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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

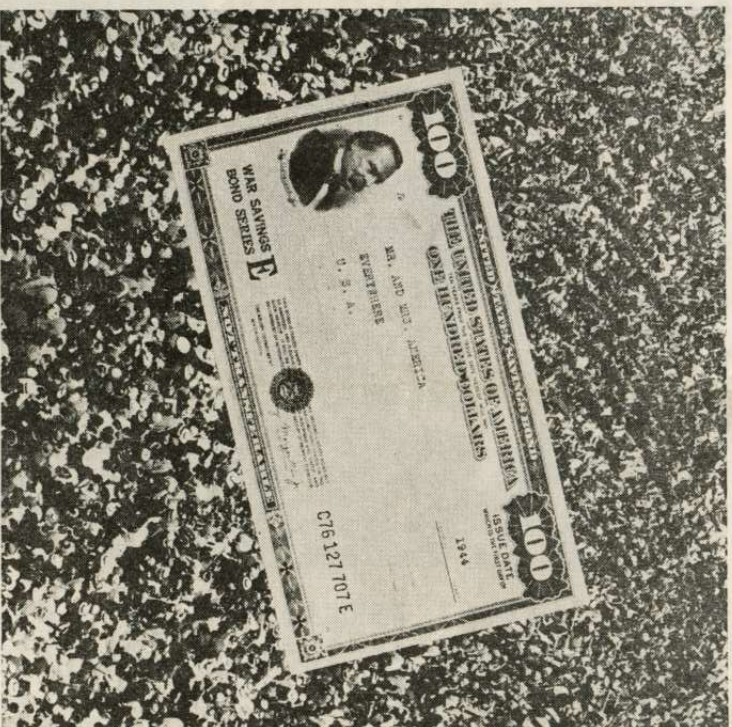
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Number 6 •



Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

My Dear Friends.

June, the month of roses, strawberries and brides, although this year there were many brides who didn't wait until June for the wedding ceremony. War changes many plans. Our magazine cover this month is a little unusual, but we wanted to remind you again to buy more war bonds. Many of us have boys and girls at the front doing a hard job. We want to back them up with guns, planes, ships and tanks. This money invested in bonds now will mean more purchasing power after the war and this will mean jobs for our boys and girls when they return. When we think how, out of the little money they are receiving, they send bonds home every little while, we at home should do our part, too. Wayne and Don expect to go back to college after the war and Howard will go into business again.

Howard will be able to spend a week end with his sisters in California once in a while now. I can just see the girls flying around. Dorothy will make a batch of her good bread and Lucile will bake some sugar cookies while Margery mixes up one of the salads she makes her specialty.

We hear from Wayne who is in the South Pacific, quite often. In his last letter he wrote, "Oh, how I wish I could be back in Iowa in the spring and all the roses, tulips and lilacs in bloom. Quite a contrast to this place where our thoughts ever turn to death. It is funny, but we never even consider our own possibility of death but always think of the other fellow."

Now that Dorothy is feeling much better, Margery will probably get a job in defense work or a teaching position in California. We are anxious to hear just what she decides to do.

Our wedding anniversary will be June 25th. We will have been married 31 years. Dorothy hoped Kristin would be born on that date, but she came on June 24th.

I am still making silk quilts. Even my husband, who usually likes to make a joke of women cutting up pieces of material and then spending hours sewing them back together again, thinks "crazy patch quilts" are very pretty.

Some of you remember back several years ago when my sister Jessie Shambaugh had a "Mother's Hour" program on the radio. Often she had her little four year old daughter Ruth with her at the microphone. Ruth

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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graduated from Iowa University this spring and this summer is working as a reporter for a newspaper. Bill, her older brother, is in the army. Jessie's hobby is flowers and she spends many hours in her "Sunny Side Gardens."

If you knock at our front door and no one answers, go on around to the back yard. You will probably find us out in the garden, a most attractive spot this time of the year. We don't miss those long car rides of pre-war days, for we find real contentment in our own back yard. Come and see us if you are ever in Shenandoah. The Driftmier latch-string is always out.

Sincerely your friend,
Leanna.

MY FATHER

June 18 is Father's Day and as a tribute to my father I am printing an extract taken from a chapter written by Father's nephew Frank Forbes in the "Field Memory Book". In part, he said:

"Uncle Sol had within him the soul of a poet, the gentleness and kindness of a woman, the industry of a Puritan, the courage and conviction of a patriot and a statesman and the intelligence that comes of learning and the genial manners that come only from a pure and unsullied life. He went through failures, disappointments and hardships. He had successes, joys in financial and personal ways but, outside of all this, the thing of great value which he accumulated and the monument which he builded was the family of children reared to successful manhood and womanhood and the orphans to whom he gave his influence for Christian living."

THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE

Doctor Mary B. Cornelius of Carthage, recently celebrated her 80th birthday. When asked what advice she would give to those past the middle years of life she said, "Get enough rest and sleep, eat wisely, never worry or fear. These are the two worst enemies of humankind. Do the best you can every day and leave the rest with God. I have learned the great secret of a long and happy life. Have faith in God, love people, be interested in them and just love life."

Buy War Bonds!

TRY THESE WORDS

Rev. Charles Macy, Savannah, Missouri, sent me the following words to be sung to the tune of "Keep the Home Fires Burning". They have a real significance and are very timely.

Keep the faith fires burning,
Every heart is yearning
For the dawning of the day
That brings us peace.
Watch and pray and labor,
Earnestly endeavor
To keep the faith fires leaping
high

'Till the dawn of peace.
Learn these words and sing them
when Mabel plays my theme song at
1:30 over KMA.

HOW WOULD YOU RATE?

The Golden Rule Foundation chooses the outstanding American mother of the year. To qualify for the award she must have courage, moral strength, patience, kindness, understanding, make friends easily, have time for some social activities and community work.

Every mother may use these same qualifications as a standard by which to measure her own efforts.

LESSONS TO BE LEARNED

All the lessons our children need to learn to be prepared for living a happy, useful life, are to be learned at home. The mother and father are the teachers. Will a child learn to be truthful if Mother says, "Go answer the door bell and tell that man your mother isn't at home"? Can you expect a child to grow up into an honest man when you tell him how lucky you were that the grocer delivered a pound of butter with your order, that had been put in by mistake?

If a child learns to live peacefully and happily at home, he can live at peace any where and be loved there.

Yes, our lives are the open books from which our families learn the lessons that go with them all through life. Let us be careful what we write on it's pages.



All of his life my husband has accumulated good books, hoping some day he would have time to read them. While recovering from a recent operation he has been able to enjoy a few.

Come into the Garden

JUNE IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

This month is a very busy one in the garden; it must be if we are to have a successful one. Early planting of seeds is over and the hotbed and cold frame are now being rapidly emptied of plants. Successive sowing of many vegetable seeds must be done during intervals in June, and the main crop of tomatoes and cabbage plants must be set out. There probably will have to be replacements made of these plants which have been lost from the earlier plantings due to unexpected frosts and cut worms.

Cabbage plants of the late varieties listed in catalogs may be set out in June following a good rain. We usually plant the seed of these in late May or early June in a row in the vegetable garden, not too thickly. They will be ready to set out in late June when the garden is nice and moist and will mature in early fall without splitting as so many cabbages do when set out too early. Buy early cabbage plants for quickly maturing heads, and not more than can be used up as they develop quickly and soon split. Many inexperienced gardeners do not realize this fact and so lose a great deal of cabbage by having too many of one kind. The late cabbage develop slowly in hot weather but surprisingly fast during September. Light frosts do not damage them. They do not split up very readily, those which do, may be used in making kraut or canned separately or in a soup mix. All cabbage plants must be watched carefully for the cabbage worms; the appearance of the small white butterfly indicates a good crop of eggs is being laid and steps should be taken at once to destroy them before they hatch. One application of spray or dust is not enough; they should be very diligently taken care of. Too little and too late—this will result in strongly flavored cabbage if not a total loss. Cabbage must grow quickly to be well flavored and if retarded, will be strongly flavored. It is best to buy a few of the different varieties so as to have a change. Besides the standard type, a good choice is the Savoy. This is the one having the crisp crinkly leaves, so nice to use in salads, being both decorative and delicately flavored. Red cabbage makes a beautifully colored pickle. Brussels Sprouts, very easily grown, is much appreciated by those who like variety and flavor in new dishes. The small individual heads, growing up the stalk under the top leaves, may be removed and used, new ones still coming on. These are good with cheese sauces or in any number of dishes, giving variety to fall meals. They may be canned for winter use. Cauliflower, a refined member of the cabbage family, is also easily grown and is very adaptable both for pickles and table use.

