

TX1
K57x
C.1

Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

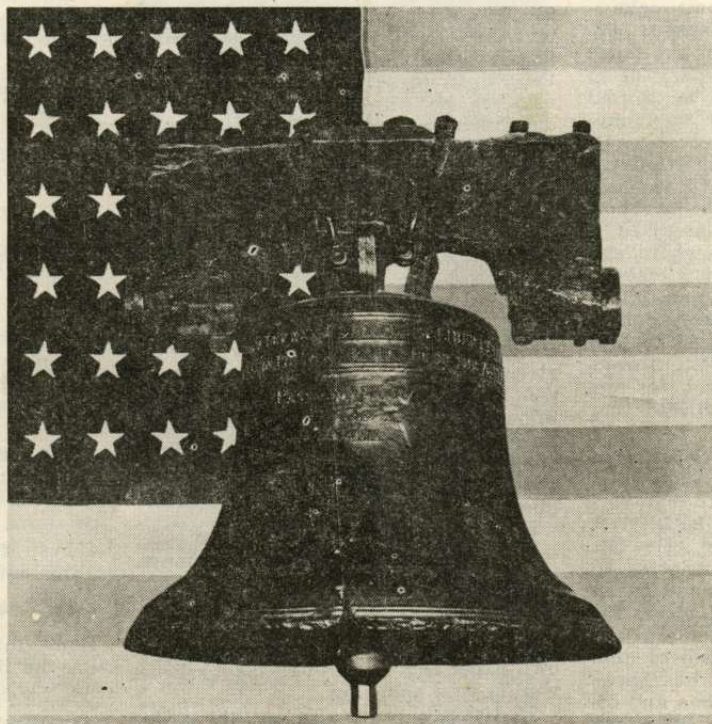
SHENANDOAH, IOWA
Price 10 cents



Vol. 9

JULY, 1944

Number 7



Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor
M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager
Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in U. S. A.
Foreign Countries, \$1.50 per year.
Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by
LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Friends,

I am sitting at the dining room table writing this letter to you. It is 9:30 and Sue has just finished her morning home-maker's visit. As many of you know, Edith Hansen who has been at KMA two years, has gone to California where her husband is employed in the Kaiser shipyards. During the time she lived in Shenandoah, she made many friends who will miss her very much. Edith is one of the kindest, most helpful and most unselfish persons I have ever known. She promised to write a letter for Kitchen-Klatter so you can be looking forward to hearing from her.

My sister Sue Conrad took Edith's place on the air and will be so glad to hear from all of you home-makers. Write her a letter and enclose a help or a recipe. She is alone too, since her three daughters are married, so will make her home with us. I told her she could occupy the whole upstairs for since our children are all gone it is seldom used. Sue is a wonderful home-maker and can fix the best things to eat. She brought her pottery clay with her and has fixed a place on the back porch where she can spend her spare time making beautiful figurines, vases and pitchers, as making pottery is her hobby. You will find her ad in the ad column of this magazine. Do you always read the "ads"? You should, for our subscribers have many interesting things to sell.

Our oldest son Howard who is in the army is home on a furlough. His regiment is scheduled for foreign service very soon so this will be his last visit home for some time. He has been stationed near Los Angeles so has visited his sisters there and gotten acquainted with his little nieces—at least he tried to get acquainted, but they were both a little afraid of him.

Margery is working in the Lockheed Plane Factory. She has an office job. When she went to apply for it, she was much surprised to find one of her former college professors at the desk. She likes her work very much, and will probably stay there for the duration.

We are having some very interesting letters from Wayne, our son in the New Guinea battle area. His company is on combat now and he says there is not much chance to sleep. The Japs seem to enjoy raiding them at night. There is a lot of competition among the boys in secur-

ing worth while souvenirs. They will pay fabulous prices for Jap flags or sabers. Some of the sabers have jewel studded handles and are very valuable. Wayne has not found anything he feels is valuable enough to send home. He did find a note book that the intelligence officers were very glad to get. He has made himself a little thatched roof hut and a bamboo chair which he says is more beautiful than comfortable.

Donald is still located at Peterson Army Air Base near Colorado Springs, Colo. He hasn't seen his brother Howard for two years and would like to get a short leave while Howard is home but does not think it will be possible at this time.

These are anxious days for all of us. We have known that the invasion had to start sometime but nevertheless it was a real shock to all of us when we heard that the boys were on French soil. We will pray, pray, pray that peace may come soon.

Did you ever stop to think what a problem this war is to God? His heart is filled with love and pity for all people, but there could be no other way whereby He could reveal to the whole world the nature and results of sin. Even this war with its suffering must bring with it a blessing for many people will turn to God for strength, and learn to trust in Him, who would otherwise never have known of His love. II Tim. 1:12. "I know him whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

We are all anxious to do all we can to help in the war effort. We may not be able to do the big things but the little ways in which we can save are very important. Your grocer will be thankful to you for bringing your own paper bag, carton or basket when you do your shopping.

"A tisket a tasket, To market with a basket" should be the slogan of every housewife.

Well, I've written a long letter and it is time to fix the potatoes for dinner. Write to me, please. I love to get your letters.

Your friend,
Leanna.

Did you ever notice how quarreling starts by raising the voice. If you can keep your voice low you can control any situation.

THINKING OUT LOUD

I have found that the way to enjoy life is to live as we go along. Take time to enjoy your garden and to chat with your neighbor.

Did you hear about Mr. John Wood Burst who named his children Nellie May Burst and Charlie Will Burst? I hope none of them have.

Life is just knowing what to select and what to pass by. We haven't time for everything so we must choose what will count most for ourselves and others—in the long run.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if all the lovely things that are to be done tomorrow could be done today? The only time we have is today.

When I first began my Kitchen-Klatter broadcasts, it just broke my heart if anyone wrote me a critical letter, but now I have developed a philosophy as everyone must, if he is going to get things done.

You can't please everyone, you can only do your best and go forward.

"Happy? Of course you're happy; who isn't

Who is doing his best all the while? Failure you're bound to meet sometime

A long, rough road and a good, stiff climb;

But all the way thro' you'll find life "Prime"

If you never forget to smile!"

It is not so much our surroundings or circumstances that make life happy or unhappy, but the spirit in which we accept them. A poet expressed it in this way.

Take what God gives, oh heart of mine

And build your house of happiness.

Some people fail because they spend too much time finding fault with the other fellow, never seeing their own.

If you feel blue and worried, try getting out and doing something for someone.

Don't fuss with your husband because he drops ashes on the carpet. They will drive away the moths.

THE FLAG

What shall I say to thee, Old Flag
So grand in every fold;
So linked with mighty deeds,
So steeped in blood where heroes fell,
So torn and pierced by the blitz of war;
So calm, so still, so firm, so true—
My heart swells at the sight of you,
Old Flag.

—Hubbard Parker.

Come into the Garden

JULY IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

In terms of work, July is one of the hardest of months in the garden. But at that time we are also reaping some of the rewards of our early spring work and we can see the prospects ahead of new promises to be fulfilled. Much of the results of our early work are now safely stored in glass jars, or have been seen daily on our tables. There is a very special enjoyment in gathering the fruits of our labors, and seeing others enjoying them too.

However much we may long to slacken up on garden work, July is certainly not the month to do it in. Early spring weeds may have seemingly been conquered, but a week's rain makes it necessary to do a lot of weeding all over again. Then too, this is the month the spreading mats of carpet weeds and pursley begin covering an otherwise clean garden. Pursley is kin to the rose-moss in our flower beds and we well know how a single plant of that will spread over a considerable space.

If tomatoes have been trellised or staked, the side shoots should be taken off to have larger fruit. However, if left to grow at will, this does not have to be done. Staking usually helps fruit to ripen more quickly by exposing it to the sun, and the tomatoes are kept out of the dirt. However, if one has plenty of garden space, it is all right to let the vines sprawl, providing the plants were set at least three feet apart. In some hot dry summers we found that the vines burned less readily when planted in the latter way. If you planted some early, some intermediate and some late varieties you won't be worried by the fact that some of your tomatoes seem to be dying after having borne some fruit. The early ones often do that very thing.

