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Kitchen-Klatter

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Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

My Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

First of all, I must thank you for your many lovely Christmas cards and gifts. I am sure the glow of the Christmas season will still warm our hearts as we look forward to the new year, remembering that as we give to others our kindest thoughts and most self-forgetful service we shall truly find happiness in the new year. There is something in the thought that 365 new untouched days lie before us, that makes us want to stop and consider just how we are going to use them. We can all see a reason for making some new resolutions. We can be more thankful for the little things that are done for us. We can be more patient with those dearest to us and we can learn to count our blessings each day of the coming year for surely we in America have much to be thankful for.

I am writing this before Christmas so cannot tell you how we spent the day. As I sit here at my desk I can hear beautiful music, the world's most loved Christmas carols wafted through the cold, crisp December air, from the Methodist Church down town, almost a mile away. An amplifier has been placed in such a way that music played on the church organ or records is broadcast to the outside world. Shoppers hurrying along their way are given the true Christmas spirit, as the air is filled with strains of "Holy Night" or "The First Noel".

Yes, Margery, our youngest daughter, was married November 18, in Glendale, California. She is now Mrs. Elmer Harms. It surely gave me a queer feeling when I addressed my first letter to her that way. Elmer is a Shenandoah boy who has made good in the work he has chosen—the grocery business. He is a veteran of World War II, and after completing his service, returned to his old job as manager of a Fitzsimmons Market in North Glendale. Margery is employed as assistant office manager for the Brunswick Wholesale Drug Company in Los Angeles.

Dorothy and Kristin went down from San Francisco for the wedding which was followed by an "Open House" in their home in Glendale. Of course we would have liked very much to have gone out for the wedding, but I could not have made the trip very easily. Margery and Elmer will be home next summer for a visit so we are looking forward to that.

Dorothy and Frank write that they are getting very anxious to get back

to Iowa. Frank will operate his father's farm next year. Dorothy has promised to write some letters for this magazine telling the experiences of a town girl as she tries to make good as a farmer's wife. She will have Mother Johnson close by to go to when she needs a lesson in making soap or rendering lard. I think it is going to be wonderful to be able to be near enough that I can get better acquainted with Kristin whom I haven't seen since she was 8 months old.

On another page you will see a picture of Frederick, taken at the Naval Laboratory where he is stationed. He likes his work very much for his duties are so varied. Conducting Divine Service on Sunday is a small part of his job. All during the week his office is a busy place, for men come to him with all sorts of problems. "Ted" is also Educational Officer, counseling men about their future educational work. He will probably be in the service for several more years. His "points" don't count up very fast. Don's don't either. The last time he was home he said, "Well, I have 39 points and when I get 50 I will be 'frozen to my job.'" He is very cheerful about it for he likes his work as weather forecaster, but he is anxious to get back into college and finish his education.

Wayne expects to be in school again by the middle of January. He has been a big help here in the Kitchen-Klatter office while he has been at home.

The clock says "five-thirty" and I'd better go start supper. I'll be looking for a letter from you. Please write.

Your friend,
Leanna.

TRUST AND OBEY

"If we could see beyond to-day
As God can see;

If all the clouds should roll away,
The shadows flee—

O'er present griefs we would not fret,
Each sorrow we would soon forget,
For many joys are waiting yet
For you and me.

"If we could see, if we could know,
We often say!

But God in love a veil doth throw
Across our way;

We cannot see what lies before,
And so we cling to him the more.
He leads us till this life is o'er;
Trust and obey."

—Anon.

JUST VISITING

There seems to be quite a fad blowing soap bubble here in Shenandoah as well as in other places. It has been found that one tablespoon gum arabic added to a pint of soap suds will make tough bubbles. Cal coloring may also be added.

Although it is hard to place a small baby in a hospital for surgical treatment, it is the wise thing to do if a child has been born with a physical defect that can be corrected. Modern surgery can do wonderful things to repair the human body, and although being separated from a little child may cause heartaches at the time, it will save many, many heartaches in later life.

"Doing nothing is the most tiresome in the world because you can't stop to rest."

I have been shocked to read of brave boys who had been through some of the bloodiest battles of the war being killed in a car accident on arriving home. I wonder if some of the accidents couldn't have been prevented. I read that 1,026 were killed at Tarawa but 2,800 were killed in one month's auto accidents.

Watch tires as well as speed. Speeding on worn tires is an invitation to disaster.

Do you believe this—that sixty-three men out of every one hundred get their own breakfasts. These men agreed that the present kitchens were not modern enough and expect to make changes when appliances are available. Maybe if more men prepared a few meals there would be hope of some of the rest of us getting some new kitchen equipment, even if it is only a new sauce pan or two.

Isn't it a grand feeling not to have to skimp on butter but no good butter cakes and cookies until sugar rationing is ended and that time will not come very soon, I'm afraid.

In these days of shortages, trouble seems to be one commodity of which the supply exceeds the demand.

Tart words make no friends; a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.

NEW YEAR'S ADVICE

Aim high. Be patient. Come to church. Do your duty. Envy no one. Forgive your enemies. Give aid to the needy. Hold your tongue. Interest yourself in others. Judge not. Keep sweet. Love God. Make new friends. Never lose courage. Open mind to good. Pay your debts. Question your motives. Remember the sick. Sympathize with the sad. Take advice. Use caution. Venture out. Worry little. Expand your influence. Yield to providence. Zealously labor.

Come into the Garden

WINDOWS IN JANUARY

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Snow on the ground, bright sunshine and a window full of green, healthy plants—many of which are blooming, can anyone imagine a more cheerful picture? To a casual observer this may seem an easy accomplishment, to the owner it means thoughtful care, a knowledge of plant needs and an ever-watchful eye for pests.

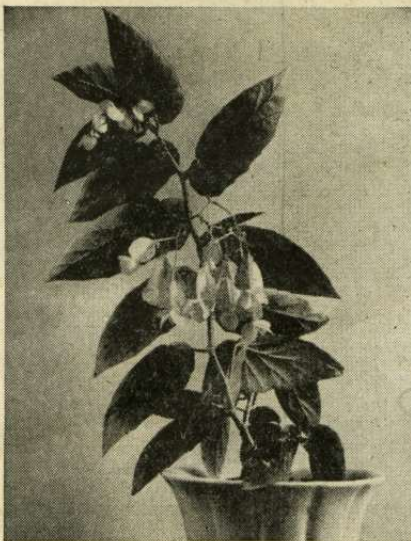
This is the month in which the plants given to us at Christmas give us their greatest enjoyment. Poinsettias, Azaleas, Cyclamens at their peak of bloom demand the spotlight for a time—and get it. The nearer we give these plants the care they received in the greenhouse or the florist's shop from which they came, the longer they will remain beautiful for us. This is not as easy as it sounds, but it can be done. Temperature, moisture and light are the important factors.

However, the old-time favorites must not be slighted as many of them not only grace our windows during the winter months, but must also provide cuttings for the summer beds and window boxes. Begonias for the most part are usually resting now, with the exception of the Christmas Begonias which have been carefully brought into bloom for this period. Begonias often lose their leaves at this time of year, but new leaves are forming and the plant will soon be beautiful again. Let them have their rest, but do not neglect them. Begonias with white blooms are especially lovely. DECORUS is a good one of these, with its intriguing leaves and pearls of bloom.

Some Geraniums are in bloom, some are growing to make blooming plants for next summer. If old plants have been cut back in fall and are kept in cool sunny windows with little water, they should be in good condition to start growing for bloom on Mother's day. The slips taken in late spring will give early winter bloom, and those taken in late summer should be blooming now. Ivy Geraniums are a two-way plant. If a climber is desired, they fill all requirements. They also bloom in many colors. One which came to me unnamed has received the name of WHITE ROSEBUD from its lovely clusters of snowy double bloom.

