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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## MAGAZINE

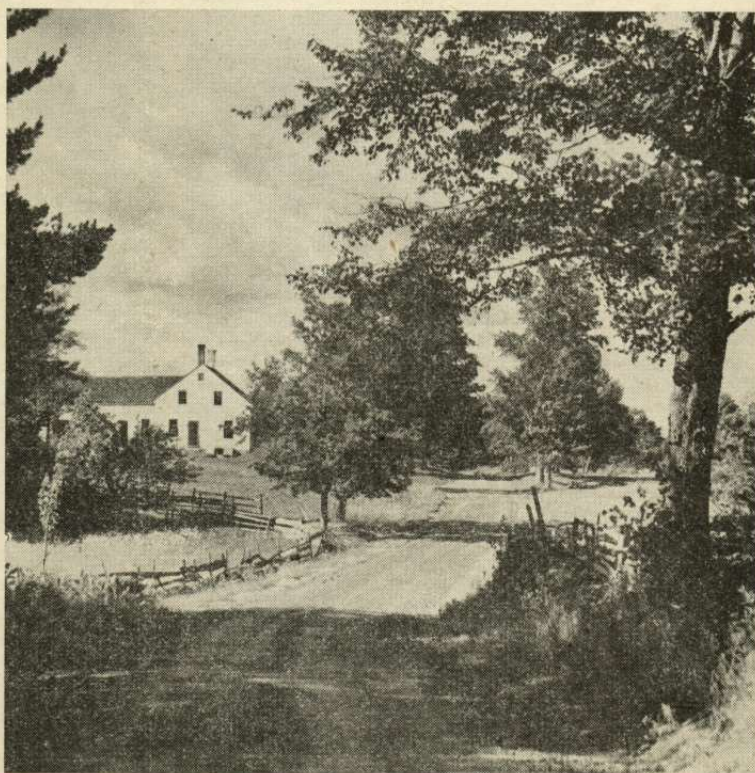
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Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Friends,

This is a rainy day—just the kind of a day I love to write letters. We folks down here in southern Iowa are glad to see the rain fall for it has been so dry that our gardens were growing very slowly. We are sorry we did not get our tomatoes and cabbage plants in before the rain came, but there has been so much danger of their freezing, we have been a little slow.

We have our housecleaning done, all but the back porch. It has removable glass windows on three sides and we have not taken those off yet. We decided not to do any papering until fall.

My sister Sue Conrad who lives in Clarinda, Iowa, has returned home after spending about six weeks with us. We enjoyed having her here and hated to see her leave. We are surely fortunate that we sisters can be together often. Jessie and Sue in Clarinda, Helen and I in Shenandoah and Martha in Des Moines. Because of gas rationing we don't get to see her as often as we used to.

I spent a very happy Mother's Day. Frederick was the only one of our children who could be at home but we had letters from the three boys in the army and a telephone call from Dorothy and Lucile, our daughters in California. Lucile said it had been a year and a half since she had heard my voice. Dorothy was feeling fine. She is expecting a visit from the stork in June and hopes her sister Margery can come to California as soon as her school is out.

Just as we were leaving for church, I received a Mother's Day cablegram from Margery's boy friend who is with our army in England. He recently lost his own mother and I think it was very thoughtful of him to remember me. It is a tragic thing for a boy to lose his mother and to have this happen while he is overseas makes it doubly sad.

We were invited to my sister Helen's for supper and had a good visit with her daughter Louise Alexander of Santa Monica, California, who is visiting her parents. Louise has a little girl five years old and a boy of seven months. It wasn't exactly a pleasant trip from California to Iowa but they got here safely. She was glad friends had advised her to pack a lunch box, for food was the worst problem.

You will notice that this magazine has not quite as many pages this month. This is due to government restrictions on the amount of paper we can use. By saving paper during the summer months, if there are no further restrictions, we can again print 16 pages during the fall and winter months. I will crowd just as much good help as I can into these fewer pages. In the July issue Lucile, our oldest daughter, will start a continued story, "An American Family", which will be something like the "Memory Book" we Field children wrote for our parents. If you did not take Kitchen-Klatter when I published my life story, you will enjoy what Lucile writes of our own family and happenings and those of others closely related to us. Since we will not be able to print as many magazines as formerly, you should loan your magazines to those who may not be able to receive it.

Our boys in the army are quite scattered. Wayne is in Hawaii, Howard at Fort Lewis, Washington, and Don at Grand Rapids, Michigan. Howard and Don will soon finish their training and be ready for combat duty. I am not one of these optimistic folks who think peace will come soon. We must be willing to undergo more sacrifices and do all in our power, here on the home front, to hasten the end of the war and the return of our sons to the good old U.S.A. May God bless you and your dear boys, wherever they may be.

Lovingly,

—Leanna.

### SACCHARINE

Is it harmful to use saccharine in place of sugar as a sweetening agent? Not if used very moderately. However, it would be a better idea to learn to eat less sweet food and leave the saccharine to those who need it. One-fourth grain of saccharine is equal to a teaspoon of sugar. It can be used to sweeten coffee, tea, cocoa or fruit drinks but should not be put in foods we cook. Heat brings out a bitter taste. It is not practical to use it in canned fruits or jelly. Saccharine may be used to sweeten vinegar for pickles but add a little at a time for too much of it gives a sickening taste. Remember, it is from 300 to 500 times as sweet as sugar.

### A DAY FOR DAD

As a mother, I had felt a little queer about all the fuss made over me on Mother's Day and was glad when someone remembered Dad, and had a day set aside to honor him. I have heard people complain about these special days, saying they were just a scheme to sell flowers, candy, shirts and other items used as gifts, but it seems to me the love that promotes the buying of gifts is the most important thing to think of. Remember your Dad on Father's Day.

### DAD

I had a dad, just yesterday  
Not young, it's true, but well and gay,  
And full of live and love and vim—  
Today but memories live of him!

My dad was good, his life was clean,  
He never acted small and mean,  
He was tender, unselfish, and strangely fine,  
A prince of a man, that dad of mine!

He had not set the world on fire  
Great fame was never his desire,  
But, oh, his name is much revered,  
By scores of friends whose hearts he cheered.

He never raved around, nor swore,  
Nor stamped his foot upon the floor,  
But just one quiet word from him  
Could make you squirm and hide your chin.

He had a gentle patient way  
Of hearing each one say his say,  
He never argued—just sat still  
And let the hotheads rant at will.

But after they had gotten through  
You glanced at him, and then you knew  
That not one argumental height  
Had altered his clear view of right!

His God came first, his family next,  
And "love thy neighbor" was his text.  
His riches he was laying by,  
In that far land beyond the sky.

He left no fortune grand behind,  
But oh, he left a peace of mind,  
The knowledge that his life was free  
Of aught but fineness comforts me.

—Author Unknown.

### A VALUABLE BOOK

A friend of mine mislaid her pocket book and was very much upset. Not because of the money it contained, but because the precious Ration books were in it and she knew it would be quite a job to get others. If you should find a ration book, return it to the board that issued it. Have you read the front cover of your second ration book carefully? If not, you should. There is a lot of good information in that fine print.

Save for the future by buying War Bonds.



# Come into the Garden with Helen



## LET'S HAVE FLOWERS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

This summer will, no doubt, be one of the busiest many gardeners have experienced. To still keep up our interests in flowers and perform all the many additional tasks falling to us will be quite a problem. Those who have already in the past established permanent borders will still have flowers regardless of the press of work. A little time each day will keep these in order and going on, until that time comes again when we are able to devote more time to the less reliable but beautiful plants. There are many members of the flower kingdom which give beauty year after year with little or no care. Among these are the many flowering shrubs, which not only give beauty of blossom in the spring, but foliage of vivid coloring in fall and fruits striking to the eye and full of pleasure to hungry birds. There are many of these shrubs to be found adaptable to our Middle West listed very reasonably in the catalogs of our section.

Then there are any number of very hardy roses which take no care over winter at all, such as the old-fashioned yellow rose; the white rugosa with its abundance of dark bluish-black rose hips in fall; and many pink or red varieties. Peonies also give bloom year after year as do the reliable Iris.

To those having a limited space for growing flowers, there is the chance of giving at least one row of precious garden space to some easily grown annuals which may be grown for their beauty in the garden or for picking. There are many of these, too well known to enumerate. Plant them if possible near rows of vegetables which mature easily and will be cleared off. Then instead of a bare spot will be the row of beautiful flowers to do well far into the fall.

