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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

My Dear Friends,

The main event in our family circle, since my last letter is that Howard, our oldest son, has returned from the Philippines. In Lucile's letter she tells you what a time she and Dorothy had finding him at Camp Stoneman. Because many returning soldiers weren't able to get transportation out of San Francisco in time to get home for Christmas, we feel fortunate that Howard arrived with his discharge the day after Christmas.

We had left his gifts under the tree, so as soon as he had greeted us, he had his visit from Santa Claus. We are glad too, that Wayne is still at home. He expects to leave for college February 1st.

Donald hopes to be discharged in February, but I am afraid that is only "wishful thinking". He is a master sergeant at the Weather Station in El Paso, Texas. His Christmas gifts to us were all from Mexico, and so unusual.

Frederick is still in Washington, D. C.—a chaplain at the Naval Research Academy. His Christmas gift to the family was eleven wonderful new books, some fiction and some of a more serious nature. It was a problem to find a place for them on our book shelves.

Edith Hansen, the morning homemaker on KMA, is leaving the last of January for Corona, California, for a short visit with their Marine son, Don, who is in a naval hospital there. It will soon be a year since he was wounded on Iwo Jima. He is still paralyzed from the waist down, but his general health has improved. He writes cheerful, peppy letters to this parents. His courage is wonderful. We all hope he will be brought to a hospital nearer home, soon.

The sewing book Lucile and I wrote for you has been selling so fast that I am having another bunch printed. Lucile is as happy as I am, that you enjoy it so much. We'll have to get out another book for you before next Christmas.

How do you like my new time on the radio? I hope you can arrange your work so you can listen. I know you can't be at your radio on Aid and Club days, but they don't come very often. The days I want to go somewhere in the afternoons, (which isn't often) I can make a transcription, or go a little late. Mart says I will manage to get there before the refreshments are passed.

I have a grand new folding wheel

chair. It is so comfortable and has large wheels, so I can move myself around. Now, I hope someone invents a chair that will climb steps.

Thanks to those of you who sent in your February renewal cards as soon as you received them. It helps us so much here in the office, and I know you like to be one of the first ones to receive your Kitchen-Klatter magazine.

Write me when you have time for you know I am always glad to get your letters.

Sincerely, Leanna.

WE HOPE WE WON'T NEED THEM, BUT—

Most of us shy away from thinking about illness and hospitals and the possibility that perhaps we'll be rushed to one in a hurry without any time to prepare for the emergency, but it would be a good idea for all of us to come right up against this possibility once and for all, take action on it, and then put it from our minds. I'm one of these people who don't like to spend even one minute thinking about being rushed to the hospital, and to be perfectly frank I refused to give 't that one moment's thought until a letter reached me not long ago.

The friend who wrote this letter said that her daughter who was doing Nurse's Aid work in a hospital had returned for a weekend visit and said, "Mother, I want you to get some new gowns and make them up nicely, and get a nice housecoat too. It doesn't make any difference whether you ever put them on or not, just so you keep some extras on hand."

"I was shocked," this woman went on to say, "and asked her why she wanted me to do this, and then she explained that if I could see how pitifully embarrassed some women were when they had to be rushed to the hospital, I would have these things laid aside for just such an emergency. Well, I took her advice and the things are ready, but here's hoping I won't need them in a hospital."

I hope not too, but as I read that I thought how easy it is to let these things slip by, and how much we regret being unprepared if the emergency does come. It reminds me of the things that my mother used to say when we girls were in a hurry to go out and reached for a safety-pin to fasten a broken slip strap. "What if you were in an accident?"

she would ask. "Wouldn't you rather have your clothing in good condition just in case something should happen?"

That made a great impression upon all five of us, and there have been countless times during my life that I've thought of it and reached for a needle and thread rather than a pin. Those things get so deeply into your mind that I know I thought of it the morning I was hurt in our car accident, and while I was lying there waiting for the ambulance her old phrase crossed my mind and I thought with satisfaction that I hadn't a single pin where a pin shouldn't be!

None of us want or expect to be injured in an accident or rushed to the hospital for emergency treatment, but if that should happen to me I'm ready for it. After I read the letter from my friend in Lemons, Missouri, I put aside two nice gowns in the bottom drawer of my dresser where I won't be tempted to get at them, and saw that my best bed-jacket was in good condition in the same drawer. I don't expect to need them, but they're ready if the emergency arises.

JUST VISITING

I wonder how many of you still have one of the little microphone pins that the first listeners to the Kitchen-Klatter program wore. I'll confess I have lost mine. Mrs. Jennie Parker, Manning, Iowa, still has hers.

Are those chilblains bothering you? If so, try this remedy. Twice a day, rub the sore spots with equal parts of ammonia, oil of peppermint, olive oil and turpentine. This will make your feet feel much more comfortable.

What is your husband's favorite pie? I believe Mart prefers mince pie; however, the following seems to be the order of their preference—apple, cherry, lemon, pumpkin, chocolate and mince.

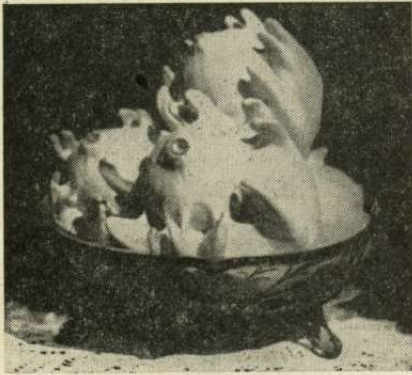
For girls from seven to twelve, there is a new magazine published by Parents' Magazine. It is called "Polly Pigtales". I am anxious to see a copy.

What next! In the not too distant future, our weather may be controlled. Airplanes flying high above the clouds, dispersing electrically-charged sand, have made rain fall over a dry area. Now, if a way can be found to stop rain when we don't need it, we should have perfect weather for farm crops.

To avoid the possibility of accidents on the road, aid motorists by having your child wear a bright cap, scarf, or sweater, so they can be seen at a distance.

During these strenuous days, you are fortunate if you are even-tempered. Life is generously sprinkled with petty irritations and we all admire the person who has managed to maintain unruffled calm. As long as trifles like a husband late to dinner, or a broken dish can upset us, there is no hope for contentment or happiness.

Come into the Garden



Unusual gourd called "Ten Commandments"

FLORA OF "THE STICKS"

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Winter at "The Sticks" was going to be entirely too short. Never in the world would Flora be able to accomplish even a fraction of the things she had planned. February here—such a short month—she worked rapidly to make every minute count and promptly upset a big box of seeds which didn't help any!

The seeds, dozens and dozens of packets, were sorted systematically. Some she had bought—many had been sent to her from flower friends as far away as Canada, California, Florida and New York. The ones to be planted in flats and pots were placed in one box—Love Apple, *Cobaea scandens*, Clockvine, *Primula japonica*, Torenia, Salvia, Double Petunia. In another box went those that should have been planted last fall. Now they must be gotten into seed frames on the first day the soil was workable—there were Shooting Star, Redbud, *Baptisia australis*, Poppies and many varieties of Penstemons. There was a box for Platycodon, Delphinium, Campanulas of many kinds, Columbines and dozens of varieties of Lilies—these to be planted some nice day in March or April. The remainder were those that were not too particular about their planting time and those that demanded to be planted during "good corn-planting weather"—such things as Petunias, Moss Roses, Zinnias, Marigolds, Calendulas, Heavenly Blue Morning Glories, etc.

The wind howled shrilly around the corners of the house and ended with dismal wails down the chimney. The temperature hovered around zero just to prove that winter was still at hand. Flora forgot about the weather. Her mind envisioned once more some of the thrills of last year's garden. One of the oddest things had been the Ten Commandments Gourds that now made such an unusual centerpiece for her dining table. Flora preferred the name Ten Apostles. As she carefully dusted each one, she thought how much like the apostles of old these unusual side growths looked—with long hair and flowing gowns,

each one seemed bowed in prayer before starting on the hard steep journey before him. The gourds had been like pure ivory when first gathered—now they were a soft dull yellow.