Cacti should be dormant now, but most succulents need growing conditions as they will bloom next month. This does not mean the Christmas or Crab Cactus which now gives us showers of bloom. Nor the Orchid Cacti which should be now brought from their dormant state and gradually prepared for bloom.

Many now enjoy Gloxinias the year round if they are fortunate to possess many bulbs. Like the Amaryllis they may be brought into bloom at any season of the year by observing their periods of rest and bloom.



A Begonia makes a beautiful house plant.

Those having warm rooms with a humid atmosphere and the required amount of light are now enjoying African Violets in bloom in many shades. A window full of these in bloom, seen against a snowy background is one of the most beautiful sights one can wish to view.

Thoughtful folks who prepared pots of flowering bulbs last fall are not complaining now of any lack of bloom. They have perhaps very thriftily spun out the period of blooming by careful estimates of the time element in a bulb's capacity to flower. Daffodills, Narcissus and Hyacinths will bloom at will in rapid succession.

Coleus must be watched closely for mealy-bug, and badly infected plants destroyed. Vines look their best now when bloom is sometimes scarce. Who says January is a dull month? Certainly not those whose windows bring beauty daily into the lives of others as well as their own.

FLORA OF "THE STICKS"

Olga Rolf Tiemann

January had arrived at "The Sticks." The month had its disadvantages of course—one could expect the weather to be cold with everything frozen stiff as a board or else the "January thaw" converted solids into liquids overnight and one was apt to mire in one's own garden.

Flora spent no time thinking of its handicaps—January meant the turn of the year and among other enjoyable benefits, the arrival of the first seed catalogs. She looked past the cheerful Begonia blooming in her window and saw the snowflakes fluttering down making a soft, warm blanket to cover the plants in her borders—just the day and the time to study the new catalogs.

Flora glanced only hastily at the perennials and shrubs and turned the pages quickly to see the list of seeds

offered. The new Marigold Flash looked interesting—she must try a packet also of the double Petunia America. Gerbera—they were not hardy but it would be fun to try them. When fall came, she would dig the roots and store them in some way to be decided later. Penstemon and more Lily seeds must be ordered.

This brought to mind the seeds saved from her own lovely *Lilium formosanum*. Catalogs were put aside while she filled a flat with equal parts of sand, peat and soil which was patted down gently to within an inch of the top of the flat. After rubbing sphagnum moss through a screen, she added a 3/4 inch layer to prevent damping off of the little seedlings. The flat was watered repeatedly—it was almost unbelievable what a huge amount of water that sphagnum would absorb—until all was nicely moist. The Lily seeds were planted thickly and covered with a bare sprinkling of the shredded sphagnum. Formosanum Lilies were such ideal things for impatient souls for if the seeds were planted early and tended well, they would in a favorable season produce their lovely white trumpets the first year.

Because Flora wanted to give the precious seeds every advantage, she next watered the flat with a nutrient solution composed of a teaspoonful each of potassium nitrate and superphosphate dissolved in a gallon of water. The seeds responded gratefully by sending up grassy spears in less than two week's time.

AFRICAN VIOLETS

In choosing containers for either the Begonias or African Violets, one will not go far wrong in selecting those having drainage holes. However, the African Violets may be grown successfully in pots having no drainage but with a goodly amount of small pebbles and charcoal in the bottom of the pot. If such a container is used, considerable care must be taken in watering the plant. Too much water causes the soil to become sour and soggy, the plant will become sick and eventually die. Also be very sparing with plant food, give just enough to satisfy the plants' requirements and that is usually less than we realize. Begonias do not like to be waterlogged and are safer in containers having drainage. They must be fed when they are resting.

The newer African Violets appearing on the market are fascinating to grow. Yellow blooms have not yet appeared and probably never will, but there is still a wide range of color to choose from. As to the Begonias, there are more varieties than the average home maker has room for outside of a greenhouse, which is often impossible, if not even impractical for most of us who grow flowers. But from time to time we can grow different varieties, choosing those which please us most and which like our growing conditions best. The selecting of a choice Begonia collection is well worth any one's time and attention.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER THIRTY

I don't believe that I'll be exaggerating one single bit when I say that our family was the sensation of the train! Sooner or later everyone asked me guardedly if we really belonged to one family, and when I assured them that we did their faces registered everything from astonishment to doubt. I think that some of the confusion came from the fact that Frederick, Wayne and Donald were all dressed just alike in new brown suits, and although they weren't the same size the general impression was one that troubled near-sighted people.

We had two full sections on the train, and every morning as soon as the berths were made up Mother had the porter bring tables for our big box of games and books. These things helped get us through some of the long hours, but when the novelty wore off and the children started roaming up and down the aisles it was my job to keep them off the luggage of nervous people, and to discourage kindly souls from stuffing them with cookies and candy. A girl was on that train who was later to become a famous movie star, and it was she who gave Wayne all of the dreadful coconut cookies that finally made him sick. I just couldn't do anything about those cookies!

When the train stopped, as it did most frequently, my real worries began for all of the children wanted to get out and run up and down the platform. I was dead certain that one of them would get left along the road, and it was in Salt Lake City that Frederick really did get left—almost! The conductor had called "All Aboard" twice before we discovered that he was missing, and I dashed back into the station, actually weeping wildly, to find him eating an ice-cream cone at the counter. That was a dreadful scare.

We had a great collection of food with us that caused the porters to study our meals with awe. Aunt Jessie Shambaugh had packed an incredible assortment of food, everything ranging from a whole-cooked ham and I don't know how many fried chickens, to bags of fruit and homemade cookies. Oh yes, there were big loaves of home-made bread too. I still remember that when meal-time rolled around and Mother spread a white cloth on one of our tables, the porters stood and speculated as to what more might be unearthed from that big box. They said frankly that they'd never seen so much food! On the last day we still had a big collection left, but Mother said that she wanted us to have the experience of eating in the diner, so we let the envious porters take over our big box and we all tramped into the diner.

At that time the price of food on the diner was staggering. You couldn't get even breakfast for less than a dollar, and ice-cream was fifty cents a dish. But anyway, food prices aside, it's a good thing that we



The home of Sue Conrad our destination in Calif. This was formerly the Field home where Mother lived before she was married.

didn't eat on the diner until the last day because the seating arrangements had to be shifted about at great length so that two big tables could be pushed together for us. There weren't any catastrophes in the diner, I'm happy to say, not even one glass of spilled milk, but I can still recall my shocked horror when the bills were presented for lunch and dinner. My!

We were a very tired and grimy bunch when we went to bed the last night on the train. That was before the day of air-conditioning, and every window in our car had been up while we traveled across the desert. You can imagine the cinders and sand and dirt. It was hopeless to try and keep the boys clean, and even Margery, who usually looked very dainty, took on the aura of hopeless grime. It was a long trip too. We were on the road three full days and three full nights, and even I, who had never traveled before, was under the impression that we stood still about as much as we moved.

But on the last night Mother promised us that when we awakened in the morning we would see palm trees and orange trees and mountains, and tired as we were we had a hard time getting to sleep for the excitement that we felt. We found it hard to believe too that Dad would actually be on the San Bernadino platform waiting for us. We hadn't seen him for six months by this time, and six months is a long time to children.

In the morning when we awakened and raised the shades in our berths we looked out to exactly what Mother had promised. There were the palm trees, long avenues of great, shaggy palm trees, and there were the orange orchards, trees with big oranges really growing on them. And behind the avenues of palms and the orchards of orange trees were the long range of beautiful blue mountains that Mother had described for us over and over again when we begged her to tell us about California. I thought then, and I still think, that the San Bernadino Valley is one of the most beautiful places in the world.

