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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## MAGAZINE

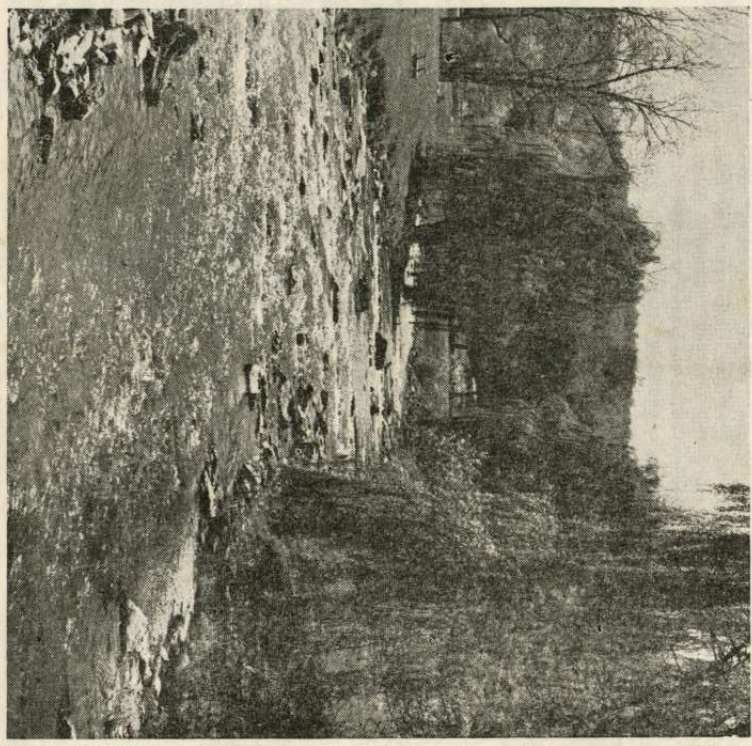
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

## Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER --  
Shenandoah, Iowa

My Dear Friend,

Since I can't write each one of you good friends a personal letter, please feel that this one is meant *just for you* for as I write it I am thinking of many of you to whom I feel I owe a letter.

When August comes, it seems summer is just about over. When our children were at home it meant the last few weeks before school began. There was always sewing to do, the last vacation trip to make, and all in all it was a busy time. August is always a busy canning month, too, and generally the weather is very warm. Yes, I'm glad when I turn the leaf of the calendar to September, although I always miss our children when I see the boys and girls going down the street toward the school building.

Since I wrote you last, Howard, our oldest son and Donald, the youngest, have been home on furloughs. They both enjoyed being free of army routine for a few days and slept late every morning. They found very few of their old friends in town so had more time to spend with Mother and Dad. We used up all our red points buying steaks for that seemed to be their favorite meat. They enjoyed the home made bread, too. My! isn't it fun to cook for these hungry boys when they come home! Both boys expect to be overseas before very long, now.

Wayne writes us from Australia again. He has been sent back there for officers' training. He says the work is *rough* and *tough* but he hopes to make the grade. If hard work will do it he will pass the test for he puts in long hours.

Lucile and Dorothy are well and busy with their babies. Dorothy took care of Juliana so Lucile could go to San Diego for a little vacation. Margery likes her work at Lockheed very much. She has met some girls at the office whom she enjoys knowing and time is passing rapidly for her, too.

I have brought the news up to date about all of our children but Frederick, who is studying for the ministry at Yale. He is attending summer school so that he can graduate next spring. He has been made student councilor to 25 freshman boys and has moved into their dormitory. He will have full responsibility for the conduct and work of these boys, so will be very busy.

We have had as our guest my sister Sue's daughter, Margery Conrad

Sayre and her little daughter Susan (named for her grandmother), who is ten months old. Margery stopped over a few days on her way to California where her husband is an ensign in the Navy. They will live in San Francisco. We surely enjoyed their visit, although it did make me lonesome for my daughters and their babies.

I have a good joke on my sister Sue. Until one has had experience in radio work, they don't realize how much response they may get to *one little announcement*. In the spirit of generosity Sue offered a little piece of her pottery to each child who wrote her the correct answer to a puzzle question. She expected about five children to guess the right answer and instead of that she had over 150 letters when the contest closed. Was she ever embarrassed and worried for she couldn't possibly keep her promise. I suggested she substitute a picture of herself and little Sue as the prize and I think that is what she will do. She is mailing out the orders for the "Busv Day" vases as fast as they are finished.