When gathering string beans to can, wait until the dew is off before picking them. Disturbing the vines while wet results in beans becoming rusty. This applies to cultivating, too. On the other hand cucumbers stay fresh longer and have a crisper texture when gathered either in early morning or late evening.

It is a good practice to keep the hoe busy stirring up a dust mulch. This prevents the ground from cracking during dry spells and helps conserve the moisture already in the ground. If a straw mulch is to be put around plants, do this after a rain. Vegetables are kept cleaner and moisture is held in the soil.

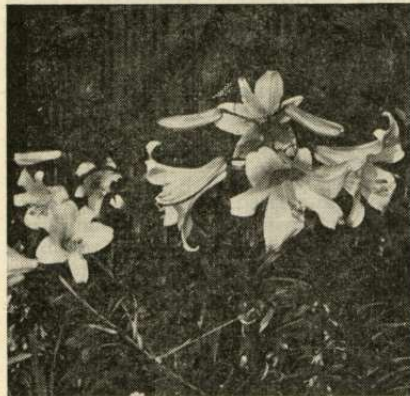
Do not over do in hot weather. Choose the early morning hours and the cool evenings to work in the garden. Other work may be done in the afternoon. In the choice of two evils, choose the lesser one—in other words decide what must be done immediately and what will wait. If one wants a clean orderly garden one must

spend many hours in it during July. Once weeds get a start now, weeks of earlier work is undone and there seems to be no catching up.

Clean off the old beds as they mature. Put the refuse in the compost pile. Pea foliage is especially good for this since it contains much valuable plant food. If there is no need of a second planting of vegetables, one may set in flowering plants in this cleared space. Asters are especially nice, because they bloom late and provide many flowers for cutting.

In late July more seed of head lettuce can be sown. Most of us are trying out the new variety Great Lakes and it will be interesting to hear reports of its behavior, since sometimes head lettuce refuses to head.

Any surplus of either string beans or peas may be left to ripen on the vine to be stored for food or to be kept for planting next year.



THE REGAL LILY

July will bring to many gardens the beauty of lilies. These may be found in many varieties, some pure white, some white with yellow throats, others in shades of orange and brown.

One of the most common and most beautiful is the Regal Lily and too, they are most likely to escape the diseases fatal to so many varieties. Many raise them from seeds but that means waiting three years for bloom. Bulbs may be set either in late fall or early spring. Do not set the bulbs too closely, for they multiply. Scattering them among other plants in a border is a good idea for they like shade over their 'feet' but sun on their 'heads'.

Did you know that the beautiful Regal Lily is a native of the Min Valley in Western China. It was discovered by a Mr. E. H. Wilson, who has made many explorations into little known parts of China bringing many new plants to this country. He has written two interesting books "Plant Hunting" and "The Lilies of Eastern Asia" in which he relates many interesting experiences.



The larger of these young men is our son Donald, stationed in Colorado.

FORGIVE THEM!

If God walked on our earth to-day
Among His own, and saw the rampant greed,
And lust to kill, I wonder, would he say,
Nay, these are none of mine, these men who bleed
On battlefields far-flung, for grim desire
To rule the earth and make a single nation
The master over all? . . . and would His ire
Arise in cold and righteous indignation
To smite the guilty ones? I think not so.
I rather think that He, with heavy heart,
Would look upon the carnage, and the glow
Of bursting shells and flame, and then start
In memory of one day, and say anew,
"Forgive them, Father . . . for they know not what they do."

(Written by M. R. Davis, U. S. Navy, while watching aircraft flying above him in Alaska.)

OUR RESPONSIBILITY

We mothers of service men have one responsibility that must not be overlooked. We must take good care of our boys' woolen suits and overcoats until they return. Save at least one outfit for them to wear as soon as they get home for they will want to get into "civvies" as soon as possible. These garments can be sealed in moth proof bags or in cedar chests or treated with a moth repellant spray.

Two of our boys have put on weight in the army and can no longer wear the same sized shirts or jackets, so I have given these to a nephew who could wear them.

If you keep these woolen garments in a closet, air and sun them often, shaking and brushing them well. This will kill the moth eggs, if there are any.

BUY WAR BONDS NOW

Buy an extra war bond this month for that boy or girl in the service. Back the invasion. Speed the victory.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Many years have passed since the morning Grandmother and Grandfather Field, and Aunt Susan and Mother got on the train in Shenandoah to start the long trip to California, but Mother says that even yet she cannot see a train leave any station without remembering the thrills of that first long trip. It was a thrill, the kind of a thrill that comes once in a life time, to eat the first meal on the diner, and to go to bed on the train for the first time.

Grandfather had planned the trip so that his family would pass through the most beautiful part of the country during the daylight hours, and he had also arranged for a stop-over in Salt Lake City to allow for a visit to the Mormon Tabernacle. Probably this visit had more significance for the Fields than for other people who were traveling on their train, for the Mormons had spent part of a winter not far from Sunnyside on their long trek westward.

Every bit of the trip was so pleasant that no one was wildly eager to see it end; many times during those days Grandmother Field must have contrasted the comforts of their traveling with the experiences that her father must have known when he had gone over much that same route in a covered wagon enroute to the Gold Rush Country. In a few days they had covered country that it had taken him months to cross.

The family reached the end of the trip when their train came down through the last mountain pass into San Bernadino, a town that lies some fifty miles or so north of Los Angeles. It was the first glimpse that Mother and Aunt Susan had ever had of orange trees heavy with their golden fruit, of pepper trees laden with red berries, and of palm trees and cacti. They could hardly believe their eyes, and this is true any native middle-westerner who sees the tropical foliage of California for the first time. When we were little children, Mother described for us countless times just exactly how these things looked to her when she saw them that morning, but none of us could really visualize it until we saw it with our own eyes.

The first month was spent visiting relatives of Grandmother's in San Bernadino. Then the family went to Los Angeles and took an apartment in the same house where neighbors of theirs in Shenandoah were spending the winter. Aunt Susan and Mother entered the Los Angeles State Normal School at once, and in no time at all they had swung into the routine of attending college in a large city. Aunt Susan took up primary education, while Mother spent most of her time in the manual training department. This explains why she was always such a good "fixer" around the house, for in that department she learned to make six different kinds of joints, to saw lumber, and to handle a hammer as efficiently as any of the men students.



Grandfather Field under the big walnut tree at "Walnut Park". I believe that is Mother sitting on the porch.

While the girls were gone all day Grandmother kept house or visited with her new neighbors on a sunny porch. A little "sitting" went a long way with Grandfather Field, so he made a different excursion almost every day, sometimes to the beautiful city parks where he could look at flowers and trees that were strange to him, and sometimes to small towns in the surrounding country. He didn't say exactly what he had in mind, but he was so much the farmer and so little the city man that his family wasn't surprised when he returned home one evening and announced that he had purchased a small ranch at Highland, a prosperous little town in the shadow of the San Bernadino Mountains.

On the following Sunday Grandmother and the girls went out to look at his ranch. They were accustomed to the many acres of Sunnyside, so probably the three acres that made up this new property of Grandfather's looked small to their eyes. But the place had many kinds of fruit trees already bearing, and Grandfather said that he intended to raise every kind of fruit and vegetable that grows in Southern California. Knowing him as well as they did they realized that he'd manage to do exactly what he planned with those three acres.

In a short time Grandmother, Grandfather and Mother moved out to this new home; Aunt Susan remained in Los Angeles to continue her college activities. Their first big job was to remodel the two-room California ranch house into a modern rustic bungalow, and here Mother's work in the manual training department came in good stead for there were many things she could do after the workmen left at night. She helped to build the beautiful cobble-stone fireplace, and she made many trips up into the canyons to gather the unusual rocks that were used to enclose the big new cement porches. When they were through they had a lovely modern home that was shaded by huge English walnut trees, and it was the trees, of course, that gave the new home its name—Walnut Park.