HOUSE PLANTS IN FEBRUARY

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

February is undoubtedly the most trying of the winter months on the house plants. One consoling fact remains, the good old reliable bulbs planted in pots in the fall, kept in a cool place in the dark until roots formed and upper growth grew slowly but steadily, are now in full bloom and coming buds are still showing on those planted in a planned succession. After bloom is over, the paper-white Narcissi are past all usefulness but Hyacinths, Crocus and Daffodills of the garden types may be ripened off to be kept for another year's indoor bloom or put out in the garden for continued beauty next spring. I have enjoyed bloom on Hyacinths the second winter in the house if the bulbs were kept dormant through the summer.

Late in January or early February the Orchid Cacti (*Epiphyllum*) may be brought up from the basement where they have been in a somewhat dormant condition, resting with very little water added to their pots of soil. They may look rather sleepy at first but on being well watered and brought into the sunny windows, they will plump up their leaves and before long pink buds will begin to show along their flat or angular leaves, resulting in those gorgeous red, pink, or maybe a rare white, blossoms we so admire. These plants do not need to be as large to bloom as is sometimes thought, but they do have to be root-bound. I have some in ordinary tin cans which bear immense blossoms. They resemble the Christmas Cacti in that in their native homes in the tropics they grow in the crotches of tree limbs, requiring little soil but good drainage. They often bloom twice a year for me, in fall and again in spring.

Now is the time to give attention to those Geranium plants which have spent the winter in a cool sunny window with the minimum of water. If they were cut back, on being watered now and brought into a sunny warmer atmosphere, they will begin to send out new growth almost at once. The growth on these plants is sturdy and not leggy. They should bloom profusely for Mother's Day. The cuttings started last spring or fall should be in bloom now. They need full sun and should not be over-watered.

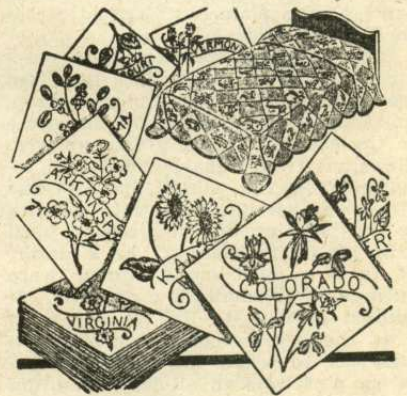
At this time of year do not leave pots of African Violets on cold window sills, especially over night. This also applies to Gloxinias. Wide areas of glass are cold in winter, even if a warm temperature prevails in the room. Water in the mornings with warm, preferably soft water. The

plants will appreciate this little attention.

Vines at windows give a cheerful feeling to any room. If they are in hanging pots, do not forget to water them at regular periods, as the nearer the ceiling, the drier the air. It seems easy to forget them when not under our very eyes. The Rosary Vine or Chain of Hearts (*Ceropegia*) can stand a dry soil better than most, so it can have the higher positions. Of course a saucer should be placed under all hanging plants. Rosary Vine must have drainage. It is on the succulent order, and forms a large, mother, bulb-like tuber as it reaches maturity. Too much water will cause this rather watery-looking tuber to rot, as it was once my misfortune to discover.

During February when the temperature often takes alarming dives keep your eye on the plants in the basement, so that they do not get too cold nor too dry. We often put a pail containing water in our basement for the benefit of the atmosphere in very cold weather. Should the basement become too cold, be sure to secure your plants there in the warmest corner. Even dormant plants such as Oleanders like a little water on their roots during the winter, and also some of the Cacti, but on no account do they want to be brought into active growth in a warm, dark room. The results are bound to be disappointing.

Plants are like children, they need to be studied and cared for according to their various needs. Love for them is not enough, they also need intelligent care to allow them to do their best for us.



STATE FLOWER PARADE

Here we are! The state flower of every single state, in your favorite, easy to follow, hot iron transfer. Just the thing you will love for pick up work. You'll be surprised how fast these blocks are completed. You can imagine you're taking a visit to each state. Before you know it you'll be able to proudly display this distinctive quilt at the bazaar or show it to your admiring friends. Every state design with complete instructions and color suggestions as C9901, only 50¢.

Order From Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

At the end of a few days Father and Mother returned with the news that we were to live in a new house in Alhambra, a suburb south of Los Angeles, we simply took this fact for granted, but it seems that they had had a dreadful time locating suitable housing. Even in those days it was hard to find any property owner who wanted to rent a nice house to a family with children, and when Dad stated frankly that he had seven children the interview always ended abruptly. For a time it seemed that the Driftmiers would have to pitch a row of tents out on the beach, but at the end of one long, discouraging day, they found a real estate agent who didn't bat an eye when he heard about the seven children and drove at once to show Mother and Dad a house that had been completed only that week. It was a Spanish style house of white stucco and stood next to a nice orange grove in a section that was relatively undeveloped, so with a sigh of relief Mother and Dad took the house on the spot and told the agent that they would occupy it within three days.

By the middle of June we were all settled in the new house and getting adjusted to the idea that when we looked out the front windows we saw a big range of mountains, and when we looked out the side windows on the east we saw oranges hanging on the trees. It still seemed remarkable to me that we were actually living in California, and I thought that the name of our street, Sierra Vista Drive, had a very foreign flavor—much fancier than plain old Garfield street in Clarinda, Iowa!

It took us children a while to accustom ourselves to the idea that Dad wouldn't be home for dinner at noon, and that our big meal of the day came in the evening. We'd grown up with dinner at twelve sharp when Dad returned from the store, and it was strange to see him drive into the city in the morning and not return until after six in the evening. As a matter of fact, a good many things were strange to us small-town children. It seemed curious to live so far from town that we had to take a bus or a streetcar to reach the stores; a trip to the park was an all-day expedition because we had to reach it the same way; and even Sunday School seemed altogether different from our old Sunday School in Clarinda.

Sundays were the days that we really enjoyed, for after we returned from Sunday School we all piled into the car and took a long drive. Our favorite place was the beach at Santa Monica, and Dad always tried to park in a secluded spot so that we could hang bath towels over the car windows and take turns putting on our bathing suits. We had grand times playing in the waves, although the rip-tides were so dangerous all along the coast that we had to stay fairly close to the shore.

It was on one of these picnics that Donald gave us a dreadful scare.

He had been playing around the edge of the waves while all of us kept a sharp eye on him, but somehow none of us had been looking directly at him for a moment or two and the first thing we knew he was missing. Now to have a child turn up missing on the beach is enough to make anyone's heart stop beating, and of course the first thing we thought of was that he had stepped out too far and been washed under by a big wave. He was only two at the time and one wave would have done the job.

We started running wildly up and down the beach shouting his name, scanning the water, and wishing that there were other people having picnics near us where he might have wandered. But there was no one near us, and we were beside ourselves with anxiety when a mound of sand slowly rose up—and there was Donald! He had wandered down the beach a short distance, lain down, covered himself completely over with sand, and had a good rest. He hadn't heard us shouting his name, of course, and looked completely amazed when we ran toward him crying and carrying-on! That incident gave us all such a scare that we didn't go back to the beach for a long time.

We children were happy in that house, but Mother was far from satisfied with it. As I have told you, it was a brand new house, we were the first tenants, and it had been rented to Mother and Dad with the understanding that "all of those children" wouldn't damage it in any way. Under the circumstances there couldn't be any relaxation for Mother. All of the woodwork was dead white, all of walls were soft pastel colors, the hardwood floors had been polished until they shone, and it was a struggle from morning until night to keep these details looking as though no child had been within a hundred miles. Then, ironically enough, after all of Mother's efforts to keep the house in beautiful condition, she was the one who caused the disaster.

The kitchen in that house was beautifully enameled in ivory, and the large sink had double tile drainboards. This was the setting for the disaster. At that time butter was around sixty-five cents per pound, and since we used a pound every blessed day of the week, Mother mixed it with margarine. She had just started to open the little pellet of coloring when her hand slipped and the brilliant orange dye shot up the side of the wall and down into the white tile drainboard. This was a genuine catastrophe for nothing would remove it, and whenever you walked into the kitchen that big orange stain on the wall and drainboard simply hit you in the eye. Mother worked for days trying to remove it and finally gave up. At the same time she gave up the idea of trying to live in such a house with our big family, and entirely on her own she started out to find a more suitable place.