I miss the vacation visits of my radio friends but know it is impossible for most of you to get very far away from home. I haven't had a vacation for years so you are not alone. Our main interest is in doing our best in our own little way to see that this war is over as soon as possible. What we can do seems little compared with what the brave women of our allied nations are suffering.

Let us have faith that all things work together for good although we cannot see how that can be. We must live our faith that others may gain courage to carry on in the face of adversity. Write me when you have time.

Your friend,  
Leanna.

### I NEED TO KNOW

Dear God, I didn't need to learn  
The way a mother's arms can yearn,  
The way a baby's hands can cling,  
Or how to hold him, how to sing  
Soft lullabies—the things to do  
That make a mother's joy so sweet.  
But now a harder test I meet,  
For years have passed as the years  
will;  
My busy hands are folded, still,  
And now, dear God, I need to know  
The way to loose, to let him go!

—Evelyn Gage Brown.

### THINKING OUT LOUD

It's a good plan not to want the things you know you can't have; and to think of all the things you don't have, that you don't want.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts. These cost us nothing, so let's have as many of them as possible.

Two walked in my garden  
Through soft and sunny hours;  
The one saw but the weeds,  
The other saw the flowers.

Most of our troubles in life are those that never happen.

There is no such thing as a good day or a bad day. Each day is what we make it. Bad weather is only a person's opinion of it. What seems bad to one person may seem good to another.

Work as if you were going to live 100 years; pray as if you were going to die tomorrow.

A mule can't kick while he is pulling and can't pull while he is kicking. Neither can you.

It is better to think a good thought about a bad man than a bad thought about a good man.

When you are looking for a helping hand, just glance at the end of your arm.

Did you ever notice that you always find time to do the things you want to do?

Don't go through life looking for something to turn up. Go to work and turn something up.

Here is a tongue twister: "See shv slow Simon show sly Sue some shoes."

Anyone who does anything and succeeds will make enemies, but don't give up. Think only of those who believe in you and do your best.

If you would be happy have something to do, someone to love and something to hope for.

Did you ever hear the story of the lady who called the seed store—mad as a wet hen—telling them that the seed potatoes she had bought were no good. She had cut every one of them up and hadn't found a single potato seed!

### A KITCHEN-KLATTER PICNIC

There was a fine crowd of ladies at the annual Kitchen-Klatter picnic at Hampton, Iowa. Some of the ladies had prepared a nice program. Next year the Dows sisters will be in charge of this part of the entertainment. Mrs. Leon Foster and Mrs. H. F. McAllister are general chairmen.



# Come into the Garden

## AUGUST IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

This is the month of full harvest and one which should see the cans of food crowd the storage shelves, where already a goodly number have now been assembled. The hot dry days will be the ones in which to dry our surplus vegetables and fruit, if sun-drying is practiced, and some how to me it seems that more flavor is preserved in that way than by oven drying.

The garden by now should not be too weedy if the hoe was used to good advantage earlier in the season. Part of the garden where earlier vegetables have been cleared off should be a good place to set up some sort of drying apparatus if in full sun. We use a large heavy sand screen placed upon two sawhorses, which are of a convenient height to work on. Lined with some white porous material such as layers of cheesecloth the air will circulate freely through thinly scattered layers of whatever vegetable or fruit is to be dried which is also covered with cheesecloth and screened from insects. Drying vegetables must be brought in each evening or on rainy days. If the weather is favorable, this process should not take too long. If this is in the garden near the house, steps will not be too many. We also like a similar screen near the tomato patch, minus the cheese-cloth, on which partly ripened tomatoes may finish off. Many times, for various reasons, they must be picked before fully ripe and this is a good place for them to ripen. They should not be piled on top of each other.

In our garden, August is the time onions intended for winter use mature. We bend over the tops to hasten ripening and by the end of the month or perhaps before, they can be picked and thoroughly dried and stored. They need to be kept in a dry place in some airy container. Or they may have their pliable stalks braided together and hung in bunches on nails in the storage room, free from frost. If not thoroughly dry they will rot.