There is a little family joke connected with these walnut trees that I think I should tell you about. English walnut meats were still such a treat that Mother felt dissatisfied with the small bucket of nuts that Grandfather brought in every morning. Those trees were heavy with nuts and Mother was sure that one gentle shake would bring down a great quantity of them—but Grandfather refused to let anyone give the trees that gentle shake. One night Mother stole out and nudged the trees just the least little bit with exactly the results that she had hoped for. In the morning Grandfather went out with his quart bucket to pick up the usual few nuts, but he returned shortly to exclaim in astonishment that there were two or three bushels on the ground. He couldn't understand it for he hadn't recalled hearing a heavy wind in the night—but there were the nuts!

The family hadn't been settled at Walnut Park many months when Frank Field came to visit them. He was about twelve years old at this time, and he had grown so lonesome for his grandparents that his father bought him his first long-pants suit and a railroad ticket and let him start out west. Everyone was happy to have Frank with them again, and he was a great help to Grandfather Field. Grandfather was then seventy-four and he had really undertaken more farming than a man of his age should attempt. Frank took a load from his shoulders, for he took care of the cow, ran the milk route before school in the morning, and helped in the garden. Then on Saturday he and Mother often went up into the canyons and foothills on trips of exploration.

One of these trips took place on Sunday rather than on Saturday, however, and Frank went alone. This came about because he had rebelled at dressing up and going to Sunday School, (it sounds like a twelve-year old boy, doesn't it!) and when Grandfather insisted, he announced that he was going up into the mountains to stay until his father could send him money to return to Iowa. The family decided that the best way to handle the problem was to act as if his plans were fine, so they helped him get ready. Mother packed him a box of food, and Uncle Sol, who was visiting there at the time, loaded the old mountain burro with blankets and cooking utensils.

By the time everything was ready Frank would have preferred dressing and going to Sunday School, but he bravely headed the burro toward the foothills and was soon out of sight. He was gone all day, but just before dark he came bursting into the house with his arms full of Mountain Holly and said, "Look, Aunt Leanna, I went clear to the other side of the mountain to get this holly for you!"

That was the last time there was trouble about Sunday School!

*Nothing is too good to be done.
Nothing is too wonderful to happen.
Nothing is too good to last.*

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "Our son is stationed in Africa and his wife is staying with us for the duration. We get along fine, but there is one thing that bothers me. I share all of my letters with her, and I would appreciate it if she would share with me the letters that come from him, yet she never has. I've never come right out and said this, but I've hinted at it. Don't you think I'm entitled to hear his letters since she hears all that I receive?"—Minnesota.

ANS: Do you really expect me to say "yes?" Well, I just can't. I feel that the letters between husband and wife are the only real bond during war, and I can understand why a girl wouldn't want them read by the entire family. As a mother I know how eager you are to hear every scrap of news from him, but try and understand how she must feel about it. Don't intrude upon the only means of communion that they have.

QUES: "We have sold our home and are moving soon to a new place. I've spent a great deal of time and money on my garden, and therefore do you think it would be all right for me to dig up some of my plants and move them?"—Missouri.

ANS: Only if you ask permission of the new owners and dig very carefully. Unless the terms of the sale state otherwise it is taken for granted that property is transferred as it stands. I'll never forget how disappointed I was once to find that the former owner had taken all of his rose bushes and lilies. Little hurts like that stay alive in one's memory for a long time.

QUES: "Our only daughter graduated from high school this spring, and although we had always planned that she should go on to college she says now that she thinks she should take a job in the new defense plant in our city. Do you think we should encourage this, or should we urge her to go to college?"—Illinois.

ANS:—I think that it all depends upon what she intends to do at college. If she is planning to be a teacher, or nurse, or dietician, etc., I think that she should go to school for these are professions in which serious shortages are being felt. However, if she plans to take a straight liberal arts course without a definite professional goal in mind, I think it might be a good idea to put off college until after the war.

QUES: "I've been wondering how to solve this problem, Leanna. I never get to go anywhere because I have three children and my husband works such long hours seven days a week that he doesn't feel like doing anything when he gets home but eat supper and go to bed. I try to keep my children clean, get up at four in the

morning and work hard all day to keep things nice. It would mean so much to me to be included in my neighbors' good times, but although I've tried to be as nice as possible, am good to their children, and am always friendly, they never include me in anything. I don't know what can be wrong."—Iowa.

ANS: From what you've told me in your letter I don't know either what could be wrong. Perhaps you keep your house too clean! I've known women who didn't include someone because her house was so clean and everything was so well-managed that it made the others feel uneasy and embarrassed. Possibly they feel that because you work hard you think that they waste their time. As I say, I don't know—these are just ideas that occurred to me for there has to be some kind of an explanation. Such a lonely letter makes me wish again that people would be more considerate and gracious.

QUES: "Our daughter has never been away from home in her life (she is twenty-one) and now she has gotten the idea that she wants to go to some city and get a defense job. I've never been around myself, and it makes me nervous to think of her in a big city by herself. Do you think that she will be safe?"—South Dakota.

ANS: Any girl whose conduct makes her safe in a small town will be just as safe in a big city. If your daughter is intelligent, and I'm sure she is, she knows that girls do not walk alone at night on the streets of a big city. This restriction, plus the inadvisability of going alone into places where women should be escorted by men, is about the only difference between a large place and a small place. Don't worry about her. If you feel that you can trust her to behave properly while she is in your own home town, you can trust her to behave properly in a big city.

QUES: "We are faced with such a sad problem, Leanna. My husband has an incurable illness, and our boy is far away in India. I've known for quite some time that my husband couldn't recover, but I haven't written to our boy and thought perhaps I should just wait and send him word when it is all over. Do you think this is right?"—Kansas.

ANS: When I read this letter I tried to imagine myself in the place of both the mother and her son, and it seemed to me, after much thought, that if I were faced with this sad problem I would go ahead and write to my boy. There is nothing quite so shocking as receiving news of the death of a parent whom we thought was well and hearty; there has been no preparation at all for the blow.



Dale Pitzer. Dale was the only son of Mrs. Cora Pitzer, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. He lost his life when his plane crashed into the Atlantic, just a month after he had completed his training.

IN MEMORIAM

(Lt. William P. Mettel, Jr.,
Army Air Corps)

Dear Lord, Bill loved the open sky
And was content when soaring high
Within the plane he loved to fly—

Is that the reason why
You took him as he flew his plane,
So that content he'd e'er remain,
And never know earth's grief and pain?

Dear Lord, that must be why.

Our Bill was young and did love life;
He wasn't meant for war and strife.
Perhaps that's why, with death's swift
knife

You took him to Your care.
And tho our hearts ache thru and
thru,
We know he's safe in heav'n with
You,

Where one day we shall all meet too—
This is our earnest prayer.

The above is dedicated to each
mother of a flyer and each grand-
mother of a flyer who has made the
supreme sacrifice.

WHAT COLOR SHALL I WEAR?

If you are a woman whose hair is gray you are probably wondering if you can wear any of the lovely new colors that are being worn by many of your friends. You are tired of black and blue and brown, but you lack the courage to get away from clothing in these somber colors. Your complexion may be a little sallow and dark, drab colors make it look even sallower. Try wine or blue green or some of the lighter pastel pinks and blues. If your hair is gray and your skin clear, wear shades of purple, coral or pastel pink. If there is ever a time when a woman should have as much color as possible about her, it is in the later years. Of course one must use color carefully, but it is becoming in most cases.



“Recipes Tested in the Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen”

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

OATMEAL DROP COOKIES

2 cups all purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
3/4 cup shortening
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup dark corn syrup
2 eggs
1/4 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups oatmeal
1 cup nuts
1 cup raisins
Sift all dry ingredients. Cream sugar, butter and corn syrup. Add eggs, one at a time and beat well. Add oatmeal and blend thoroughly. Add flour and milk alternately. Then the raisins and nuts. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees about 12 minutes. Makes 3 1/2 dozen.