One night when Dad came home to dinner she told him that she had found a wonderful place for us while she was out walking with Margery and Donald, and since he was as un-



The little Driftmiers enjoy breakfast outdoors in California.

happy about the new house as she was, he agreed at once to go and see it. This second house that we were to occupy in California was really ideal for our purposes. It was located in Monterey Park, a suburb that adjoined Alhambra, and was next door to the fashionable Midwick Country Club, for many, many years one of the famous spots of southern California. This particular house was low and rambling with beautiful flowers in the yard, wonderful wisteria vines hanging over the front and side porches, and a darling little playhouse in the back yard, a playhouse big enough for seven or eight children to sit in at one time. There were four bedrooms, a nice garage, and big yard—and it was on a dead-end street, which meant almost no traffic at all.

This house was empty when Mother discovered it and she went next door to inquire about the owner. It seems that these people were the owners, and two nicer old people never lived. They loved children, they said, and we were welcome to live there as long as we liked and to do whatever we liked with the house and the garden. They even went so far as to say they had hoped that a nice big family might want it, for they had gotten lonely without children next door. All of this sounded almost too good to be true when you think what a struggle Mother and Dad had had trying to get anything for us to live in, so they said that they would give notice on our present house immediately and occupy the second house as soon as possible.

Thus it happened that on a morning in late August the moving van pulled up to our door once more and we moved to the rambling brown house where the owners felt that we would be an asset and not a liability. All of us loved this new house, and if circumstances hadn't arisen that changed the entire course of our lives, Mother and Dad would have bought that house and made it our home. There was something very warm and welcoming about it.

(Continued in March Number)

The most lovable quality that any human can possess is tolerance. Tolerance is the vision that enables us to see things from another person's point of view. It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their own opinions and their own peculiarities. It is the bigness that enables us to let people be happy in their own way instead of our way.—Phila. Public Ledger.

COMPANY DINNER

By Lois Shull

This has been one hectic day! I'm beginning to wonder if it was such a good idea to invite my young nephew, who has recently become a civilian, and his sweet little bride to our house for dinner today. It had seemed such an appropriate time to entertain the newly married couple on Valentine's Day. But after dashing madly all day and with everything going wrong I'm not so sure!

This was the day the water heater chose to go out, leaving me to heat water on the stove. The phone elected to ring about every ten minutes. It would have to be today that the men came to read the gas, water and electric meters, causing me to stop my work each time. My youngest child, too young yet for school, has been in constant difficulty all day. She got underfoot so badly that I bundled her up and sent her out to play, only to have the peace in the house shattered by her soul-trembling shrieks when she tumbled on the walk or fell from her tricycle and howled till I dropped my work and rushed out to extricate her. Even the grocer added to my muddled day when he sold me a chicken that seemed to have more pin feathers than meat. My pies ran over in the oven and I thought I'd never get the smell of burned juices out of the house. There hasn't been a peaceful moment all day!

But finally I have conquered the situation. Pungent odors come from the kitchen. The whole house is in spotless order. The dining room table is beautiful with my best linen, silver and glass. The Valentine centerpiece is a work of art! I meet my other children when they return from school with dire threats of what I'll do if they touch a thing! Seeing that they wash their hands and faces and comb their hair, I hand each youngster a sandwich and an apple, then send them to the play-room where they are to watch over their little sister till I call them.

As I see our company coming up the front walk I draw a long breath, and then, entirely unruffled looking, greet them smilingly at the door.

"Come right in", I say. "It's so nice that you could come. Here, let me have your wraps and sit right down. John should be home any minute now and we'll eat as soon as he comes."

I call my children down and they do themselves proud with their nice manners. Leaving them to entertain Jim, Jean and I slip out to the kitchen where I peek into pots and pans to ascertain that all is cooking as it should.

"How lovely your home looks", says Jean, "and how good everything smells! I don't see how you do it. I could never get a company dinner and have everything run so smoothly."

"Thanks, Jean", I smile benevolently, "but you'll soon catch on. Really, it's nothing—nothing at all."



Margery Driftmier is now Mrs. Elmer Harms.

COOKING HELPS

"The next time you whip cream to use on pumpkin pie or gingerbread, try adding a little ginger to the cream. I think it helps to bring out the flavor."—Mrs. Willis Martin, Winter-set, Iowa.

"A very satisfactory Jello substitute can be made by dissolving one package of Cool-Ade in 1 and 3/4 cup of hot water, and adding 1 Tbls. of unflavored gelatine that has soaked in 1/4 cup of cold water for 5 minutes."—Mrs. Laurence Paap, Otoe, Nebr.

"Syrup can be kept for a long time without turning to sugar if made in this way: fill a big glass with sugar to within an inch of the top, add 1 Tbls. of vanilla, pour boiling water in and stir constantly. When brown sugar is used I omit the flavoring."—Mrs. May Kirchner, Cumberland, Ia.

"A wonderful way to prepare bacon is to remove the rind from a fresh bacon, rub well on both sides with smoked salt and let stand for two or three days. Then wash, dry, slice it and pack it in glass jars. Cover with melted lard, put the lid on tight, and stand in a cool place." "If a good grade of sorghum is used in preparing sweet potatoes it saves sugar, and when done it is impossible to tell the difference."—Mrs. E. R. Burton, Monroe, Iowa.

"When frying raised doughnuts, be sure they are put into the grease with the side that was next to the cloth or wax-paper turned to the top. This seems to give the flat side a chance to round out. "Instead of cutting doughnuts the usual way, make breadsticks comparable to bakery ones by cutting the dough in strips 1 1/2 inches wide and 4 or 5 inches long. After glazing them, sprinkle with ground nut meats."—Mildred Powell, Dickens, Iowa.

THE COVER PICTURE

On the cover this month we bring you a picture of Juliana, our granddaughter and me. She will be three on February 25th.



OVER THE FENCE

Most of us think that it's quite a triumph to be married for fifty years, but Mr. and Mrs. Otto Stensland of Kenyon, Minnesota have celebrated their seventy-second wedding anniversary. Both of them are ninety-three, and they declare that their longevity is due to the fact that they both take long naps and drink quantities of coffee.

Mrs. Mildred Powell of Dickens, Iowa, writes that during the recent bus strike in Washington, D. C., her daughter, a typist-clerk in the Munitions building, rode back and forth to work in a big army truck. She lives in a large rooming house at Arlington Farms, a suburb of Washington, so it was a long ride.

My daughter, Dorothy Johnson, is very eager to find smocking transfers that are more than five years old. If you have any or can locate any, will you write to her in care of Kitchen-Klatter?

Sandwiches are called sandwiches because of an Englishman named the Earl of Sandwich. One day he became so engrossed in a game that he refused to leave the table for a meal. His cook became so worried that he sent up a piece of beef between two slices of bread—and that's how it all started.

Who has a pattern for the "Humming Bird Quilt Block". This is done in applique. Write Mrs. Chas. Johnson, 1027 SE 8th, Des Moines, Ia.

Mrs. Dewey Ross, Lamoni, Ia., writes they recently lost their home and contents by fire. She would appreciate some quilt pieces and patterns—also some recipes for all her cook books burned.

Mrs. Lee R. Jarrett, Atchison, Kansas, Rt. 2, would like to hear from some one who has gloxinia bulbs for sale.

The need for having fats did not end with Victory, but will be with us for some time. Waste fats are used in making nylons, tires, telephones, automobiles, and hundreds of other things we are waiting for, so continue to save it.

"One of the handiest time-savers is the use of absorbent paper such as soft paper napkins or paper toweling for draining bacon to give it the crisp-dry texture that is so popular."—Mrs. P. T., Cumberland, Iowa.



QUICK OAT CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

(No Sugar)

- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 egg
- 1 cup quick oats
- 1 Tbsp. milk
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. vanilla
- 1 7-oz. package chocolate chips

Cream shortening, honey, stir in beaten egg, quick oats and milk. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Stir into mixture. Add flavoring and chocolate chips. Drop by the teaspoonsful on to a greased cookie sheet and bake in a moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 2 1/2 dozen cookies.—Miss Erma Jackson, Sanborn, Ia.