Where there has been a surplus of peas or beans, these need not necessarily be wasted. They can be allowed to ripen on the vines, picked or threshed and the seed either used for planting next year or used as dried peas or beans for food next winter to extend the food supply. Partly matured snap beans are good used with corn in succotash. Many more varieties of both peas and beans seem to be grown farther south than in our locality and as in the case of soybeans, one often has to have one's taste educated to like different foods than those to which one is accustomed. This also holds true in regard to okra, which forms the basis of most commercial soups. It must be used

when very tender. The red kidney beans are used in chili preparations, the lima in various chowder dishes. Harvest all dried beans which have been left unnoticed on the vines, even these will have their uses next winter.

If you have planted corn in succession or various kinds of it, you will have plenty of it to last the season out. There are so many uses for it beside in its delicious tender stage, fresh from the garden, that one is never sorry to have planted a large patch. It may be dried, salted down, canned alone or in succotash. The Indians of the Southwest used the soft hearts, when drying their corn, making them into a paste. Hunters carry it easily in their food packs, since like beans it takes up little room, and is a concentrated food.

Truly August is one of our most bountiful months; practically every vegetable in some form or other is demanding our time and attention to be cared for. Tables may now be lavishly set with food fresh from the garden; cellars and storage rooms will begin to take on the appearance of stocking up for a siege and the good hot rays of the sun will hasten the ripening and the drying of all food.

## FOR AUGUST BLOSSOMS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

We can be fairly sure of at least one spot of color in the August garden if we are fortunate enough to have a clump or two of the hardy Amaryllis, *Lycoris Squamigera*. After it becomes established it will bloom year after year if weather conditions are at all favorable.

This plant is a bulbous one belonging to the Amaryllis Family—its habit of growth is very interesting. So eager are they to push through the soil, that the long, smooth, strap-like leaves can hardly wait for Winter to give way to the milder days of Spring. They are among the very first things to show green growth and before long cover a surprising amount of ground space. But I wonder how many gardeners not acquainted with this plant have watched with happy hearts at their lush growth and then experienced sinking spells in June when, seemingly for no reason whatever, the leaves commenced turning yellow and finally withered completely. There is no cause at all for alarm for the leaves have simply finished their year's work and are not longer needed.

This most unusual plant has a number of common names—Mystery-lily, Surprise-lily, August-lily and Naked Lady are some of them. When bare stalks suddenly appear in August minus a leaf of any description and rival the growth of Jack's Bean-stalk, we can easily understand the significance of these descriptive names. The stalks grow rapidly and in a few days may be as much as 3 feet high. The clusters of blossoms are an iridescent lavender-pink touched with blue.



A Hardy Amaryllis.

ender-pink touched with blue.

The blossoms appear very fragile but are unusually lasting when cut which makes them ideal for bouquets. They give such a misty air to an arrangement when combined with white gladiolus and tuberoses. They may be used alone or perhaps just a bit of *Gypsophila oldhamiana* added.

The long-necked bulbs are generally planted after the flower stalks have withered which will be in September or early October. They do well in the sunny border but do not mind a few hours of shade. Provide enough ground space for their lush spring growth. Then plan to set other plants around them to hide their bare stalks in August. *Artemisia Silverking* looks well near it and has such tiny insignificant blossoms that the Amaryllis when in bloom can well claim its foliage for its own. *Gypsophila oldhamiana* does not make its big growth until the Amaryllis foliage has died down, it blooms at the same time and its pinkish color blends in well thus making it a fine companion plant. Vesper Iris blooms at the same time and may be used to set in front of the Amaryllis. Lavender Petunias are also very good. They may be set very close after the leaves die down in the Spring.

Sometimes the bulbs refuse to send up flower stalks for several years after being transplanted. Encourage them to make a good leaf growth in Spring by giving them plenty of space in which to grow and keep the soil stirred to conserve moisture. Should it be a dry season it may be well to water them occasionally as the blossoms in August depend on this lush spring leaf growth.

"We had the magazine sent to a friend last year as a gift and want to give it again this year. She reads every word in it and enjoys it very much. Please notify her that the subscription has been renewed."—Mrs. Henry Malek, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER FOURTEEN

During the first winter that Mother lived at their ranch home, Walnut Park, she spent several weeks working in an orange packing house. It was the custom for the young people of the community to help pack the orange crop for shipment, so Mother joined the friends she had made when they went to work during the busy season. It was the first money that she earned in California.

After the orange season was over Mother got ready to make her first trip back to Iowa. Aunt Jessie was then county superintendent of schools in Page County with her office in Clarinda, and she needed extra help during the summer months. Thus it was arranged that Mother should return to help her until September. Not only was it nice to be able to make some money that would be applied on college expenses in the fall, but it also gave her an opportunity to visit with relatives and old friends. Shenandoah still seemed more genuinely home than California.