HONEY BLOSSOM PIE

Mix to a paste:
1 cup of honey
4 egg yolks well beaten
1/2 cup cornstarch
1/8 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
Cook until thick, remove from fire and add 1 tablespoon butter. Pour into baked pastry shell and make meringue of egg whites and if all four egg whites are used add 5 tablespoons of sugar.
Brown 20 to 25 minutes at 300 degrees.

APPLE BUTTER

4 cups apple pulp
1 cup brown or white sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon cloves
Combine these ingredients and boil up quickly, stirring to prevent burning. When thick pack in hot sterilized jars and seal with paraffin.

PICKLED BEETS

1 gallon small beets
Cook and peel
1 long stick of cinnamon
2 cups sugar
1 tablespoon allspice
3 1/2 cups vinegar
1 1/2 cups water

MARSHMALLOWS

1 tablespoon Knox gelatine
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons water
1 tablespoon hot water
Dissolve gelatin in water. Then boil sugar and water till it forms soft ball rather hard in water. Take off and pour over gelatine and beat 20 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour it into buttered pans dredged with cornstarch. When cool cut in squares and roll in powdered sugar.—Mrs. J. R. Emerson.

GRAPE NUTS CHOCOLATE DROPS

1 package Baker's Semi-Sweet chocolate chips
1 can (14 of 15 ounces) sweetened condensed milk
1 cup Grapenuts
1 teaspoon vanilla
Melt chocolate chips in double boiler. Remove from fire and stir until smooth. Add milk and blend. Then add Grapenuts and vanilla. Drop on waxed paper. Cool.

DELICIOUS WAFFLES

2 cups sour cream
2 eggs, beat separately
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 cups flour
1 1/2 teaspoons melted butter
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
Sweet milk
Beat egg yolks. Add cream. Stir in the sifted flour, salt and baking powder, and melted butter. Add soda dissolved in enough sweet milk to make batter the right consistency. Add stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in hot waffle iron and serve with maple syrup.—Mrs. Lewis Zoeller.

BAKED CHICKEN AND RICE

Cut chicken in pieces for serving, season well and roll in flour. Brown in hot fat and place in large baking dish. Put 1/2 cup rice over the chicken and cover with rich milk. Bake till chicken and rice are done. The rice should be flaky and slightly brown. This is a splendid way to fix old chicken as it cooks tender and rich and does not fall from the bones.—Mrs. C. W. Bristow.

CINNAMON TWISTS

1 cake compressed yeast in 1/2 cup lukewarm milk
1 egg, beaten
4 teaspoons sugar
2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup shortening
Sift dry ingredients. Cut in shortening (as for pie crusts). Add beaten egg and dissolved yeast. Beat well. Pour batter into cloth wet in cold water—tie ends loosely—then place in pan of cold water for 1 hour, or until dough begins to float. Remove from water, use a spoon, dip up batter by spoonfuls. Drop onto plate containing 2/3 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon cinnamon—mixed. Pat, turn, stretch and twist into desired shape. Place on lightly greased pan, cover and let raise in warm place for 30 minutes. Bake in moderate (375 degree) oven for 20 minutes.

ANGEL FOOD DESSERT

I Scald 3 cups milk—add pinch of salt
Beat together 4 egg yolks and 1 cup sugar—add to hot milk
Bring to boil, then remove from fire. Add 2 tablespoons plain gelatine that has been softened in cold water
Cool, then fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites and 1 pint of cream (whipped).

II Break angel food into very small pieces, place a layer of bits of cake in lightly greased 10x8x2 inch pan.
Pour over this a layer of custard, add a layer of any desired combination of fresh or canned fruits (diced), and nut meats. Repeat layers.
Chill at least 8 hours.
Cut in squares to serve.

SWEET CHUNK PICKLES

Place freshly picked cucumbers in a weak salt brine for 48 hours. Change brine twice.
Cut cukes in 1 inch chunks and boil them till they change color in a solution using 1/2 cup water to 1 cup vinegar. Drain and pack in jars, add 1/8 teaspoon powdered alum and 1 teaspoon mixed pickling spice per quart.
Cover with Boiling syrup: 1 cup sugar to 1 cup vinegar. Seal.

SACHARINE PICKLES

3 gallons of cucumbers
2 gallons vinegar
1 cup sugar
1/4 cup salt
1 handful of mixed spices
2 teaspoons saccharine
10¢ box of mustard
1 cup horseradish
Mix all together, heat good. Pour on cold pickles. The pickles will keep in open jar. This recipe is also good for beets.—Mrs. Cecil Calvin.

COOKING HELPS

"Here is the way I bake my angel foods and they are very moist and fine textured. I use a regular angel food recipe. Before I start mixing, I light my oven and set it at 425 degrees. Then I preheat (usually put it in when I light the oven) the cake pan. When the oven is at 425 degrees, take the pan out, place the batter in it and put back into the oven as quickly as possible. Bake the angel food 23 minutes at 425 degrees. Every one raves over these cakes and I make extra money baking them for special occasions. I think you'd call that my hobby, baking angel food cakes."—Mrs. Harry Parkinson, Lake View, Iowa.

"I didn't have enough sugar to bake a pumpkin pie, so I made the pie as usual except that I used one package of vanilla pudding mix instead of the sugar. It was delicious."—Mrs. Earl Thornton, Kirksville, Mo.

"When making pie crust, I use brown paper to roll the crust on. Tear it the approximate size of the pie pan, flour it and roll in the usual manner. Then pick it up and turn upside down over the pie pan. The crust doesn't break and the paper can be just rolled up and thrown away—no messy bread board to clean."—Mrs. Howard G. Helms, Lincoln, Nebraska.

"For Potato Dumplings, grate 6 or 7 potatoes, put in a teaspoon of salt and enough flour to make a soft dough not too much or they will be heavy. Put them into the meat broth and boil 1 hour."—Mrs. H. J. Hanson, Thor, Iowa.

"If one has some canned fruit juices left over, after fruit has been used, such as pear, peach, apricot, etc., use instead of water in baking apples. It helps keep the flavor and also helps sweeten the apples. Water may be added if not enough juice."—Mrs. Roy Ellsworth, York, Nebraska.

For mould on the syrup, skim it off then put a clean cloth moistened with vinegar over the jar and replace the lid. Keep the cloth wet with vinegar by looking at it every week.—A Listener, Rockwell City, Iowa.

To save grease use the wrappers from butter or margarine. Place them in your cake pans or cookie sheets. You need not grease the pans. Use the little paper cups from chocolate boxes to make cup cakes for little children. They like them.—Mrs. C. C. Davis, Savannah, Mo.

To make meringue for your pies stand up in peaks and hold its shape add just a tiny pinch of baking powder while beating it.—Mrs. Fern Yocom, Wichita, Kans.

I have made my pastry cloth out of heavy feed sacks. Take a desired size. Sew up like a cushion or pillow top leaving about 1/2 of one side. Turn, crease and close the opening that was left. With the machine, stitch all around the edge about 1/2 inch from the edge. Quilt it by stitching it through the center each way once or twice. This is to keep it wrinkle proof.—Mrs. Tom Wiley, Lewis Station, Mo.



My sister Sue and I, enjoying a morning visit to Helen's garden.

SUE'S STRAWBERRY PRESERVES

- 2 quarts berries
- 5 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup lemon juice (vinegar can be used)

Wash and hull the berries. Put in a bowl and cover with sugar. Set aside over night, then put over heat in a large kettle. Boil for 8 minutes. Add lemon juice and when boiling starts, boil 2 minutes. Cool in kettle, put in glasses and seal with melted paraffin.

CHERRY OLIVES

Fill jars with firm cherries. Bings are good. Leave stems on. Cover with a mixture of 1 tablespoon salt to 2 cups cold water and 1/2 cup vinegar. You can add coloring. Seal and store for at least three or four months before using.

Dear Leanna,

I have seen some of the Kitchen-Klatter magazines and enjoy them a lot. There are so many good things in them. It seems like it is "A little magazine full of big things."