Do not neglect to buy a few pepper



Ina Beth Rolf, storing away happy memories as she inspects her grandmother's hollyhocks.

plants. These will be almost a necessity in the making of fall pickles or for use in meat dishes. The sweet Pimento has a variety of uses, as do the larger varieties which may be used either whole or in mixed pickle recipes. Peppers are easily grown and not bothered by insect pests.

Eggplants are on the market now and are also easily grown if one remembers that they are members of the same family as the tomato and require similar culture, being subject to the same pests and diseases. These are also called Guinea-squash suggesting their Old World origin; also that by being a tropical native, they are tender and will also need a warm, well drained, light but rich soil. If the summer proves to be a dry one, watering must be done. They need thorough cultivation if a good crop is wanted. Not many of these plants will be needed as they produce several large purple fruits, which may be used when well colored as long as the seeds are soft. They may be stored for winter use as tomatoes are—on the vine in a cool, moist, well-ventilated cellar. Those who are growing Love Apple for winter decoration purposes will be interested to know they are also a variety of Eggplant, only not used for food.

We sow our turnip and rutabaga seed in late June after a good rain, thinly scattering it broadcast over a well worked and finely pulverized spot of good garden ground. Chinese cabbage is now also sown in rows, the seed being a foot or so apart. These mature nicely in the cool weather of last summer. More peas are sown now for canning. These are good combined with a few carrots when canned as there seems to be no danger of spoilage when this combination is used.

AUSTRALIAN WILD FLOWERS

By Mrs. Frank Dehn

If you were able to yell loud enough to be heard from the United States to Australia, it would take about fifteen hours for your voice to reach that far—to the land down under where Easter comes in Autumn! That is because "When it's Spring time in the Rockies", it's autumn in the Antipodes. Easter daisies and brown and yellow chrysanthemums bloom and there is a haziness similar to our Indian Summer at Easter time.

The flora of Australia differs from that of any other country in the world. Nature is truly bountiful with exquisite flowers, so well adapted to the Bushland. Any kind that could not stand the dry areas would have been extinct long ago. William Dampier visited Australia in 1688—1699 and gave the world the first information about these flowers.

Since so many of us cannot visit Australia, let's go in our imagination and see just a few of the wild flowers of the bush. Bush is back country anywhere from thickly settled communities. The Small Kangaroo Paw, found in West Australia, likes sandy soil. The flowers are shaped like kangaroo paws, hence the name. An Aussie friend once sent me seeds of the Honesty Plant, a perennial which did very well in Kansas.

The Crimson Bottle Brush looks just like your baby's bottle brush would if it were red with a sprig of green leaves at the tip. A very beautiful shrub that will grow in most gardens. Makes a good hedge. Wouldn't we be proud of a hedge like that?

The Fairy Waxflower, double variety, is very rare, likes plenty of sun and water. The Longleaf Waxflower is a flowering shrub. Honey Flower is a shrub common around Sydney. The Sydney Rose is a small, dainty shrub.

Does the name Blue Tinsel Lily sound like a lily that had been gilded?

It is a rare and lovely lily found in sandy, dry parts of South and West Australia. The Nodding Blue Lily likes moist open forest country. Fringe Lily grows in Australia and Tasmania. The Balm Mint Bush has pretty blossoms.

An Aussie gardener says that if St. Flacre, patron saint of gardeners, had lived in Australia his hut would probably have been surrounded by waratahs, Flannel Flowers and Wattles. This saint was an Irish prince who made a graden out of a wilderness. He loved all the wild plants, birds and beasts but it was his garden that made him famous.

Aborigines or "blackfellows" sometimes pull up wild plants. They place kangaroo grease on the roots and wrap a rag around them and sell them in the towns.

Every state has one or more varieties that do better there than anywhere else. West Australia has given the world some wonderful flowers. August showers bring September flowers.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER TWELVE

In the autumn of 1902, Mother entered the Shenandoah high school as a freshman. She intended to go straight through the school year there, but not many months had passed before Aunt Helen asked her to come to Lincoln. She was managing a private kindergarten in a small house that she had rented, and attending afternoon classes at the University. Mother and Aunt Helen lived in part of the house, and it was a busy, busy time for them—in the mornings they conducted their kindergarten, and in the afternoons they went to classes at the University and high school.

Mother was only about fifteen years old at this time, and it was quite an experience for her to live in the city. Every morning she started out on the streetcar to collect the youngsters whose parents wanted them escorted to school, and in an earlier issue I told you what a thrill she got when she called at the Governor's mansion for his small son. A private kindergarten was almost unheard of in those days, and Aunt Helen made hers a profitable and worthwhile venture. Mother finished her freshman year at the Lincoln high school, and then returned to Shenandoah.

When we were little children and looked at Mother's high school pictures we thought that they were practically prehistoric because of the clothes that looked so strange to our eyes, but I realize now that her school years were not greatly different from our four years in the Shenandoah high school. I know that her geometry and algebra teacher was also our geometry and algebra teacher, and these subjects had been taught so thoroughly that she could always come to our rescue when we were caught with an equation that we couldn't solve, or a triangle that refused to be dissected and then put together again correctly.

Somewhere too in our old box of family pictures is a large group picture of the basketball team that Mother played on. This team was quite successful, although none of us could understand how the girls ever played in those bulky looking costumes. Mother played center, if I remember correctly, and since she was taller than the others she was a real asset to the team.

In the spring of 1905 Mother graduated from high school. Aunt Susan was a junior at this time, and the two girls were the only members of the family left at home. Grandmother and Grandfather were living then in the house that Fischers have occupied for almost forty years, and Grandmother felt so lost with only two children at home that she took some high school teachers to room and board. They weren't a genuine substitute for members of the family, of course, but they did help ease Grandmother's feeling that the house was empty!

After graduation it seemed only natural that Mother should teach school,



Leanna Field in 1905.

for not only had Aunt Helen, Aunt Martha, and Aunt Jessie taught school, but Grandmother and Grandfather were teachers before them. It also seemed the natural procedure to teach in the same school where the older girls had started out, so September found Mother in the community northeast of Shenandoah.

When ever I think of Mother teaching this first school I have a mental picture of great blizzards that raged for months on end! This is because I used to feel so badly for her when she told us how she walked through deep drifts to school, and then had to carry out ashes and build a fire before the building was warm enough to work in. Probably there weren't a great many mornings like this, but I could never quite visualize the lovely mornings of autumn and spring whenever I thought of those snow drifts.

This first school was nine miles from the small town of Essex, and many Friday afternoons after school Mother walked those nine miles to spend the weekend with Aunt Martha. She was living there with her husband, Harry Eaton. They owned a drug store, and I believe that their oldest son, Bob, was a small baby at that time. Those weekends were a great pleasure for Mother, and sometimes she walked the nine miles through bad weather in order not to miss them.

The second year that Mother taught she had Aunt Susan with her. They lived at the same home, and every morning after breakfast they started off to work, Aunt Susan to walk one mile east to her school, and Mother to walk one mile west to her school. Their wages sound pretty small to us today, \$35.00 per month, but then they paid only \$3.00 weekly for room and board—and at least there weren't a dozen different deductions such as we have now.