September found her back in California again preparing to enter the Los Angeles State Normal College. Aunt Susan had graduated from there in the spring and was teaching a short distance from home, and now it was Mother's turn to start the two years' course that was required as preparation for teaching in California.

Mother has said that it was something of a handicap to follow in Aunt Susan's footsteps because she had been a thoroughly outstanding student, and had left a wonderful record for other members of the family to live up to. The first few weeks she could never turn around without hearing someone say: "Leanna Field? Oh, are you a sister of Susan Field who graduated last year?" And upon learning that this was exactly the case, they immediately signed her up for all of the activities in which Aunt Susan had participated. I've heard Mother say mildly that it was a "difficult situation"!

The thing that made it difficult was the fact that Mother was working so hard outside of school. As I said in an earlier chapter, the Field girls helped meet as many of their own expenses as they possibly could, and it was understood that as one finished she would lend a helping hand to the next one in line. In this case, it was Aunt Susan who lent a helping hand with tuition and clothes, while the expense of room and board was met by Mother herself.

She found a home in which she could work for her room, breakfasts and suppers, and the noon meal was taken care of by working in the college kitchen. The weekends were so busy that she could rarely get home to see the family, for on Saturday she cleaned house, did a big washing and ironing, and all of the "odd jobs" that the people where she lived had been saving for her attention. Then on Sunday she rehearsed and sang with

a quartette in one of the large Los Angeles churches. And of course there was Sunday dinner to get at the house where she lived, and all of the cleaning up afterwards.

This was a heavy schedule for any young girl, and the last straw was piled on the camel's back on a never-to-be-forgotten Saturday morning. Mother was out on the back porch washing by the good old back-breaking rub-it-on-the-board method, and the bad part about this washing was the fact that she never seemed to get anywhere near the end of it for someone in an upstairs window kept throwing down piles of sheets, towels, pillow cases, petticoats with countless ruffles, and everything else in the line of laundry. These objects kept cascading down until Mother was standing knee-deep, literally, in piles of dirty clothes, and she says that she had just made up her mind to stop rubbing and have a good cry when she looked up and saw Aunt Susan come walking around the corner of the house.

Well, that was the last Saturday washing Mother did under those circumstances, to put it briefly. Aunt Susan helped her finish it, and then she insisted on packing Mother's belongings and taking them over to another house where a room was available with light housekeeping privileges. Mother lived there for the rest of her college work in Los Angeles.

One day when she returned home from her classes she found a letter from Grandmother with the news that she and Grandfather had sold "Walnut Park" and were purchasing an orange ranch in the foothills of the San Bernadino mountains. At approximately the same time they sold their home in Shenandoah to Aunt Helen and Uncle Fred Fischer—members of the family have lived in that house now for almost fifty years.

As soon as the college closed in the early summer, Mother went to the new ranch, and she was delighted with it. The house was an attractive California-style bungalow, and it was surrounded by orchards of lemon and orange trees. The place had been built and extensively developed by wealthy people from Seattle, and they had lived on it only a short time when they decided that country life wasn't what they wanted after all, so they sold it to Grandfather Field and packed their suitcases and left.

When Grandmother Field moved in to the new house she found that the phrase "completely furnished" wasn't an understatement. There was flour in the flour bin, sugar in the sugar bowls, magazines lying on the living room table, and a considerable stock of canned fruits in the pantry. Evidently the Seattle people were eager to be on their road back north, but their loss was certainly the Field's gain for every member of the family loved the place.

They named the new ranch "Sol-suanna" for the three children who were in California—Uncle Sol, Aunt Susan, and Mother. Uncle Sol had married, and came to live on the ranch and do the heavy orchard work

for Grandfather. While he took care of the groves, Grandfather landscaped and beautified the grounds. He had magnificent calla lilies, large beds of English violets, and an unusually fine rose garden. In a section where handsome flowers are taken for granted, his varieties always called forth comment from people in the community.

During that first summer on the ranch they had other members of the family with them. Aunt Helen came out from Shenandoah with her two daughters, Gretchen and Mary, and later in the summer Uncle Fred came out to return home with them. It was a happy summer filled with trips to the mountains, visits to the Arrowhead Hot Springs that were only a few miles away, and tramps up to the rocky canyons to fish. There were also long walks over the desert in search of new cacti and curious rocks, and Frank generally came home with his pockets full of lizards and horn toads. Little did any of them suspect when they passed the big reservoir up in the foothills that during the coming winter it would break and wash away everything on the ranch but the house itself.

