jobs I always associate with October are getting my pullets inside and ready for winter and going to the dentist. I make it a point to visit the dentist once a year if I need anything done or not, and for some unknown reason I picked the month of October many years ago, but the last two years I did not have my date with him until in November. With more dentists returning from the army to their former offices, he may not be so rushed this year. Going to a dentist and letter writing are two jobs that are easily put off, but I believe the last few years every one was more letter-writing conscious.

If you have not culled your flock for the winter, now is a splendid time to get it done. Prices are good and feed is high, so cull out every undesirable hen or pullet. Here is a good reason why we should not tolerate loafers. Every cull hen requires a good layer to support her. One hundred hens with twenty culls require twenty layers to support them and only leaves sixty hens working for you.

I have a little bunch of late hatched chicks that I am keeping a record of weights and feed costs. One hen set herself in the barn on twelve eggs and hatched ten chickens. The other one set outside and had eighteen eggs to begin with, but some were broken. At hatching time she brought off twelve chicks. There would have been two more if she had not left the nest too soon. The original cost was two and one-half dozen eggs at 45c a dozen.

I put the twenty-two chicks with one hen and have fed a commercial feed the first three weeks, then changed gradually to my own mixture, with some milk in a separate pan, also plenty of water. They are as thrifty as can be, and at the end of six weeks average a little over one and one-half pounds. Last week one of them disappeared, and as there has been a large hawk circling overhead lately. I imagine it was his victim.

The hen leaves them and goes to the coop each day and leaves an egg. When evening comes she hovers near until they are all settled in, around, or on top of the coop, then she slips away to the henhouse to roost. How very much like a human mother!

The twenty-one chickens weigh 33 pounds at 28c per pound, which is what our local buyer is paying, they are worth \$2.24. They have eaten \$2.10 worth of commercial feed and \$1.89 worth of home-grown mash. This also fed the hen that was with them during the six weeks period. They have free range of the yard with plenty of shade, water, and a few table scraps. It is an interesting project, and anyone else could do as well.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Did you hear the racket that San Francisco made on V-J Day? It seemed to me as I listened to it that surely it could be heard over the length and breadth of the country. Within five minutes after the word reached us from the White House, our ears were stunned with a noise made up of every train whistle shrieking, thirty-seven air-raid sirens screaming, every church bell in the city ringing, foghorns and whistles blowing on several hundred boats in the Bay, the roar of bombers flying low overhead, car-horns blasting by the thousands, and the great guns of the Presidio firing round after round. If you can put all of this together you can imagine what it was like. I don't suppose that there has ever been a concerted noise of those proportions in any one spot before.

The end of the war meant a great deal to every American, but I can almost say that it meant something extra-special to the people of this area. It is from here that the bulk of the supplies have been sent to the Pacific, and thousands and thousands of sailors and soldiers have had their last glimpse of the United States as they steamed through Golden Gate. There has never been a time during this past year when we've driven down by the ocean that we haven't seen a number of large ships leaving, and a number coming into port. The war with Japan was always very real and close to us. That is why San Francisco celebrated in what turned out to be a seriously riotous fashion. Dorothy, Frank, Russell and I confined our participation in it to the radio. We were frankly afraid to get into the mobs, and our fears were grounded when we learned that hundreds of people were treated in the hospitals. None of us felt like celebrating in that particular fashion anyway. We were happy just to sit at home and try to digest the fact that the war was really over.

All of us had one or two people especially on our hearts at that time, and in my case it was Howard far away on Okinawa, and my sister-in-law's husband, John Solstad. John and Boletta were married at our home in Hollywood, and it was a disappointment to all of us that he had to leave with the Marines only two weeks before their baby was born. Well, John went through everything from Guadalcanal to Okinawa, and I still think that a line from his letter written at Okinawa during the heaviest fighting is a masterpiece of understatement. He said: "It keeps me busy dodging junk." And I said that it sounded as though the Japanese were throwing old shoes and tin cans at the Marines. But John made it somehow, and now he can return home and see his little girl for the first time. Kristin Solstad is only three weeks younger than Juliana, so it's high time that she was getting acquainted with her daddy.