The girls had intended to teach through the school year, but when they went home for Thanksgiving va-

cation they heard news that changed their plans. Grandmother had been in frail health for some time following several attacks of pneumonia, and the doctor feared that if she had another attack it might prove very serious. Winter was coming on again, and everyone was so worried about her health that it was a relief when the doctor prescribed a winter in California. Yet mingled with the relief was a feeling of loss, for California seemed far, far away in those days, and how could they go without a single child to be near them? Finally, after much discussion, it was decided that Mother and Aunt Susan should accompany them and enter school in California.

This was a thrilling prospect for the girls... country school teachers one day, and world travelers—well, almost world travelers!—the next day. Back in 1906 it was quite an exciting event for any family in Shenandoah to take such a long trip, and consequently there was a round of farewell parties for the travelers. There were farewell gifts too, with boxes of candy and fruit that were to be opened on the train.

Grandmother had spent one winter in California so she knew just what clothes would be needed. Ready-made dresses were a luxury not to be dreamed of in those days, so this meant that the sewing machine whirled hour after hour while Mother and Aunt Susan put together their traveling outfits, and their "California clothes." People wore so much more clothing in 1906 that the luggage alone would have been a big problem, for in addition to the trunks, suitcases, and hat boxes there were all kinds of lunch boxes. Mother doesn't remember how long it took to get everything together, but she still recalls that when they actually were ready to start it took the town dray, a two-seated carriage, and a single buggy to get everyone and everything to the railroad station!

I cannot help but contrast this departure with the departures I've made from Shenandoah for California. Once I left on less than an hour's notice, and in December of 1941 when Russell, Dorothy and I started out, we had a leisurely breakfast in the kitchen, and then stuffed our suitcases in the car and left; I don't think that it took us more than a couple of hours to get everything collected, packed, and placed in the car. Mother says that whenever she sees any of us leave so casually she has vivid memories of their departure for that first trip to California.

PRAYER FOR SELF MASTERY

Florence Taylor

Father, I ask for grace to bear
The irritations of the day,
The little unimportant things
That try my patience, Lord, I pray
For poise: for wisdom to discern
The good, each small test holds for
me,
May see each as a stepping-stone
To ultimate self-mastery.

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Drifmiller

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "I admit that this is a small thing, Leanna, but I'm coming to you with it just the same. We have a recipe for strawberry pie that's been handed down in our family for three generations, and everyone who has eaten it says that it's the most wonderful pie they ever ate. I always contribute a pie during strawberry season to church and club affairs, but I've never given anyone the recipe because there's a certain twist to it that I'm afraid they won't master, and then they'll accuse me of deliberately giving it to them wrong. At a church dinner last year I overheard some sharp remarks about my selfishness, so I'm wondering if I should give the recipe the next time I'm asked?"—Nebraska.

ANS: Yes, I certainly think that I would if I were you. I've never approved of hoarding recipes. Where would Kitchen-Klatter be if we'd all hung on to our "special twists"? I'd go right ahead and run the risk you mentioned, and I might add that the rest of us would like a chance to try our hands at it.

QUES: "I have two boys, aged six and seven, and I'm uncertain as to what I should do about this particular problem. My husband was drafted last month, and of course the children miss him badly and really suffer from his absence. Do you think I should constantly refer to him, show them his picture daily, etc., as some mothers do to keep "daddy fresh in the youngsters' minds," as they say, or just what would you suggest?"—Minnesota.

ANS: It seems to me that there is a happy medium in such a situation. I think it is hard on children to carry the emotional burden that comes from constantly thinking about a parent who is absent. They may not show it on the surface, but it affects them deeply to see an adult look sadly at a picture, or to show great anxiety over letters. You want to keep him happily fresh in their minds, so I think that the best way to do this is to refer to him cheerfully. Somehow make your voice light when you mention him regardless of how you may really feel, and try to speak casually about "when daddy comes home to us." Don't let them feel your tenseness. He will stay very much alive in their memories if you do this, for it is only when children are troubled and sad that they try to push things out of their minds.

QUES: "I've been extremely distressed the past few months over my only daughter and a disappointment that came to her. She is twenty-three and has worked in a lawyer's office since she graduated from college. For over two years she spent a great deal of time with a young man her

age, and somehow I assumed that they would be married. But in October they broke up (she has never told me why) and since then she has been despondent and just a shadow of her old self. Can you think of anything I could do that would help?"—Kansas.

ANS: No, I'm sorry to say that I can't think of a thing. That's one thing we mothers have to face—the realization that in broken love affairs we just can't do a thing to help, much as we long to do something, *anything* to make our children happy again. All you can really do is to make her realize that you are sympathetic, but not curious, and that you stand behind her if she wishes to go away and work in another city. This isn't much comfort to you, I know, but believe me, it's all you can do.

QUES: "What can be done with a penny-pincher who throws a damper on all social activities? A woman in our group who has as much money as any of us and more than some of us, frets and stewes over every penny that the club spends. She has actually presented us with bills for four cents or seven cents that was spent when she entertained the group, and she always complains when we want to send flowers to a sick member. We are all getting tired of it, and would be grateful for some advice."—Illinois.

ANS: Well, the obvious thing, dropping her from the club, evidently can't be done or you would have done it. Therefore, if she is to be with you *ad infinitum*, the best thing you can do is to laugh, and laugh genuinely, when she starts her usual complaint.

QUES: "Our ten-year-old boy has always gone after the cows at night since he was old enough to take on the chore, but recently he has cried when the time came and said that he was afraid to go. He won't say why he is afraid, but it's not a trick to get out of going, I'm sure, for he acts very nervous and worried. In fact, the other night he became almost hysterical when my husband insisted that he go. Do you think we should insist, or should we give in to him?"—Minnesota.

ANS: I believe that you would be making a very serious mistake if you insisted. It isn't a question of "giving in" to him. We know now that fears children won't or can't explain are not to be taken lightly, and real damage can result from insisting that they "conquer their fear" and do what is expected. If he is an obedient, helpful boy, as your letter stated, I would drop the matter entirely—don't even refer to it. Before long he may start going again of his own free will. At any rate, it would be cruel to force a child into something that he is terrified about.



Mr. and Mrs. Tim George and Tommie. Mrs. George and little son are staying with her parents for the duration.

Buddy Starcher wrote and dedicated the following verse to Tim George.

SO LONG SAILOR, BUT NOT GOOD BYE

I hear you got your call today, to help our Uncle Sam,
I guess it's what you wanted, you'll do the best you can;
Though we hate to see you go, still there's no use to cry,
It's only so long sailor, it never is good bye.

You've been a sailor all along, and this is nothing new,
The only difference we can see, is your suit of Navy blue;
Even here at home old pal, you sure helped things along,
So we won't say good bye son, we'll only say so long.

You'll be coming back right soon, we'll be very proud of you,
And son I know you will look swell, in that pretty suit of blue;
One happy thought to take along, we know it—you and I,
A million friends will say so long, not one will say good bye.

No my friend, it's not good bye, for you'll be back real soon,
Of course we all will miss you, like the sun that leaves the room;
Your cheery voice,—your sunny smile, no job too hard to try,
And now you've got a new job, but that don't mean good bye.

I'm speaking for all your friends son, I know they will be true,
When they hear you will be leaving, to wear that suit of blue;
But every friend you've ever had, will join me when I say,
That Uncle Sam got one good man, when he took you away.

Our pray'rs will always follow you, to guide you on your way,
We have no choice in this dear friend, there's nothing we can say;
We wish you the best of everything, and now before I cry,
I'd better say SO LONG SAILOR, BUT I WON'T SAY GOOD BYE.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

He used to praise me for my looks
And rate my beauty high,
But now he calls, when he comes in,
"I'm hungry. Bring on that apple pie."

And do I mourn for by-gone days
Or sit around and sigh?
Not me—I grab a rolling pin
And make an apple pie.