We were only a short distance from San Bernadino when we awakened, so it was a wild scramble to get dressed and to assemble all of our countless belongings. We lost one of Margery's shoes in the general confusion, and

for a while it looked as though she'd have to get off of the train with one shoe off and one shoe on. But at the last minute it turned up and the day was saved.

Finally our big train started slowing down, and finally it stopped in front of the station that said "San Bernadino" and we knew at last that we were really in California. We looked out of the windows and saw Dad standing on the platform, and beside him was Aunt Sue Conrad and her three little girls, Frances, Mary and Margery. They had all driven down from Redlands to meet us. We cried when we saw Dad because we were so happy to see him, and he marveled constantly at how much all of us had grown, particularly Donald. He was at an age when every month still makes a big difference.

After all of our luggage had been claimed we divided up, some of us to ride to Redlands in Aunt Sue's car, and some of us to ride in the new car that Dad had purchased in California. I remember that the boys wanted to get out and pick up oranges that were lying on the ground beside the road, and Aunt Sue said that if they waited until they got to her house they could help themselves from bushel baskets of oranges! Mother had told us that people in California bought them by the bushel, but it just didn't seem real to us.

When we reached Aunt Sue's house in Redlands (this was the house that Grandmother and Granfather Field occupied until Grandmother's death) we found that there really were bushel baskets of oranges, tubs of ripe olives, and a huge freezer full of orange sherbet. We couldn't understand why the Conrad girls weren't interested in eating oranges, and they couldn't understand why the Driftmiers were so excited about seeing them in bushel baskets.

While Aunt Sue was fixing a late breakfast for us, Mother went all over the house room by room noticing old, familiar things, and spotting changes that had been made since she had left it eleven years earlier to return to Shenandoah and marry Dad. We children realize now what a wrench that morning must have been for her, but at the time it didn't occur to us that this house where we found ourselves was full of memories of Mother's parents in every direction that she turned.

After the first week in Redlands Mother and Dad left us children with Aunt Sue and went to Los Angeles to find a house for us. Dad's business interests had been transferred from northern California to Los Angeles, and for the first time we were to have the experience of living in a big city. (Continued in February Magazine)

Know thou, my heart, if thou art not happy today thou shalt never be happy. Today it is given thee to be patient, unselfish, purposeful; to be strong, eager and to work mightily. If thou doest these things, and doest them with a grateful heart, thou shalt be as happy as it is given man to be on earth.

—Havergal.

COOKING HELPS

"I just heard you give the uncooked relish and you said to add the horseradish if you care to. If you'll notice, these uncooked relishes nearly always call for it and I've been told never to omit it for in an uncooked relish the horseradish is what keeps it."—Mrs. C. H. Elliott, Sigourney, Iowa.

"Someone spoke about wanting to put catsup in bottles but lacked a bottle-capper. I take corks, soak them in hot water while I fill the bottles with catsup, take the cork from the hot water, dip in melted parawax and put in the bottle. When cold, dip the bottle top in parawax."—Mrs. Carl Schreiner, R.F.D. 1, Larned, Kans.

"Never thicken any gravy or custards over a hot fire but remove from heat and pour in the thickening. This helps prevent lumps. Fish and liver should not be salted until nearly done. Brown on both sides, then salt, and put on a low fire to finish."—Mrs. E. Kucera, 6347 Bedford Ave., Omaha, Nebr.

"To save heating up your oven custards can be cooked just as well in a double boiler, or the custard cups can be placed in a pan of water, covered, and cooked on top of the stove."—Alta M. Garrison, Tobias, Nebr.

"When frying egg plant turn the slices over, place a thin slice of cream cheese on the layer and it will melt into the eggplant. This is delicious."—Mrs. A. E. Hils, Blairstown, Iowa.

"Here is a dressing that is quite easy to make. Chop a good-sized onion into a small skillet and fry slightly. Then add crumbled dry bread that has been moistened with a little milk. Salt and pepper to taste. Over this pour a cup of tomato sauce, soup, and a little green pepper. Bake about 30 minutes."—Mrs. John Ohm, R.F.D. 1, Wahoo, Nebr.

"When mixing bread sponge in the morning take out a cup of it and let rise until about three in the afternoon. Then mix down stiff with 1/3 cup of sugar, 3/4 cup of warm water, 4 Tbs. lard, a pinch of salt, and enough flour to make a soft dough. Let rise until nine o'clock at night, and then put in pans and let rise overnight. Bake while getting breakfast. These are delicious for school lunches."—Mrs. Alfred Bertelsen, R.F.D. 1, Honey Creek, Iowa.

"My three boys like a sandwich for their school lunches that is made of things we have right here on the farm. It may not be a genuine Denver sandwich such as you get in a restaurant, but my boys like it. Break the desired amount of eggs (I use four) in a skillet and partially scramble. Before eggs are thoroughly cooked add some chopped sweet pickles and crisp fried bacon. Finish scrambling and spread between slices of buttered bread."—Mrs. Bob Case, Oakland, Nebr.

OLD WAYS ARE BEST

By Lois Shull

This New Year I decide to make a Resolution and announce to my family that from now on there's to be less confusion and noise at our house. I point out that there's a place for everything and I shall expect each one to help keep their own things where they belong. And there is to be much less noise from the children. They promise to remember and I do hope they will, after the confusion of the long holiday vacation.

When they have gone off to school the first morning in January I clean and scour at a great rate. By the time they return for lunch everything in the house is shining.

It's after they leave for school again that the house seems suddenly to be hollow, it's so empty. I can't for the life of me think of a thing to do this afternoon. I try reading but can't concentrate. The radio bores me. To get away from my lonesomeness I run over to visit my neighbor, but get no comfort there. Her children, now grown, have been home for the Holidays and since their departure her home is even more empty than mine.

Going back home, I head for the kitchen and begin mixing a large batch of cookies. Banging pans and opening and slamming cupboard doors gives me the most satisfaction yet. I'm still cooking away like mad when the door bursts open and my children come trooping in with several young friends.

They make a dash for the cookies and I give them each an apple. They fling their wraps and books about. The radio is turned on, much too loudly, and the boys are on their tummies in front of it, scattering cookie crumbs on the rug as they listen delightedly to the prowess of their favorite serial. Unmindful of the radio, the girls go to the piano and begin to thump and sing and giggle.

When Dad comes home, he views the confusion and remembering how I'd planned to change all this, is about to reprimand the children, but I stop him with a look.

"Let them alone," I say when I have drawn him aside. "This has been such a lonesome day. You can't imagine how good it is to hear this bedlam again."

"But what of your New Year's resolution?" he asks.

"Oh, that!" I dismiss it lightly. "What's peace and order compared to the happy sound of young life in one's home!"

Weeping Water, Nebr. "Cut lard in strips and put through the food grinder. Render slowly, adding 4 teaspoons of soda and 3 tablespoons of salt to 6 gallons of lard. Strain through a cloth into a stone jar and set in a cool dry place."—Mrs. C. H.

NOTE: "Stale lard may be freshened by adding cracklings of freshly rendered lard to the old lard and bringing it to a sizzling heat. Add a handful of salt, stir well and strain. The cracklings gather all the strong taste."—Mrs. H. G. Oxford, Iowa.



OVER THE FENCE

Surely all of you remember that Gertrude Hayzlett was given the "Good-Good Neighbor" award, and that we wondered who had nominated her. Well, Mrs. Stanley Synovec, Wilber, Nebr., has been able to send us a little more information. She writes, "Gertrude's name was sent to Tom Breneman by a woman living in Pennsylvania who had been personally benefitted by her work for shut-ins".

I was very happy to hear from Mrs. Albert Schroeder of Sheffield, Iowa., that a recipe for "Fluffy White Cake" given in this magazine was used by two 4-H Club girls for the cakes they entered at the County Fair. One received a blue ribbon; the other received a red ribbon.