If this small space may not even be granted, have a window box. A few plants may be purchased at the florists or from some nursery which will give color and cheer all summer. One may put into these the house plants adaptable to what ever location the window box must necessarily be placed. But don't forget to make the soil very rich and mellow, give good drainage and water well all during the season.

A bed of colorful geraniums or foliage plants take care of themselves very nicely if watered occasionally; also providing cuttings for the winter window garden. Even summer storms do little damage by breakage since these sort of plants profit by pruning anyway and they will branch out all the better for having been broken off.

Failing a bit of land for flowers, a suitable window box or even an open bed for plants, one still may have a cheerful spot of color all summer. One of the most beautiful of floral displays I ever saw was made by a busy farm mother whose duties held her close to her home. On either side of the kitchen door were large old wash tubs filled with the richest of soil. Since this was on the north side of the house, the tubs were filled in spring with slips of the pink ever-blooming begonia, Trailing Queen Coleus and pink or white petunia of the ruffled types. It was protected from wind and hot sun, and very conveniently placed for watering. One could not go in or out of that kitchen door without the sight of loveliness and the sense of fragrance; more over it became more beautiful as the season advanced only checked by the severest frost in fall, as it was covered on cold nights. Any one may have this sort of flower bed, planting whatever plants may be suitable as to the location of the kitchen door.

Let us not say we have no time for flowers—let us say rather that we must have at least one little bed of them to give us courage and hope for the future, as only flowers can do in their silent way.

## FRAGRANT BEGONIAS

By Pansy Barnes

Over and over we hear, "There isn't much new in the world!" But how queer it does make one feel when we think we have made the acquaintance of a new plant, to find that grandmother or even great-grandmother treasured it!

So it was with me when I "discovered" fragrant begonias. Last winter I saw some advertised. "Well, here is something decidedly new," I thought. Then I turned to "Begonias" in my Bailey's Cyclopedia of Horticulture, and was my face red! There I found that the very first begonia that was brought to England was nitida, in 1777. And nitida alba bears flowers of the purest white, which are sweet scented. This variety is prized even today. It has the nice habit of blooming in winter, too.

Shortly before Christmas, I received from California, a number of plants. Among them was "Tea Rose" and "Oadi". Oadi has lovely, glossy, green leaves of the shape similar to one known as "Angel Wings". It blooms constantly. The flowers are white and deepen to pink, as the days pass. Due to their habit of closing at night, they last a bit longer. The fragrance is a delicate heliotrope one.

"Tea Rose" has yet to bloom, but we have not long to wait now. We are wondering whether the flowers of this, too, will delight our nose as well as our eyes.

There is one bulbous begonia, Socotrana, which was brought to Edinburg in 1880 from the Island of Socotra in the Indian Ocean. Some consider it the most valuable one that has ever been introduced. It blooms at Christmas and has been one parent of many of the most prized varieties.

At Christmas time, I was given a glorious plant of "Marjorie Gibbs". No bunch of cut flowers could have been more beautiful and how it has bloomed! Even now in April, it is still a delight.

Recently, I picked a bunch of the stems with their big, pink blossoms to use for a corsage. To my great surprise, they too, had this exquisite odor of the heliotrope!

In 1908, Mr. J. A. Peterson of Cincinnati, Ohio, crossed Socotrana with Gloire de Lorraine and produced Glory of Cincinnati. (Glorie de Lorraine was the result of a cross of Socotrana with Deigei in 1891). Mr. Peterson kept on with his work and was rewarded with "Melior" in 1914 and "Mrs. Peterson" in 1915.

"Marjorie Gibbs" was produced by Gibbs Brothers of Lynn, Mass in 1934.

These plants want a soil that is moist but never soggy. No water may stand in the saucer. They like a strong light but not too much sun. New plants are not too difficult to start, and oh, what thrill when you have grown a fine plant all by yourself!

There are some gorgeous hybrids of socotrana that are not fragrant. These bloom in winter. The flowers have all the beauty of the tuberous ones, which we may have in summer, but have fibrous roots. They are a bit fussy about what they like, but if one is willing to meet their requirements, the rewards are rich.

## SOLDIER FROM THE LAND

By Vivian Taylor

I have known  
The delight of fresh turned loam,  
And the gleam  
Of a gull's silvered, slanting wing,  
close  
To the straining team.  
Standing at morn  
I have seen a field of dew-drenched  
corn,  
Listened to the refrain  
Of a meadow-lark, sweet as the breath  
of  
Summer rain.  
In my hand  
I have crushed the substance of the  
land,  
Felt the dark particles of earth  
And the exquisite pain, that was  
My country's birth.  
Now before my eyes  
A banner streams, from crimsoned  
skies,  
"America the Beautiful", I have heard  
thy call  
And my heart replies, "To thee, I give,  
I give my all."



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is the end of a very busy day, and it's with a sigh of relief that I sit down to have a little visit with you. Juliana is asleep, Russell is reading before he goes to work, and Frank and Dorothy just stopped in to say "Hello" on their road to a movie, so that accounts for all of us this May night.

Last night Dorothy had us come upstairs to her apartment for a lovely birthday dinner, for yesterday Russell and I both celebrated our birthdays. She had some beautiful roses for a centerpiece that we picked in Louise Fischer Alexander's garden yesterday morning. Louise was very busy packing and getting ready to leave for Shenandoah, and tonight I'm thinking about her and the two children and wondering how they're getting along on the train. It will be the first time that Fischers have seen Carter, who is now almost eight months old, and I know they'll enjoy him.

Dorothy and I are counting the days until Margery gets here. We feel guilty taking her away from Mother, but Dorothy is going to need help and I won't be able to do as much for her as I would under ordinary circumstances. We three sisters think that we'll have a wonderful time together this summer, and when Margery returns home she can carry a full report of little Juliana and Dorothy's baby. She has her names selected, but we'll wait and see if she gets her C or K before we tell you.

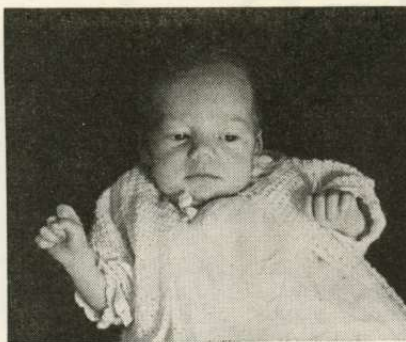
Last week we had our first blackout in almost a year. Fortunately we were all at home for it was a Sunday night, and after we had put Juliana's bassinet in a big closet under the staircase (the safest place in our home) we all stood on the front steps and watched the dazzling searchlights sweep the skies. We could hear many planes above us, and it was a relief to have Clarence Meyer with us for he could recognize the various motors and reassure us that they were our own planes. We don't enjoy blackouts!

Juliana is almost ten weeks old now and she's reached the cunning stage where she laughs and coos. I'm terribly happy to report that my night prowling is at an end since she now sleeps from ten at night until seven in the morning. What heavenly bliss to fall into bed and know that it won't be necessary to get up and heat a bottle! She spends almost the entire day out on the porch in her carriage, and my! I wish you could see the roses in her cheeks. Her hair is definitely red and when I pick her up I sometimes say "And how is my little red-head?" even though Russell is scared to death that people will start calling her "Red" for a nick-name.

I'm in the same predicament that I was in last month—I could write at least three pages without any trouble at all. But space limits are space limits, so this must be all.

Good night and best wishes,

—Lucile.



Juliana Verness. Age four weeks.

## THINGS ONE REMEMBERS

By Frederick Driftmier

For some reason I was restless on that warm October night last fall. Something seemed to tell me that I was in for trouble. Perhaps it was the quiet that made me restless—it was too quiet. As I lay there in my tent, curled up on a camp cot, I could hear the laughter of soldiers on the airfield nearby, and every once in a while I could hear the staccato burst of night-fighter motors being warmed up for the take-off. But in between these sounds there was a type of silence that made me uneasy. Some people say that silence is silence, and that all silence is the same; a simple absence of sound. But I don't agree with them. I was thinking about that as I dropped off into a restless sleep.