RAISIN NUT PIE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup broken nut meats. (pecans preferred)
- 1 cup seedless raisins

Cream shortening and sugar until light. Add salt. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Stir in nuts and raisins, then add vanilla. Pour into baked pie shell and bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. This mixture forms a topping or meringue of its own.—Mrs. Everett Morris, Charles City, Ia.

HONEY NUT BREAD

(Sugar Saver)

- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 1 cup white flour
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup nut meats
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 cup honey
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 3/4 cup cold milk

Combine dry ingredients, combine liquids, and stir all together until dry ingredients are dampened. Bake one hour in a moderate oven.—Mrs. Russell Balvanz, Eldora, Iowa.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

TOMATO AND CHEESE SALAD

- 1 package lemon flavored gelatin
- 1 cup boiling tomato juice (fresh or canned)
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika
- 1/2 teaspoon minced onion
- 1/2 teaspoon minced parsley (not necessary)
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1/8 teaspoon celery seed
- 1 cup cottage cheese (or grated cheese)

Dissolve gelatin in juice. Add seasoning. Cool and let thicken slightly. Add rest of the ingredients and pour into mold which has been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce and serve garnished with salad dressing.—Mrs. Herbert Franke, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

CHEESE-PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1 package lime gelatine
- 1/2 cup cottage cheese
- 2 cups water
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup whipped cream

Dissolve gelatine in water. Chill until partly set, and then divide into equal portions. To 1 part add pineapple, to the other part add cottage cheese, whipped cream, and salt to taste. Pour cottage cheese layer on top of pineapple layer. Chill until firm and serve on lettuce.

CABBAGE SALAD

- 1 pint finely shredded cabbage
 - 1 pint of apples cored and chopped
 - 1/2 pint of salted peanuts skinned and broken apart
 - 1/2 cup sugar, or enough to suit your taste.
- Mix together and stir in a dressing made as follows:
- 1 tablespoon flour
 - 1 1/2 tablespoons sugar
- Mix and stir in
- 1 egg
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
 - 1 1/2 tablespoons melted butter
 - 1/4 cup of vinegar
 - 1/3 cup cream or whole milk
- Cook in double boiler. When cool mix with salad ingredients.—Nellie Baker, Oskaloosa, Ia.

DEAR OLD COFFEE POT

I love to hear the simmer
Of my dear old coffee pot;
I love to hear it hummin'
When it gets good and hot.
I love to see the vapor rise
Like incense in the room,
A floatin' and a fillin'
Every corner with perfume.

I love the smell o' roses
In the balmy month o' June;
I can hang around and listen
To almost any tune;
But the fragrance and the music
That nothing else has got
Is the odor and the hummin'
Of my dear old coffee pot.
By H. W. Locke.

VICTORY BROWN BREAD

- 3 cups of raisins
 - 4 level teaspoons soda
 - Add 2 1/2 cups boiling water and boil a few minutes. Let cool.
 - 3 eggs beaten
 - 1 1/4 cups dark syrup
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 3 teaspoons vanilla
 - 6 tablespoons melted shortening
 - 1 teaspoon salt
- Mix above ingredients. Add 3 cups flour, 3 cups bran flakes, and 1 1/2 cups black walnut meats. Add cooled raisin mixture. Bake 1 hour. Makes 2 loaves.—Mrs. Gerrit B. Koerselman, Hull, Iowa.

SUGARLESS CAKE

- 1 cup syrup (light or dark)
 - 1 egg
 - 1 cup apple butter
 - 1/2 cup raisins
 - 1 teaspoon soda
 - 1/2 cup shortening
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 - 1/2 cup nut meats
 - 1/2 teaspoon maple flavoring
 - 2 cups flour
- Follow usual procedure in mixing cake. Bake in moderate oven.—Mrs. Arthur Johnson, Webster City, Ia.



Kristin invites you to have a tea party with her.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "Do other grandmothers have this problem, Leanna? We have four grandchildren, all under eight, whom we truly love, but when they come to visit us (which is several times a week) they tear through the house like a tornado, and always leave disorder and litter and confusion. I know that at home they are required to be orderly and neat, and cannot understand why my daughter-in-laws allow them to make so much work for me. It's always a real job to straighten up the house after they leave."—Nebraska.

ANS: I suppose that the grandmothers who never get to see their grandchildren feel that they'd gladly pick up the litter, but that other grandmothers who have the same chore can readily understand how you feel. Why don't you begin insisting that they put things back before they leave even if it means holding up their parents' departure? Those children are old enough to listen to reason, so begin talking to them seriously and explaining how much it would help you if they behaved at your house as they behave at home.

QUES: "In recent months I've run into some criticism that surprises me a great deal, and now I'm beginning to question my own ideas. For the past year I've taught a Sunday School class of ten and eleven year old girls, and since I have a large home and can afford to do so, I've entertained them a great deal. As a result I've had many new members, and a thoroughly good, wide-awake class. Now the other teachers are complaining that I've set a pace that is beyond them, and that it isn't fair. It was my intention to build up a good class, but evidently I've been mistaken in the way to go about it. What do you think?"—S. D.

ANS: I think that the tactful thing to do would be to combine some of your class parties with other classes, thus giving the other children and teachers a chance to join in your good times. I don't think that the criticism you've received is justified for it doesn't cost much to entertain children if we want to make the effort. But at the present time it might be wise to extend your hospitality to other groups. This should promote a feeling of fellowship that doesn't seem to exist right now.

QUES: "For the past three years I've been dealing with a problem that finally has me 'licked'. Our son's wife is a nice, friendly girl, and always keeps herself well-dressed and attractive, but her two little girls are a disgrace they look so shabby and dirty. They would never have anything decent to wear if my husband and I didn't provide it, and believe it or not, I have to bring them to my

house if their hair is ever washed. I tried to overlook it for a long time, but now I give up—I don't know what to do to bring her to a sense of pride in her own children."—Mo.

ANS: It occurs to me that possibly you've slipped so completely into the role of being a second mother that now your daughter-in-law takes it for granted. It is strange that she takes good care of her own appearance and neglects the children's appearance, but stranger things have happened. May I suggest that you tell her frankly that you realize you've taken matters pretty much in your own hands, and that henceforth you'll keep more in the background? Stop buying clothes and washing hair; keep yourself firmly in the background no matter how you feel. I think it very possible that this may solve the bulk of the problem.

QUES: "We have a big, old-fashioned home with what was once a big barn and carriage house at the rear of the lot. Our two oldest boys, thirteen and fourteen, want us to remodel a section of this barn for a 'club-house', but it would be expensive to do a good job and some of the other parents would have to pitch in and help. I know that it would make them a fine 'club-house' and boys of that age need such a place, but I hate to propose it to the other parents because of the financial angle. What would you suggest?"—Nebr.

ANS: My suggestion would be to approach the other parents, not with a view of doing an expensive job of remodeling, but to cover the cost of materials. Let the boys do the work themselves. Such a project would keep them busy all winter, and they'd learn a lot about carpentering. Ask some of the other parents to help supervise from time to time, and all of them should share in the expense, but don't hire workmen to remodel and make a deluxe clubhouse. This is something the boys themselves should do.

QUES: "How do you teach children to behave nicely at social functions? I've gotten to the place where I hate to have my two children, a boy ten and a girl eight, invited anyplace because they're so noisy and rude and unmannerly. My husband and I have scolded and punished, but still they don't improve."—Missouri.

ANS: Children learn to behave nicely over a long period of time, not overnight. They learn by observing, and by the way they are treated in the home. I don't know that you behave rudely to your children in the privacy of your own home, but if you do you can be sure that they'll behave rudely everywhere they go. Children become pleasant adults by living in a



Home from the war! Douglas Ray Peterson, of Grundy Center, Ia., and his little sister Joan Carrol.

home where members of the family are pleasant to each other. This kind of behavior, day in and day out, accomplishes more than all of the scoldings and punishings in the world.