Mrs. John Kullbom,
Oakland, Iowa.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
COOK BOOKS

Any 6 for \$1.00

- Vol. 1—Cookies and Candies
 - Vol. 2—Salads and Sandwiches
 - Vol. 3—Vegetables
 - Vol. 4—Cakes, Pies, Frozen Desserts and Puddings
 - Vol. 5—Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals and Meat Cookery
 - Vol. 6—Pickles and Relishes of all kinds, Jellies and Jams
 - Vol. 7—Household Helps Book
- Price: 25¢ Each, or any 6 of them for \$1.00 Postpaid

Order From
Leanna Field Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

A few years ago when I was giving radio health talks I realized from letters I received

there was a wave of fear of insanity going through the country—then it seemingly passed over. Now the pendulum has swung back again and letters from worried mothers and wives are coming in. Perhaps a few helpful suggestions will relieve some of the strain.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Insanity is a mental disease and no more to be ashamed of than a broken bone and should never be considered fatal for a very high percent are being cured and the patient may live a normal life.

Insanity does not come on suddenly, it develops gradually over a longer or shorter period. Loss of loved ones, disappointment, or emotional shock does not cause it but may intensify the symptoms and make them more noticeable—what we might call the climax.

There are just as many different kinds of mental trouble as there are physical. Asylums are not dreadful places. They are now being turned into hospitals and the insane are given medical care and treatment, just as they would with any other disease.

Mothers and wives need not worry themselves into a nervous state about the boys for fear of how they will be when they return. If they are nervously upset they will have the best of care but if you worry yourself into a state of nervous jitters it will be hard for the boy as well as yourself and family.

We can guard against mental trouble for there is always a danger signal and symptoms of approaching nervous-break that can be taken care of by your physician.

Children must be kept happy and their minds not allowed to be filled with cares and tragedies. If the home folks are worried and talk of unpleasant things the children will absorb that atmosphere and feel the same.

I read a helpful motto: "To keep away from worry, smile, and go to work."

If you are the sensitive (allergic) type avoid eating large quantities of the fresh vegetables at one time until you know if you can digest them or not. Asparagus and peas are wonderful foods but may cause an allergic reaction that is very annoying if you are sensitive to them.

It is the law of life that that which we give unselfishly, multiplies and returns to us.

Ans. to puzzle. There were 22 birds and 14 four footed animals.

Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda C. Wiles

I have just finished putting about a dozen broody hens in jail and I notice this is the second trip for some of them.

When I put the hens in jail I have a box of louse powder handy and give each one a good delousing before putting her in. Then I also mark them and in this way I know if she has been broody earlier in the season. You can easily clip some of the tail feathers or wing feathers or slip a leg band on her which can be removed when you sell her.

By all means dispose of your cockerels if you are not selling hatching eggs, as an infertile egg is much to be desired if used for eating purposes only. A cockerel can eat as much as three young chickens and they may as well be making the gain on this high priced feed as to keep a cockerel alive and crowing.

I had an unusual experience several weeks ago. One morning I was cleaning my brooder house, and I noticed the chickens acted as if something strange were in the orchard. I thought it was likely to be a squirrel or a rabbit, but when the dog began to investigate and he too acted as if it were something strange and he did not bark as he would had it been a rabbit or squirrel, I thought I would have to go see what was causing the commotion, and much to my surprise here was a nice big Barred Rock Rooster. Now I haven't had a Barred Rock chicken on the place for years and years and where he came from is still a mystery. He would have had to fly over two fences if he came from the road and there is no one within two miles of here that has Barred Rocks. He seems very much at home now and roosts in the chicken house and is a quite well behaved cockerel. If anyone can tell me how he got here, and prove he is their cockerel they are welcome to him.

I called the produce dealer in the town nearest here and asked if he had had any delivered lately and he said "No, no Barred Rocks. You are probably a rooster ahead." But again I may be some hens shy too. My hens are not laying the nice large eggs that they did earlier in the season, and they do not seem to care for their ground feed like they did. They seem to be in good flesh, so I think I will see if I can have them culled in the near future. I have treated several to a sulphur and lard mixture for their bare backs so I will be able to sell them at culling time without taking a dock for bare backs.

This is also good for scaly legs, but I have not had that trouble in my flock for many years. This is caused by a mite, the same as bare backs are sometimes caused by the depluming mite. It also works on the neck and head.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

In the good old summer time we are apt to be so busy enjoying the outdoors ourselves that we forget the ones who cannot be out and have to take their summer pleasures second hand, through our eyes. Here are just a few such people. Let's do what we can to give them a bit of happiness.

Mrs. Ethel Callicoat, 16 South 12 St., Phoenix, Arizona has been bedfast for fourteen years. She lies with her legs all doubled up (arthritis) and is not able to even be raised to sitting position. In spite of this she makes and sells many beautiful articles of handwork. She is a widow, and has one son in service. Her other son was not able to pass the army physicals. She is always cheerful but does have hours of anxiety like all mothers of soldiers. Letters and cards would help, I'm sure.

You probably remember Cyrilla Foltz. She has been shutin for a long time and lately wrote that she needed a wheel chair the worst kind of way. I'd like to get one for her, and I know where one can be bought. It is almost brand new and is good in every way, but it will cost a little over twenty-five dollars to get it and ship it to her. She tells me she has a little money. Readers of this column have helped get crutches for a couple of shutins and glasses for another. I wonder if you would be interested in helping get this wheel chair. Write to me, in care of Leanna, and tell me what you think. Cyrilla does lovely handwork for sale but she will never be able to do enough to get a chair this summer when she needs it to get outdoors in.

Mrs. Amanda Georges, Rt. 2, Fort Branch, Indiana has been an invalid for nearly a year. She is completely helpless and says cards and letters mean a lot to her. She has a hobby of collecting glass, china animals, souvenirs and hankies. She wouldn't be able to exchange, but of course we don't expect exchanges from one who is ill.

Another bedfast person who needs cheer is Mrs. James Garrell, Hastings, Iowa. She will be in bed for 6 months more and one of her neighbors suggests that we write to her. Letters are asked for Miss Gladys J. Johnson, O.H.E., Gallipolis, Ohio. She is only 26 and faces a lifetime of being shutin. Lillian Gaylord, 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg., Northfield, Minn. would like letters. She has been shutin for a long time and just recently returned from a long trip to the hospital and will not be able to be about for some time yet. She lives on the third floor of an apartment building.

Mrs. Delia Dudevoir, 3339 Hiawatha St., Baton Rouge 5, La., needs a bit of cheer. She lives with her daughter who works away from home so Delia is alone most of the time and so lonely. She is bedfast. Do send her a letter.

The new Guide for Good Neighbors is ready to mail. Ask for one when you write me.—Gertrude.



OVER THE FENCE

Do you have some little songs for children? Mrs. D. S. Goertzen, Route 2, Hillsboro, Kansas, would like to get some songs with the music. Write and tell her what you have and what you would want for them.

So many have asked for the help to kill bedbugs. Buy a small bottle of corrosive sublimate at the drug store. Dip a feather in this—or a small paint brush—and apply it to cracks and crevices where bugs might be.

If you are between twelve and sixteen and have a brother in the service, Mildred Dygert, Panora, Iowa, would like to hear from you.

On the Statue of Liberty is this verse, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." We are not only proclaiming it in our own land, but in every land all over the world.

Phyllis Ann McFarland, daughter of Mrs. Mabel McFarland, musical director at KMA, has graduated from high school and will attend Cottley College at Nevada, Missouri, next fall.

Mott Johnson and Fred Greenlee are two of the KMA folks who are stationed in England. Mrs. Johnson is at the information desk at KMA.

Mrs. J. D. Rankin (Francis May) and daughter Betty Jane are at the home of their father Earl E. May. Mr. Rankin is in the Navy.

In the KMA Guide it says that Jim Kendrick's favorite foods are fried chicken and chocolate cake. I think we should add banana pie to the list for I hear that he called for the third piece at a local cafe.