### RATIONING IN ENGLAND

In a letter to Mrs. A. J. Moore, Ames, Iowa, Mrs. Helen Dixon of Lancashire, England, writes as follows:

"Each person is allowed 2 oz butter and cooking lard, 4 oz margarine or bacon, 4 oz sugar and cheese, approximately 3/4 lb. meat weekly and an egg every fortnight is a good average. Adults are allowed 3 1/2 pints of milk weekly, children 7 pints. Fish is scarce owing to transport difficulties but I can usually get a supply twice a week. Poultry is very scarce and has vanished from the average man's table. Bread, potatoes and vegetables are not rationed so nobody need go hungry.

### HE LEADETH ME

In "pastures green"? Not always; sometimes He  
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me  
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be,  
Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,  
Out of the sunshine into darkest night.  
I oft would faint with sorrows and affright,  
Only for this: I know he holds my hand;  
So, whether led in green or desert land,  
I trust, although I may not understand.  
So whether on the hill-tops high and fair  
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where  
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there,  
And more than this; where'er the pathway lead,  
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,  
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.  
—Henry H. Barry.



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "This summer a very dear friend of mine is to be married, and I'm wondering what you think about this for a gift: I am able to sew very well, and I'd like to make her living room drapes and curtains for a present. Would it be all right to ask her to select the material (to be paid for by us, of course) and then make them according to her wishes? I should add that my husband doesn't approve of this as a wedding gift."—N. D.

**ANS:** I can't imagine any bride who wouldn't be delighted to have such a gift. Drapes and curtains are generally quite a problem to the new home-maker, and a handsome window treatment for the living room would be highly welcome, I'm certain. With so little to choose from in the way of gifts this idea may appeal to others who are gifted with the needle and can afford to buy good material. However, a note of warning: if you should use this idea be sure that you also ask the bride to select the material and the way in which she wants them made.

**QUES:** "We are two young girls who have the same problem and are anxious to have your opinion regarding it. We married last year shortly before our husbands were sent overseas, and since that time we have been working in a defense plant and living in our parents' homes. Both of us feel that we should have freedom to do as we please, but our parents persist in treating us as though we were still high-school students—and freshmen at that. They don't seem to take into consideration at all the fact that we're married and financially independent. Do you think that we should move into an apartment together, or weather it out until our husbands come home?"—Missouri.

**ANS:** Whether or not you should move depends so much upon the situations in both homes. If either family has a son in service and the consequent anxiety, I'd think twice before leaving them alone. Don't forget that your marriages don't seem real to your parents because you didn't have the opportunity to establish your own homes. You still seem like their young daughters to them, and probably they've never stopped to realize how you feel about things. I'd make a big effort to get them to see your viewpoint, and at the same time I'd make an extra effort to act like adults so that they will have evidence that you're not school girls. Give this an honest try before you consider moving.

**QUES:** "Our two small girls are going to have their tonsils removed this summer, and I can't decide if I should tell them in advance what is going to be done, or simply wait until

the time comes and then let them know—I mean by this, when we're driving to the hospital. What would you advise?"—Nebraska.

**ANS:** I'd advise as strongly as possible that you tell them in advance, not weeks in advance, of course, but at least the day before you go to the hospital. Children feel betrayed when they're led into what they feel is serious business without forewarning. If you started out on what would seem to be a usual morning ride and ended at the hospital I'm afraid that your little girls would never really trust you again. Tell them cheerfully what is going to happen, act genuinely cheerful yourself, and the whole affair will pass off more easily than you anticipate.

**QUES:** "Do you have any suggestions for coping with laziness in a fifteen-year-old girl? My daughter fancies herself much too good for any housework, and I'm afraid that her crowd of friends behave in the same way. She assures me that they're not called upon to wash dishes, wax floors, iron, etc., and from the amount of time they spend running around I think that she must be right. I can do the work myself, of course, but I want her to learn to do things well. Have you a magic remedy?"—Minnesota.

**ANS:** Well, if I had such a remedy I would have used it when my girls were at home and had spells of not being enthusiastic about housework! I think that the best way to cope with this problem is to request, not demand, firmly and politely that certain things be done. If they're not done, you can forbid her to join the crowd until they are done—and stand firm.