Dorothy and I have been taking our girls over to the children's playground at Golden Gate Park on the rare aft-



Kristin holding Juliana on her lap.

er noons when it's warm enough, and they have a grand time riding the merry-go-round and burros. The other day when they were strapped into the saddles and the burros started out down the paved drive I stood at the fence and thought what an incredible world childhood really is. There they were riding what seemed to them huge and dangerous beasts, down a long path that led through a big forest . . . but my adult eyes saw a couple of weary, mangy old burros plodding down a stretch of concrete that made a few turns through a patch of trees. Oh, to look at the world with a child's eyes once again!

Every day brings its full quota of funny comments from Juliana now. I want to jot some of them down for Mother tonight, but I can't resist adding just one for you. Yesterday morning Juliana was sitting on the couch when Kristin came running in and tugged at her arm saying, "Back yard, Nanna, back yard." Juliana looked at her and said, "Please let me sit in peace, Kristin." Now I wonder where she ever heard this? Three guesses.

Tomorrow morning I must be up and out of the house with Russell at seven-thirty, so this has to be all since the clock says midnight. Dorothy and I are going to try and get some sewing done tomorrow, and on these days Russell drops me at her house on his road to work. I'm hoping that tomorrow Juliana will live up to her declaration that she loves dear cousin Kristin and will never tease her anymore!

Affectionately yours,  
Lucile.

## LIFE

Forenoon and afternoon and night—  
And day is gone—  
So short a span of time there is  
"Twixt dawn and evensong.

Youth—Middle life—Old age—  
And life is past—  
So live each day that God shall say,  
"Well done!" at last.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

PEACE! Isn't that a beautiful word! And isn't it grand and glorious to know that peace has really come after all these long months of war! A dozen times a day I catch myself singing "Praise God from whom all blessing flow". Yet underneath the thankfulness that my own boys are safe is the realization that many homes are not so fortunate. Let's remember them and not make our own happiness too obtrusive.

The coming of peace doesn't mean that the world is all back to normal again. Much is yet to be done, and it will be years before our work is finished. As long as there are wounded boys in the military hospitals, there will be need for wheel chair robes and scrapbooks, so don't stop working yet. The summer rush of farm and garden work is over and now that there is a little more spare time let's take up our needles and paste brushes in earnest again and make up for what we didn't do during the summer.

I have told you so many times what the requirements are that it hardly seems necessary to repeat them, but maybe you missed them. Wheel chair robes are to be about 48x72 inches and may be pieced (wool pieces are best), knit or crocheted. If pieced, they are to be lined and finished like a light weight quilt. Send finished robes to me by mail or express. Address me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

You will be interested in the following extract from a letter I received from the Women's Ambulance and Defense Corps of America. They distribute the robes we make. "The robes which Sgt. Martin has brought to our Unit from you are truly beautiful. I know they represent many, many hours of work by your group. We are preparing for another trip to distribute various articles to service men convalescing in nearby hospitals, most of whom have returned from fighting areas in the Pacific. While we have repeated this assignment any number of times, these afghans are among the most attractive it has ever been our privilege and pleasure to deliver.

Unless you have visited service hospitals you cannot realize to what an extent these colorful coverings relieve the "hospital white" in wards and rooms. The boys never fail to express appreciation for their homey appearance as well as for the comfort derived from their light weight warmth. We know you are happy to have a part in this good work and it is indeed a pleasure for us to be the means of placing the robes with the boys. They are deeply grateful for kindness of you ladies who send them these lovely gifts."

If you are interested in making scrapbooks for the hospitals, send me \$1.50 and I will have 10 blank USO scrapbooks sent to you. Full instructions come with them. Believe me, the need is great. I hope you will help and get your friends to help in these two projects.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### LOOKING AROUND YOU

By Maxine Sickels

Didn't I promise to tell you about spiders this month? Last month I wrote about insects and if you thought that was spiders, it was not. Remember, one way to tell an insect is that it has six legs. Now go catch yourself a spider and start counting and you will see that it has eight. While you are looking, you will see that there are only two parts to the body of a spider. Its head and thorax are the same. At least a spider grows legs on its head, or else it has eyes on its thorax or,—well you figure it out. Anyway it has only two parts to its body so it cannot possibly be an insect.