—Sent by Mrs. R. L. Salak.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE

- 3 eggs
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- Grated rind of 1/2 lemon
- 1 cup grated raw apple
- 2 cups milk, scalded
- Cinnamon or nutmeg

Beat eggs slightly, add sugar, salt, lemon rind and apple. Add milk and force mixture through sieve. Pour into unbaked 9-inch pastry shell. Sprinkle top with cinnamon or nutmeg or a little of both. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to low, 300 degrees, and bake 30 minutes longer or until a silver knife inserted in center comes out clean. If you do not like flavor of lemon, scald milk with 4 or 5 mint leaves, and if you like mint, add 1/2 teaspoon chopped very fine after apple mixture is ready to pour in the shell.

JELLIED CHICKEN

- 4 cups clear broth
- 2 tablespoons gelatin
- 3 cups chopped cooked chicken (about 1 chicken)
- 2 cups finely cut celery
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 1 teaspoon grated onion
- Salt to taste

Soak gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water. Add to 2 cups boiling chicken broth. Add remaining broth and when mixture begins to set, fold in chicken and other ingredients. Pour into mold. A bread pan makes an excellent mold. Garnish with parsley and hard cooked egg slices.

GREEN BEANS

Mix 2 1/2 teaspoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard in a double boiler. Add 1 egg yolk and 3/4 cup milk and cook until thick. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pour over cooked green beans.

USE CORN SIRUP OR HONEY

Replace up to one-half the sugar called for in the recipe with either corn sirup or honey. If two cups of sugar are called for, use one cup of sugar and one cup of corn sirup or honey. When making strawberry preserves or jam, for each 12 cups of berries use 3 cups of sugar and 3 cups of sirup.

When making jelly, replace one-half the sugar called for with an equal measure of honey. Replace one-fourth the sugar called for with equal measure of corn sirup. If either honey or corn sirup are used, cook the mixture slightly beyond the jelly stage.

CHERRY PRESERVES

Select sour red cherries. Stem, wash and pit. For each pound of cherries use 3/4 pound of sugar. Combine fruit and sugar in alternate layers and let stand ten hours. Boil rapidly until sirup is thick. Pour in sterilized jars and seal.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES

Select large, firm, tart berries. Wash, drain and remove caps. For each pound of fruit use one pound of sugar. Combine fruit and sugar in alternate layers. Let stand over night. Boil rapidly 15 minutes. Pour in hot, sterile jars and seal.

TO USE SMALL BERRIES

Crush berries and cook three minutes. Strain. To each pound of choice prepared berries, allow one-half cup of this juice and 2 cups of sugar. Add sugar to juice and heat slowly until the sugar is dissolved. Drop large berries in this sirup and boil 10 to 15 minutes. Remove scum. Allow preserves to stand over night in a glass or porcelain bowl. Fill hot, sterilized jars with drained berries, cold. Boil sirup until fairly thick. Pour hot sirup over the berries and seal.

STRAWBERRY AND PINEAPPLE JAM

Pare the pineapple and cut into small pieces. Add equal parts of sugar and cook ten minutes. Add strawberries with equal amount of sugar, or a little less. Stir while boiling until jam is thick. This is delicious. Seal in hot, sterilized jars.

STRAWBERRIES AND RHUBARB

Use equal parts of fruits. For each two pounds of combined fruit, use 1 1/2 pounds of sugar. Cover the rhubarb with part of the sugar, to extract juice. Crush berries and mix with the remaining sugar. Combine with the rhubarb. Boil 15 or 20 minutes or until jam is thick. Seal in hot, sterilized jars.

CHERRY-PINEAPPLE CONSERVE

- 2 quarts sweet cherries
- 1 pineapple
- 2 pounds sugar (4 cups)
- 1 cup hot water

Prepare cherries and pineapple. Combine sugar and water and bring to the boiling point. To this add cherries and pineapple and boil until very thick. Pour into hot sterilized glasses and seal.

ORANGE AND RHUBARB MARMALADE

- 8 oranges
- 8 cups sugar
- 3 quarts rhubarb
- 1 quart hot water

Prepare oranges as for marmalade. Slowly cook the yellow part of the skin in the hot water for one-half hour. To this add sugar and rhubarb and cook until quite thick. Stir in orange pulp and cook again until the mixture is thick again. Pour in hot sterilized jars and seal.

LEMON ICE CREAM

- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup white syrup
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- A few grains salt
- 1 cup cream, whipped

Combine eggs and sugar. Mix thoroughly. Add syrup, milk, juices, lemon rind and salt. Pour into tray of mechanical refrigerator. Freeze rapidly until partly firm. Beat until light and creamy. Fold in whipped cream. Freeze until firm, stirring once or twice during the freezing process.—Zona Duncan, Corydon, Ia.

CRUMB CAKE

- 2 cups raisins
- 1 cup sugar (half syrup may be used)
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup water
- Pinch of salt

Cook until it thickens
3/4 cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar
1 1/4 cups flour
1 3/4 cups oatmeal
1 teaspoon soda
Cinnamon if desired
Cream shortening and sugar. Add remaining ingredients and mix then add 2 tablespoons cold water, one at a time. Put half of this crumbly mixture in bottom of a pan then pour the raisin mixture over it and then put the rest of the crumb mixture on top. Bake in a moderate oven. Serve with sauce or whipped cream.



My niece, Lettie Field, who is a WAVE.
She is receiving training at
Cedar Falls, Iowa.

COTTAGE CHEESE LOAF

- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 cup dry cottage cheese
- 1/2 cup finely chopped peanuts
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 1 tablespoon melted fat
- 1 cup tomato juice
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Combine all ingredients. Place in greased loaf pan. Dot top with extra fat. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Slice and serve hot.

WHITE CAKE

- 3 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 1/4 teaspoons double acting baking powder
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 teaspoon almond extract
- 3 eggs whites, beaten stiff

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift three times. Cream shortening. Add sugar gradually, keep mixture light. Add corn syrup, beat well. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk and flavoring, beating well after each addition. Carefully fold in egg whites, beaten stiff but not dry. Bake in three 8-inch greased, lined layer pans in moderate oven, 350 degrees, about 35 minutes.—Mrs. Sam Stigers, Jameson, Missouri.

PEAR JAM

- 8 cups ground pears
- 4 apples, ground
- 2 oranges, meaty part ground and peel grated
- 6 cups white syrup
- 2 cups sugar

Cook till thick. Grand on hot toast.
—Mrs. Jesse Traylor, Des Moines, Ia.

HOMEMAKER'S PRAYER

If it is vanity, this taking pride
In ruffled curtains, newly ironed, or
these
Gold-spheres of pickled apricots in-
side
Their jars, or currant jell, forgive me,
please.

If it is wrong, this looking proudly
toward
The table cover made with one's own
hand,
Or silver polished bright, forgive me,
Lord—
But I am sure You smile, and under-
stand.

—Elaine V. Emaus.

FURNITURE THAT FITS

By Sue Somers

Do you have difficulty in getting furniture that will look right no matter where you live? There are so few of us who are permanently located in either the city or the house in which we live in this day and age that buying furniture that fits into the scheme of things, no matter where you are, really is a problem.

There is one piece of furniture however that has already won many crowns of glory for itself because it not only fits any home admirably, but looks equally well in any room of the home, whether it be dining room, living or bed room. The piece I am speaking of, which is so magical, is the new design in chests of drawers which we now find on the market. Their design is so admirably planned that they truly look appropriate in any room in the house. Because of this they are a great boon to those of us who must live in rented homes that do not have adequate built-in storage space.