Kitchen-Klatter readers will be sorry to hear of the death of Marjorie Hillmer, of Blund, South Dakota, the little girl who was so badly burned. Her mother and father deeply appreciated the many kind things that Kitchen-Klatter friends did for her.

Shirley Mae Hammel, aged twelve, of Greene, Iowa, would like to write to other little girls of her age.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoge of Scribner, Nebraska, who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. They were pioneers in their community and are held in high esteem by all who know them.

Lucille Varns, a shut-in, has opened a little gift shop at her home, 319 E. North Street, Wooster, Ohio. She would like to hear from other shut-ins who have handwork they would like to sell.

Irma Warren, 782 E. 154th Street, Cleveland 10, Ohio, would like to have some casserole dish recipes and poems.

Mrs. Fred Frye, Arnold, Kansas, writes: "I like to read current books and wonder if there are some who would like to exchange with me." Write to her if you are interested.

A new fabric resembling wool is being made from chicken feathers. It will be used for making dresses, suits, and sweaters. Now if some one can find a use for the "cackle", no part of Biddy will be wasted.



NEW DOUGHNUT RECIPE

1 can condensed milk; 2 beaten eggs; 1 cup sour milk; 3 tablespoons fat or butter, or your favorite shortening. Add 4 cups of bread flour; 4 teaspoons baking powder; 1 teaspoon salt; 1/2 teaspoon soda. Nutmeg or vanilla to flavor. Combine ingredients as usual (soda and sour milk together) and fry in deep fat. One thing to keep in mind is to have the dough, when cut into shape, fairly soft; do not make it stiff with flour when rolling it out. Try letting the doughnuts stay on your board a few minutes, to rise just a little, before frying them.

ALL BRAN MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening
1/4 cup dark syrup
1 cup all bran
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg
3/4 cup milk
1 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
Cream shortening and syrup; add egg and beat well. Stir in all bran and milk, let stand until moisture is taken up. Add dry ingredients until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderate hot oven. (400 degrees about 30 minutes.)—Lydia Schrier, Savannah, Missouri.

CHOCOLATE APPLE SAUCE CAKE

Cream together 1/2 cup shortening, 1/2 cup white syrup, 1/2 cup sugar. Add 1 egg. Sift dry ingredients: 1/2 cup cocoa, 1 teaspoon cloves, 2 cups flour, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup nut meats, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon soda, 1/4 cup cold water, 1 cup unsweetened apple sauce. Combine and bake in moderate oven.—Mrs. Clyde Jones, Allen, Nebr.

COOK PORK PRODUCTS THOROUGHLY

Nearly 150 people in one Iowa county were ill from eating pork that was not well cooked. Trichinae are little worms that get into the blood stream and settle in the muscles. Prevention is easy—thorough cooking of all pork products before eating. Be on the safe side. Cook that pork until it is done.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

SWEDISH POTATO SAUSAGE

1 gallon ground lean pork
2 gallons ground raw potatoes
3 good size onions ground with potatoes
1 level cup dairy salt
Pepper and ground allspice to taste
Mix thoroughly, then fry a little pat to taste if seasoned enough. Have casings (pork preferably) soaked in cold water the night before. Cut in desired lengths, then stuff. I used to can this sausage in 2 quart jars and some in quarts. I put enough water in the boiler (with a wooden frame in the bottom) so that when the jars are all in it, the water comes up to the shoulders. Have the water luke warm before putting in the jars, when it comes to a boil, let boil for 2 hours. This sausage can be stuffed at your locker in a short time and many of my friends put it in the locker and freeze it. Wrap in waxed paper the same as any other meat or if you have lots of room leave it in your jars and it won't take the locker taste. I also like this sausage made with scalded milk and ground cooked potatoes. I boil the potatoes in their skins (without peeling) when cool peel off the thin skin and grind. Use only half as many of the boiled potatoes as the raw and 2 quarts scalded milk that has been cooled. Mix the same as for raw potato sausage. I prefer to grind the pork shoulder and other lean pieces of pork trimmings for this sausage so as not to get it too fast.—Mrs. Gottfrid Poulson, Cleghorn, Iowa.

FRENCH TOAST SQUARES

For a breakfast treat during hot summer days: Remove crusts from 6 slices bread. Cut each slice into 9 squares. Mix together with rotary beater:

- 3 eggs slightly beaten
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoon brown sugar
- 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons milk

Dip bread into egg mixture and fry in hot shortening until crisp and golden brown. Serves six.—Mrs. Schneider, St. Joseph, Missouri.

"Recently I had on hand some very, very thick cream, so I tried making pie crust with it and it was delicious."—Mrs. E. A. Ruske, Fairmont, Nebraska.

PUMPKIN OR SQUASH

Cut up; peel; remove seeds; cut into cubes. Cover cubes with boiling water; cook until tender. Drain and mash. Adjust jar rings on clean, hot jars. Pack hot mashed vegetable into jars. Add - teaspoon salt to each quart jar. Wipe off jar rings with clean, damp cloth. Partially seal.

Process:

- (a) In steam pressure cooker, 75 minutes at 15 pounds pressure, or
- (b) In water bath canner, 3 hours. Complete seal.

BABY PORCUPINES

1 pound hamburger
1 cup bread crumbs
1 egg
4 Tablespoon chopped onion
2 Tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 teaspoon salt and pepper to taste
Mix the above and form into balls. Roll in 3/4 cup dry rice. Heat 1 can tomato soup and 2 cups boiling water to boiling point. Place meat balls in the soup and simmer for 30 minutes, or place in oven for 30 minutes.

FRENCH DRESSING

1/2 cup of sugar
1 can of tomato soup
1 1/2 cups of mineral oil
1 tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon of black pepper
1 teaspoon of salt
1 tablespoon of prepared mustard
1 teaspoon of paprika
3/4 cup of vinegar
1 small onion grated
3 cloves of garlic grated
Put in a large mixing bowl, and beat very thoroughly. This makes a quart and is very good.

BEATEN ICE-BOX ROLLS

1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup luke warm water
2 yeast cakes
3/4 cup butter
1 cup boiling water
2 eggs
1 cup lukewarm water
6 1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
Add 2 tablespoons sugar to 1/2 cup lukewarm water and break in yeast. Stir butter into boiling water and set aside until lukewarm. Then add dissolved yeast. Drop unbeaten eggs into 1 cup lukewarm water and stir until well mixed. Add to yeast mixture with remaining sugar. Sift flour and salt and beat into yeast mixture. When well beaten, cover and place in electric refrigerator. When ready to use, beat again and fill well greased muffin tins half full. Let rise until double in bulk, about 2 hours. Bake in hot oven 400 degrees for 15 minutes. Do try these.

To save time when peeling potatoes to be boiled, peel only a strip around the potato lengthwise. The skins will then come off easily when potatoes are cooked."—Mrs. T. S. Burris, Linneus, Missouri.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "We have a terrible time in the evenings at our house getting our children to bed. All four of them stall and complain and raise such a fuss that it's ten o'clock before they are all in bed and the evening is ruined. Can you suggest anything that would give me a little badly needed time to myself?"—N. M.

ANS: Yes, I can suggest that you set your foot down once and for all. It surely isn't necessary to spend until ten o'clock getting children to bed. If you set 8:00 as their bedtime or 8:30, stick to it. If it means a few spankings at the outset, go ahead and spank. You will have to teach them that you mean what you say about going to bed. It is plan to be seen that they have you buffaloed, so I don't think I'd lose any time having a change of atmosphere.

QUES: "What is your opinion of one of these educational endowment insurance plans for children? My husband is very anxious to take out this kind of insurance for our two boys because he didn't have an education and has always regretted it. We have a small income and it will mean very close shaving, so my attitude is that the boys should shift for themselves when it comes time for college. We've discussed it back and forth for so long that I finally told him I'd ask your opinion and let that settle the matter."—Kansas.