**QUES:** "I expect to feed a big crew of men (about twelve) for several meals next month, and I'm wondering if you think it would be in poor taste to do away with tablecloths and use newspapers on the table? I have no help, several little children, and so much to do that it would mean a lot not to have the extra laundry. Perhaps I should add that they're all neighborhood men."—Minnesota.

**ANS:** I think I'd rather draw up the boundaries of Poland than answer this question. I know what it means under such circumstances to have extra laundry, but someplace in the back of my mind I'm remembering the husband who never said much one way or the other, but who always felt a little hurt because "things weren't so nice" when people came to their home. If everyone has sworn off tablecloths in your community, go ahead and use newspapers, but if they haven't, I believe somehow I'd make that extra effort and have the table looking nice. Men really notice more than we give them credit for.



Loren Giebler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Giebler, Fremont, Nebr.

### A PRAYER FOR THOSE IN SERVICE

May the light of God surround you,  
The love of God enfold you,  
The power of God protect you,  
The presence of God watch over you  
And keep you safe and secure.

—Selected.

Buy another bond and keep those you have.



### HALF-HAT AND PURSE

Be really in the news with this new and oh-so-popular hat and bag ensemble. Be smart, besides being fashionable, and make it yourself. Just a dash of crochet, and you have one of those clever half-hats that are such a becoming rage right now. The purse, which matches the hat, takes on a Scotch air by gay ribbon sides to harmonize. The drawstring is an added attraction, in that it is hand-knotted, and takes no extra sewing. With the directions for hand-knotting, you can make other articles, such as attractive jewelry. So very much is in C9655 for 10c.—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.





### SUGAR

Upon the table there appear  
Desserts that look and taste so queer.  
The cakes? We cannot guess their  
names,

The cookies? They all taste the same.  
There's rhubarb sauce and is it sour?  
More than a taste, none can devour,  
The tea and coffee's mighty flat—  
They do not help our social chat.  
Poor Ma! She tries new recipes,  
With none her family are pleased,  
But when we learn our country's call—  
ed

We soon will praise and eat them all.  
We never yet failed Uncle Sam,  
We gladly answer his commands;  
For sugar ration cookery  
Helps lead us on to victory.

—Blanche Huff.

### CANTALOUPE BUTTER

Select ripe cantaloupes. Cut in halves, remove rinds, seeds and soft parts. Place the melons in a preserving kettle with as little water as possible and boil until tender. Press through a colander and measure the pulp. To each quart of pulp add 1/2 cup sugar, juice of 1/2 lemon and a little cinnamon if desired. Continue boiling until mixture is thick enough to spread. Stir constantly to prevent burning. Pack hot butter into clean, hot jars. Seal immediately.

### HONEY CORN RELISH

9 cups fresh corn  
3 cups chopped cabbage  
3 cups chopped celery  
2 cups chopped green pepper  
1 cup chopped sweet red pepper  
3 cups chopped onions  
3 cups chopped unpared cucumbers  
1/2 cup sugar  
1/4 cup salt  
1 tablespoon dry mustard  
1 tablespoon each Tumeric and Celery seed  
1 cup honey  
1 cup water  
1 cup vinegar  
Mix vegetables. Add remaining ingredients in order given. Bring to boiling; cook slowly 15 minutes. Seal in hot sterilized jars. This makes 9 pints.

Too much sugar, too much salt or too strong vinegar causes pickles to shrivel.

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

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### SPICED GRAPE JAM

1 gallon grapes  
9 cups sugar  
1 tablespoon allspice  
1 tablespoon cinnamon  
1 tablespoon ground cloves  
Pulp the grapes, putting the skins into one dish and the pulp into another. Cook pulp until the seeds come out, put through colander. To this strained pulp add skins, sugar and spice and boil together for 20 minutes. Pour into glasses and seal as any jam.

### GOLDEN RELISH

4 cups carrots  
4 cups celery  
2 green peppers  
2 pimentos  
4 tart apples  
2 cups sugar  
2 cups vinegar  
2 tablespoons salt  
2 tablespoons celery seed  
Clean and chop all vegetables but not too fine. Peel apples and chop. Add remaining ingredients and cook gently until carrots and celery are almost tender. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal at once. Delicious with roast pork or chops.