Another thing, a baby spider looks like its mama and papa. That is it looks like a spider when it hatches out of the egg. Did you ever see a tan colored, tightly woven bag hanging in a spider's web? That is a bag full of spiders eggs. If you watch closely, some day you will see a lot of tiny specks crawling over the bag and over the web—tiny baby spiders. Unlike insects, they grow from babies to adults without changing form.

Another thing, a spider spins a web all of its life. Now an insect can spin a cocoon, but a spider can spin a web any day. And such dreams of beauty as they make. One is just outside my kitchen window in the wild grape vine that grows there. It is one of the kind made like a wheel. This wheel has thirty-one spokes and fifty-four of the lines which run around and around. Yesterday a fly got caught in its meshes and in less time than I could wind a thread around my finger, Mrs. Spider had her visitor wrapped and tied and ready to deliver.

That is just two of the things which spiders use their threads to do. They also use them for parachutes. When a nest of baby spiders are ready to shift for themselves, some of them climb to the top of weeds and spin webs and let them float on the air. Then just at the right moment which only a spider can tell, when the web is long enough to carry the spider, it lets go from the weed and goes sailing out to a new home.

Even the webs around the spiders house are not all for traps. Mrs. Spider very carefully builds a telegraph line from the middle of her web to her hiding place among the leaves. One little tug on the line and she comes running out to catch her latest victim.

Or maybe she jumps at him. Have you ever noticed that some spiders have long legs and some have short? Did it occur to you that long legs are good for running and short legs are

good for jumping? And some spiders run after their prey while some sneak up behind them, much as a cat sneaks up on a mouse, and then jumps.

The nicest spider of them all is grand-daddy-long-legs. He never bites. He doesn't need to, the way he smells. He eats plant lice, For that matter all spiders eat insects, flies, mosquitoes, etc. And he will help you find your cows. Long years ago, when my sister and I had to hunt our cows in the brush, we always caught a grand-daddy-long-legs and held him carefully by the back leg while we asked, "Grand-daddy-long-legs, which way is our cows." He always waved one long antenna gracefully in some direction and we went on down the path.

### THE MAN WITH SIXTY CENTS

This is a tricky problem. Even some grown ups can't guess this one. See if you can. There was a man who had sixty cents in his pocket in two United States coins. One was not a dime. What coins did he have?

### SEPTEMBER DIARY OUTDOORS

September 9—The boys did an interesting experiment today. Have you seen the wasp that makes holes in the hot dry earth or the lots and parkings? Sometimes the boys play at drowning them out with a bottle of water, and then running away. This time they determined to dig one out and see what was at the bottom of the hole. It went down at an angle for about six inches. At the end was a hole large enough for Mr. Wasp to turn around in.

In this chamber was a brown pupa and around it a number of spiders and other insects such as you find in a mud daubers nest.

September 15—This is the time to be saving seeds from your annuals. So many of them have been blooming all the fall and you might as well have seeds to sow and some to give away. Remember, they make nice Christmas gifts done up in fancy handmade envelopes.

For several weeks the blackbirds have been gathering and talking over their long trip but today the flock in my big maple tree means to start. There is new excitement in their chattering. I have spent some time at the window trying to see their take-off for the south. But I shall probably miss it after all. They have made so many false starts only to come wheeling back.