The chests can be purchased in any number of finishes but if you find the finished ones too expensive buy one that is unfinished and do the rest yourself. The easiest finish to apply and happily, the one that wears best, consists of first a colored penetrating stain followed by a coat of wax. You will find this harmonious with other furnishings and you will also find that it is remarkably scar proof.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Whether you are a member or not you are invited to attend the No. 13, Kitchen-Klatter Club's annual picnic to be held first part of June at Hampton Park, Hampton, Iowa. Leanna will announce exact date on the radio but if you do not hear her, drop a card to either Mrs. Ralph Collins, Hampton, Iowa, or Mrs. Verne Hamilton, Iowa Falls, Iowa, or you may address me at Shell Rock, Iowa. You will then be notified as to the date.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Canker sores are small white painful patches in the mouth (sometimes on the lips) they usually last five or six days. These sores may not always be from an allergic reaction but point to a food sensitiveness of some type. Try taking only fruit juice and water for a day and rinse the mouth often with soda water. Some authorities advise a dose of Epsom Salts.

This is an ideal time of year to follow a reducing schedule (if "excess baggage" is your peeve) as chickens and gardening will keep you out of door away from the temptation to taste bites of food. Also the oxygen from the outdoor air will help burn the starches and sweets before they become a firm part of you. Follow a well balanced reducing schedule (not just a reducing diet) so your mineral and vitamin intake will be sufficient and nature will go to your reserve pantry (layers of fat) for the daily needed fats.

The first few days while the stomach is shrinking you may have an uneasy feeling that something is wrong some place, but this will soon pass and the stomach will become adjusted and not fuss for more food to distend it. The scales will make you happy and the improved feeling and comfort you experience will make the effort worth while, besides the health will be much safer during the hot weather.

Ans: Food-allergy is an allergic type of sensitiveness to certain foods.

An allergic or food sensitive person may have an upset stomach from having eaten some "trouble maker" then often the stomach goes on the war path and refuses to digest almost any food for several days. This may lead the person to think he is sensitive to all food he has eaten. The one food probably started the riot and the stomach kept the fuss going. Quick-est way to put the stomach in a good humor is to eat nothing for four meals excepting canned pears and cooked rice. No milk or cream—use pear juice over the rice.

KITCHEN-KLATTER COOK BOOKS

Any 6 for \$1.00

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 - Vol. 2—Salads and Sandwiches
 - Vol. 3—Vegetables
 - Vol. 4—Cakes, Pies, Frozen Desserts and Puddings
 - Vol. 5—Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals and Meat Cookery
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- Order From
Leanna Field Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa



Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda C. Wiles

April showers bring May flowers—but when they extend far over into May and in quantities that assume flood proportions, they become a handicap in more ways than one.

I have had to keep my chickens penned up much of the time, and it has been hard to keep the brooder house from becoming damp. But I know the sun is bound to shine some time and about all we can do is to "mark time" and not complain too much about it.

At present the egg situation has had its share of discussion among most poultry raisers. Egg producers are being squeezed between the fluctuating prices and the rapidly rising cost of feed. This in turn reacts on the number of chicks purchased for next year's flock—and as a result, hatcheries are shortening the egg season and many flocks are marked off of the list, which in turn causes dissatisfaction among the farmers who have paid fancy prices for cockerels to head their flocks, paid for culling, blood testing, worming, de-lousing etc., to be able to sell to the hatcheries and have met every requirement in order to do so.

I have heard this commented on by a number of different producers and each seemed to agree that this is the last season they are going to be caught "out on a limb". It isn't a very pleasant idea to know you are out on a limb and don't know what minute some one may decide to saw that limb off. So the general idea seems to be to stay closer to the ground. Let us not be too rebellious, however. Our boys are having many unpleasant experiences, without any profit—and I dare say they can not say "this is the last year of this".

A friend was telling me of a letter she had received from her son in England—and you could easily see he was homesick. He was saying he imagined they were planting potatoes and garden—and went on to say how bad he used to hate to help sprout and plant potatoes, to say nothing of digging them in the fall, and how glad he would be now if he were only there to plant them for her (his father is dead) and only hoped he could be there to dig them in the fall.

There is no doubt in my mind that this war is part of God's plan for the betterment of the world. Many changes have taken place in the hearts of the people, and many are taking a different view of life. Try to fill your own little niche a little better each day and strive a little harder to be a good citizen.

Dear Leanna,

I am enclosing \$1.00 for renewal to Kitchen-Klatter. I think it is certainly a nice magazine. I just can't wait to read it when it comes. I enjoy every page of it.

Mrs. J. A. Miller,
Lenox, Iowa.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

In fitting this column into the space allotted to it last month, the last address was cut off and I'm afraid Kenneth Swanson didn't get much mail although a few of you sent letters to be forwarded to him. Kenneth lives at Burdick, Kansas. He will be 18 years old this month. For the past three years he has suffered so much with arthritis that he has been unable to be out of bed, and is not even able to write, though someone usually finds time to answer letters for him. He is able to read and enjoys reading his Bible. Please send him at least a birthday card.

We have been asked to have a card shower for Mr. Howard Rich, Rutland Sanatorium W. E., Rutland, Mass. He is many miles from his home and family and awfully lonely.

Do you remember writing to Eva Swearingen, c/o County Home, Spirit Lake, Iowa, some months ago? She wrote to me a few days ago of all that your friendship had meant to her. She is the girl whose bones break so easily, and both legs and one arm have been in splints for ten years. In spite of the splints, one bone broke recently and when just beginning to heal it was moved wrong and broke again. She says she gets so tired lying flat on her back and able to move only her head and one arm. Her main amusement is a collection of dolls and her mail. Perhaps you can help her with one or the other. Right now she is asking that people write to a friend of hers, another bedfast girl, and you can make Eva happy by writing to Mildred Woodbury, 209 South Throop St., Chicago, Ill. Mildred is entirely alone in the world and has been bedfast for many years.

Perhaps some of you friends who are unable to walk without support will be interested in this one that a helpful husband invented for his wife. He took light, smooth lumber and made a pair of "saw-horses" similar to ones used by carpenters, and of course smaller. They are just high enough so the invalid can put her hands on the top bar and hold her weight on it. They are about 2 feet long, and the legs put on at an angle that will insure a firm support. The top bar can be padded if desired. Use these two "horses" instead of crutches. They give better balance and more freedom of movement. If others of you have homemade appliances that have been helpful to you, do write me about them.

MILDEW

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." This old saying surely applies to mildew. Try to prevent it. Keep your house dry and as well aired as possible. If dirty clothes are kept in a closet, keep an open jar of calcium chloride near by them. It is a much better idea to be sure soiled clothes are thoroughly dry before they are put in the clothes basket.



OVER THE FENCE

Mrs. C. W. Mynett, 3451 Fifth Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa, wants to know if any one has a "Double Irish Chain" quilt for sale.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crain of Greenleaf, Kansas, have recently celebrated their Golden Wedding day. Kitchen-Klatter sisters extend congratulations. Mrs. Crain would like to borrow some back numbers of this magazine. She is in bed most of the time.

May 17th is the birthday of Mrs. Clara Jessen, Audubon, Iowa. Please send her a card.

The name "Shenandoah" means "Daughter of the Stars". It is an Indian name. The town was first called "Fair Oaks" but that was so near like Red Oak, a neighboring town, that they changed the name to Shenandoah.

Mrs. Roy Fleming of Randolph, Nebraska, writes that her little granddaughter, Judy Mae, has two sets of great grand parents and two sets of grand parents. I am sure she receives plenty of attention.

Mabel E. Carlson, Burnside, Iowa, would appreciate someone sending her a good sunbonnet pattern.

Where is there a little girl eleven years old who would like to write to Joyce Brandes, Hancock, Iowa. She is eleven years old, too.

Several of our Kitchen-Klatter sisters would like to buy print feed sacks or exchange something they have for them. If you have any you can spare, write to me.

Colored string and wool yarn washcloths, hankies, and glass tumblers with painted designs on. Would like to find a twin named Rosella and born June 21, 1912.—Mrs. Herman Hansen, Rt. 1, Williams, Iowa.

Twelve grandsons, 6 of which are overseas, 6 nephews of which 4 are overseas, and 11 grand nephews—8 overseas, is the record set by Mother Thomas, who lives with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Orla Thomas, Scranton, Iowa. Can you beat that record?