ANS: Well, I don't like to be responsible for settling an issue that means a difference financially, but I do feel that if your husband is willing to take this responsibility you should encourage it. In most homes it's the mother who must plead with the father for such insurance. I think that the boys should do as much for themselves as they can, but it's possible that they may have a real flare for medicine or dentistry or architectural engineering, one of these professions that is very expensive over a long period of time. In that event such protection for their education would be a life-saver. When they begin making money they should both help, even if only in a small way, to make the premiums.

QUES: "Can you give me any suggestions for coping with the dreadful jealousy that my two-year-old girl feels towards her new baby brother? She lies on the floor and screams if I even pick up the baby to change his diaper, and I can't nurse him when she is in the room for she hits at him constantly and climbs all over me. I'm about at my wit's end, and my husband is really put out at the child."—Nebr.

ANS: This kind of behavior is hard to live with, it's true, but I don't think that any adult should feel really

"put out" at a two-year old child. The hardest thing that any child has to do is give up his place as baby, and we should be very patient and understanding with this situation. I always tried to pay extra attention to the child who had just been supplanted, and when callers came to see the new baby I diverted their attention to the older child as soon as possible. If we can keep in mind that a youngster behaves as your youngster does because he is acutely unhappy rather than just plain ornery, it is easier to cope with the whole problem.

QUES: "I have a little favor to ask, Leanna. Would you take this means of reminding all landlord's wives that their tenant's wives have genuine feelings and pride? We have rented this place for five years now and there are no troubles and never have been, but it would mean so much to me if the wife of our landlord wouldn't drop in unexpectedly several times a month and make pointed comments. I have four little children, no help, and it really seemed like the last straw when I was in the middle of canning last week with a cross, sick baby, and my landlord's wife called at eleven in the morning with friends she wanted to see the farm. I know that other renters have this same problem, so please remind people that we'd like a few less visits at more opportune times."—Minn.

ANS: I'm sure that this Minnesota farm-wife doesn't realize how many times this particular problem has reached me. I even recall reading a short story once with the plot built around this situation. The letter above appears as it reached me and surely needs no further comment.

QUES: "Our ten-year-old boy received a big new sled for Christmas with the understanding that if he hitched rides with it his father would take it away for the rest of the season. Two weeks ago a boy his age here in town was killed in just that way, and the same week my husband saw our boy hitch a ride. He took away the sled, and I know he was right, but it's hard to see the other boys out in this fine sledding weather, and have our boy unable to join them. Do you think we should return the sled?"—Nebraska.

ANS: The part of me that remembers similar scenes says "Yes, return the sled," but the other part that realizes the terrible danger involved in hitching rides says that children have to learn the hard way to obey important instructions. We had the same problem one winter and the sled remained in the basement until the next year in spite of the strong temptation to give in.



Chaplains Simpson, Driftmier and Daly of the U.S.N. Naval Research Laboratory Washington, D. C.

THE SCHOOL LUNCH

Nothing hits the spot quite so well on a cold winter day as a bowl of good hot soup. And because there is such a wide variety to choose from, soups may be sent along in the school lunch quite frequently without the children tiring of them. Lacking a thermos bottle one may use a glass jar for soup, which may be heated in a pan of hot water at school. Oyster stew is a favorite with many children; chicken soup with egg noodles is another. Then there are the cream soups, celery, corn, mixed vegetables, lima beans, peas, beef vegetable, clear tomatoe, chili, navy bean and many others. Send crackers along to eat with the soup, and don't forget the spoon and a good sized heavy wax paper cup from which to eat it.

Monday: One baked bean and chopped bacon sandwich, one orange marmalade and cottage cheese sandwich. Two graham crackers with chocolate frosting between. Tapioca pudding, or hot cocoa in thermos bottle. Apple.

Tuesday: One sandwich, ground cooked frankfurter, chopped sweet pickle, a little mustard and salad dressing. One whole wheat bread with ground carrot, chopped peanuts, sweet pickle, salad dressing. Date filled cooky, grapes, milk.

Wednesday: One sandwich, ground tongue or heart with chopped celery and salad dressing. Sweet roll with cheese. Baked Caramel custard, pear or banana.

Thursday: One ham and lettuce sandwich. One steamed or baked brown bread with cheese. Ginger bread man. Cut up mixed fruit in paper cup. Popcorn ball.

Friday: Piece of chicken or slice of roast beef. Sandwich of chopped mixed vegetables with salad dressing. One of oatmeal raisin bread with butter and brown sugar. Orange, two stuffed dates.

—Mrs. Eli Espe.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzett

January seems the proper time for checking up on all the things we have done in the past year and judging them to see if they were worthwhile or if we could have done something else with our time and energy that would have produced more satisfactory results. The cheer we send to shutins is one of the most worthwhile things and I hope we may do more in the year to come.

I am very happy over the lovely wheel chair robes, and knitted squares for robes, that have come in recently. I have about fifty to turn in now, and this brings our total to almost 300. I do not know how many USO scrapbooks have been made but a recent letter from head-quarters says that at least one package comes in every day from folks who got their blank books through this column. I'm proud of you all. The war is over, and we are thankful. Let's keep expressing that thankfulness by continuing to help with these projects.

I wonder how many among you are stamp collectors. As you know, that is one of the occupations advised for convalescing soldiers in hospitals, and a call has been put out for stamps of all kinds, both foreign and American, except the very common low denomination ones. There are a good many new kinds in use now and I'm sure all of you will be able to gather up at least a few. When you get a letter in the mail, look at the stamp and if it is one of the new big ones, carefully cut it off leaving a little of the paper all around the stamp so the edges will not be damaged. Slip these into an envelope and when it is full send it to Dr. A. W. Acton, 627 N. Sierra Bonita St., Los Angeles 36, Calif. He is chairman of the "Stamps for Service Men" committee. I imagine many of you may find a lot of stamps on old letters tucked away in your desk or in the trunk upstairs. The older ones are even more in demand than the new ones. Some of you may have old collections that you do not care for any more, or have duplicate stamps in your current collection. Send along all you can spare. Dr. Acton tells me stamps are coming in very slowly and the demand is increasing as the boys are brought back here for hospitalization. I wish we could send them a whole barrel of stamps. Shall we try? When you send yours to Dr. Acton, tell him I asked you to send them. I will ask him to report how many come in and tell you in a later Klatter.

Will you send a card to Freda Taran, 1032 Grand Ave., St. Paul 6, Minn. She has been an invalid for more than 20 years. Emma Frady, Rt. 1, Clermont, Ga., has been bedfast 5 years. Her crippled grandson, age about 14, lives with her. Cards and letters would be enjoyed by all of these people, and if you are interested in doing more for shutin folks I'll be happy to send you a copy of the Guide for Good Neighbors which is full of things about shutins.



Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

Happy New Year and may you have good health to enjoy it.

Let us all take a deep breath, turn our faces toward the sun and resolve to try not to repeat the mistakes of the past year. Neither shall we live in the future, or the past—but make the best of the present.

When I was a child at home, my mother often said—"there is no time like the present"—when I was tempted to put off some job that was not especially suited to my liking, and as I grow older I have occasion to repeat that to myself very often.

The government is seriously considering offering a bounty on one hundred million hens to get them out of the egg-laying business, as one possible way of preventing a glut of the egg market during late winter and early spring.

At present eggs are relatively scarce. In some cities retailers are limiting customers to a single dozen, but this is the season of the year when hens are just beginning to come into full production and in a few short weeks production will begin to climb, and can soon reach a surplus that will be the first real challenge the government has to make good on its promise to support post-war prices.

Never-the-less I think every poultry man will try to keep his flock in good laying condition.

I managed to get all the windows washed before cold weather. This helps to let in more sunshine, and hens enjoy sunshine as much as human beings.