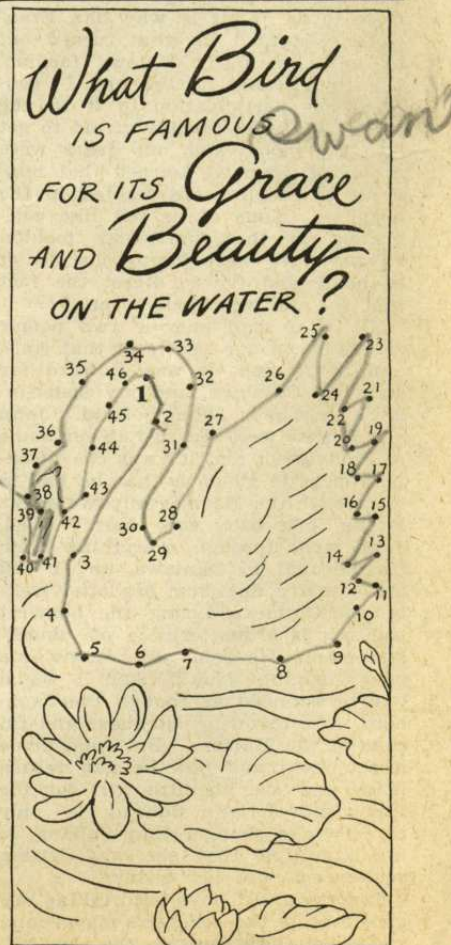
I am sending two prizes for the best diaries. One to Geraldine Huckabee, Urbana, Mo., who sent in a good



Kathleen Kay Newhall, Story City, Iowa. Her Grandfather Thorsnes made the cradle. diary of a blue jays family. And a second one to Donald Starkweather, Amboy, Miss., who sent a diary of a water garden. And thank you to all the rest of you. I hope you sincerely enjoyed the things you saw.

—Maxine.

Two legs sat on three legs,  
With one leg in his lap.  
In comes four legs  
And runs away with one leg.  
Up jumps two legs  
Picks up three legs,  
Throws it at four legs  
And makes him bring one back.  
—Man, stool, leg of chicken, and dog.





## OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

\* Would like to get two old china dolls or heads about 8 or 10 inches around. Write to Mrs. O. F. Lindley, LaPlata, Missouri.

Will exchange flowered feed sacks, or pay reasonable price for an old fashioned China clock or parlor lamp. Mrs. M. M. Hileman, Cameron, Missouri.

I have several hobbies but the one I am most interested in right now is pot holders. Would like one from each of the 48 states. I have a collection of over 100 holders and patterns for at least 500 holders and all different. My other hobbies are stamps and small lamps. I will gladly exchange with anyone who writes me. Mrs. Chas. Beard, 3023 Arlington Avenue, Lincoln 2, Nebraska.

Would like shoes of china, glass, or any metal at not too high a price. Will exchange handkerchiefs with crocheted edge for shoes also. Mrs. Thomas Biermann, Box 102, Aplington, Iowa.

Would like to exchange miniature dogs. Would like them from Montana, Mississippi, New Jersey, Delaware, Vermont, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama. Betty Jo Howitt, Union Star, Missouri.

Would like picture postcards. Miss Norma Ground, 303 South Rhode Island, Hastings, Nebraska.

Will exchange shakers. Mrs. Bessie Richardson, Hawarden, Iowa.

Will exchange souvenirs from Omaha for any from any town and state. Mrs. E. B. Gillet, 2822 So. 15th Street, Omaha 9, Nebraska.

Will exchange something of same value for slips of Geraniums I don't have. Write Mrs. Emil Severyn, Rt. 1, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The making of crystalline objects has become a new hobby in Salt Lake City, due to the evaporation of the water from Great Salt Lake. Many beautiful articles are turned out there. All one needs is a little wire to make an outline of a ship, flower, or any object he may fancy and put it in the lake, soon the object becomes covered with salt crystals.

Catching rattle snakes is the hobby of a sixty year old woman living in New Mexico. She is a rancher's wife and although she has caught at least a thousand of the rattlers, she has never been bitten. "I've had them hanging from my dress lots of times," she says and, "no harm done." Hers is a paying hobby as she receives a dollar each for the snakes regardless of size or variety.

## "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.

**YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS** on 500 gummed labels. Use on stationery and envelopes. Nice for gifts. Price 25¢. Gert-rude Haylett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

**FOR SALE**—Embroidered dish towels, size 20x40, extra fancy, fifty cents; fancy ones, forty cents. Mrs. Fred Halik, Pawnee City, Nebraska.