It must have been about midnight when one of my friends stuck his head into the tent and shouted, "They are coming over, Driftmier. You had better get up and get out of there!" In a flash I was out of bed, into some clothes, and in the trench just outside the tent. Yes, they were coming over—Germans, too, by the sound of them. I listened to the drone of motors coming nearer and nearer. There was no more laughter at the airfield nearby; everything over there was in complete confusion; men were shouting, motors were roaring, and bugles were blowing. There was no doubt about what was to be the target that night. Men were frantically trying to get the searchlights started, and one by one they began to pierce the black sky like long white fingers.

Closer and closer came the bombers. I watched the searchlights groping in the sky. Searchlights always make me nervous; they swing back and forth so excitedly and so seldom find the enemy. And then came the flares one, two, three, four, parachutes of brilliant light swinging far up over our heads. The night was turned into day. Men scurried for trenches like rats for their holes, and up there in the blackness above the flares the Germans were probably laughing. After the flares came the bombs. I don't know how many were dropped, but I know that it was too many for comfort. It is when you hear the bombs coming down that seconds seem like years, and in those seconds you have a chance to live your whole life over again.

As I crouched in my trench that night I thought of many things—of home, of parents, of friends, of happy memories. I thought of the things that had given me the most pleasure. It is strange how a time like that one doesn't think of the sad things of life, but of the pleasant things. The sound of bursting bombs seemed to drug my mind and I found myself trying to relive in memory the happy experiences of my life. There were Christmases at home with all of the family around the tree and Dad handing out the gifts. In my mind's eye I could see my high school and college commencements, even hearing the words of the speakers giving the graduation addresses. I lived through every moment of my summer camp experience, and for one short moment I thought that I was back in a YMCA camp at home and that the air raid was just a bad dream; I would wake up at the Y Camp enjoying some of the happiest days of my life. But it wasn't to be, for no dream can be as bad as a real raid.

The raid didn't last long, but I felt like an old man who had lived a lifetime. Physically I was only twenty minutes older, but mentally I felt like a wise, old sage. When the flares are out, the last bomb dropped, and the last gun fired, the men climb out of their trenches and look about to see what they can do to help. Here and there one hears a cry for an ambulance, and men are calling for help to put out a fire. I shook my head, and for a moment wondered where I had been.

"Are you hurt, Driftmier?" someone called.

"No, I'm OK, but I need some sleep. That was a bad one, wasn't it?"

Experiences like that help one to see more clearly the really important things of life. More than once when death was too close for comfort I found myself thinking of home, school, and summer camps—the things that had really influenced my life. Of course the church has a big part in all three. One day an American army officer told me that before going into battle and possible death he always thanked God for the good things of life that had been his, and he went on to say that next to his home experiences he thanked God for his summer camp experiences. A good summer camp can mean a real Christian experience.

I don't know of a better summer camp to recommend for both boys and girls than Camp Foster on Lake Okoboji, near Spirit Lake, Iowa. It is a camp with a real character building program. It is the most inexpensive camp I know of in this part of the country. All boys and girls between the ages of 9 and 17 may register for Camp Foster this summer. Campers are grouped according to age for the best camping experience. For further information write to Mr. Earl Rhodes, YMCA Secretary, Atlantic, Iowa.

Save for the future by buying War Bonds.



# From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "Should a girl return presents that she received from a boy if they break up their friendship? In this case the boy refused to take back the gifts, both of them are now married and the girl doesn't want to take these gifts into her new home. Please tell us what should be done with them?"—W. D.

**ANS:** Gifts that represent a considerable financial investment should be returned if an engagement is broken. However, if the boy refuses to take them back they must be disposed of elsewhere if the memories connected with them make a girl feel that she doesn't wish to have them around. Perhaps your mother might enjoy them, or some member of your family. Surely it isn't necessary to throw them away.

**QUES:** "My oldest daughter wanted so badly to go to high school but we simply couldn't afford it. Now our other girl is ready to go and we could manage it, but I feel that it wouldn't be right to let her go when the other girl was disappointed. Our son couldn't go to high school either, so I think you can see why I'm afraid that they'll be hurt if our youngest girl is sent. What do you think?"—R. R.

**ANS:** This is one of the hardest problems that a family can face and it's difficult to know what to say. It does seem to me that it's a shame to deprive the younger girl of her chance when it is within reach. Since the older girl graduated from eighth grade only a year ago it isn't too late for her to go back, so would it be humanly possible to send both girls if they worked hard this summer and did all they possibly could to help? Talk it over together and see how the other children feel about it if only one can go. I do hope that something can be worked out.

**QUES:** "Do you know of anything more aggravating, Leanna, than a mother who pushes her spoiled only darling into the first lines at all church and school affairs? We have a family in our community who simply browbeat the school teachers and Sunday School teachers into giving their ten-year-old daughter the leading role in everything, regardless of whether or not she is suited for it. Is there anything that the rest of us mothers can do about it?"—Nebraska.

**ANS:** Well, I'd say that about the best thing to do is to develop a sense of humor! I've never yet seen the community that didn't have a situation of this kind, and I can still remember the problem mother and youngsters back in my childhood. Short of starting a tempest in a teapot there really isn't much that you

can do, but the next time this mother pushes her child forward I think I'd just quietly remember that there are much more important things to get stirred up about in these times.

**QUES:** "In recent months my husband and I have had a good many serious arguments about buying land, and I wonder what you think about it. We have a 160-acre farm all clear, and we worked hard a good many years to achieve it. I like to be free of debt, and that's why I'm strongly opposed to my husband's desire to buy another 160 acres. We'd start the old struggle all over again. Our land gives us a living and I think this is enough. What do you think?"—Minnesota.

**ANS:** If I were you I would hesitate to oppose my husband on this point. If you were badly in debt now and if it jeopardized your future to take on further debts, then I think your viewpoint would be sensible. But hard-working, responsible men certainly resent being held back in a business way, and I'd be afraid that in time to come he would feel bitterly at having given up what he considers a good business move. Most men like a challenge, you know. It probably is hard to do, but I believe that you should reconsider your stand.

**QUES:** "This spring when school is out I want to entertain the teachers in our consolidated school before they leave for the summer, but here is the difficulty. One of the teachers proved so unsatisfactory from every viewpoint that she hasn't been asked to return next year. Do you think I should include her in my plans?"—Illinois.

**ANS:** Yes, I do. She is probably unhappy enough over her failure in the community without being pointedly left out of social affairs. It won't hurt you to include her, and in years to come when she has grown into an older, and let's hope wiser person, she will probably look back upon your generous spirit with heartfelt gratitude.

**QUES:** "I am sixteen and have curly hair that hangs in long curls and makes me look very babyish for my age. I want to go to the beauty shop and have it cut and set, but mother objects. Isn't it true that beauty shops don't hurt your hair?"—Nebraska.

**ANS:** It is certainly true that a good beauty shop doesn't hurt a head of hair; in fact, work done by a reputable shop improves hair a great deal. At sixteen long curls do look babyish, I agree, so I hope that your mother will change her mind before summer vacation rolls around,



## AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

June 1943: Note. Everybody in the east was fussing because the farmers were short of help.

Note in regard to note. All farmers are too busy to worry about a shortage of farm help.

I had an interesting talk with the greenhouse manager's wife. She had just finished pricking 2,500 tomato plants so small that they had only two leaves into the growing flats. Couldn't imagine a more monotonous job.

At the hatchery, they were unable to get experienced help and the wives of both the men were putting in long hours every day, trying to wade thru the "have to" jobs. One of them confided, "We are just camping at home." There aren't any holidays in the hatchery either.

The grocer's wife told me, when I asked her, that their work had increased immeasurably. Each night she has to sort food stamps into 16 piles and meat stamps too. They must be pasted on cards. Her husband gives as much as three nights a week to the ration board—no pay. And there is the continual annoyance of being unable to replace goods sold and of trying to apportion fairly the unrationed goods that are scarce.

An acquaintance who returned from the west coast where he had made "big money" in a shipyard, said the work was not so hard. The hard part was never seeing the sun. He went to work so early and stayed so late in the inside of a ship, that he missed all the daylight.

I gathered these few items purposely to prove that this war is not making things difficult for just one class of people.

### IT IS OUR JOB.

I think an honest realization of that would do away with many of the petty squabbles that certainly give our enemy the right to say we are not all behind this war effort.

I am amused, intrigued, and somehow satisfied by this quotation from Dwight L. Moody. "I've had more trouble with D. L. Moody than with any other man I know."

Our six year old must have some of the same trouble. One day when we were going visiting "en famille" his Dad asked him, "Are you going to be a good boy today?"

"How can I tell until I get there?" he asked soberly.