When in the hen house do not do anything to disturb hens causing them to fly or scatter. Handle them gently. Throwing hens off of nests may cause broken egg yolks, or a permanent injury and stop all egg production.

Stir the mash whenever you are in the poultry house. It makes it more inviting and attracts attention to the feeders. When hens are closely confined, they relish any kind of green feed. I like to keep some green alfalfa hay in my poultry house and it is surprising how much they will eat.

Many people are being bothered with rats. By all means use every method possible to rid your premises of rats now, or you will have a great deal of grief next spring when you have baby chicks.

A number of years ago I had a few hens with some extra good grade of chicks. I began missing chicks, not at night but during the daytime and one noon when putting out fresh water, I saw a rat dart out and seize a chick and drag it under an old building. We got busy with a rat terrier and traps and soon had the rat, but on moving the old building to a new location we found the remains of many many chicks—and these had all been caught in daylight as they were in rat proof coops at night.

FAMILY FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

The January blizzard is busy piling up great drifts. As I stand at the window and watch the swirling snow, I am reminded of a verse my father used to quote to us. "The north wind doth blow; we're going to have snow. What will the poor robin do then? He will fly to the barn to keep himself warm, and hide his head under his wing. Poor thing!" I wonder, is it from an old McGuffey's Reader?

After the hustle of fall and the rush of the holidays, I rather welcome a good old Iowa blizzard! A little "tetched in the head," you say? Perhaps. But it's wonderful to relax and let your carefully scheduled plans be just "snowed under"—no club party, no school lunches, no committee meeting, no unexpected company. The roads are blocked!

Here we are with hours of that oft longed for extra time to write letters, read a book, piece a quilt or sew up a dress. There's plenty of time to enjoy the family. That's the best part of all.

The time won't be long enough to do all the things we've been wanting to do. Now is the time to try out all of the new Christmas games and puzzles. How strange to sit right down in the middle of the day for a game of checkers. I've been promising myself for quite a spell to show that young Sophomore how to play real checkers!

What a thrill for Sister when mamma helps cut out a new wardrobe for dolly! Sal, have you shown your little tots how to cut a row of dancing paper dolls? The kindergarten will be contentedly busy for hours if you make a batch of modeling clay. Give him some chicken feathers and bright buttons to dress up his handiwork. To make the clay, use 1 cup flour, 1/2 cup salt, and 3 tsp. powdered alum. Use water enough to hold it together, working and kneading it as water is added. Color with cake coloring if desired.

With Father and the children indoors, the question of "snacks" is sure to pop up often. Most teenagers are in the height of glory when given a free rein in the kitchen to make toffee, apple lollipops, crackerjack or doughnuts. We make all these with not a dip into the sugar jar. One of our favorite basic recipes for the lollipops or crackerjack is 2 cups dark syrup (or 1 cup each sorghum and syrup) 1/2 cup cream, 1 T. butter. Cook to hard crack test.

One of the most hilarious evenings in my memory is the evening the boys decided to have a "flop" party—their original name for pancakes with the boys doing the frying, and flopping! You should have seen their faces at the first flip—a little on the rare side so it really flopped; onto the stove and over the floor. That knack acquired, they tried their skill at pancake sculpturing. Soon they had a parade of donkeys, turkeys, and bears across the griddle.

Shh! what's that? Ah, there's the snow plow! Everybody to bed—school tomorrow.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is a quiet late December afternoon in San Francisco. I have just waved goodbye to Russell and Juliana as they started towards the park to become part of the big crowd of fathers and children who turn out for the swings and slides on Saturday afternoon.

I've often said that if I were transported to another planet and then returned to this planet without warning I could tell anyone instantly if it were a weekday or a weekend-day just by looking at the parks. From Monday until the park gates close at dusk on Friday you see nothing but mothers, grandmothers, and nursemaids; but just let Saturday and Sunday afternoon roll around and then you see the fathers of all the youngsters you've observed during the week. The soldier and sailor daddys are beginning to turn up now, and it's fun to pick out the children who've always been accompanied by their mothers until just recently.

Goodness knows I'm grateful for the parks, and life in San Francisco with its miles and miles of apartment buildings would be unthinkable without them, but at the best they're a pretty sorry substitute for the big yards and neighborhood kids of a small town. Everyone noticed such a big chance in Juliana even though she was only gone a month, and I'm sure it's because she had the chance to roam independently around her Grandfather Driftmier's neighborhood and to play with the little boys across the alley. For some reason children never seem to play together in these parks. They eye each other warily and keep their "respective" distances just as much as the mothers do. It seems a said state of affairs to me, but perhaps that's only because I grew up in a middlewestern town and just can't help speaking to people!

You should have seen Juliana and Kristin when they met each other in the big station at Oakland. They actually fell into each other's arms and acted as though they had suddenly been resurrected from the dead. This magic spell lasted for several days—not one yip or howl did we hear.

I wanted to be sure and tell you in this letter about the two things that saved our long trip westwards from becoming tiresome and difficult. If you have to do any traveling with a child who is "going-on-three" perhaps you can make some use of these suggestions.

The best investment that I ever made in my life was ten cents for a small clothesline and miniature clothespins. I tied one end of the line to the lever that raises or lowers the window, and the other end to a big safety-pin fastened into the upholstery of the seat. (No, it didn't hurt the upholstery.) Then I provided a collection of clean handkerchiefs plus Baby-Doll's clothes, and this kept Juliana busy for hours on end. She is a child who tires of things very quickly, so you'll know that it was really successful when I tell you that



Kristin and Juliana enjoy lollipops, too.

I actually read completely through a book during the intervals that she was busy with her washing.

Even boys will enjoy this simple amusement. Two little fellows of about the same age seemed to get as much pleasure out of the clothesline and clothespins as she did. One four year old boy wanted to trade her his dump-truck for the clothesline, but she would have nothing to do with his proposition.

The other thing that she greatly enjoyed was a soap bubble outfit using the new chemical that doesn't stain or leave any trace of water. This was good for a long spell of time each day. These new wooden puzzles are pretty good amusement too, but they have the disadvantage of being very easily misplaced. We lost one foot and part of the head of our nice brown deer puzzle and were never able to turn them up again in spite of all our skirmishes under the seat. Crayons and a pad of white paper were also worth their weight in gold, but if I were starting to Timbuctoo tomorrow and could take only one toy I'd grab for the clothesline and clothespins.

Russell wants to work on his camera tonight and get it into perfect condition for the family group pictures that he expects to take tomorrow. We suddenly realized the other day that we've never had a picture of the Verness and Johnson families together since our little girls made us a total of six people, so Frank has been warned to prepare himself for some honest-to-goodness pictures—all of his protests about hating to have his picture taken won't help him any. If they turn out at all decently we will share them with you in the near future. And under any circumstances you'll soon get to see some pictures that Russell took last week of Juliana and Kristin riding the burros at Golden Gate Park.

This Christmas we turned our backs on everything that smacked of

the commercial spirit and created an old-old-fashioned Christmas for ourselves. I think the thing that set me off was taking the children down town to see Santa Claus early in December. There were such mobs we couldn't even get into, most stores, and when we finally did break through at one place we found that Santa wouldn't talk to Kristin and Juliana unless they had their pictures taken with him at a big fat price! Furthermore, he suggested to them in the few words he condescended to speak the most expensive toys in the store. As a result Juliana talked about nothing but the Teddy-bear swing for days, and at \$9.95 she stood no chance of getting it!

Well, when all of this happened I made up my mind that we'd stay out of the stores and off of the streets and simply create a real home-made Christmas. Russell and I helped her string cranberries and popcorn to decorate the tree, and we had a wonderful time making cookies in the shape of angels and camels. Every night we've helped her tack up the day's Christmas cards on a square of white cardboard in her room, and the highlight of her day comes when she snuffs out the big red and green candles that we've had burning in the front-room windows during this time. With the exception of a little ironing board we made all of her gifts ourselves, and by doing all of this we've made a much happier Christmas than if we'd had a great deal of money to spend.