### SWEET DILL PICKLES

Soak medium sized pickles in weak salt water 3 days. Wash well. Cut in chunks or slices lengthwise and bring to boiling point in a solution of half water and half vinegar. Do not let boil. Let cool in this solution. Put dill in bottom and on top of jars of pickles and cover with the following hot solution: 4 cups sugar and 3 cups vinegar. Pickling spices may be added if desired.—Mrs. F. Higen.

### CHEESE MOLD

1 cup macaroni, before cooking  
1 cup cream  
1 cup soft bread crumbs  
1 teaspoon onion, chopped fine  
1/4 cup butter  
1/4 green pepper, chopped fine  
3 eggs, beaten separately  
1 cup pimento cheese, cut fine  
Cook macaroni in boiling water until tender. Add cream, cheese, butter and beaten egg yolks, bread crumbs and pepper. Fold in well beaten egg whites last. Bake in moderate oven.

### ICE CREAM

3 cups scalded milk  
1 cup sugar  
2 tablespoons flour  
2 egg yolks  
1 teaspoon gelatine  
1 tablespoon cold water  
2 cups heavy cream  
1 tablespoon vanilla  
Scald milk in double boiler, add sugar and flour which have been well mixed and cook for 15 or 20 minutes. Pour over beaten egg yolks, return to fire and cook for 2 minutes or until it coats the spoon. Add to this, while hot, the gelatine which has been soaked for 5 minutes in the cold water. Chill mixture. Whip cream till stiff and fold into the cooked mixture. Add vanilla and a pinch of salt. Beat well. Pour into trays and freeze, stirring well once or twice. Serves 8.

### VANILLA CREAM

1 can (1 1/2 cups) sweetened condensed milk  
3 cups milk or coffee cream  
2 teaspoons vanilla  
2 teaspoons lemon juice  
Heat 1 cup of the milk, add the can of sweetened condensed milk and blend. Add remaining 2 cups of milk and lemon juice. Pour into freezing tray. Set temperature at coldest position and freeze. When frozen, remove to bowl, add vanilla and whip with electric or hand beater until mix becomes light and creamy. Return quickly to freezing tray and allow to finish freezing. When completely frozen, turn temperature control back to normal position and let ripen.

### PINEAPPLE MILK SHERBET

1/2 cup pineapple juice  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind  
2/3 cup granulated sugar  
1 pint milk  
Add milk to juices, rind and sugar. Stir until sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Pour into freezing tray and freeze with temperature control at coldest position. When frozen, remove to bowl and whip with beater until light and creamy. Return to freezing tray and freeze firm. Turn temperature back to normal and let ripen till serving time.

### BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES

1 market basket cucumbers  
15 medium sized onions  
1 gallon vinegar  
2 cups sugar  
4 teaspoons white mustard seed  
2 teaspoons celery seed  
1 teaspoon tumeric  
Wash cucumbers and slice as thin as possible. Slice onions. Soak in brine of 2 cups salt and enough water to cover for 1 hour. Drain. Boil vinegar and spices. Add drained cucumbers and cook 20 minutes but do not let boil. Pack while hot into sterilized jars and seal.



**CHOCOLATE CAKE**

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup butter and lard
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup corn syrup, dark
- 3 egg yolks
- 2 squares chocolate, melted
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda, baking powder and salt and sift together again. Cream butter and lard together, add sugar, and syrup and beat well. All 1/2 cup of the flour and beat again. Adding a fourth of the flour before the eggs makes it easier to blend the batter and gives a finer cake. Beat the egg yolks until very thick and light, add and beat again. Then add the melted chocolate, then the remainder of the flour alternately with the milk, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in 2 layers or loaf in moderate oven.—Mrs. Nellie Wozrink.

**CHOCOLATE CUP CAKE MIX**

- 1 cup sugar
  - 1 1/4 cup flour
  - 1 teaspoon soda
  - Dash of salt
  - 3 tablespoons cocoa
- Mix this together well and put in quart jar. When ready to use, add the following:

- 1 cup sour cream
  - 2 eggs
  - 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Beat together, drop in paper baking cups and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) till done. While still warm, frost with the following:

- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons cocoa
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, sugar and cocoa together, add the vanilla to a little sweet cream and add a little at a time to the dry mixture till it is of spreading consistency. Don't get it too thin. Frost in the paper cups and let set till cold. Put maraschino cherry on top.—Mrs. Arthur Wolfe.