## **"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"**

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### **EASTER CAKE**

Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,  
April 22, 1943

- 1 1/4 cups egg whites (9 to 11 eggs)
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon colored
- 1/2 cup sifted cake flour for white part
- 2/3 cup sifted cake flour for yellow part
- 1 cup and 2 tablespoons sifted sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Sift flour once, measure and sift 4 more times. Beat egg whites and salt, when foamy add cream of tartar and continue beating until eggs are stiff enough to hold up in peaks but not dry. Fold in sugar gradually, 2 tablespoons at a time until all is used. Divide mixture into 2 parts, as nearly equal as possible. Into one part fold the 1/2 cup flour and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla. Into other part fold the beaten egg yolks, 2/3 cup flour and 1/2 teaspoon orange extract. Put by teaspoons into ungreased angel food pan, alternating white and yellow mixture. Bake in slow oven, 325 degrees, for 60 to 70 minutes.

### **LEMON CREAM**

Made in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,  
April 29, 1943

- Beat until lemon colored, 2 eggs
- Add gradually 1/2 cup sugar, and continue beating till thick and custard like.
- 1/2 cup Karo syrup
- 1 cup coffee cream
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind

Blend well and pour into freezing tray. When partially frozen, remove to chilled bowl and whip until light and creamy. Return quickly to freezing tray and allow to finish freezing.—Mrs. A. D. Orendorff, Omaha, Nebr.

### **STRAWBERRIES CANNED WITH SYRUP**

Boil 3/4 cup white syrup, 1/4 cup sugar and a little water for 5 minutes, then add 1 quart berries and bring to a boil. Put in sterilized jar and seal. There should be enough water to just fill the quart jar.—Mrs. H. D. Kischer, Newell, Iowa.

### **OLD FASHIONED STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE**

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 3 tablespoons shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk

Sift dry ingredients, cut in shortening. Add beaten egg to milk and add to dry ingredients to make a soft dough. Smooth out lightly and bake in greased deep layer tin in hot oven 20-25 minutes. Split, butter and spread crushed and sweetened berries between layers. Cover top with whipped cream and whole berries. Dust with powdered sugar and serve. Peaches, raspberries may be used in place of strawberries.—Miss Manda Heimdahl, Dawson, Minn.

### **CHEESE AND RICE CROQUETTES**

- 1/2 cup raw rice
- 3/4 cup grated American cheese
- 1/4 cup cracker crumbs
- 1 egg yolk
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender. Put in colander and drain thoroughly. Add cheese, cracker crumbs, beaten egg and seasoning. Form in croquettes, dip in egg, then in cracker crumbs and fry in deep fat until golden brown.—Mrs. Jas. C. Nelson, Omaha, Nebr.

### **GRAHAM CRACKER ICE BOX DESSERT**

Dissolve 1 package lemon jello in 2 cups hot water or pineapple juice. When it begins to thicken, beat until light and fluffy. Then beat 3 egg whites stiff and add 1/2 cup white sugar and beat again. Beat 1 cup whipping cream until thick. Mix the whipped jello, whipped cream and egg white together, then add 1 cup crushed pineapple, 1 bottle maraschino cherries, cut up, and 1/2 cup chopped nuts. The fruits should have been drained well. Line a large long Pyrex dish with crushed graham crackers, then add mixture and spread evenly. Sprinkle top lightly with crackers. Chill in ice box. Serves 12.—Mrs. Roy Cowden, Casey, Ia.

### **PICKLED BEETS**

- 1 quart sliced beets
- 3 cups beet water
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups vinegar

Boil liquid, sugar and vinegar together for a moment, add beets and let come to a boil. Fill jars and seal. Wash the beets well before cooking and use the water you cook them in—it gives them more color and flavor, than when plain water is used.—Mrs. A. L. Lilly, Wichita, Kansas.

### **QUICK PROCESS CHEESE**

Put 1 1/2 gallons thick clabber on stove until it becomes very hot. Stir frequently to separate curd from whey. Press curd under heavy weight until the whey is pressed out and the curd is very dry. Failure in this means a poor product. Next place the dry curd with 4 tablespoons fresh sweet butter (old butter will spoil flavor), and 3/4 teaspoon soda. Chop until curd is quite fine and allow to stand in warm place for 2 1/2 hours. Put cheese in double boiler with 2/3 cup of very thick rich sour cream (sweet cream will spoil cheese), 1 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon butter coloring if desired. As it begins to heat, stir until all ingredients melt into a mass which looks like melted cheese, which is exactly what it is. Put into well buttered bowl, set away to cool. To cure this cheese allow to cool, remove from bowl, cover surface with good coat of melted paraffine. Then store in cool place. This amount makes about 1 1/2 pounds cheese.

### **PIMENTO CHEESE FOR SAND- WICHES**

Melt 1 pound cheese (Quick Process Cheese which has been cured may be used) in a double boiler, add 1 large can of milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, dash of red pepper and salt to taste. Cook altogether for a few minutes then add 2 ground pimentos, either fresh or canned, remove from fire and place in glasses.

### **CHEESE SOUFFLE**

- 3 tablespoons quick cooking tapioca
- 1/2 to 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 3 egg yolks
- 3 egg whites

Combine tapioca, salt and milk in top of double boiler. Cook over rapidly boiling water for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from fire, add cheese and stir until melted. Cool to luke warm. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored, add to tapioca mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into well-greased casserole. Set in pan of hot water and bake in slow oven, 325 degrees, until souffle is fluffy. Serve with a crisp green salad, hot corn bread and a fruit gelatin dessert.



## MEATLESS MAIN DISH

- 2 cups boiled potatoes
- 1/2 cup cooked peas
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 5 hard boiled eggs
- 2 cups milk
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons butter

Make a white sauce of butter, flour and milk. Add 1/2 cup cheese. Chop eggs, dice potatoes, mix all vegetables with the white sauce. Put in buttered baking dish and cover with remaining cheese. Cover dish and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Cooked macaroni or noodles may be substituted for potatoes.—Mrs. H. D. Palmer, Lake Mills, Ia.

## MACARONI-COTTAGE CHEESE LOAF

- 1—8 ounce package macaroni
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 3 tablespoons chopped sweet red pepper

1 1/2 cups cottage cheese  
Cook macaroni and drain. Chop onion and cook in butter until golden brown. Add flour and seasonings, mix well, add milk, cook over low heat until thick, add rest of ingredients, turn into buttered loaf pan. Set pan in hot water. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, for about 45 minutes or until set. Serve with tomato or spanish sauce.

## LIMAS AND PORK CHOPS

- 1 cup dry lima beans
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
- 6 pork chops
- 1/2 cup tomato catsup
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon mustard

Cook limas until almost tender. Add sugar, salt, mustard, catsup, onion, and pour into flat baking dish. Have liquid cover beans. Cut edges of chops to prevent curling. Place on top of beans and brown in hot oven. Turn, bake 1 hour to 1 1/2 hours in slow oven.—Mrs. Arthur Jones.

## PICNIC SPAGHETTI

- 1 pound hamburger
- 1 No. 2 can tomatoes
- 1 medium onion
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 3/4 pound cheese, shredded
- 1 8-oz. package of elbow spaghetti

Blend first 4 ingredients. Cook spaghetti in salted water. Put layer in greased baking dish, then a layer of meat mixture. Sprinkle over this a little of the cheese. Continue till all is used, finishing with spaghetti and cheese. Bake slowly for about 1 1/2 hours. This is delicious and is a good way to stretch the meat.



Planting a pink flowering crab tree for our little grand-daughter, Juliana Verness. Frederick and Margery lending their help and advice.

## SUGARLESS VICTORY CAKE

- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 1/4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup butter or shortening
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 2 unbeaten eggs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Cream shortening until fluffy. Gradually beat in the syrup, beat HARD until all mixed and the mixture is really fluffy. Add 3/4 cup of the flour, beating until well blended. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each. Add the remaining flour alternately with the milk mixed with the vanilla. Beat very hard, pour into 2 well-greased cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 20 to 25 minutes or until done. Cool and frost with the 7-minute frosting. 1 1/2 cups light corn syrup, 1/8 teaspoon salt, 2 unbeaten egg whites and flavoring. Put syrup, salt and egg whites in double boiler, cook over boiling water and beat with rotary beater 7 minutes or until stiff enough to stand up. Remove from heat, add flavoring and beat till thick enough to spread.—Mrs. Mae Zeigler, Laurel, Ia.

## CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 ozs. unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 2/3 cup corn syrup
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs
- 1 3/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 2/3 cup milk

Thoroughly cream the shortening and sugar. Mix the chocolate and syrup. Add with vanilla to creamed mixture and blend. Add eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Sift flour, soda and salt and add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Mix thoroughly. Pour into two 8-inch pans. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees for 30 minutes. spread.—Mrs. Gordon Messenger, Indianola, Iowa.

## COOKING HELPS

**Buttermilk Used With Syrup** in recipes gives a 100% better result than sweet milk. Use soda with it, and also add a teaspoon of baking powder.—Mrs. G. D. Shaffer, St. Joseph, Mo.

**To Give A Different Taste** to oatmeal cookies, add chocolate chips to the batter.—Miss Lenna Wingett, Walthill, Nebr.

**Dry Your Own Orange Rinds.** Take the skins from oranges, lemons or grapefruit, remove all the white possible then run through grinder twice. Let stand in pie pan till dry, stirring once in a while. This is fine and will keep for years.

**A New Wrinkle in Frying Eggs.** Melt some lard or meat fryings in a skillet and when it gets hot sprinkle in it a thin layer of cornmeal. Let fry until it is quite brown, then drop in eggs and when fried on one side, carefully turn them over and fry on the other side. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve. Eggs are more tender and digestible if fried rather slowly. It is difficult to imagine how the browned meal can change the taste of the ordinary fried egg.—Mrs. Roy Nicol, Chillicothe, Mo.

**Glorified Beans.** Cook beans until done then put noodles in with them and cook until noodles are done. Be sure there is plenty of water on the beans when you put the noodles in. Season with salt and pepper and fat.

**Noodles? And Tomatoes? Good!** Cook noodles in boiling water to which has been added salt, pepper and butter or lard. When done, add some canned tomatoes. A good way to stretch tomatoes and make the points go farther.—Mrs. Clem Crosser, Union, Iowa.

**A Quick, Efficient Method** to brown meringue without lighting the oven, is to hold the electric toaster over the top of the pie so that it browns evenly.—Cynthia Keim, Kirksville, Mo.

**A Help for Butter Makers.** When the butter is churned and washed and worked and salted, make it out in little pats the right size for the table. In a gallon jar have a salt brine and put the little pats of butter in the brine, having the brine completely cover the butter. Store in a cool place. The butter will not take up the salt taste and it keeps sweet and good for some time.—Mrs. Ralph Peterson, Moorefield, Nebr.

**Bake Your Meat Loaf** in the paper cups you usually use for cup cakes. This eliminates the difficulty of cutting a large loaf while it is hot.

**Put 3 or 4 Tablespoons of Milk** in the water when boiling old potatoes. This keeps them from turning dark.—Mrs. L., Des Moines, Iowa.

**In Making Scalloped Dishes,** use Ritz crackers and you will not need to use any of the precious butter for seasoning, and still will have a very good flavor.

**If Your Kitchen Sink Stops Up,** put in a handful of soda and 1/2 cup vinegar. Let stand a while, then run in some water and it will clean out.



## HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

What caused you to feel badly? Science has now found that many persons suffering from "just nerves" may be the allergic



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

food sensitive type. This nervousness may go on for years and symptoms may be diagnosed as anemia or almost any disease.

If your doctor has made a study of allergic troubles, he will ask if a parent or grandparent has suffered from asthma, eczema, bronchial cough, hives, hay fever, or some forms of arthritis. If so, you may have inherited an allergic tendency. Your reactions may be the same as the relative or you may have liver flare-ups, colon irritation, abdominal tenderness, sinus trouble or other reactions.

These symptoms are not always from an allergic reaction, so consult your doctor. Tell him if a food "does not like you, even though you like it", and if you have arthritis tell him if it is better or worse following an intestinal upset. Research workers now tell us a food sensitive person may have a glandular disturbance, making it hard to gain or lose weight, until the trouble-maker foods are found and removed from the diet. Skin tests have proven unreliable in many cases, so food sensitive persons (including myself) must use the trial and error method.

Many experiments on the same food should be made: for instance, you may feel that wheat is causing trouble, but if you should be sensitive to milk it may be the milk in the wheat bread instead of the wheat. If pork causes trouble, it may be the lard used in baking or cooking.

Find the few "trouble makers" then run them down in different foods and it will soon be easy to eat without worry, only make certain the foods you eat contain none of your "trouble maker" foods. Example: one man sensitive to milk products became so drowsy when driving to work after each meal that it was necessary for him to stop the car and wait for the drowsiness to pass. He had no more trouble when he left cream from his coffee.

If sensitive to milk, suspicion cream, cheese, butter or any foods containing milk products, leave them alone. If pork is your peeve, watch foods containing lard. Raw apples upset you, then suspicion foods containing cider vinegar.

"I try to listen to your programs every day and think they are the grandest on the air, and the Kitchen-Klatter the best magazine printed. It is so soul satisfying and such a help to one."—Mrs. Bessie Larson, Onawa, Iowa.

## MEET MY NIECE, MARY CHAPIN

New York City

Dear Aunt Leanna,

Kitchen Klatter is a wonderful way to get the family news around! Reading Lucile's letter about her baby made me want to write about mine. (I'm a typical mother, you see). Little Elliott was born in a big city hospital, too, only I don't think the war has changed conditions in New York as much as it has in Los Angeles. We did have an air raid alarm when my baby was two days old, and they moved all the beds into the corridors. How the babies howled! I was a little bit uneasy until the nurses assured us that it was only a practice drill.

Imagine being in a maternity ward on Christmas! It seemed to me there could be no more wonderful place than there among those happy mothers with their new-born. The baby nurses, who were all darling young girls, had tied little red hair ribbons on each tiny babe. How we laughed when they brought them in to us! My little boy seemed to look even more masculine with that bow on him. The baby of the woman in the bed next to mine had scarcely any hair, but somehow they'd managed to fix its ribbon on with a bobby pin.

Do you wonder what it's like to care for a baby in this big city? It seems to me quite different from the way I used to see it done at home. The biggest problem is that one's quarters are so small. For the amount of money that would rent a large home in Shenandoah, we have only two rooms. This space is considered quite large to a city dweller! One of these rooms is Jim's working studio where he paints. There is also a kitchen which folds away behind doors when I'm not using it.

I keep my bathinette and all the "changing" equipment in the bathroom out of sight, because the room where the baby is must also serve for all our other living. I'm mighty proud of myself the way I keep that room from looking like a nursery. The desk drawers hold little shirts, but you'd never guess; and the minute I've finished giving a bottle, it gets put into the sterilizer in the kitchenette. Mind you, I'd like to have a whole separate room for the baby, but this works just fine.

In New York no one has a yard, so you can imagine how lucky I am to be living only two blocks from lovely Washington Square Park where all the mothers in this neighborhood take their children. Last year I used to walk there and yearn for a baby carriage of my own. And my how thrilled I was the first time Jim and I took our darling for an outing! You'd love this park. It's so gay and friendly. I've already made lots of new friends there because it seems as if we all have so much in common. For older children there are special places partitioned off according to age levels, with just the right-sized swings and games for that age.

Jim fixed a clothes-line for me up on the roof, where I hang the little

shirts and nighties. The trouble is that everything gets very black with soot in just a short time, so I must remember to bring them in the minute they're dry. I love to be up on the roof hanging them up, though. There's so much to see! And yesterday on the very next roof to mine there was a brand new clothes line with things on it the size of mine. Pink, I see—so there's a new little girl. I'll be hoping to see my neighbor one of these days and we'll compare notes.

How I wish Dorothy and Lucile and Louise and I could be closer together. We could almost start a nursery school made up of cousins!

Lovingly,

—Mary

## LULLABY FOR A NEW BABY

Rock-a-bye, baby,  
Cheeks like a rose,  
Father is overseas  
Battling our foes.

This is our thankfulness,  
You bear the name,  
Of a father whose courage,  
Burns bright like a flame.

Passion for liberty,  
Hatred of wrong,  
Hush-a-bye, baby,  
You, too, must grow strong.

Worthy your heritage,  
Fearless and bold,  
You who are now  
Such a wee thing to hold.

Sleep, little innocent,  
Right will prevail,  
This is our destiny,  
We shall not fail.

—Mrs. Oren Stansell.


## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

The first Sunday in June is International Shutin Day. This day was inaugurated by Clarence Powers, 301 Cherokee St., Marietta, Georgia, who knows from experience what a little attention means to one who is shutin. He has worked long and tirelessly from his wheel chair to get this movement under way, and this year you will find many radio programs dedicated to shutins, many sermons preached for them and they will be remembered in other ways, too.

For our Good Neighbor work this month, let each of us look around our home neighborhood for those who are sick or shutin and do some nice thing for them on June sixth. If you can't find some one near you, write a letter to some shutin—and if you don't know anyone to write to, drop me a line in care of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and I'll send you a list. There are literally hundreds of shutins who would be most happy to hear from you. Let's make this day one they will long remember.





## Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

It seems only a few days ago we were talking about the coming of Spring and watching for the first robin. Today I have watched one robin build her nest and another one in a tree near by, feed her young. I thought, "how like human beings in their preparations for the summer." Some get their housecleaning out of the way early in the season, some work at it all summer. Some have chickens large enough to fry—others are still calling at the hatcheries for baby chicks. And so it goes. It takes all kinds of people to make the world, and as the old lady said, "I'm glad I'm not one of them."

Each one has to use their own judgment as to when the most convenient time will be to do certain things, and not to interfere too much with other jobs, but this year chickens and gardens are two things we can not possibly neglect.

So many inexperienced people are trying their hand at chick raising, and some are having good success. I do not feel it is exactly "luck", as some cases I know they are giving the job a good deal of serious attention and deserve good results while in other cases I can see the novelty is wearing off.

For the new beginners, let me say, Don't be too easily discouraged. I have had several very discouraging experiences within the past year and I have been raising chickens for thirty-five years.

Don't just let your chicks coast along after the first few weeks. Keep them on a well balanced diet and plenty of water as they not only need to build the body, but to develop the egg producing organs.

The same with your gardens. Keep the crops coming on by successive planting and "help victory to come through your garden."

Weed 'em and reap.

### JUSTLY PROUD

My neighbor's hens are cackling loudly this morning and no wonder! They are glad to proclaim to the world that they have "laid another egg". Eggs in these days of national defense mean money in the pocket and food for our allies and us. The following statement shocked me, as it will you. Two billion eggs each year, good for nothing and nobody. Why?

Because the eggs were not properly cared for. You can't afford to feed and care for the hens and then throw the eggs away. Cool the eggs quickly and keep them cool. Gather them several times each day in hot weather. Also remember that clean eggs don't spoil as rapidly as dirty ones. Don't pack warm eggs in cases. Take them to market as often as you can.



Our oldest son, Corp. Howard Driftmier, who is in the 382 Inf. Div.

### VICTORY GARDENS

"How to grow fine celery. I have read hints on most every kind of garden vegetables but nothing much about the growing and care of good celery. I first plant the seed very shallow in good growing, rich soil in a box or pan in sunny kitchen window. When plants are up nicely I sieve a little dirt around the plants to keep them growing. It also helps to keep them from falling over or damping off, it is called. When I first set out my earliest plants in garden, I take a spoon and move them in little bunches in a row to the lowest, richest spot in the garden. Do this when weather is damp and cloudy. I never attempt to move celery at a windy, dry time. I leave them in this row till they are growing and on a cloudy damp day I again separate them, putting them in a long row in lowest richest ground in garden. I care for them about the same as other vegetables—2 or 3 good hoeings. Never hoe close to roots as they die very easily. My celery is the finest celery I ever saw. Nicer than any I ever saw in stores. I use Golden Self-bleaching variety. In the fall I use my large magazines to tie it up and it bleaches nicely."—Gorin, Mo.

I never raised cucumbers until I learned to plant them when I plant my early garden. They will bear before the dry weather hits them and through a goodly part of it for the vines are large and well rooted by that time.—Mrs. Ernest Clayton, New Hampton, Mo.

When cabbage has grown so large you are afraid it will burst, pull the entire plant till about half of the roots are broken—that is, loosen it in the ground and leave it. It wont have so many roots to take in water, and so wont burst, but will stand till ready to use without wilting.—Mrs. Ben Aukland, Clearfield, Ia.



### OVER THE FENCE

Mrs. O. Harms of Cleves, Iowa, makes her dust cloths in this way. She uses a soft cloth, soaks it in kerosene two days, then wrings it out and hangs it on the line for three sunny days. It is then ready to use.

Mrs. Ed Williams of Blencoe, Iowa, would like to hear from any of you named Grace, whose birthday is on March 3rd.

Amber Huston of Storm Lake, Iowa, says she uses rubbing alcohol to take white spots off of varnished woodwork, caused by water or heat.

Name-Clubs seem to be quite the style. Mrs. Henry Bauman of Farlin, Iowa, would like to hear from those named Zelma.

Several whom you have heard over KMA are either in the army or on defense jobs. Mott Johnson, Chick Holstein, Ken Assengil and Johnny Cammers are in the army. Lem Hawkins and Jimmy Morgan have jobs in defense plants.

Jim and Bob, the Gully Jumpers, are vacationing in West Virginia. They will be gone several weeks.

Jack and Eleanor Kelly have been spending a two weeks vacation touring the eastern states.

Mrs. Chas. Davison of Brighton, Iowa, has twin girls about two years old. She would like to hear from other mothers with twins near that age. This is a strange coincidence: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Davison of Lost Nation, Iowa, have twin girls a year older than the other Davison twins. They are "identical", too.

Don and Harold Hansen, sons of Mrs. Edith Hansen the morning home-maker at KMA, are planning to do their bit this summer by working on their Grandfather's farm in South Dakota.

Mrs. Ethyle C. Webster, Daykin, Nebraska, wants the pattern for a crocheted pillow top in American Legion Emblem design. Can you help her?

If using loose tea, measure 1 teaspoon for each cup. Pour boiling water over it and brew to the desired strength, two to three minutes. Remove tea grounds or tea will become bitter.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

The Thumblety Bumblety elf was swinging in the willow tree. Spring Breeze pushed him up so high that he laughed and tried to touch one of the fleecy clouds that floated in the blue sky.

Up there he heard a sob, a soft little sob like a child crying. And looking down, he saw, sitting on a big rock with her back to the tree, a little girl in a blue dress. She was crying. Her hands covered her face, and her yellow curls almost hid her hands, but she was sobbing. And that was one thing that The Thumblety Bumblety Elf could not stand.

He dropped from the tree and walked toward her. "Hello little girl, why are you crying," he asked.

The little girl did not answer but over on the fence post a meadowlark swelled up his yellow-speckled-with-black vest and sang, "Her name is Marilee."

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf went a little closer. "Hello, Marilee," he said. "Why are you crying?"

Marilee's eyes flew open wide. "Where did you come from?" she asked in surprise.

"I came from my home in the hollow log over in the Deep Forest. I have been here swinging for a long time. But where did you come from and why are you crying?"

Marilee wiped her blue eyes and answered him "I came from Grandma Snook's house right over there. And I'm crying because I am lonesome. You see my Daddy had to go to be a Soldier for Uncle Sam. My Mamma had to go to work and I came to stay with Grandma. Out here there isn't anyone to play with. But you won't tell that I cried, will you? Daddy and Mamma said I mustn't."

"No I won't tell. And I will help you find some one to play with you. First there is me."

Marilee looked at the little elf and thought, "But you are too little." She did not say it though for she wanted him to play with her. He was the cutest little elfman you ever saw, or did you ever see one? And today he had on a shirt made of white satin petals of a blood root, his pants were made from boy breeches, and on his head he wore a violet perched at a rakish angle.

While she was looking the Thumblety Bumblety Elf was thinking, and now he asked, "Have you ever seen the little old man who is washing his feet?"

"I think not," said Marilee.

"Then let me show you," and The Thumblety Elf picked a violet and busily pulled off all the petals. Sure

enough, there sat a little old man with a light green shawl and an orange scarf washing his feet in a green tub. He looked so funny that Marilee ran to gather some for herself. Together they made a whole row of the little men, making them stand up by sticking the stems in the soft dirt.

After that he showed her how to make dandelion curls by pushing her tongue in the hole in the stem. They tasted bitter but the curls were pretty so Marilee puckered up her face and made several.

Then he showed her how to make a flower lady by putting a wild rose seed on a stick about as big as a toothpick. That was the head. Then they put on a stem of grass about two inches long. That was the arms. Then a dog tooth violet for a skirt. Sometimes the ladies would stand up.