Very soon now Dorothy, Frank, Russell and I will be seeing the old year out and the new year in. We haven't been together for this event since the time in Hollywood when we were expecting our babies and greeted the new year with great enthusiasm! Well, this coming year will bring its major changes too (of a different nature, I hasten to add!) and as the months move by I will be able to tell you about them.

But major changes or not, there is only one big resolution for the New Year as far as I am concerned, and that is the most simple and difficult thing in the world—just to have more patience! I hope that in the 365 days to come I can remember this when I'm stirring the gravy with one hand, trying to tie a bib with the other hand, and a small voice says, "Mama, why is it getting dark and why can't I eat on the diner and why can't we have the cake first and why didn't you give me a knife too?" When I shift the gravy spoon to the other hand and wrench my arm out of place reaching for the missing knife with the other hand I hope that I can remember my resolution.

A happy, happy New Year to all of you good friends. We don't know what these next months will bring, and the world is really mighty shaky right now, but at least the scientists haven't yet unleashed an atom that will do away with old friendships—that is, short of doing away with the friends themselves! So, taking it all in all, I can still greet a New Year by wishing you happiness and joy.

—Lucile.



FOR THE CHILDREN

NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS

By Maxine Sickels

Ann Goode was helping her Grandmother sort and put away all of the Christmas decorations. Grandmother insisted that New Year's Day was the day to do this task and although it made Ann a little sad to think that her vacation on her Grandfather's farm was so near an end, it was a pleasant task. Grandmother and Ann visited as they worked.

"Grandmother, what kind of New Year's resolution do you make?" Ann asked.

Grandmother kept wrapping brightly colored balls in tissue paper as she answered, "I try to make one that's good for me and one that's good for someone else."

Ann's face wore a puzzled frown. "How do you do that?" she asked.

"Like this: I resolve to take a long walk every day. That is for me because I really need to get outside more in the winter."

I also resolve to go see Aunt Hary every single week. That is for someone else because she enjoys my visits. I listen to all her complainings and tell her all the gossip.

Now do you see what I mean,"

Ann nodded her head soberly. "Yes, I do. And I am going to try that. For myself I'm going to resolve to finish every arithmetic problem, every day. They are so hard and take so long."

For someone else—I want to think about that."

She thought a long time without saying a word.

At last she said "I think I'll smile more. Smiles are so nice and they don't cost anything at all."

Grandmother smiled at that before she asked, "How will you know you smiled more?"

Ann thought a moment and answered, "I'll smile everytime I hear a clock strike."

"That is a good idea," Grandmother said.

It was fun as long as she was at Grandmother's house. Whenever they heard the old clock in the hall ring out the hour, they smiled at each other.

But the day the big bus that was taking Ann back home stopped under the town clock, that was different. The clock began to strike and Ann looked for someone to smile at. Across the aisle was a fussy little boy about two. Thinking of her New Year's Resolution, Ann smiled her sweetest smile and the little boy stopped fussing and talked to her. She let him look in her mirror and made him a doll from her clean handkerchief.

That was just the beginning. Ann found she could never smile without getting back a smile. The very first letter she wrote to Grandmother was all about the fun she had with her new Year's Resolution.

SAY "THANK YOU"

Don't forget to say "Thank You" for the gifts you receive this year. I hope some one gave you a little box of note paper so you can write "thank you" notes to people who do not live near enough that you can tell them how much you appreciated the gift you received from them.

THE WHITE HOUSE

From the scrapbook of
Glady's Shriver, Kellogg, Iowa.

Do you know when and why the President's Mansion in Washington, D. C., came to be called the White House?

In the first plans drawn for the capitol city of the United States, the President's house was named the Palace. John Adams and his wife, the first to occupy it, moved in during November, 1800. At that time it became known as the Executive Mansion.

The Mansion was burned by the British on August 24, 1814, when they occupied Washington. When the mansion was rebuilt, white paint was chosen to hide the big black scars which the fire had left.

This popular name, the White House, was not made official until President Theodore Roosevelt had the words engraved upon his executive stationery.

—Norman Schlichter.

THE WIRES

The wires are so still and high

We never hear the words go by,
Yet messages fly far and near

I wonder if the birds can hear.

When they perch on the wires and sing,

I wonder are they listening,
And telling out to earth and sky.

A lovely word is going by.

—Annette Wynne.

GUESS WHAT?

He likes his bath so very well

He eats his dinner in it.

I say, "Come out and take a walk,"

He won't come for a minute.

I dropped a line to him one day

Inviting him to travel,

And when he came he couldn't walk,
But laid upon the gravel.

(Fish)



Linda Kay Robben, and her 3 dogs.
McPherson, Kansas.

Why is money like a secret?
Because it is hard to keep.

What bird is it that doesn't fly?
A scarecrow.

What is the difference between a farmer and a dressmaker?

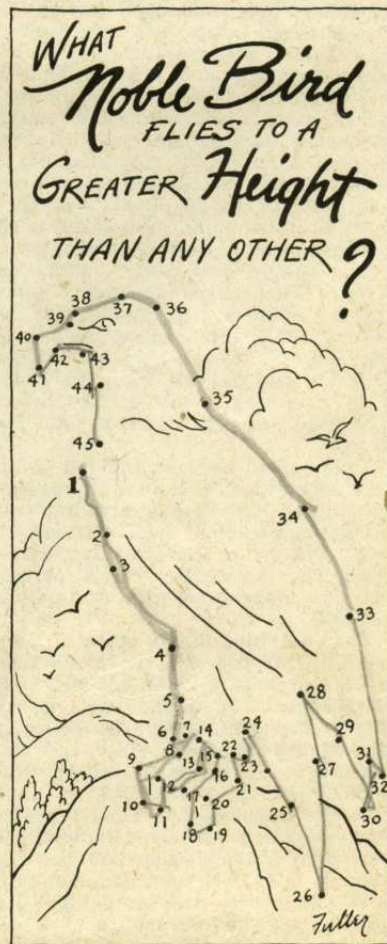
One gathers what he sows, the other sews what she gathers.

Why is an egg like a horse?

Because you can't use it until it is broken.

What has many teeth, yet never suffers from a toothache?

A comb.



OUR HOBBY CORNER

HOBBIES

Crocheted pot holders. Write first.—Mrs. Louis J. Kasper, Prague, Nebr.

Will exchange shakers and handkerchiefs for shakers and potholders, crocheted or plain prints.—Mrs. Dewey Ross, Lamoni, Iowa, R.F.D. 1.

Will exchange souvenirs of Belle Plaine, Iowa, for any from state and town. Also folders of any states for something you might like.—Mrs. Mike Lactovka, R.F.D. 2, Box 68, Elberon, Iowa.

Will exchange view cards, embroidery and applique patterns. Would like to correspond with women interested in home-making, gardens and flowers.—Mrs. Dimple Fuller, 209 N. Pine St., Marion, Ill.

Would like small gold colored novelties. Will also exchange salt and pepper shakers, but no glass, composition, or animal sets.—Mrs. Elmer K. Young, Box 326, Grand Junction, Ia.

Will exchange salt and pepper shakers, pencils, buttons, handkerchiefs, and souvenir cushion tops.—Mrs. Frank Nelson, Delphos, Kans.

Wants Pen Pals in different countries and states. Age 14. Now has 45 Pen Pals.—Marjorie Reynolds, Pleasantville, Iowa.