Do you know how to make soups of dishes by writing the names on them? If you do, let me know.

Johnie Field who is a bomber pilot in New Guinea has finished two-thirds of his required missions and hopes to get the rest in so that he can be home for Christmas. I know you all enjoy the letters that his father, Frank Field, reads over the air on his 11:15 a. m. programs. His descriptions of the islands are so vivid.

I also meant to tell you of an article that told how many more years people lived who would throw back their heads and laugh every day. But maybe the people who aren't seeing anything funny in living would just as soon be dead.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight I have been sitting here thinking about home. In my mind's eye I can see the garden in the moonlight, and the big elm trees in front throwing their shadows on the front of the house. I can see Mother and Dad sitting in the library reading, for it is nine o'clock and almost every night when I was at home that is exactly what they were doing at nine o'clock. Sometimes at night when I cannot sleep I imagine myself walking up on the front porch and through the door, and then I go through each room in the house remembering every familiar detail. It is the most restful thing that I know of to think about. And it is comforting to find when I return from year to year that everything is still very much as I remember it. I am sure that when Wayne returns someday from the South Pacific he will feel the same about it.

When I last wrote to you we were getting ready for Howard's visit. Well, he arrived on schedule and we had such a happy visit with him, although it was a disappointment that he didn't feel very well and couldn't do justice to the meals that we had planned. We tried to think of something he likes that he wasn't apt to get in the army, and we settled on fried rabbit. We didn't miss, either. He said that it was the first rabbit he had had since he was at home a number of years ago. Our visit was so terribly brief that we couldn't get half of the things said that we wanted to say, but last Sunday night he turned up again most unexpectedly and we had two hours together. Right now he is in San Diego, but we're looking for him back very soon because he is leaving for his furlough on June 5th. We all wish that we could climb into his luggage and go with him to visit the folks.

By the time you read this we will have celebrated Kristin's first birthday. I am going to bake her an angel food cake exactly like the one I baked for Juliana, and Dorothy has gotten her a wonderful gift. It is a little pink rocking chair with a Swiss music box built into it so that whenever a child sits down the music box tinkles away for ten minutes. We

took both of the babies to the department store and let them try it out first, and they were so excited by it that Dorothy bought it then and there and had them lay it away until the 24th of June.

Juliana is practically running around now, and my! it does give me a peculiar feeling to look up and see her trotting down the hall towards me. Yesterday I was sitting here writing to Mother when I glanced up and saw her whip right past the kitchen door on her way to the back porch, and it gave me such a start! It seems only yesterday that she was a tiny, tiny baby, and now she is running around on her own feet and starting briskly to the store with her daddy. All of this new activity means many complications, of course, and about the least important is the fact that I'll have to be more careful about the hem in her dresses. You can actually see the hang of a skirt now.

Margery is very happy with her new job at Lockheed. She works in the office, the production-schedule department, to be exact, and she covers a lot of ground in one day for her work requires her to visit most of the many different buildings. Every night at 5:30 she comes walking home down the street, and all four of us, Dorothy, Kristin, Juliana and I, go up to the corner to meet her. She comes running up and says, "My goodness, how are my babies?" and both of the children clutch at her skirts and beg to be taken up. They love their Aunt Marge.

Margery's absence means that Dorothy and I are once again alone here through the day. We have coffee together every morning, and we take turns about watching the girls until ten o'clock; this means that every other day we have two hours for cleaning, washing, ironing, etc. I'd be willing to bet that no one in Hollywood moves faster than we do during that time.

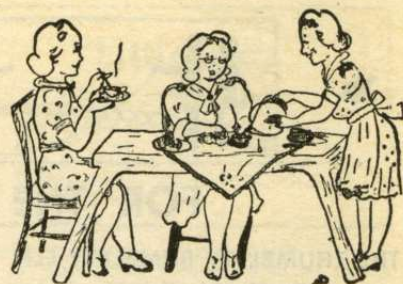
It seems to me that you surely must find my letters dull these months for there is so little outside of home and family to report. We never go anywhere, and that is literally the truth. Our gas allotment can scarcely be squeezed to take care of Russell's business calls, and there is none at all left over for rides. Then too, all of you with a small child know how complicated it is to get away for any length of time. It looks to me as though we will be staying very close to home for the duration. And we are so eager for the war to be over that we don't mind any kind of restrictions.

Now it's ten o'clock and time to say goodnight. The next time you seal the lid on a jar of strawberry jam you might give me a fleeting thought! It's my favorite fruit and we haven't had a single berry this year—it doesn't look as though I'm even going to rate one short-cake.

Best wishes . . .

—Lucile.

That man is worthless who knows how to receive a favor but not how to give one.



AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

July: And I hope a million busy Mothers and Dads are finding time to take four million small sons and daughters fishing along the cool green banks of our own midwestern streams. Or wouldn't that be a good job for Grandmothers and Granddads? Isn't there one more thing you can let go to have more time with your family? I have always thought these boys would remember the good times we have together longer than they will remember that my floors and windows were not always shining. Won't I be a mad mama the first time I hear one of them tell his wife that his mother was not a very good house keeper?

We are off to the creek on a muddy afternoon with our assortment of poles and lines, some short and some long. Also a bait can filled with worms, bacon rinds, canned hominy, chicken entrails or what have you. Likewise a bottle of water as our only safe well is at the house and the farther we get from it the more we want a drink. And a small but smelly bottle of oil of citronella, which is supposed to keep the mosquitoes away. There are those among us who would as soon be bit as smell like that.

On the way we investigate the wild gooseberry, raspberry and blackberry crops. We see a baby coon track. A wild canary flutters pitifully away from her nest coaxing us to think we might catch her this time. Sometimes the fish bite and we fish. Sometimes they do not and we wade or swim.

July is the month that decides how ambitious you are. In the spring it is easy to start too much garden or too many flowers or too big an outside task. By July we are down to the essentials of living at our house with a minimum of clothes and housekeeping. I did start one extra job this spring. I had wanted a flower garden along the fence past the kitchen windows since the yard was fenced when we moved here. It had seemed better to postpone it until I could get some help. One day I visited a neighbor who has the most beautiful flowers and instantly decided that I would find time for one more thing. With the help of the small boys the bed is spaded, hoed and raked and annuals are showing in nice green rows. It gives us a place for the wild flowers we bring to the house and will in the future hold perennials that we want. But I should have been hoeing in the garden.



Yes, Juliana and Kristin seem a little afraid of their Uncle Howard.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

One July morning before the sun was high enough to be hot, Marilee came prancing and dancing along the lane in front of The Thumblety Bumblety Elf's house. Thumblety had just decided to wear his suit made from the blossoms of a heavenly blue morning glory. He came out on the porch looking spick and span, turned around three times on his right toe and doffed his little peaked green cap.

"How do you do, Miss Marilee," he said with a most engaging grin.

Marilee laughed and answered, "I do much better than I did last summer. I have so many nice friends this year."

Thumblety turned to Marilee with a puzzled expression on his little face. "Where are your friends? There are no boys or girls on this road".

Marilee jumped up and down and clapped her hands, "Oh you funny, funny friend. There are many, many kinds of friends beside boy and girl friends. Come along and let me show you."

Now Thumblety's airplane, the blackcapped chick-a-dee was helping his wife find bugs and worms for their hungry family. So he called a passing butterfly and hopped upon its back. Away they went to Marilee's Grandmother's house. Along the way they stopped and visited with Mrs. Wild Canary, who had built her nest in the low branches of the willow by the little creek, and was patiently sitting on her four pale blue eggs.

When the two friends reached Grandmother's house, Marilee led the way to the east side and stopped to look up into the wild grape vine that grew there. Thumblety looked too. There sat Mrs. Catbird in her dark grey coat and tiny black cap. Her nest was comfortably made of sticks and stems and lined with grasses.

"How do you do," said Marilee politely.

"I am very busy this morning," Mrs. Catbird answered.

"Are you too busy to sing for us this morning? You sing so very well."