Marilee heard her Grandmother calling her to supper.

"I'm coming," she answered.

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf helped her gather up her little old men, and the dandelion curls, and the flower ladies.

At the end of the meadow path she turned to wave and said, "I've had such fun. Will you be here tomorrow?"

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf waved his hat and said, "You can count on me."

But he did not say what for. He could always think of the nicest surprises.

### A CONTEST

(All answers spell the same backward and forward.)

1. Our oldest ancestor.
2. A boy's companion.
3. A girl's name.
4. A wee look.
5. A gentle recluse.
6. What we all need.
7. A division of day.
8. A precious organ.
9. A summer beverage.
10. Old mode of conveyance.
11. An act.
12. Small child.
13. Man's name.
14. Lace-making.
15. Hair cut.

Answers: Eve. Pup. Hannah. Peep. Nun. Pep. Noon. Eye. Pop. Gig. Deed. Tot. Otto. Tat. Bob.

### HAVE YOU HEARD?

A neighbor's peacock lays an egg in your barn. To whom does the egg belong?

Ans. To neither one—a pea hen, not a peacock, lays eggs.



Dorothy Anne Wright, Emden, Mo., and her faithful pal.

### ENGLISH TOFFEE

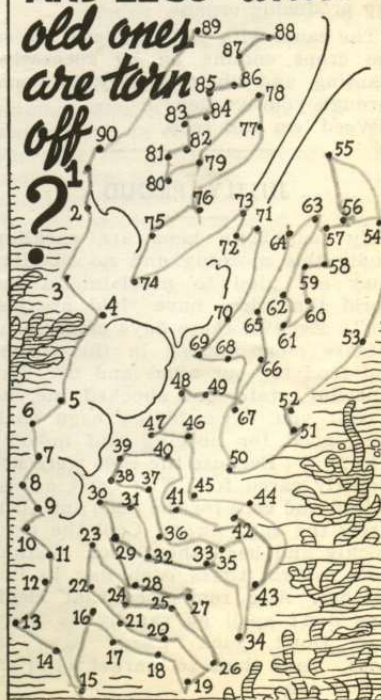
Put dry ingredients in a large bowl and pour the candy mixture over.

- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 3 tablespoons water
- 3 small chocolate bars
- 1/2 pound butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3/4 cup chopped pecans

Place the sugar, butter, water, vanilla in sauce pan and cook until it is golden brown. Takes about 10 minutes by the clock. Stir CONSTANTLY to avoid burning. Pour into a buttered pan. Lay the chocolate bars across the hot mass and spread. Sprinkle the pecans across the top. Mark in pieces when it is cold. It breaks easily. Keep where it is cool.

### What FIERCE FIGHTER of the OCEAN BOTTOM SPROUTS NEW ARMS AND LEGS when

old ones are torn off.





# Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

## SALT SHAKERS ARE HOBBY

LaGrange, Mo.—Miss Janey Sue Pryce has a collection of salt and pepper shakers which is remarkable in number and variety. There are 591 sets, all different, coming from twenty-one states and 3 sets from Old Mexico.

There are representations of vegetables, fruits, animals, flowers, fowls, people and odd shapes.

The collection was started when friends presented Miss Pryce with gifts of shakers and she became interested in the collection as a hobby. Among the gifts of shakers that are unusual are those made of sea shells from California; chola cactus from Phoenix, Arizona; Indian tepees from Texas; frog and blossom on water lily pads from Manitou, Colorado; cedar gavels from Maine, covered wagon and donkey from St. Louis; cedar buckets and other native cedar forms from Lake of the Ozarks.

Nationalities represented in the collection are figurines of Dutch, Mexican, Hindu, Irish, Negro, Spanish, Chinese, Indian and Tyrolean.

Miss Pryce houses her large collection in a shelved all-glass cabinet. Visitors from various states have called to see the collection.

## HOBBIES

Buttons.—Mrs. Emma Jensen, R1, c/o Frank Krahmer, Fairmont, Minn. Seashells. Does anyone know where she can get literature on shells?—Mrs. A. H. Christensen, Gilmore City, Iowa.

Novelty Pot Holders, Ducks, Hankies.—Mrs. L. Leider, Libertyville, Ill.

Pictures of Movie Stars. Wants to exchange.—Dorothy Noethlich, Mapleton, Iowa.

Shakers, buttons, flower seeds. Wants root of Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Write first.—Mrs. Carrie L. Wills, Wisner, Nebr., Box 91.

Shakers.—Miss Carol Anderson, Harcourt, Iowa.

Shakers, Hankies, Cards.—Miss Esther L. Grimer, c/o Green Valley Farm, Lyons, Nebr.

Tea Towels. Wants one from different states and towns with name and address on each. Will exchange for your hobby.—Mrs. Edna Gardner, Fulton, South Dakota.

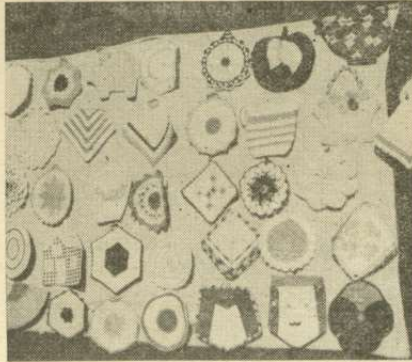
Potholders and Tea Towels. Will exchange.—Leona Abbas, R4, Sumner, Iowa.

Hankies.—Mrs. Willie Irminger, Kearney, Mo.

Hankies with crochet edge and potholders. Will exchange.—Mrs. Bessie Hanek, 600 First Ave., SE, New Prague, Minn.

Novelty Perfume Bottles.—Mrs. Luther Williams, Henderson, Iowa.

Cacti.—Mrs. Bruce Joy, Humeston, Iowa.



Part of the collection of holders belonging to Mrs. Carl Abbas, Sumner, Iowa.

Buttons.—Mrs. John Armstrong, Solo, Mo.

Ducks.—Mrs. Martha Duck Leedom, Laurel, Iowa.

Novelty shakers.—Mrs. Earl Rogers, Rt. 5, Kenton, Ohio.

Small vases, baskets and holders. Will exchange. Mrs. W. W. Maxwell, Wick, Iowa.

Buttons, bus tokens and view cards.—Mrs. C. D. Gehr, 568 W Lemon St., Lancaster, Penn.

Shakers.—Will exchange.—Mrs. Joe G. Nelson, R3, Britt, Iowa.

Small pitchers, individual butter plates, toothpick holders. Will exchange for your hobby. Write first.—Laura Walter, Davenport, Nebr.

Old Glass.—Mrs. M. H. Hileman, Cameron, Mo. will exchange nice colored feed sacks for old glass ware. She also wants an old fashioned hanging lamp like our mothers used to have, preferably one with glass drop or a colored shade. Would buy at reasonable price or exchange something you wish for it.

Pen Pals.—Eileen Goebel, R3, Remsen, Iowa.

Piecing quilts and collecting quilt patterns. Also collects scrap book material.—Mrs. Herman A. Richter, Windom, Minn.

U.S. stamps, 2x4 postmarks, view cards, holders and hankies. Mrs. Lula May Baugh, 923 W. Oak St., South Bend, Ind.

To Can in Coffee Jars, you can obtain lids at your grocers that will fit the tops. They are called V-lids. Use the same lids that come on the jars as sealing rings, first removing the rubber that is on the inside.

## BUY BEAUTY

Eva Hopkins Creme Powder  
with Sponge \$1.10  
Two Jars (Rouge compact Free) \$2.20  
Six Jars \$5.50  
3 Cakes Salmarine Soap \$1.00  
Postpaid at these prices and tax paid.  
EVA HOPKINS, SHENANDOAH, IA

## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 50,000 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.

**HEALTH HINTS BOOKLET;** Safe non-starvation "Eight-Day" reducing schedule using common foods. Articles on Grey Hair, Wrinkles, Why We Grow Old, and many other health suggestions for all. Write your name, address, and words "Health Booklet" on paper and wrap it around 15 cents. Then mail to Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

**ATTENTION, VIEW CARD COLLECTORS.** Post Card Views of all State Capital Buildings. Large Letter cards from many states and cities. Scripture text postcards for all occasions. 25¢ a dozen. Gertrude Haylett, Box 288, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**SURPRISE BOX.** This and that in pottery from the shelves of Sue's Studio. BIG DOLLAR'S WORTH. You'll be surprised. Send \$1.00 to Sue Field Conrad, Clarinda, Iowa.