**LEARN HOW TO PAINT DESIGNS** on cloth. Instructions for twenty-five cents in coin. Velma Toland, Lenox, Iowa.

**FOR SALE**—Cudley stuffed dolls trimmed with colored yarn, 15 inches tall, \$1.10 postpaid. Crocheted cross bookmarks, pastel shades, price twenty-five cents. Send stamped envelope. Crocheted hat sachet pin cushion, pastel shades, \$1.00 postpaid. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Iowa.

**NEW HEALTH BOOKLET** (by a nurse). Help for persons who seemingly cannot reduce. Answers to 30 health questions. Allergic food symptoms explained. Price 25 cents. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

**FOR SALE**—Lovely scalloped knitted lace for pillow cases. **WANTED**—Mustache cups and toothpick holders. Florence Wilson, Pipestone, Minnesota.

**GRAB BOX. PACKAGES OF ASSORTED CROCHETED AND EMBROIDERED ARTICLES** for Christmas and other gifts. Send amount of money you wish to pay from \$1.00 to \$15.00. Vera Lachelt, Rt. 3, Janesville, Minnesota.

**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.

**LAYETTES MADE TO ORDER:** Diapers, \$3.50 per dozen; Kimonas, 60¢; Nainsook Dresses, \$1.75. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

**OPEN AGAIN. FIELD'S BEAUTY SHOP.** Work guaranteed to please you. Try our permanents. For appointments call No. 1, Shenandoah, Iowa, and ask for the Beauty Shop, or write Bernice Stark.

**FOR SALE**—Fresh home grown sage. Ground ready for seasoning. 10 ounces for \$1.00 postpaid. Mrs. John Chrisman, Route 2, What Cheer, Iowa.

**HAVE A PRETTY HOUSEDRESS MADE** by sending 3 feed sacks or 3 1/4 yards material and \$1.10 (V neck, sizes 34-38). For an apron, send one feed sack or 1 1/4 yards material and 1 package tape and 35 cents. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, Munden, Kans.

**AVOID CHRISTMAS RUSH!** Buy now! Crocheted doilies, \$2.00; print chair, vanity, or buffet sets, crocheted edges, \$2.00, color or white; crocheted trimmed collars, \$1.00; crocheted trimmed print tea aprons, \$2.00; crocheted cross bookmarks, 25¢; crocheted buffet sets, \$5.00; little girl print dress clothespin bag, \$1.25; crocheted trimmed print "Sweetheart" bib aprons, \$2.50. For information enclose postage. Mrs. Harry Copenhaver, Plainfield, Iowa.

**ATTENTION:** Chair sets, dresser scarfs, and so forth made to order. Customers satisfied. Mrs. E. B. Gillet, 2822 South 15th Street, Omaha 9, Nebraska.

**MACHINE QUILTING.** Cotton or wool batts furnished at market price. Write for price list. Mrs. Z. B. Baughn, Box 320, Centralia, Kansas.

**YARN PEKINESE DOGS,** large, \$2.50; small, \$1.90, all colors. Wishbone thimble holders, 65¢; 2 pink sweaters. Write to Vera Lachelt, Route 3, Janesville, Minnesota.

**FOR SALE**—African Violets: White Lady, \$1.00, Pink Beauty, 75¢, Blue Girl, 75¢, Blue Boy, 75¢, Tribly (dark orchid), 75¢, Pansy Purple Supreme, \$1.00. If ordering just 1 plant, add 30¢ for postage and packing; if more than one, add 25 percent of the cost of the plants. The following are fine house plants. Ixora, \$1.00 and Bird's Nest Fern, \$1.25. Both postpaid. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**SAVE FAT!** Send 10¢ in coin for oven doughnut recipe. Mrs. G. M. Hanes, Box 348, Fort Scott, Kansas.

**WOOL KNOT STITCH FACINATORS,** 48 inches, long way, \$2.25; 40 inches, \$2.00. White, colors. Mrs. W. J. Rosenbaum, 915 Virginia Street, Sioux City 19, Iowa.