"I have time to sing a little song," said Mrs. Catbird agreeably. She flew from her nest to the topmost swingy end of a plum tree branch. She sang a beautiful song with runs and trills as pretty as a canary. Every few phrases she paused to say, "Meeau", in an inquiring tone.

When she flew back to her nest, Marilee and The Thumblety Bumblety Elf both said, "Thank you."

On Grandmother's porch, grew a woodbine. In this vine Marilee had hung a long gourd with a hole about

an inch square half way up on the side of it. Jenny Wren hopped from this hole scolding busily about the work necessary to cover seven small speckled eggs.

"Goodmorning," said Marilee pleasantly and Jenny answered, "Good morning", in a much more pleasant voice.

"Jenny Wren this is my friend The Thumblety Bumblety Elf. We would like to hear you sing. Have you time?"

"I always have time to sing a song," Jenny answered. "Folks who can spread music and song are just being selfish if they won't." She hopped to an opening in the green vine and such a shower of notes as poured from her tiny grey throat. Suddenly she stopped and said, "I must get busy. I have lots to do."

Marilee and Thumblety thanked her and started on.

"You do know the nicest people," Thumblety said and wondered why Marilee laughed.

AUNT SUE'S JITTERY JINGLES

Do you ever think how good
Mother is to cook your food?
To make it tasty as she's able
And place it neatly on the table?
Don't you think that when we eat
We should keep our place all neat?
Nor let soup or cocoa slop
Or let meat or jelly drop.
Now, that you are getting biggish
I'm sure you do not act so piggish.
And if you'd say "Mamma, thank you."
I think it would be lovely, too.



The Thumblety Bumblety Elf.

THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

Almost one hundred children sent me pictures of what they think this little elf looks like. I picked out ten that I liked the best and sent them to Maxine Sickels who discovered Thumblety Bumblety and knows just what he looks like. She picked out this picture as being most like him. It was drawn by Delores Ehlke, Laurel, Nebr. She is eight years old.

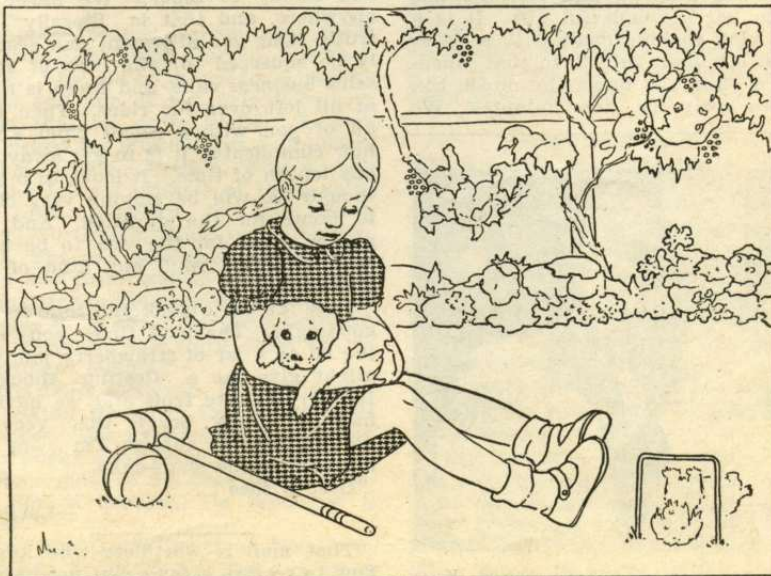
ASK YOUR FATHER THIS ONE

A carpenter made a door. It was too large. He cut it down, but cut it too small. He cut it again and it fit perfectly. Ask your father how that could be.

A CIRCUS PUZZLE

A boy asked the circus man how many birds and animals he had and he told him there were 36 heads and 100 feet. Can you figure out the answer to the boys question?

Answer on page 7.



Sally has found only one of the Puppies. See if you can find the others in the picture.

Our Hobby Club

(For Subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

HOBBIES

A friend writes that she knows a woman whose hobby of taking colored pictures does not stop there. She travels all over the state, visiting hospitals, old people's homes, orphan asylums, and schools, projecting these lovely pictures on a silver screen she carries with her. It is hard to say who enjoys her hobby the most, the friend or all the people who share it with her.

Collecting odd buttons.—Mrs. Gothard Blehrud, Spring Grove, Minn.

Pennants. Will be willing to help or exchange with anyone that has some other hobby in exchange for a pennant with the name Yellow Stone Park or Yellow Stone on it.—Mrs. R. E. Clark, Shelbina, Missouri.

Will exchange 4 Way Cap pattern or an aeroplane-tail bonnet pattern for a large pattern of Uncle Sam.—Mrs. Elizabeth McCaslin, c/o E. Kunka, Logan, Oklahoma.

Miniature dogs. Will exchange.—Florence M. Batt, Rt. 1, Corydon, Ia.

Will exchange one set of Calico Cat and one set of Liberty Bell in gold color salt and pepper shakers for different ones. Inform her in advance what you have to exchange.—Zelda Hatch, Melbourne, Iowa.

Collecting dolls. 50 in collection—no two alike. Makes dolls to exchange. Has one, a Colonial Lady—white wig and all, another one made of cork. Would like to exchange dolls.—Evelyn Tuttle, Eagle Street, Ware, Mass.

Collecting pictures.—Mrs. Lillie Walton, Wellman, Iowa.

Making scrapbooks.—Mrs. Allie Eisenbine, 3520 Van Buren St., Chicago 24, Ill.

Collection of unusual seeds. Have some from England and South Pacific. Will pay postage from anywhere and exchange some other hobby articles for them.—Mrs. Zal Ellis, Tekamah, Nebr.

Iowa County court house cards. Is trying to get an entire set.—Mrs. A. O. Larson, Guthrie Center, Iowa.

Salt and pepper shakers. Now has 175 sets. Wants a set from every state.—Mrs. Henry J. Asmus, Rt. 4, Box 57, Denison, Iowa.

Salt and pepper shakers, pitchers, and old and rare buttons.—Josephine Vosoba, Milligan, Nebraska.

Salt and pepper shakers and bells of any kind. Mrs. Reed Conway, Onawa, Iowa.

Plastic, or glass pigs.—Darlene Hoemann, c/o Mrs. Emil Hoeman, Verdon, Nebr.

"BUSY-DAY VASE" of Sue Conrad's hand made pottery in ivory and soft green crystalline glaze. Self arranging. Beautiful. Special price \$1.00. A fawn figurine to match, free with every order. Order from Sue Conrad, Box 467, Shenandoah, Iowa.

BUTTONS. Beautiful pottery buttons in unusual variegated coloring. 12 for \$1.00 while they last. Order from Sue Conrad, Box 467, Shenandoah, Iowa.

AN INTERESTING HOBBY

Some day I hope to visit the home of Emil Faustman, near Aurora, Nebraska. His hobby is carving. He makes all sorts of things out of scraps. He not only carves animals of all kinds but has made a miniature ferris wheel and merry-go-round which are the delight of all the small children who visit him. In his yard stands a ten-foot-high copy of the Nebraska State Capitol, correct down to the minutest detail.

Mrs. Faustman enjoys her husband's hobby as much as he does and helps him by taking care of small details such as making the small costumes for the people or furnishings such as rugs and curtains for the houses.

Mr. Faustman also collects old guns and is familiar with the history of each one. Yes, when gas rationing is not necessary, I want to see this most unusual display.

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.

WORK FOR ALL

We are going to win this war whether or not you and I do all we can to help. We are going to win it sooner if you and I do our part. No one except ourselves knows if we have done all we could. Perhaps you can free some other woman for work by taking over part of her housework or part time care of her children.



Twelve very different and interesting motifs for your needle are here together. Among them you will find something suitable for dresses for both children and grownups, lingerie, towels, bedroom sets, crib quilts and many other things. These hot iron transfer motifs can be used several times, so you can make many of each design. All this comes on one transfer—C9643, for only 10c.—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

"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.