Add several tablespoons vinegar to greens such as spinach just before taking from fire. It will give a better flavor when added while hot than later when being served.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight before I could start this letter to you I had to move the remains of a cake from the kitchen table—yes, an angel food. There is a good reason for this cake and that is the fact that yesterday we celebrated three birthdays, Russell's, Dorothy's and mine. Russell and I have birthdays the same day and Dorothy's doesn't come until next week but just for fun we decided to lump them all together this year and have a real celebration.

Last night we had a dinner that could almost be called a banquet. I stuffed and roasted a sixteen-pound turkey, and to my way of thinking there isn't a more dramatic sight in this world than a huge golden turkey, properly garnished, sitting in the middle of a dining room table.

That excitement is just barely over, and now we're making big plans to meet Howard this weekend. He has been transferred from Camp Adair down to San Luis Obispo about two hundred miles north of us, and fortunately he was able to get a leave for this weekend. It will be the first time that Howard has ever visited us in our California homes, and we are eagerly anticipating seeing him again after more than two years' separation. We saw Kristin when he was at home on furlough this past December, but he has never seen Juliana, so I am looking forward to showing him his little niece.

Honestly, I get busier with every day that passes. Juliana is now at the stage where drawers and cupboards are too tempting to be left alone, and from morning until night I am kept constantly on the jump. Yesterday I was trying frantically to get some of her dresses ironed and I thought she was safely corralled in one spot, but somehow she slid through the bars of the chair that I'd used to pen her in, and when I went to investigate the ominous silence I found that she'd opened a cupboard door and gotten into Russell's cans of paint. Oh dear, it was all over her hair and her face and her clothes, to say nothing of a can of black paint that had been turned upside down on the linoleum. Russell has been painting canisters recently, and since he uses these paints daily he hadn't covered them properly. Well, I was just plain discouraged! I looked at her and said emphatically, "Juliana, no, no, you must not touch those things," and she looked back at me and gave me a purple and green painted grin and said equally firmly, "No, No." I'm still working on her hair.

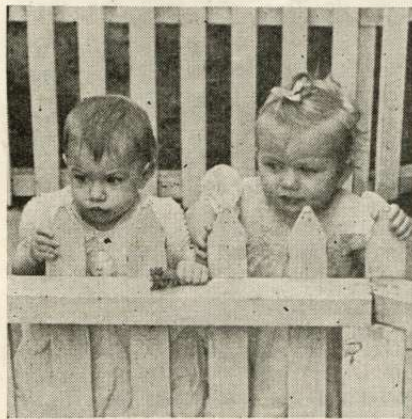
Kristin is the liveliest baby who ever drew the breath of life. She has the heaviest high chair that Dorothy could buy, but I want you to know that she can move it across the room by throwing herself around in it. And she pounds the footrest so loudly that the landlady asked me yesterday if we'd mind putting felt on the bottom of "that rocking horse". We have a little rocking horse and she thought that this was what caused the racket,

but that little horse is completely noiseless—it's Kristin and her high-chair! They are going to pad the footrest and put rubber rings on the bottom of the legs, so we hope that this will solve the problem.

Juliana can walk all over the house now by going along the walls. I'll never forget what a start it gave me the first time I left her in the kitchen while I went out on the service porch to wash diapers, and when I returned she was standing by the front door saying, "Bye-Bye." If she had her way about it she would be out on the street in her Taylor-Tot at five o'clock in the morning. It's an awful thing to hear that little voice say cheerfully, "Mama, bye-bye," and then look out to see the black sky and fading moon. If I had farm chores like so many of you have I wouldn't mind it too much—I'd just consider her the alarm clock—but this street doesn't come to life until after eight and it's pretty dreary to be out alone in the morning fog.

Well, I must get some rest while Juliana is sleeping so peacefully.

Goodnight, and my good wishes . . .
—Lucile.



Here they are again, our two grandchildren.
Kristin at 10 months and Juliana
13 months old.

A QUIET ROOM

Many of our large factories have a quiet room where workers may go for relaxation of mind and body, when the noise and monotony of their work requires that they rest. In this room no talking is allowed. There is no radio. The subdued light and comfortable furnishings in themselves invite rest. Why not have such a room in your home. Mothers with several children need an arrangement of this kind. I know from experience the value of being able to get away from the noise and confusion one must have in a home where there are a bunch of lively youngsters.

Dear Leanna,

Kitchen-Klatter is all such good reading. I never lay it down till I have read it through two or three times. I am saving all the copies to make a book of them to send to my sister in Minnesota. I like to use the recipes. They are all good.

Yours truly,
Mrs. S. A. Parr, Castana, Ia.



AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

Things I like: Dogs. People. Children.

Columns like this by people I read about.

To read, to sew, to write, to laugh and to talk.

To make something out of nothing. Older folks who have kept the sparkle of youth shining with their fresh interest.

Hard physical labor that makes me tired, hungry and sleepy. (How nice when there is so much of it.)

To walk off through the fields and woods so far that there might be an Indian behind that big old oak.

I read Emily Post from cover to cover but I failed to find any rule of etiquette that says what to do when you lose your shoe and overshoe in the middle of a southern Iowa spring swamp while carrying two big buckets of water to the little chicks.

Here are some of the things that we substitute for the desserts we can no longer have and for the candy we used to enjoy. Raisins, sweet and healthful. Popcorn, crunchy and quite as much fun as candy making. Hot light bread with syrup or sorghum. While on the subject, try cinnamon rolls with the merest suggestion of sugar and butter and spice in the roll then when they are ready for the oven pour dark syrup over them. Bake in a very slow oven and turn from the pan as soon as they are removed from the oven. Super duper.

Try a candy made from evaporated, sweetened milk to which has been added a little melted chocolate. Cook in a double boiler. This makes frosting or a delicious dip for a not so sweet cake or pudding.

A small nephew of mine was on his way to bed protesting at every step. Upon being told that he must go to bed and go to sleep, he said, "I don't see why we have to sleep. It seems like such a waste of time". I think those were the truest words I ever heard. All day I keep doing the things that have to be done, cooking, cleaning, washing, etc. Then when evening comes and I might have some time to read and write and do the things I want to do, it's bedtime. Such a waste of time.

Don't waste seed! Seeds planted too thick produce poor quality plants, and make added work for you, since you will have to thin them out.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

One sunny June morning Marilee had taken Grandpa's cows to the pasture at the end of the old lane and on her way back stopped to visit with The Thumblety Bumblety Elf. He was sitting on the brace post that made a front porch to his new home. He was all dressed up in a lovely suit and cap made from the petals of a dark red peony.

While they were visiting the little elfman's chick-a-dee airplane came flying along with a merry "Chick-a-dee-dee. Do you want to see me?" Of course they did. All the time they were talking Chick-a-dee was swinging on a twig, standing on his head or hopping around looking for a bug. He just couldn't be still.

"Would you like to go down the lane to meet a friend of mine?" he asked.

"Yes", answered Marilee and the elfman. "Hop on my back," said Chick-a-dee as he paused a moment. Thumblety did but Marilee, of course, went walking along by their side. "Who is your friend?" she asked, "And what does he do?"

"His name is Ruby-throated humming-bird," answered Chick-a-dee. "He doesn't do anything except eat insects."

When the three friends came in sight of the old trumpet vine on the lane fence, the humming bird was already there. He sounded like a big bumblebee and truly he was about that size. He hung in front of an orange trumpet seemingly as if by magic for his wings moved so swiftly on either side of his body that they were invisible. His long bill was poked to the very bottom of the trumpet flower, drinking up the nectar and picking up any unlucky little insects that had crawled down there to feed.

Chick-a-dee lit on the smooth top of a fence post and The Thumblety Bumblety Elf slid off to stand beside him.

Quick as a flash the humming bird deserted the flower and hung in the air in front of them where they could see his beautiful ruby colored throat.

"Hello, friends," he greeted them.

"Hello, yourself," said Chick-a-dee. "When did you get back?"

"Not many days ago," answered the tiniest bird of them all, "and my wife and I have been very busy building our nest."