**COLORLED POST CARDS** of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and other scenes. 20¢ a dozen, \$1.20 per 100, postpaid. Albert Shaw, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**PERFUME SACHETS,** 6 discs in a cellophane packet, 15¢ and 3¢ stamp; 7 packets for \$1.00 postpaid. Gardenia, Lilac, Carnation, Lily of the Valley, and Rose. Mrs. Charles Heller, East Dubuque, Illinois. Box 21.

**WANTED**—White crochet thread No. 30, any brand. Write and give price. Mrs. Anna L. Lauterbach, 2128 McCormick, Wichita, 12, Kansas.

**FELT OR CROCHETED EARRINGS,** pair \$1.00; 13 inch pineapple doily, \$1.00; 11 inch ruffled doily, 75¢. Mrs. S. Priest, 3871 Walnut Avenue, Lynwood, California.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS.** 21 assorted, \$1.00; 21 Religious, \$1.00; 50 personalized, \$1.00. Order now. Allow time. Norma Copley, 2954 Apple, Lincoln, Nebraska.

**SOMETHING NEW FOR CHRISTMAS.** Crocheted doll. Skirt covers powder box, hat and bag hold rouge and lipstick, \$2.00. Pinafore dress clothes pin bag, \$1.00. Crocheted baby shoes, \$1.00. Bessie Schollmeyer, 1328 Marshall, Boone, Iowa.

**PRINT FEED BAG CUTTINGS** for quilt pieces, 50¢ per roll. Little doily slippers, gay colors, send length and width of foot plus 50¢. Velma Graham, Route 2, Sheridan, Missouri.

**LADIES:** For that headache from overwork and nerve tension, sinus, asthma, hayfever, and head colds, permit me to send you an inhaler on a money back guarantee. 53¢ postpaid. A. E. Shanholter, Coatsburg, Illinois.

"Pardon my informal letter. I've heard you so often over the radio I feel I should know you. A couple of weeks ago I visited relatives and it happened to be their Ladies Aid day. After the fine program, one of the ladies took over with the entertainment and I wondered where she was getting such splendid material. Later I asked her and she very willingly let me look over several copies of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. She said she used your paper all the time. I am called upon quite frequently to help out with programs and I decided then and there to subscribe for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine."—Mrs. M. E. Anderson, Alta, Iowa.



Miss Josie Pfannebecker  
Rt 1 Bx 136  
Sigourney Iowa

## WHAT ARE MEMORIES MADE OF?

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By Lois Shull

Your house looks as if it had been the target for a bombing! You look about you and inwardly groan! You pick up a few odds and ends that are strewn across the floor. You straighten a chair or two. You could have avoided all this, you tell yourself, if you had been firm and said no, like you really wanted to when the youngsters hit you by storm the other day and asked to have a Hallowe'en party.

You sigh even now as you remember how your heart sank at the idea of getting such a project underway. With company coming next week and so many things yet to be done before their arrival you'd almost blurted out "NO!" But just then you'd caught sight of an excited little face looking expectantly at you and you couldn't bring yourself to disappoint such enthusiasm. You'd bit your tongue and only hesitated a moment before saying, "Yes, surely you can have a party."

Then such a busy time, with the children doing all they could to help and at times being almost as much bother as assistance. There were the invitations to write, the refreshments to plan, the house to decorate and costumes to make. Pumpkins had to be scooped out and fashioned into gleaming faces with various expressions. Yards of crepe paper transformed the house with its gold and black loops draped around windows and from the chandelier. How industriously and happily the children had participated in all these activities, fondly imagining they were doing it all and never dreaming how much rested on your shoulders, nor how you were neglecting your own work.

And then this evening! Ghosts, with sheets slightly awry, clowns, dancing girls, witches, the man with the long nose and tattered clothes! Such a motley array there had been! When the prizes had been awarded for the Funniest Costume, the Most Original one, etc., the guests suddenly became little boys and girls who shouted and laughed as they ducked for apples, ate doughnuts off strings and did all the wonderful things that no Hallowe'en party is complete without.

You sigh to yourself and think of the complete overhauling the house will need after the decorations are removed. And you'd surely meant to get those kitchen shelves cleaned before your company is to arrive. Only a few days to have everything in readiness! You just know you can never get it all done.