NEW LUMINOUS CLOTH TAPE. Exposed to light a few minutes it shines in the dark for many hours. Recharges itself. Helps to find things. Prevents collisions in the dark. Stick it on light switches doors, knobs, etc. Very useful. Self sticking. 24 sq. in. 25¢. Howard Rasmussen, Boonville, Missouri.

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.

WANT TO BUY—60, 80 or 120 Acre Farm in Iowa with buildings and 120-volt electricity installed or near.—Write H. J. Kiefer, Conrad, Iowa.

BINOCULARS, Field Glasses, Telescopes. Men's—Ladies' Diamond Rings. Men's—Ladies' Watches. Buy, Sell, Trade. Write Paul J. Schweer, Donnellson, Iowa.

FOR SALE—2-piece Rayon Print Suit (Dress & Jacket). Never worn. Size 18. \$4.50. 1 pair brown suede-and-kid dress pumps. Pre-war quality. Steel arch. Size 9B. Like new. No stamp. \$5.00 Postpaid. Ruth M. Zaugg, 2608 Davenport St., Omaha, Nebr.

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.

"FRIGIDOL" Removes corns and callouses easily and cheaply. Bottle, just 25¢. Free gift worth 20¢ or more. Howard Rasmussen, Boonville, Missouri.

WILL EXCHANGE Novelty Set of Shakers in shape of cup cakes for 25¢ war stamp and 10¢ postage. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State St., Barberton, Ohio.

CROCHETED ARTICLES, doilies, table runners in various shapes, patterns, sizes, centerpiece and doily set, buffet and dresser runners, 54-inch bedspread, 3-piece chair sets. High class work, fully guaranteed. Write Myrtle G. Story, Bx. 188, Peterson, 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.

CROCHETED HAT-PURSE LAPEL ORNAMENT, any color, 50¢. Crocheted pineapple shade or lamp pulls. All colors, 50¢ each. Embroidered apron, luncheon cloth, napkins. Write for prices. Vera Lachelt, Janesville, Minn.

CHINA SALT AND PEPPER SETS for Sale. Write Mrs. Edith Ethridge, West Columbia, Texas.

KNITTED AND CROCHETED ARTICLES Made to Order: Afghans, Booties, Bibs, Holders, Mittens, Gloves, Circular Shawls. For particulars write Nina Nelson, Ortonville, Minn.

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.

Miss Josie Pfannebecker
Rt 1 Bx 136
Sigourney Iowa

2



AID SOCIETY HELPS

TEN WAYS TO HELP YOUR CHURCH

1. Never miss a service on your own account and always try to be on time.
2. Enter heartily into the worship of song, prayer, and praise.
3. Don't find fault if people are not "sociable" but be sure you greet everyone you pass and speak cordially to all you meet.
4. Don't seek a place of prominence, or get mad if you are not promoted, but accept cheerfully the place offered you and work faithfully to fulfill your duty.
5. If things do not suit you, don't knock, but enter in and try to reform them.
6. If you are pleased with the minister's message, or the music, tell the minister or choir leader, and by all means tell others who were not there.
7. Always cooperate with any forward movement attempted and never oppose a movement merely because it is "new."
8. Speak to the unsaved at every opportunity about the Christian life, but remember that what you are speaks louder than what you say.
9. If someone accuses you of wanting to "run the church" go on about your Christian duty. Remember you are the servant of God, and that Satan uses every means possible to mar your influence.
10. Never "go with the crowd" except as "the crowd" goes right.—Selected.

SELF DENIAL BOX

Each member can furnish her own little box or jar into which she puts money saved each week by some self denial. It is amazing how much money can be accumulated in this way for any one of us can deny ourselves a picture show, an ice cream soda or some other little thing.

TAXI SERVICE

One aid society arranges that members attend the meetings in as few cars as possible. This, of course, is patriotic, now, and if members who ride with friends will pay them what they would pay the taxi man, the money could be turned over to the aid treasurer.

STITCH AND CHATTER

By Irella Belle Hinks

I opened my brooder house door this sunny morning and released around 900 New Hampshire chicks that were delivered during a blizzard in March. Two extra chicks came with each hundred (for good measure). Now, I mark my grade card according to the number turned out. A if 900, A+ if more than 900 and A- if less. Well, one year it was A+, having turned out 903. My neighbor claims she got a larger + because she had 910. No, this isn't the Poultry column. This is the 'Chatter' part of the 'Stitch' column.

Now how many would like to make the new quilt block apron? Hands up. Well, first go cut a square from the left hand corner of the kitchen oil cloth for a pattern. Be sure that it is square. For a medium sized apron make it 3½ inches. Next, press some pretty print pieces, then lay pattern on straight of material and cut 30 blocks, no two alike. Choose colors that go well together. Now, find a piece of plain material—large enough for belt, ties, and 14 plain blocks. Leanna said one column—but how can I tell—this apron may get signed off before it is finished. Now, beginning at the bottom of apron:

1st row sew two plain blocks together

2nd row sew 1 plain, 2 print, 1 plain

3rd row sew 1 plain, 4 print, 1 plain

4th row sew 1 plain, 6 print, 1 plain

5th row sew 1 plain, 6 print, 1 plain

6th row sew 1 plain, 6 print, 1 plain

7th row sew 1 plain, 6 print, 1 plain

Join the 7 strips, then bind with black tape. Curve top of last row—that is—make it about ½ inch lower in center than at the sides, so it will hang straight and not puff out after belt is put on. Now, cut belt of some plain material. Make it double thickness. (Pink or yellow makes very pretty aprons.)

Gather top slightly and make belt about 16 inches long and about 4 inches wide at center, sloping down to two inches at sides. Now cut ties of same plain material. Make them 3 inches wide and 20 inches long. Insert ties between belt ends.

The good parts of worn sheets can be made into pillow cases. It is remarkable how long they will last. The tails of shirts can be used for patches, the cuff can be made into holders—just rip off sleeves and fit the cuffs together and stitch. Cut the tops off of socks and lisle stockings and use them for patching, instead of darning socks. Cut into round pieces, but don't turn edges under—just whip around. By saving the best parts of worn articles, patching is a pleasure, and it saves so much time by not having to look for patches.—Mrs. G. H., Sutton, Nebr.

STUNTS FOR PARTIES

If a party should need a little pep why not try some of these stunts. They will entertain your friends and give plenty of laughs.

Place a milk bottle in the center of the floor. The player must sit on the bottle, place his right leg in front of him, put his left leg over his right, then, light a candle while in this position, or write his name on a card with a pencil.

Hold a stick in your two hands, try to jump over it without touching it. After jumping forward the player tries jumping backward.

Hang a ring about two inches in diameter, suspended on a string, about shoulder high. One by one the players take a cane and starting from across the room, try to spear the ring. This is more difficult than it sounds.

Place a milk bottle on the floor. Give the player 6 clothes pins. Hold them about 4 feet above the bottle and try to drop them into it.

Blindfold the player. Give him a cane or an umbrella. Putting his head down on it, go around it several times. Then try to walk across the room.

Give each player a pencil and paper. Ask him to draw a pig without raising the pencil from the paper, except for the eye. The best drawing wins.

Place a tin can on the floor. The player must stand on one leg on the can, with the other foot raised from the floor and balance himself while he picks up a piece of paper from the floor.

A FEW CHARADES

Divide the players in two groups. The first group leaves the room and decides on a game to act out. When the second group have guessed the word, they go out and prepare a charade.

Mayflower: May—flower.

Benjamin: Ben—jam—in.

Longfellow: Long—fell—oh.

Penitent: Penny—tent.

Cantaloupe: Can't—elope.

A BRIDE'S SCRAP BOOK

This is a grand idea that was sent to me by Mrs. Elbert Miller, Murdock, Nebraska.

Buy a loose leaf note book. Pass out the pages to the bride's friends. These pages are to be filled with recipes, poems, household helps or any other helpful material. Be sure each individual includes a snap shot of herself, her family or her home, if possible. The sheets can be gathered, placed in the cover and presented to the bride-to-be.

"Save—Serve—Give—Make Freedom Live."