SOME UNUSUAL HOBBIES

A Kansas man has a collection of nearly one hundred separate and distinct types of barbed wire, from the earliest to the latest. Spur, lightening rod, saw teeth, link, and parallel strands are but a few of the unusual types. Probably the most vicious of all the wire is one that was not made for cattle but for humans. It came from No Man's Land, in France. Its barbs are like needles giving one a cold chill just to think of it.

A man in Virginia has an unusual hobby. He collected 10,000 bottles of various sizes and built them into a 16 by 24 foot playhouse for his daughter. The bottles are set in concrete with the bottoms inward so the walls will be smooth on the inside. This project created quite a bit of interest throughout the country. When it was finished it was dedicated by the Governor of Virginia.

A Minnesota doctor has a very unusual hobby, that of collecting old nursing bottles, being by profession a pediatrician, he has been interested in the development of infant feeding devices for several years. Infant feeding devices go back to the remotest times. During the middle ages, cows' horns were used. Later other materials were used such as pewter, glass, and china. Often costly materials were used such as silver nipples were fairly common, glass containers were painted, etched, cut, gilded, etc. From 1815 to 1835 many bore gold ornamentations and occasionally a coat of arms is found.

List your hobby in the February Magazine.

"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¢. Gertrude Hayzlett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

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: Two hand crocheted ecru table cloths, \$15.00 for 60 by 90, \$18.00 for 62 by 96. Postpaid. Mrs. Marion Phipps, Ogden, Iowa.

WANTED: Plain gold band French Haviland, set or pieces, also old, foreign, or rare coins or currency. Wanda Spainhower, Hampton, Iowa.

LARGE SIZE, PRINT APRONS, \$1.35; clothes pin bags, made like child's dress in Print, \$1.00. Mrs. J. G. Brand, 1217—10th Avenue, S. W. Fort Dodge, Iowa.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Bad feet are mean masters, end your foot troubles now with Kleen Foot Balm. You will be amazed, \$1.00 postpaid. A. E. Shanholzer, Coatsburg, Illinois.

CUNNING STUFFED HORSE, makes ideal gift for little tots, 79¢. Mrs. Harold Wieland, Dedham, Iowa.

DOILIES, \$1.00; fascinators, \$2.25; buffet sets, \$1.25; pot holders, 50¢; print apron, \$1.00; band, 85¢; few pillow cases; darning sets, 60¢. Mrs. George Brotherson, Wall Lake, Iowa.

NOVELTY CHINA SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS FOR COLLECTORS. Write for list. Maude Mitchell, 1017 Seventh Ave., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

CROCHETED PILLOW CASE EDGING OR INSERTION, \$2.00; matching edging and insertion, \$3.50 per pair. Miscellaneous orders taken for crocheting. Postage for information. Mrs. Harry Copenhaver, Plainfield, Iowa.

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AID SOCIETY HELPS

HEIRLOOMS OF TOMORROW

Every now and then we stumble across some work that a friend has done that makes us exclaim, "Why, this will be an heirloom for your children's children!" We've all had this experience, so why not capitalize on it for the benefit of our Aid Society?

Early January would be a nice time to have this heirloom exhibit. Ask one of your members with a large home to have an "open house" to which women outside of the Aid Society can be invited. Charge ten cents admission, and reserve the dining room table for this exhibit. Ask each member of the Aid to bring some article which she thinks worthy of becoming one of the heirlooms of tomorrow, and tag the entries with the owner's name and date.

You'll be surprised at the truly beautiful things that are tucked away in every house. I've never seen more beautiful china than that painted by one of my friends at an heirloom show, and I'm sure that there have never been more beautiful quilts and knitted pieces made than some I also saw that day. There are things just as lovely in your town, so have an heirloom tea and give everyone a chance to see them.

A Pancake Breakfast

Let the young people of the church hold a pancake or waffle breakfast from seven until nine o'clock in the morning. If enough points can be collected for bacon, serve bacon, coffee, pancakes and syrup for 25¢.

"FOR AID SOCIETIES"

If you would like to know how your Aid Society can make some money by taking subscriptions to "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine" write me for complete instructions.

Leanna Driftmier.

"I am sending in my renewal for Kitchen-Klatter Magazine which will run out soon. If I missed one issue of Kitchen-Klatter, I don't know what I would do. Always look forward to its coming."—Mrs. Walter Carman, Riverdale, Nebraska.

SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

During the war years a good many of us let wedding anniversaries slip by almost unnoticed, but now that we're getting back into the old stride of things it will be nice to celebrate the one special day that means so much to married couples.

The twenty-fifth, or silver wedding anniversary, is a big milestone. It marks the halfway point to the Golden Wedding anniversary, one that comparatively few of us are privileged to enjoy, and sums up a quarter of a century in a very special way. This is why most people choose to celebrate it with more dignity than earlier anniversaries.

An Open-House for friends in the evening, and a family dinner at noon is about the nicest way to mark the Silver Wedding. In most cases the children will want to take over all of the responsibilities of the day, but if there aren't children, or if they are living at a distance, close relatives of the couple will probably want to make the plans. It is perfectly correct for the couple themselves to do everything that is involved if they prefer, or if there is no one else to do it.

The decorations used in the house should be of white and silver with touches of green. Silver Christmas tree tinsel can be used very effectively in connection with streamers of white crepe paper that radiate out to all four corners of the room from the main chandelier. Vases of white flowers should be placed throughout the house, and if it is possible, only silver candlesticks should be used with the white centerpiece on the dining room table. Lacking silver bowls and candlesticks, it is possible to do wonders with tinsel and long strips of silver foil such as we use for Christmas trees.

By having the family dinner at noon, the kitchen can be turned over to preparations for the Open-House. Friends should be invited to call from seven until ten, and they should be greeted at the door by the couple, their children, and any members of the original wedding group who can attend.

From eight o'clock on, guests should be able to serve themselves in the dining room. This type of refreshments eliminates the confusion of people passing through crowded rooms with pots of coffee, plates, and so forth. The dining room table should be covered with white linen, and at one end the center of attention can be a large white frosted cake decorated with twenty-five white candles. Silver dishes containing nuts and candy can be arranged around it. At the other end can be all of the dishes that will be arranged around it. At the other ice.

Cake, ice-cream and coffee, are ample for this type of Open House. Small, fancy sandwiches can also be served, but if anything further is prepared it is well to bear in mind that much larger supplies of china and silver will be needed.

It is customary to present a sub-

stantial gift of silver to the couple at a Silver Wedding Anniversary. A nice time to do this is when the couple and other members of the family who have been greeting guests at the door move into the dining room for their refreshments. Probably this will be around nine o'clock when most people will have arrived and few, if any, will have left. When the gift is presented it can be accompanied by the following verse:

Twenty-five years you've stuck together
Through shine, and shade, and
stormy weather,
Tonight we're wishing both of
you
Luck, and Love, and Happiness
too!

Before the guests leave they should be asked to sign a guest book, and if the couple kept any kind of a book at the time they were married, this should be on the table beside the guest book. It would also be nice to have the original wedding pictures on the table. And if it is at all possible, photographs should be made during the evening of the couple and any members of the original wedding party who may be present.

WOUNDED SOLDIER

Strange how we whimper and whine
At all the passing little ills of life
When patient he lies with never a
sign
How it irks to be cast aside by
the strife.
He is wounded, you see, and long
months he must lie
Wrapped in a cast on his hospital
bed.
But there's a smile on his face and
hardly a sigh
Though he scarce can lift his
hand to his head.
The purple heart pinned on his chest
Seems small reward for months
of pain
Let's rouse ourselves to do our best
And cease to quarrel, and com-
plain.
I hide my head in shame to think
That I have murmured against
my fate.
'Tis easier far in soft ease to sink
Than bear the lot a wounded lad
must hate.

Mrs. E. F. Beeton,
Jackson, Minn.

—Reprint from War Mother's Magazine.



Mr. Driftmier on his way to get the Kitchen-Klatter Mail.