MOTHER'S GINGHAM APRON

Cholia Stuntz Heyde
Bremen, Indiana

My mother's gingham apron
Was not for style or show;
There were no special patterns
With bright designs aglow.

She chose the apron gingham
Of checked brown, blue or gray,
And "made it up in no time"
I often heard her say.

There were no "nice" fancy curves,
No ruffles to arrange,
No appliques to fasten.
No rickrack, for a change.

It was gathered at the belt
That tied so neat behind;
And hemmed in at the bottom
As straight as you could find!

There was the little pocket
Remembered all my years;
There's where she kept the kerchief
To wipe my childhood tears.

My mother looked so lovely,
In those days long since gone,
As she stood in the doorway
With her checked apron on.

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"IT'S FUN TO SEW

for

LITTLE GIRLS"

by

Leanna and Lucile

PRICE 50c.

It is practical, instructive and
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Shenandoah, Iowa.



Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olna C. Wiles

While going over the records in my day book, it is hard to believe that it is almost time to be ordering chicks. With holidays behind us and February a short month, it is time to begin looking over your chick price lists. I ordered mine last year on February fourth for April fourth delivery. Even at that, I was not promised, and in fact, did not receive the chicks at the time I had them ordered.

Some way I do not believe people are going out so strong on the chick raising proposition this year. With meat rationing lifted, chickens and eggs will not fill such a large place on the bill of fare—although I believe people would do very well to adhere to using more eggs in their diet, especially for small children and elderly people.

I have one very dear little friend—Danny Stewart—that comes to visit here quite often, and he will climb up on my lap and pat me on the cheek or give me a hug and a big kiss and say, "Wiles, will you fix me an egg?" And Wiles usually does. I have never yet had him coax for candy or cake. How much better an egg is for him than cookies or candy; although, I think children also need some of each.

I have seen children eat only the white of an egg and others positively refuse to eat the yolk, which contains iron—a very necessary element.

If eggs are poached and then mixed up, they usually are more palatable, and children get accustomed to eating them without being choosy. The same result can be accomplished by using whole eggs in custards and ice cream.

When my children were at home, I used to poach eggs in milk, then put the egg and milk in a dish, add a piece of butter and a few crackers and they enjoyed it very much.

My son is now thirty-one years old and is a Burlington bus driver, and about a month ago he had a siege of "flu". When he began eating again, he asked one of the cooks at the hotel to fix a dish of eggs in that way. She thought he was feverish to ask for such a dish, but fixed them for him. Later she told him they looked so good when she fixed them for him, she fixed some for herself—and liked them very much.

People that supply the nation's eggs may soon look with regret at the falling egg prices. The bubble has burst for those who depend on boom prices. The tendency now is to sell off some of the hens. If your hen house has the least sign of being over-crowded, it may be a very wise move. Pick out the ones that are not producing and the remaining ones will do that much better, by being given a better chance at the feeders and waterers. Such allowances will often make better layers out of the hens that might have been crowded away otherwise. Letting the feed supply run out may also result in a drop in egg production.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Holidays over! I should like to tell you about ours but by the time the magazine reaches you the holidays will be ancient history so I'll just say I hope you had as happy a time as we did. We had three of our boys with us, one of them arriving from Germany just a few days before Christmas. You know what that meant to us. Just knowing that all four of the boys were safe was pure joy. And now that the holidays are over, we are ready for a year of expressing our thankfulness for the blessings we have been given. The best way we can do that is by doing something for someone else.

Interest in our two group-projects slackened during December. It should pick up now that we are settling down for the winter. These long winter evenings are ideal for making scrapbooks and we are getting more and more calls for them for soldiers who are still over seas and for the hospitals. Several can work together on them and you can have fun as well as accomplish a good deal. Each of you gather up all the magazines you can spare and clip from them all the interesting articles and stories, jokes, puzzles and anything else that you yourself enjoyed reading. If a story is on two sides of a page, probably someone else in the group will have a copy of the same magazine and by working together you can get the complete article. Blank books are furnished by the USO. Ten cost \$1.50. That is the smallest amount they send out, but you can get as many more as you wish at 15¢ each. Send your order to me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif., and I will have the books sent to you, with full directions for making and the address where the finished books are to be sent.

If you prefer to sew or knit, we need many more wheel chair robes. They are to be approximately 43 by 70 inches—they vary some in size according to the pattern you use. They can be pieced, preferably of wool pieces, and made up like little quilts. These are warm but not heavy. Knitted ones are fine, too. Most of you have not yarn enough for a whole robe, so knit all you have into squares 6x6 inches and send them to me. I'll put them all together and make as many robes as possible. Several shut-ins have offered to knit if yarn is furnished. Have you any? Even a part Skein will help. Let me know and I'll tell you where to send it to be knitted. I wish you could see the joy these robes bring. Last month a bunch of them were taken to the hospital at San Diego. A soldier on crutches happened to be near when the box was taken from the car and wanted to know what they were and when he found out he said he wished he might have a bright one for his buddy who was having both his legs amputated that day. He got it! And it was on the bed when his buddy came from the operating room. Will you help make some? Get your club interested, too.

THE SCHOOL LUNCH

By Mrs. Eli Epse

One of the simplest plans for providing one hot dish for the child's school lunch is the one whereby each child brings some food in a covered glass jar, suitable for heating in a kettle of hot water on the school's heating stove.

This method requires the minimum of equipment, makes very little work for anyone concerned, and has one advantage over the plan where one kind of hot food is prepared for the entire school. Invariably, there will be several children who do not like that particular kind of food.

The children could take turns being responsible for getting the jars into the kettle at the proper time; also, deliver them to the pupils at serving time. The teacher could lift the jars out with one of the patented lifters used in cold pack canning, set them on a tray and the pupil in charge could carry them to the various desks.

The variety of foods suitable for reheating is practically endless—baked beans with bacon, creamed peas or corn, macaroni and cheese, chicken and noodles, escalloped potatoes and ham, creamed potatoes, slices of roast beef and pork in gravy, Spanish rice, meat balls in gravy or tomatoe sauce, baked ham with buttered sweet potatoes, escalloped tomatoes with pieces of cooked celery, Hungarian goulash, escalloped lima beans and various kinds of stews.

When preparing milk puddings for the school lunch such as cornstarch, tapioca, chocolate, etc., fold the stiffly beaten white of an egg into them, or put a meringue on top and brown in the oven. This makes them far more palatable and appetizing when eaten without milk or cream.

MOTHER'S PRAYER

Dear Father, Thou who hast given me the great gift of mother-love, help me to show that love every day in a gentle voice, tender, skillful hands, and a brave spirit.

Save me from nervous hurry and worry, from nagging, from short-sightedness and from dimness of vision that I may tuck my children in bed at night with a serene light still shining in my eyes.

Grant to me an understanding heart that I may always prove worthy of the trust of my children for I long to have them turn to me with their mistakes and failures as well as their achievements and successes.

Work within me, Thou who hast made the rich colors of autumn and the tender skies of spring, that I may see beauty and make it a part of my home. Teach me Thy way of gladness for I would ever keep a merry heart, a keen zest for the new and untried and pure fun in the give and take of every day companionship.

Dear Father of All, may the love, the patience, the understanding, the beauty and the gladness of my home reach out to other homes and so help to bring in Thy Kingdom on earth. Amen.

—Jessie Field Shambaugh.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Do you want to change climates with me today? I don't know what you're having at the moment in the line of wind and snow, but whatever it is I'd trade it gladly for our current drizzle that has been going on for—well, forever, it seems to me. Sometimes I think that it would be a relief to have a good wild wind raging, and clouds of snow whirling down the street. This cold, clammy, never-ending drizzle gets to be an awfully old story, and when Dorothy stopped by this morning she said emphatically that she was convinced San Francisco had the worst climate in the world. Sunny California has nothing to do with this particular strip of the coast. This morning it was so cold that Juliana asked me if I could get her the sled at Grandfather's house, and I had to explain to her once again that it might be cold all right but that it didn't snow. Not that it wouldn't if I had my way about it!