But suddenly you stop! What if the shelves don't get attended to? What if you do have to neglect some of the fancy plans you'd made for the entertainment of your guests? You'll have just as fine a visit with them, and maybe a better one, knowing you've not neglected your very own children and that you've given them a happy childhood memory to carry with them all through their lives!

## HALLOWE'EN

The Ghosts are out  
Hallowe'en, at nine,  
Come to my house  
Rain or shine.

Write this invitation in white ink on a black card. Draw skulls and cross bones in each corner and of course, sign your name.

All formality must be forgotten at Hallowe'en. A barn, cellar, or attic makes a nice place to have a party of this kind but any room may be decorated in keeping with the theme of the party. It is sometimes a good idea to remove some pieces of furniture. Decorations need not be expensive. Corn stalks, jack-o-lanterns and autumn leaves can be used.

As each guest arrives put a paper bag over his head. Have holes cut for eyes, nose, and mouth. Allow them to talk only in sign language. For added fun have each one illustrate how he met his death, not speaking a word, only acting it out.

Of course, the main entertainment of the evening is fortune telling. Before this is done, guests may remove the paper sacks from over their heads. You and I place no faith in fortune telling but it is fun, nevertheless.

## WAYS OF TELLING FORTUNES

In one corner, conceal a gypsy queen who will tell fortunes. She should be someone who knows something about the guests. In every group there is some clever person who can do this. There are many other ways of telling fortunes.

Let letters used in alphabet soup be placed in a pan of water. The guests fish these out with a bent pin on a string. "D" would foretell the one who fished it out would be a doctor. "P" a professor. "C" a chiropractor.

Two tiny lighted candles are placed in nutshells and floated in a pan of water. One is given the name of a man, one of a woman. If the nutshells move closer together, it signifies the couple will wed. If they move apart, they won't make good companions.

Place two wet apple seeds on guests' closed eye lids while they make two wishes. The seed that stays in place the longest shows that wish will come true.

I like this idea. Instead of bobbing for apples, guests spear them with forks, the handles of which are held in their mouths. On the stem of each apple can be placed a number on a paper. Each number can be a different fortune.

When it is time for refreshments, pass a plate with numbers on it. If they chose number four first, that may be a doughnut. They may have that for the first course and choose again. This time they may get number six, an apple. Following the second choice, the hostess can bring them appropriate lunch on a tray.

—See you next month.

Leanna



## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### SURPRISE PARTIES

In our "galloping lunch" plan only the hostess is taken unawares, but the tables are turned in the "surprise parties" and the guests are taken unawares.

A group of four women prepare a very inexpensive luncheon, probably one or only two courses. They keep their plans a deep and dark secret, and then at two o'clock on the day that is selected, a car is sent out to bring in the guests who are required to go with them. No one is to be permitted even five seconds to powder her nose or straighten her hair. And only something as pressing as a sick child is permitted to keep the guest from declining your invitation.

Needless to say, such a party is really hilarious, for Mrs. B. may have on her house coat and slippers, Mrs. G. may be in her kimono for an afternoon nap, or Mrs. L's hair may be in curlers.

Your guests will be requested to pay 25 cents for their lunch.

### THE PAPER PLATE HARVEST

Buy large paper plates for this plan. Around the edge paste paper flaps with one side unglued so that you can slide a dime under it and glue it down. On the flaps write the following dates in ink: January 1, February 22, March 17, Easter, July 4, November 11, Thanksgiving, Christmas, your own birthday, and your dearest friend's birthday. When these dates roll around, slip a dime under the flap and glue it down. You'll have \$1.00 when all of the flaps have been glued down, and at the last meeting of the year the plates are all turned in. You can see for yourself that your Aid will reap a real harvest of dimes, and the best part of it is that no one has been heavily burdened in the process.

Many of you who are interested in ways for your Aid to make money, have written to ask if I could let you take subscriptions for "Kitchen-Klatter" again. Well, it's like this. The paper situation is a little better than it was and we can add more subscribers to our list now. If you are interested in taking subscriptions, write to me and I will tell you about the plan.