Marilee could not keep still any longer. "Could we see it?" she begged.

"I am not sure my wife would like that," answered the humming-bird.

"If we promise not to tell anyone, would you let us have one little

peek?" asked Chick-a-dee.

"Yes. I will do that," said the humming bird.

"We promise," said Chick-a-dee and The Thumblety Bumblety Elf and Marilee all together.

The humming-bird flew along in front of them until they came to a gnarled old oak. There, on the top of a limb sat a knot that looked just like all the other knots until Mrs. Humming bird raised her head and peeked over the edge.

The three friends gasped with amazement. An elm leaf would have covered the whole nest. Outside it was covered with the same gray lichens that grew on the old oak. Inside lay two tiny white eggs no larger than two peas on a bed of softest down.

Marilee thought of the two tiny babies that would later be in the nest. "How do they get food for their babies?"

Mrs. Humming bird answered, "We do not have to feed them very long. They can fly in three weeks."

"I think we had better go," Chick-a-dee said. He knew birds do not like strangers near their nests.

"Good-by! Good-by!" said all the friends.

As the three friends went up the lane together Marilee said, "I think the little humming bird was the first helicopter and a good camouflage artist, too." Do you know what she meant?

Next month I will tell who drew the best picture of the Thumblety Bumblety Elf. Pictures are still being sent in.—Aunt Leanna.



Linda Young, Centerville, Iowa, is proud of her sailor father, James Noel Young.

READ THIS

This is not a foreign language. It is hard to read and understand because the letters are not spaced right.

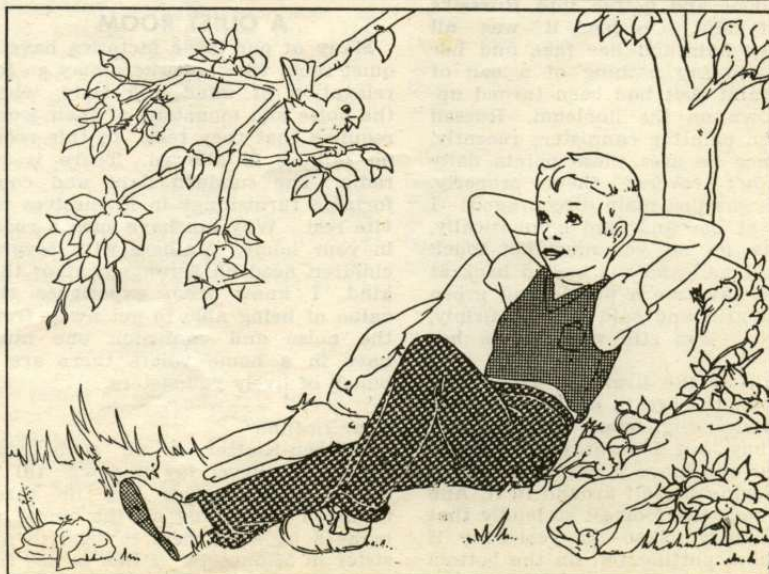
Sol veth isan dyo uarec lever. I fy ouw ant towr itew ordsth atc anno ther ead usel em onju ice. Ther ead erw ill ha vet ohe atth ec ardto rea dyo urmes sage.

RIDDLES

"I have no feet, I have no knees,
And yet I run or creep.
I very seldom leave my bed
And yet I never sleep." A River.
What part of the house is in your mouth? Roof.

Is it true that Moses took two of each kind of animal into the Ark with him? No, it was Noah.

Why is a dog like a boy five feet tall? He stands over 4 feet.



While Jack rests under a shady tree, he undertakes to count all the Birds. Just how many can you see?

Our Hobby Club

(For Subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

HOBBIES

Fancy guest towels and tea towels. Will exchange.—Mrs. W. E. Miller, 1014 Milton St., Madison, Wisconsin.

Shakers, advertising pencils, dogs, cats and pitchers.—Mrs. A. G. Schach, Box 182, Wisner, Nebraska.

Hankies, tea towels and hand-towels.—Aunt Mary Hamilton, Box 110, Culison, Kansas.

Shakers.—Mrs. Fred Hutchens, 6701 Carnegie St., St. Joseph 27, Missouri. Miniature dogs. Will exchange.—Miss Loraine Shaw, Rt. 3, Winterset, Iowa.

Pencils of all kinds.—Irene C. Stenger, Lynch, Nebraska.

Crochet doilies. Will exchange for your hobby.—Mrs. John Tinker, Falta, Colorado.

Crocheted holders.—Mrs. Hazel Hegwood, Rt. 1, Milo, Iowa.

Dolls and china animals.—Mrs. Wm. Loveridge, R. F. D., West Cheshire, Connecticut.

Old colored glass, clear frosted glass. Also toothpick holders. Will exchange some pretty flowered feed sacks for glass.—Mrs. M. M. Hileman, Cameron, Missouri.

Buttons, cacti and pots.—Mrs. Murray Hall, Madison, Missouri.

Toothpick holders.—Mrs. W. E. Miller, Manson, Iowa.

STITCH AND CHATTER

By Irella Belle Hinks

Well, who wouldn't? Wouldn't you? Don't needles (and tongues) just fly at Club or Aid? Even if we find ourselves alone, with a few minutes spare time, we can draw a comfortable chair up beside a sunny window and find joy and contentment in creating lovely things with a bit of thread and a hook or a needle.

If you have not yet learned to knit or crochet, let me urge you to do it now. There is always a kind neighbor who would be glad to teach you. And while you are about it, learn to read directions. Use the pin method—read to a comma, stick a pin down and leave until you have followed directions that far, then move pin to next comma. You will not "get lost" and will find directions much easier to master. I have, more than once, been amazed to see lovely pieces made by a beginner who a few weeks before had come through my door with a string of chain stitches and a hook, accompanied by a determined look on her face.

Yes, friends, I am the lady who makes medallions for the pillows of Kitchen-Klatter sisters and I sometimes wonder if I have missed a single pillow. In answer to many questions—I have a lovely rural home, a busy farmer husband, a married daughter—Darlene—whose soldier husband expects his wings in June, and a son Don, our 18 year old—who enters the service soon. If a tear gets between the lines or among the stitches I'm sure you will understand.

This time, I believe I'll give you directions for a pretty edging. Do let Leanna know what you would like to see in this column. Is it directions for a pretty basket, a table cloth, a bed spread or that new pan holder called the "panty" with "his" and "hers" embroidered on the respective garments? For a dainty fine lace, use No. 50 crochet cotton and Chain 8 turn.

Row 1—Miss 3, 3 trebles in next 3 stitches, chain 4, fasten in 1st stitch of chain, turn.

Row 2—One double and 6 trebles under 4 ch, ch 2, a treble in top of 3 ch at end of row, turn.

Row 3—Chain 3, 3 trebles in space, chain 4, fasten in 2nd of the 6 trebles, turn.

Repeat from second row.

NEW FRIENDS

It makes me very happy to know that so many of you have made new friends through the Hobby Club.

A few have had the unpleasant experience of sending articles and receiving not even a card of thanks. This club is for exchanging hobbies and if you are not able to exchange or do not care to, please do not ask me to list your name. It is always a good plan to write a letter first.

I am always glad to receive pictures of hobbies if they are plain enough that one can see the items displayed. Tell your friends about the Hobby Club.

"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.

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.

HEALTH HINTS BOOKLET: Revised Eight-Day Reducing Schedule and general hints. Price 15¢. New Health Booklet: Food Sensitiveness-allergy. 30 health questions answered. Price 25¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

FOR THE CHILDREN. True Comics. 64 pages in color. 12 issues for \$1.00. A substitute for trashy comics. It's heroes are real, men and women your children should know and admire. An ideal birthday gift. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS on 500 gummed labels, 25¢. Use on envelopes and stationery. Your boy in service will like to use them, too. Gertrude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Iowa.