Since I last wrote to you we have had all of the excitement of seeing Howard safely home from his long pull in the Pacific. I must tell you how we happened to see him for it is most unusual to get to see returning veterans at any point near this city. Thousands and thousands of men have been coming in every day, and it's understandable that they are kept together until they reach their separation centers. Civilians are urged to make their peace with the fact that these service men aren't really back at all until they arrive in their hometowns, so this gives you an idea of how fortunate Dorothy and I were to have a visit with Howard.

I was almost positive that Howard was coming in on a big boat named the General Aultman, and every day I studied the list of arriving boats to see if the Aultman had docked. Well, one evening about eight o'clock I found what I had been looking for: the Aultman was due to dock at Pier 15 at eight o'clock the following morning. I ran out to my neighbor's to telephone Dorothy at her neighbor's (we girls are both without telephones and somewhere in the sixty-thousands on the waiting list), but I couldn't stir a soul. I tried all evening long without success and finally went to bed very disappointed, for I knew that if we reached the pier around seven o'clock we'd at least get to see Howard come down the gangplank—providing he was on the boat. I had no assurance that he was, you see, and nothing really to go on except a strong hope.

It was about eleven the next morning before I could get in touch with Dorothy, and then she came over at once and we called the correct army number to see if the Aultman had docked on schedule. Yes, it had. Could they give us any information on the personnel aboard it? No, they couldn't, but if we would go to Fort Mason at once we could find out what we wanted to know.

We went over to Fort Mason immediately, and the captain in charge of information gave us a big folder of papers and told us to go through



Kristin Solstad and Juliana Verness

them—it was the list of men aboard the Aultman. Our eyes were set for IOWA, SHENANDOAH, and you can imagine our happy surprise when we saw the name DRIFTMIER, H. H. Dorothy and I looked at each other and nearly cried we were so happy to think that Howard was actually right in the territory, safely home at last.

The next problem was how to find him, and this was a mighty big problem. However, the same captain told us that he had probably been sent aboard a smaller boat to Camp Stoneman forty miles away on the Sacramento river, that he would arrive at Camp Stoneman sometimes during the day, and that if we drove up there we would be permitted to see him—if, and a big IF, he could be located. Incidentally, I guess that the reason the captain gave us so much of his time was because we were the only people there looking for someone. We thought that there would be mobs seeking the same type of information, but not another soul was around.

Well, Dorothy and I started right out for Camp Stoneman and because there was so much traffic for miles, we didn't get there until four o'clock. Dorothy went immediately to General Headquarters at the camp, and I sat in the car and watched eight different companies come in on big convoys and unload. These were all men who had arrived back in the United States that day, and they were so happy that it was enough to bring the tears to your eyes as you watched them. I'm sure that many of you friends must have had members of your family among those men, and I wish that you might have been with me to see them as they jumped off of the trucks shouting, clapping each other on the back, and acting half-wild with joy.

I could write a good many pages about the things that I watched as I sat there, but to make a long story short I must tell you that around sixty-three we located Howard. Several officers got interested in the case and it got to be almost a matter of honor with them to locate this man among the many, many thousands of men who had poured into that huge camp during the day. (If I told you how many square miles of ground that camp covers you'd probably accuse me of exaggerating!) At any rate, Dorothy was almost ready to give up and admit defeat when the man who was with her suggested stepping into just one more barracks and calling out the name. She told him to go ahead and

try although she had really given up hope, and it wasn't more than a minute later that she saw Howard come running down the steps. When he saw her he ran to kiss her, and then in the next breath said, "How in the world did you ever find me?" It seems that he had arrived at the camp AFTER we arrived, so no wonder he was astounded.

We sat in the car and talked and talked until after nine o'clock, and we tried to catch up on some of the highlights of news from home since Howard hadn't received any letters after early October. We couldn't get everything told in that short time, but it was wonderful just to see someone who had been gone for seventeen months under circumstances that were often extremely desperate. We wanted to bring him into San Francisco with us, but he couldn't leave camp, so we said goodbye there and started the long drive back home. And I must say right here that we were the only civilians we saw at Camp Stoneman who were searching for someone. I think that one reason we received so much co-operation was because all of the men expressed astonishment that anyone would start looking for a needle in the haystack, as they put it. But as you can see, it often pays to try the impossible.

I've told you about this in such detail because I'm sure that many of you have husbands, brothers and sons who are coming into San Francisco these days, and my account of our little expedition will give you an idea of what it is like to try and locate someone under such circumstances. Dorothy said that her only regret was not getting in touch with me in time to get to the pier, for she has met dozens of trains, busses and planes, but never before was there a chance to meet a big boat.

We've had company during this past month too. My sister-in-law, Boletta Verness Solstad, and her little Kristin who is three weeks younger than Juliana, came to visit us enroute to San Diego from their home in Minneapolis. Those of you who remember my references to John and his long, long dangerous time in the Pacific, can put another piece in the pattern when I tell you that he arrived back in the States in November and saw his little girl for the first time. Now he will be stationed at the Marine Base in San Diego until October, so of course he wanted his family with him. When we had Juliana, Kristin Johnson and Kristin Solstad together it was quite a sight. It was the first time the two Kristins had met each other, and they got along very well. Boletta, Dorothy and I want to make them identical dresses to wear for Christmas of 1946 when we all hope to be together again.

I've been sewing a great deal these days—this time I'm concentrating on a winter coat for Kristin Johnson. Lately I've had so many ideas for new dresses that my fingers itch to get ahold of new material. I haven't minded making over and making over, but won't it be wonderful when there is actually cotton to choose from again?

Always your friend, Lucile.



FOR THE CHILDREN

FEBRUARY'S PRESENT

By Maxine Sickels

Old Mother Year was marching along her busy way one day when she heard three of the month children quarreling. January, February and March were walking down the road together talking so fast and so loud that they did not see Mother Year at all.

"I am much bigger than you are," January said. "I am longer and colder." "So am I longer," said March, "I have thirty-one days and you only have twenty-eight." "So do I have thirty-one," said January, "and one of mine is New Year's Day. That is one of the jolliest days of the year. Everybody celebrates New Year's Day."

Little February walked along looking at his toes, "Sometimes I have twenty-nine days," he said stubbornly. "We know," answered March. "But we have thirty-one days every year and you only have twenty-nine every four years. You baby you! Why I have the first day of spring. Everybody is glad to see me."

February had a hard time keeping the tears from coming. "But I have some very famous birthdays" he said. "Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays are both on my page."

"Oh, poof!" said January "Every month has birthdays" and January and March went down the road like a gust of cold wind.

February looked so little that good old Mother New Year came over to comfort him.

"Never you mind, baby. You are the smallest of all my children but I shall give you a special wish. Bless your dear heart, 'what would you like to have?'" said Mother Year.

February gasped with delight, "Mother, could I have a day all my own, a very nice day?"

"You shall have one," answered Mother Year. "Dear me, what shall it be. Bless your dear heart! There, that's it. We will make a day of hearts, red hearts, white hearts, plain hearts, fancy hearts, paper, candy, cookie hearts! And we will call it Valentine Day! Where do you want it?"

February was so pleased that he could hardly speak but he said, "Oh, good Mother Year, let me have it right in the middle of my page so that I can spend half my time looking forward to my Valentine Day and half my time looking back at it."

And that my dear children, is just what she did. If you don't believe me go figure it up.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This month we remember the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. You will learn many things about him in school, of course, but perhaps you will not hear this story.

When Lincoln was President of the United States he was out walking one day with a friend and glanced down to see a beetle on its back waving its legs in the air in its vain efforts to turn over. Lincoln reached down and helped it over, saying to his friend, "If I had left that bug there struggling on its back I wouldn't have felt just right. I wanted to put it on its feet so that it would have an equal chance with the other beetles."

When you are tempted to be cruel to any living thing, think of Abraham Lincoln who, although President of the United States, stopped to help a little beetle turn over.

FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS

The next time you want to play a magic trick on your family, tell them that you are going to push a hat through a small hole in a piece of paper. Of course they will say that you can't do this, so show them that you can by placing a hat on the table, and making a small round hole in a piece of paper. Then take a pencil and, sticking it through the hole, push the hat. They will have to agree that you pushed the hat through the hole.