**THE WORKBASKET Pattern Service.** Each month's issue includes a large sheet of directions for making all sorts of articles suitable for the home, wearing apparel, novelties etc., also a free transfer pattern. You will be delighted with the Workbasket. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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**OAK STREET HOBBY SHOP,** 923 West Oak St., South Bend, Ind. Stamp craft and every day cards 10¢ each, 12 for \$1.00. Book marks 10¢.

**JOIN A BIRTHDAY CLUB.** Send 10¢, name, birthday, hobby. Twelve names in club. Exchange gifts. Mrs. Chas. Jackson, Mendon, Mo.

**"300 HOUSEHOLD HINTS":** A book of great value to every person in every home. Only 15¢. Howard Rasmussen, Boonville, Missouri.

**LADIES:** A new way to mend. Use Press on Mending Tape, save time and headaches. Particulars. Howard Rasmussen, Boonville, Missouri.

**VICTORY GARDEN BONNET.** Very nice. 60¢ or 2 for \$1.00. Mrs. Marie Kostian, 4216 So. 21, Omaha, Nebr.

**WANTED.** Old China Dolls or Dolls with Painted Hair. Mrs. Frank Gibis, 1050 Livingston Ave., West St. Paul, Minn.

**GREETING CARDS.** Fifteen beautiful folders for all occasions. One Dollar postpaid. Lebo Studios, Box 206, Sterling, Nebr.

## A BOOK OF POETRY

A book of my favorite poems including many I have read over the air. Give this book as a Birthday gift. Own one your self. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa. Price 35¢; 3 for \$1.00.





## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### SILENT AUCTION

Each one in our circle brought something to the meeting. There were dishes, pot holders, aprons, vases, light rolls and cookies. These items were arranged on a table and beside each article there was a piece of paper and a pencil. If a lady saw a pot holder she would like to buy she wrote 15c on the paper and signed her name. Maybe some other lady would want the same pot holder and would write 16c as her bid. The highest bidder would get the article. Every one enjoyed themselves and we made a nice sum of money.—Mrs. Verle Dawson, Ottumwa, Iowa.

### A TRAVELING LIBRARY

During the summer months one group of ladies in our town conducted a rental library. Those who had new and interesting books, loaned them for five cents a day. There were fourteen books in circulation and the income received for their rental was over ten dollars.

### A BARREL BANK

Each member of the Aid had a small barrel or bank. They called these banks the Rain Barrels. Every time it rained, pennies were dropped into the banks. Once a year they were emptied and it was surprising how many pennies had been accumulated.—Mrs. Roy Synovec, Pierce, Nebr.

### KITCHEN KLATTER CLUBS

Clubs of more than five members each have been received recently from the following towns:

Pella, Iowa; Maryville, Mo.; Mason City, Iowa; Council Bluffs, Iowa; Spirit Lake, Iowa; Everly, Iowa; St. Joseph, Mo.; Orleans, Ind.; DeWitt, Nebr.; Hornick, Iowa; Creston, Iowa; Royal, Iowa; Danbury, Iowa; Follett, Texas; Fremont, Nebr.; Table Rock, Nebr.; Tescott, Kan.; Hazel, So. Dak.; Lenox, Iowa; Lovewell, Kans.; King City, Mo.; Clarinda, Iowa; Tiffin, Ia.; Carnarvon, Iowa; Green, Kans.; Skidmore, Mo.; Cushing, Iowa; Downing, Mo.; Hornick, Iowa; Logan, Iowa; Lucas, Iowa; Firth, Nebr.; Crescent, Iowa; Oakland, Iowa; Malcom, Iowa; Kellogg, Iowa; Iona, Minn.; Pisgah, Iowa; Jefferson, Iowa; Adams, Nebr.; Titonka, Iowa; Grundy Center, Iowa.

## CONTESTS FOR JUNE

### THE ROSE TOURNAMENT

1. Which rose is a beverage?
2. Which rose is most ambitious?
3. Which rose is most traveled?
4. Which rose is youngest?
5. Which rose is hollow?
6. Which rose is most literary?
7. Which rose brings good fortune?
8. Which rose is a cold ruler?
9. Which rose is the prettiest native?
10. Which rose is unpatriotic?
11. Which rose is slightly communistic?
12. Which rose is the hottest?

#### Answers

1-Tea. 2-Climber. 3-Rambler. 4-Baby. 5-Tuberosa. 6-Red (read). 7-Talisman. 8-Snowqueen. 9-American Beauty. 10-Yellow. 11-Pink. 12-Flame.

### WATER WORD ALPHABET

- A is for \_\_\_\_\_, which holds boats in the bay,  
B is for \_\_\_\_\_, where we all like to play,  
C is for \_\_\_\_\_, which the Indians use,  
D is for \_\_\_\_\_, who wears heavy shoes,  
E is for \_\_\_\_\_, which looks like a snake,  
F is for \_\_\_\_\_, that lives in the lake,  
G is for \_\_\_\_\_, which shoots up so high,  
H is for \_\_\_\_\_, which comes from the sky,  
I is for \_\_\_\_\_, which form on the eaves,  
J is for \_\_\_\_\_, or wharf, if you please,  
K is for \_\_\_\_\_, which makes the ship stout,  
L is for \_\_\_\_\_, for which sailors look out,  
M is for \_\_\_\_\_, who sails the seas wide,  
N is for \_\_\_\_\_, our protector and pride,  
O is for \_\_\_\_\_, which touches all strands,  
P is for \_\_\_\_\_, we shall need in strange lands,  
Q is for \_\_\_\_\_, where boats are tied,  
R is for \_\_\_\_\_, a wonderful sight,  
S is for \_\_\_\_\_, full of tales of the sea,  
T is for \_\_\_\_\_, as slow as can be,  
U is for \_\_\_\_\_, we use to keep dry,  
V is for \_\_\_\_\_, which is water that flies,  
W is for \_\_\_\_\_, which refreshes and cleans,  
X is for \_\_\_\_\_, in a foreign sea seen,  
Y is for \_\_\_\_\_, tall, graceful and fine,  
Z is for the end of this water word rhyme.

#### Answers to Water Word Alphabet

Anchor, beach, canoe, Dutch, eel, fish, geyser, hail, icicles, jetty, keel, lighthouse, marines, navy, ocean, passport, quay, rainbow, story, turtle, umbrella, vapor, water, Xebes, yacht.

### MUSICAL LOVE STORY

1. What was the bride's name?
2. What was the groom's name?
3. Where did they meet?
4. At what time of year?
5. Who introduced them?
6. What did she warn them?
7. How did she answer his proposal?
8. What did she say to him just before the wedding?
9. What was his answer?
10. What did the bride's mother do at the ceremony?
11. Who were the flower girls?
12. Where did the groom work?
13. How did they go on their honeymoon?
14. Where did they live?

#### Answers.

1. Annie Laurie. 2. Billy Boy. 3. Somewhere in Old Wyoming. 4. September in the Rain. 5. Little Old Lady Passing By. 6. Love Bug Will Bite You. 7. Trust In Me. 8. Let's Call the Whole Thing Off. 9. No, No, a Thousand Times, No. 10. Boo Hoo. 11. Two Little Girls in Blue. 12. I've Been Working on the Railroad. 13. On a Bicycle Built For Two. 14. Home on the Range.

### GOLDEN WEDDING

Fifty years ago today  
Those fatal words were said,  
Yes, half a century has passed,  
Since these dear folks were wed.

She was sweet and pretty,  
A charming, blushing bride,  
As she stood before the altar  
With her sweetheart at her side.

He was young and handsome;  
As handsome as his wife,  
And wore a smile that lingered  
Throughout his married life.

Though many years have come and gone,

Yet we can truly say  
These two are just as happy  
As on their wedding day.

Yes, they have had their troubles,  
Their ups and downs in life,  
But he has been a faithful pal  
And she a loving wife.

So with friends and children gathered,  
To cheer them on their way  
Here's to this happy couple  
On their golden wedding day.

—Written for Mr. and Mrs.  
Ed Hawman, Maysville, Mo.

### HELP YOUR NEIGHBOR

You cannot set the whole world right,  
Nor all the people in it;  
You cannot do the work of years  
In just a single minute.  
But keep one little corner straight,  
By humble, patient labor,  
And do the work that each hour brings  
And help your next door neighbor.  
—Selected.