GRACEFUL, SLENDER VASE 6 1/2 inches tall, with little fawn figure 4 1/2 inches tall. Both in soft leafgreen glaze. Fine for garden flower arrangements. Postpaid for \$1.00. Sue Conrad, Clarinda, Ia.

"FALLING LEAVES" A lovely book of poems by Annie P. Slankard, Great Bend, Kansas. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

CROCHETED PINEAPPLE DOILIES, 15 inches, \$2.50; Crocheted pansy chair sets, 3 pieces, \$3.75; Crocheted aprons, \$3.00—\$4.00; Crocheted lace for pillow cases, \$1.75 pr.; One Needlepoint piece, center worked in yarn, tulip patterns, rest to be worked, \$2.50; one quilt top, Dresden pattern, \$4.00; cut pieces for Snowball quilt, \$3.50; Crocheted bird holders, \$1.25 set. Ears of corn holders, 85¢ each. Miss Helen Chuldt, Poynette, Wisc.

SAINT PAULIAS: White Lady, \$1.00; Pink Beauty, 75¢; Blue Girl ready in mid-June, 75¢. Salmon Hybrid Begonia \$1.00. Flaming Ixora, 75¢. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Iowa.

FREE MEMBERSHIP—Correspondence and Exchange Club. Send 3¢ for membership card. Jean's Correspondence and Exchange Club, 721 Alabama, Lawrence, Kans.

ONE LISTING in our Hobby Club, Dime and stamp. Sample copy Club paper, 5¢ coin. Exchange hobbies. Write Aleta Morrisette, Rt. 1, Box 313A, San Bernardino, Calif.

BIRTHDAY and Everyday Folders with envelopes, 12 for 50¢. 50 postal cards with name and address, 45¢. Lucille Varns, Rt. 6, Wooster, Ohio.

EMBROIDERED EYELET TRIM for lingerie dresses, 8 inches wide, 50¢ yd.; 3 inches wide, 30¢ yd.; 1 1/8 inches wide and beading 1/2 inch, 25¢ yd. White only. Helen Chuldt, Poynette, Wisc.

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 yourself. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa. Price 35¢, 3 for \$1.00.



VITAMIN BIBS

Oranges and apples, carrots and tomatoes, milk, eggs, bread and butter—all these A, B, C and D vitamins cavort gaily on amusing bibs. Their animated figures and the descriptive wording will be fun to embroider—and perhaps they'll even increase baby's interest in these good foods. And, then, of course, their ample size assures protection from baby's first awkward spoonings. There are 7 motifs in all—enough for a whole week's supply—on transfer C9546, 10¢.

Outline for the bib is given also and the transfer will stamp more than once.—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

A CHICKEN AND NOODLE SALE

One Aid Society earned a nice sum of money by having a "chicken and noodle" sale. This can be prepared in the church basement and delivered fresh the morning it is made. It would be a good idea to take orders for it the week before, so you would know how much to make. If possible, have the chickens donated by the farm members. The town women can make the noodles and do the work.

The chicken and noodles can be delivered in fruit jars. These can be exchanged for an empty one or called for later.

PLANT SALE

Don't forget the plant sales. This is the month they will prove successful. The flowers are more beautiful when the plants are divided often and I am sure you will have no trouble selling the surplus.

Cut flowers sell well here in Shenandoah, on Memorial Day, for many people do not have flowers suitable to take to the cemetery. Put an "ad" in the paper and deliver the orders on the evening of the 29th.

DEDICATION SERVICE

Now that so many young men are being called from their membership, many churches are holding special services in their honor. Our church held such a service not long ago.

Mrs. W. T. Flowers writes from Havensville, Kansas:

"I haven't heard you tell of a dedication service quite like our church held. We had a frame work in the form of a V made with holes to hold candles. This was placed on a stand at the front of the church. Beside it was placed a large red candle in a holder. This was lit. It represented the Church of the Living God. Relatives of each of the boys sat in reserved section, near the front. As each boy's name was read, when he entered the service, etc., a relative went forward and lit a small white candle from the large one and placed it in the V. The boys were to get courage from the candle lit from the red one. The candles were left burning during the service, and we closed with "God Bless America."

A PLEA FOR PRAYER

While on the front lines in Italy, S/Sgt. Edwin B. Wessner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Wessner of Ventura, Iowa, wrote the following prayer. S/Sgt. Wessner says, in a letter to his parents:

"Through the hours of trial on the battlefield I am inspired to express my thoughts on the subject of prayer. A man does a lot of thinking through periods like that and men who never thought of God before silently ask the Almighty to save them. In these hours men sense the nearness of God.

"I firmly believe this terrible strife could be ended much sooner by more prayers from all of us for it is in His hands that all destiny rides. Some people who have life easy forget there is a God. I am proud of the community where I was reared, of the churches there and their memberships, for nothing can ever take the place of the Christian training I received as a youth. I find many who lack this important thing or have pushed it into the background. Great things can be accomplished by the Word of God for those who faithfully believe in it. To others it brings comfort, guidance and hope.

"A prayer for peace that I ask is:

Dear God, when I was a boy I used to pray like this

And ask for every little joy I did not want to miss;

I used to pray each night and day because I knew that You

Could take my troubles all away and make my dreams come true.

Well God, I am much older now and I have grown in size,

There are some furrows in my brow, some lines around my eyes,

But I still have my hands to fold, my lips to move in prayer And every day my eyes behold your blessings everywhere.

Dear God, I offer you once more whatever I am worth

And ask your help to win this war that peace may reign on earth."

OUR SERVICE FLAG

We placed a flag in our window, Proudly displaying a star of blue; It revealed that someone very dear— Had gone to fight for me and you.

The fading flag was replaced one day By another, bearing a silver star; It told that he had left our shores— And sailed for battle-fronts afar.

Long months have passed and brought Many events which are best untold, And Father Time with a steady hand— Has carefully painted a star of gold.

—J. A. Ranum,
Austin, Minn.

If you buy a Bond NOW you will help the boys over there to hasten the Victory and win a lasting peace.

THAT JUNE WEDDING

Many a young lady who has always thought she would be married in the church with brides maids and flower girls, has had to change her plans in this year of 1944.

If time is short and his leave is indefinite, a simple but dignified wedding is in good taste. The ceremony may be in the church, in the parsonage or in the home, and the guests may be invited by telephone or by a short note, if there has not been time to have invitations printed. The wedding may be announced in the papers or by personal notes to friends.

Wherever the wedding is held, decorations should be minimized. Usually one's own garden can supply several lovely bouquets. Even the bride's bouquet may come from her own garden. This will save expense and economy is a patriotic duty these days.

Because of rationing, have refreshments at the wedding or reception, very simple. They might be omitted entirely.

If there is to be a reception, you should of course include those who attended the wedding and any other additional friends. You do not need to use any flowers other than those on the serving table. Keep all the arrangements simple.

What shall the bride wear? If the wedding is small, she may wear the traditional wedding dress, an afternoon dress or a suit. If she is to leave right after the ceremony, I would suggest wearing a suit with a dainty blouse.

A PERSONAL SHOWER

Because many brides will not be able to keep house until after the war, and because she may be going to camp with her husband, a kitchen or miscellaneous shower would be very much out of place. Let me suggest, instead, a personal shower.

If the bride needs a new suit case, a few friends can go together and make this their gift. Others can provide the finery to fill it. Some one might present her with a well equipped sewing basket, provided with scissors, needles, thread, etc. If you are sure she is to be located rather permanently in an apartment, a few small items easily packed would make appropriate gifts. These could include dish towels, holders, dust cloths or a cook book.

If the bride is working in another town and will not be at home before the wedding, you could send the suit case filled with gifts to her by express or parcel post.

A "PANTRY SHELF" SHOWER

You do not need to use much imagination to know what gifts could be presented at such a shower. It should fairly rain spices, extracts, baking powder, cocoa, jams, jelly or tea. Surely any bride would appreciate a shower of this kind. Also be sure she has some good war-time recipes.