Probably you have blown up many paper bags to hear them pop when you hit them with your hands, but this time try a little experiment to see how much power your breath has. Take a long narrow bag of heavy paper and lay it on the edge of the table with its mouth toward you. Then place a book on the bag and begin to blow. You will be surprised to see how much weight your breath will lift, and everyone who watches will want to try it for himself.

FEED THE BIRDS

When the snow comes and covers up their food supply, remember to put out something for the birds. Bits of suet, left-over cereal, or crumbs from the bread board will be greedily devoured by the birds who stay with us through the winter. Perhaps your big brother or your father will put up a small shelf outside the window where you can watch them eat during the winter months. Next summer they will repay you by destroying the bugs in the garden.

Tell mother to listen to Kitchen-Klatter at 3:15.

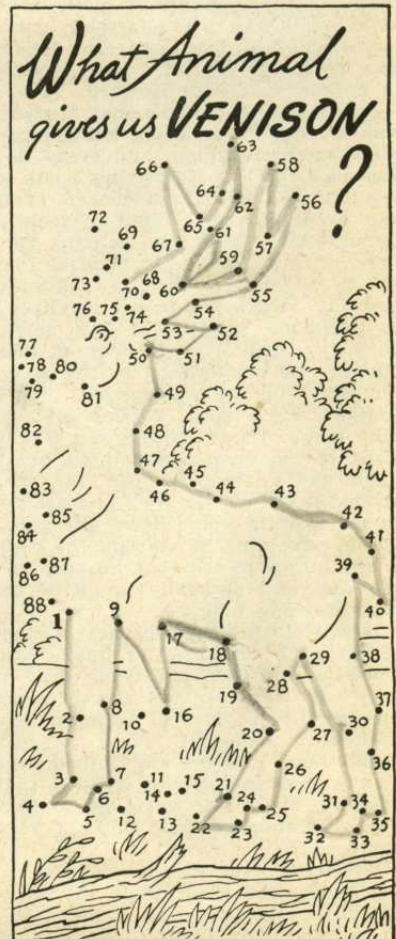


Mabel Nair Brown's three children, Lohrville, Iowa.

KNOW YOUR STATE

Nebraska

Flower—Goldenrod
Nickname—"The Cornhusker State"
Area—77,520 square miles
Capital—Lincoln
Largest City—Omaha
Bird—Western Meadow Lark.
(Watch for your state next month)



Wouldn't you hate to be a corn stalk and have your ears pulled off.

OUR HOBBY CORNER

Would like view card of hospitals.—Mrs. Ivan Reish, 700 N. Division Ave., Creston, Iowa.

Would like to exchange single red geraniums for an American Beauty, Blue, Cream veined pink, blush, outdoor bulbs, or perennial plants of all kinds. Please write first, to Lida Smith, Box 5, Yuma, Michigan.

Would like to exchange shakers.—Mrs. John C. Johnson, 408 East 6th Street, Albert Lea, Minnesota.

Would like antique shaving mugs.—Mrs. C. F. Hultgren, 2890 Bauman, Omaha, Nebraska.

Will exchange quilt patterns for anything in the flower line. Please write first.—Mrs. Philip Bender, Rt. 1 A, Afton, Iowa.

Would like buttons of all kinds.—Lois Leinard, Route 4, Winterset, Ia. "Cookie Cutters" are the hobby of Mrs. Robert Moore, R.R.D., Hopewell, New Jersey.

Mrs. D. Schulmeyer, Lawrence, Kansas, has some Datura flower seeds to exchange for flour or feed sacks.

Mrs. Dorothy Daby, 209 So. Broad will exchange crocheting for washed feed sacks. Write to her first.

Mrs. Rosenbaum, 915 Virginia, Sioux City (19), Iowa, will exchange fascinators for feed sacks, nut meats or "what have you". Write first.

"Here is my hobby. I have a collection of over 300 elephants, all sizes, colors and shapes, but would like many more so will exchange something of same value for elephants."—Mrs. Hope Miller, 126 South Brighton, Kansas City 1, Mo.

Jean Hersholt collects rare books.

Wm. S. Hart, retired movie star, lives enjoyable amid his hobbies. A fine pistol collection, his horses and pets.

Bud Abbot, of Abbot and Costello, has an interesting hobby, the collection of weapons, some of which have figured in the lives of the nations most notorious criminals in the past.

"Have been wondering for weeks what to give my married daughter for her birthday. She was home last Sunday and was looking at my Kitchen-Klatter and said she would like to take it. So that made up my mind."—Mrs. J. A. Sparks, Route 1, Effingham, Kansas.

TO OUR BROTHER IN SERVICE

Sgt. George Valenta has been in service over three years and has spent four Christmases away from home, at present being stationed in Hawaii.

Thinking of you, while you're away, Wishing you all that's best, Sending our love at end of day, By the sunset to the west.

To you, Dear Brother, over there, Upon Pearl Harbor Bay, Doing your part, with a plane in the air, Some thousand miles away.

By Mrs. Roland Kostlan and Miss Irene Valenta.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 5¢ per word, \$1.00 minimum charge, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 10th of the month preceding date of issue.

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 Haylett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

YOU'LL BE PLEASED WITH THESE CUTE VALENTINE HEARTS and Shamrocks of chenille for the children, placecards, favors, 10¢ each, \$1.00 per dozen. Mrs. J. Leonard, 9215 Lyndale Avenue South, Minneapolis 9, Minnesota.

LOVELY CROCHETED CURTAIN PULLS. shape of pineapple. White or ecru crocheted on colored rings. State color. 20¢ each. Carrie Henningson, Havelock, Iowa.

CROCHETING. Round 30 inch rugs, bright yarns, \$3.25; Spitz dogs, \$1.25; pot holders, 3 for \$1.00; pansy doilies, medium, 75¢; large, \$1.00. Mrs. G. M. Page, 709½ Keeler Street, Boone, Iowa.

HANDMADE AND ENGRAVED BRACELETS, \$1.00; table center decorations, \$2.00. Harriet McCracken, 1516 Carroll, Boone, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL CORSAGES, won't crush, \$1.00; neckless, \$1.00; earrings, 50¢; fascinators with rosebuds around face, \$2.00. Myrtle McManus, 217-17th Street, Boone, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERED CHAIR SETS with dainty crocheted edge, \$2.00; band style muslin aprons with applique trimming, \$1.25. Mrs. Fred Jensen, Nashua, Iowa.

CROCHETED DOILIES STAR DESIGN, 10 inches, \$1.00; Northern Lights, 19 inches, \$3.00. Ecru or variegated. Mrs. Alfred Johnson, Cushing, Nebraska.

CHENILLE TABLE FLOWERS, \$2.00; bouquet or table centers, \$2.50; also corsages for coats and dresses, \$1.00. Mrs. Katie Fortune, P. O. Box 735, Storm Lake, Ia.

FOR SALE: Knit baby sweaters, \$2.50; booties, \$1.00; soakers, \$1.00; feed sacks for aprons, 35¢ apiece. Mrs. Eddie Neubaum, Mapleton, Iowa.

BABY CLOTHES: Diapers, \$3.50 dozen; kimono and slips, 60¢; dresses, \$1.00 to \$1.75; crocheted booties, 75¢. Mrs. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

FOR SALE: I shall continue to fill orders for the same items as appears in the December issue. Emma M. Stein, Dysart, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERED CHAIR SETS with dainty crocheted edge, \$2.00. Mrs. Fred Jensen, Nashua, Iowa.

MAH-JONGG GAME: Made of bambo and ivory. Comes in fine drawer box, \$25.00. Mrs. Harry Carlson, Stratford, Iowa.

CROCHETED WOOL FASCINATORS, triangular, 46 inches long way, \$2.25; 40 inches, \$2.00; 36 inches, \$1.60; plain colors or white edged. Straight, 46 inches long, 16 inches wide, \$3.25. Mrs. W. J. Rosenbaum, 915 Virginia St., Sioux City 19, Iowa.

100 PERSONAL MAILING POSTAL CARDS: blue or gray, \$1.00. Will send sample. 100 printed sheets and 50 printed envelopes to match. Blue, ivory, or white, \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50. Mrs. Anna Rohe, 2954 Apple, Lincoln, Nebraska.

FOR SALE: White crocheted bedspread, 73x 77 inches, \$27.00. Pretty embroidered dish towels, 50¢ each. Mrs. Will Kracke, Hope, Kansas.

FITS ALL SEWING MACHINES DARNER. For hosiery, clothing, and linens. 39¢. Easy to operate. Ethel Strayer, 2971 Dudley, Lincoln 3, Nebraska.

HEALTH BOOKLET (by a nurse). Suggestions for persons who find it hard to reduce. Relief for the allergic (food sensitive) person. 30 health questions answered. Gas forming foods. Vitamin importance and the one dangerous vitamin. Cooking and household tips. Price 35¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

PINAFORE DOLL DRESS DISH CLOTH. crocheted, ivory with red, blue, or green trimming. Price, 50¢. Crocheted hat sachet p.n cushion, pastel shades, price, \$1.00. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Iowa.

WANTED: Jiffy Knitter, with thumb screw, for making daisies, send price first. Ethel Cromer, Osage Beach, Missouri.

WANTED: Extra nice crocheted bedspread, and table cloth, and pot holders. Give size, color, and price. Mrs. Chas. Polaski, 1630 Exchange Avenue, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

LOVELY PRINT APRONS, bib style, \$1.00. Mrs. G. S. Valentine, Route 7, Topeka, Kansas.

"Enclosed you will find \$2.00 for two subscriptions to the Kitchen-Klatter. My two sisters were visiting me Sunday and I showed them the magazine. They liked it very much and each one wants it for 1 year. I like the magazine very much myself."—Mrs. Albert Fredericks, Geneva, Ia.

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AID SOCIETY HELPS

MARKET DAY

Once in a while an idea turns up for raising funds that proves to be a tremendous success when it is put into practice. Such an idea is "Market Day", a variation of the familiar bazaar, but with a fresh and interesting turn that has made it a really enjoyable money-maker for the groups that have tried it.

Market Day will probably be held in the basement of your church for you'll want a place big enough to accommodate the crowds that are bound to turn up. It pays to go to extra work to decorate the six booths that will be needed. Crepe paper decorations, tables covered with immaculate white paper, and potted plants or flowers will pay dividends in the attractive effect that they create. Above the booths should be signs indicating the type of items to be found there.

A list of the six suggested booths and the articles in them reads as follows:

OPEN MARKET: Dressed chickens, eggs, milk, cream, pies, fresh vegetables, cottage cheese, etc.

PANTRY: Canned fruits, canned vegetables, honey, pickles, jells, jams, herbs, etc.

SEWING ROOM: Aprons, lunch cloths, stuffed animals, knitted articles, etc.

PLANT AND BULB ROOM: Potted plants, bulbs, seeds, attractive containers, bittersweet, winter bouquets, etc.

JUMBLE SHOP: Children's furniture, lamps, magazine racks, good toys, dishes, books, old magazines, etc.

FOOD BAR. Sandwiches, salads, coffee, tea, sugar, and cream.

Each booth should have a chairman appointed at least one month in advance, and it should be her responsibility to select a committee to help her with plans and the actual work involved. There is always the possibility that donations to one or two booths will far exceed the donations to others, so in order to avoid bare shelves it is wise to line up donations far in advance, specifying that each person contribute to as many booths as possible rather than to only one booth.

It is wise to place the Food Bar as close to the kitchen as possible since it is expected that a great many of the customers will be interested in

stopping for a cup of tea and sandwiches, or salad and coffee. Incidentally, the income from this particular booth will probably surprise you, so it is well to have ample supplies on hand when Market Day opens.

If your Aid is one that has lost quite a few members during the past few years when people have moved about the country a great deal, it is suggested that a Memory Booth be included in the above list. Former members should be written to well in advance, told about the forthcoming event, and requested to send a donation. It is nice, in this case, to label the objects with the name and address of the donor, for no doubt many old friends will be surprised and interested in objects sent by far-distant people. One Aid Society in Nebraska reported that this was the booth that drew the most comments from the crowd.

Such a Market Day should bring a gratifying amount into the Aid treasury if the affair has been well-organized and if everyone does his part. Advance advertising is necessary, of course, and it stands to reason that the first one in a community will naturally draw the biggest crowds. If you're looking for a good new idea, don't wait too long to try Market Day. It's bound to be a success.

MAKE MONEY FOR YOUR AID

If you are interested in making money for your Aid Society, it is possible for me to again let you take subscriptions for the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine." Write me for complete information about the plan. The paper situation is a little better now, and we can add more subscribers to our list.

FAMILY FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

For several years our children were promised something special "When the Lights Go On Again All Over the World." Let's give our teen-agers a "super-duper" party. February is a grand month for parties as we can make them Valentine or patriotic or a mixture of both.

From the following suggestions for invitations, refreshments and entertainment, I hope you find helpful ideas for your party. Make your party as simple or elaborate as you wish, but do let the children help. You might even decide to give the sort of party where the guests themselves are invited right into the kitchen to prepare the refreshments. Of course, you will want to have the necessary ingredients handy. Give the boys aprons (frilly paper ones would create fun) and let the girls direct the preparations of their partners—each couple being given a definite task—as the sandwiches, the drink, etc.

Invitations—Postal cards can be decorated with heart or flag seals and the invitation written in red ink. One can cut red hearts from heavy paper and add a frill around edge by cutting edges from lace paper doilies. Use white ink or pencil to write on red

paper. Make flag invitation by making a folder of red paper and pasting on stripes of white and a 'blue field' in corner. White ink will make the crosses for stars in blue field. You might word your invitations thus: "Upon the eve of St. Valentine, will you come to a party of mine? Walk right in, or you may knock; but be here promptly at 8 o'clock," or "Lives of two great men now reminds us that a party would be fine, so please come to my house on the twelfth; 8:00 P. M. will be the time."

Refreshments—Cut bread slices with heart-shaped cookie cutter. Open faced sandwiches are pretty. Spread with soft cheese or other spread, decorate with slice of stuffed olives, bits of pimento and springs of parsley, or write out guest names with soft cheese put through pastry tube. Make 'bunting' sandwiches by using rectangular slices spread with ground meat mixture and white stripes of salad dressing or use white spread with red pimento stripes. Very pretty sandwiches are made by cutting slices lengthwise of loaf; use bright red jelly or jam spread, roll as jelly roll cake, wrap in dampened cloth, chill, then slice into pin wheels to serve. Lovely cookies cut with hearts, hatchet or tree cutters can be decorated with heart candies or red cherries with green gum drops or icing stems and leaves—or write guests' names with icing. These may be used as edible favors or place cards.

An extra special dessert is made by dropping peeled and cored whole apples into red tinted syrup. Cook until tender but still hold their shape. Place each apple in a cup. Fill center with nuts, pineapple, dates and raisins, then fill cup with red gelatine liquid. This can be unmolded on lettuce leaf and decorated by bit of salad dressing or whipped cream.

Games—Hide hearts (paper or candy) about room. Divide group into three groups—love birds, turtle doves and puppy loves, with a captain for each. Players find hearts and take to captain who makes noise for his group as each player gives him the hearts—birds whistle, doves coo, and puppy barks. Group gathering most hearts wins.

Who am I? This is a good ice breaker. As guests arrive, slips of paper are pinned on their backs with names of great Americans (living and dead) written on slips. Each person tries to guess his own identity by asking other players questions to be answered "yet or no". Example: Am I dead, Am I a poet, Did I know George Washington, etc.

Wooden Shoe Race—Guests, in couples, form two lines. Each girl stands on wooden shingles. When race starts, her boy partner takes shingle and moves it for each step and places her foot on, etc. The first couple to reach the goal wins.

Stunts:

1. Say alphabet backwards.
2. Act out your favorite song so audience guesses title.
3. Sing nines of multiplication to tune of Yankee Doodle.
4. Tear out silhouettes of Washington or Lincoln free-hand.