**FLORIDA BREAD**

- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 cups cake flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 teaspoon grated rind
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup raisins (steamed)

Put sugar, shortening and egg in bowl and beat well until blended. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Add orange juice and grated rind. Beat until smooth and add nuts and raisins. Turn into greased loaf pan 4x8 and bake at 325 degrees for 1 1/4 hours.—Mrs. W. H. Weymuller.



Sue Conrad, KMA Morning Homemaker.

**GRAHAM NUT BREAD**

- 3 cups graham flour
  - 1 cup white flour
  - 1 cup sugar
  - 1 teaspoon baking powder
  - 1 teaspoon soda
  - 1 teaspoon salt
  - 2 cups buttermilk or sour milk (buttermilk is best)
  - 1 cup nut meats
  - 1 cup raisins
- Mix dry ingredients, add buttermilk. Bake 1 1/2 hours in slow oven in loaf.—Mrs. John Van Gent, University Park, Iowa.

**CHOCOLATE ANGEL FOOD**

- 11 egg whites
  - 1 teaspoon cream tartar
  - 1 1/2 cups sugar
  - 1/4 cup cocoa
  - 3/4 cup cake flour
  - 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Sift 1/2 cup of the sugar with the flour several times. Sift the other 1 cup of sugar with the cocoa. Beat eggs until creamy then add cream tartar. Beat until stiff like angel food. Add pinch of salt. Add sugar and cocoa mixture, then fold in the flour. Add vanilla. Bake 1 hour in angel food pan.—Mrs. Conrad T. Knust.

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**HEALTH HINTS**

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Mrs. Hamilton of Iowa Falls will give a report on the Kitchen-Klatter No. 13—Club picnic, elsewhere in this issue. The coffee was slow to boil making dinner late and my train left before four o'clock so I missed the program and business meeting. Enjoyed what time I was there but felt like a child must feel when he must leave a party early.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Hot weather brings the same yearly problem of not being able to sleep as much as we think we should. Sleep is not as important as we have been led to think. Sometime along the line in past history we were told that folks should be 'dead to the world' at least eight hours of the twenty-four. Probably just a convention but it has lived and thrived until many folks are wretched if they cannot sleep eight or more hours at a stretch.

We do need a great deal of rest really more than most of us get these days. A rest with a 'cat nap' during the day can do wonders toward giving us pep and energy whereas a few hours sleep may leave us tired and dull the rest of the day.

When we are resting and relaxed the blood pressure is lower and heart beats more slowly. Learning to relax and rest is important especially when we cannot sleep at night. It is not the loss of sleep but the worry and tossing around we do that makes us feel like a lion the following day.

Doctors now realize it may be a danger signal when a patient says he, 'sleeps like a log, just too tired to get up in the morning'. If this condition continues for sometime it may mean the patient is on the verge of a nervous collapse.

When we are unable to drop off to sleep it often helps to get up, drink a glass of hot tomato juice, or fruit juice, read a story, or we are told a walk in the fresh air will help. (Who wants to walk in the dark!).

We will feel just as refreshed in the morning after having plenty of relaxing rest and fewer hours sleep. A relaxed rest saves the wear and tear on the nervous system and makes it easier to drop off to sleep.

A roadside sign in Kansas reads, 'What's Your Hurry Brother?' Let's ask ourselves the same question when we can't drop off to sleep at once, for as long as we are relaxed and resting we will feel just as refreshed in the morning.

During the hot summer weather be sure your pets have plenty of water. Also put out water for the birds. If possible put a bird bath of some kind in your back yard.





# Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda C. Wiles

The hot days of August have a very telling effect on the poultry flock, old and young alike. Egg production usually drops considerably and the yard and hen-house show the hens are moulting.

August is a good time to select your laying flock for next year if you have not had them culled earlier in the season. Keep the hens that are still laying this month but market those that are well into molt.

Remove all weak and unthrifty pullets from the growing flock and in this way the remaining pullets have more feed and room. Watch out for crooked beaks in the pullets, or sometimes you will find one with an unusually long lower beak which hinders it in picking up grain. Market the extremely heavy hens, as they are too fat to stand the hot weather and if you do not market them you are apt to find them dead under the roost some morning.

One morning last week I was going to the granary to get some whole oats for my hens. A long string of chickens were following behind me as they know the oats will soon be found scattered along the ground under the trees. As I opened the gate at the barn, I heard a peculiar chirping noise and on looking around saw one of my cockerels that had been running as fast as the rest, lying on his back and his feet in the air jerking and kicking. As I went up to him, he gave a loud squawk and was dead.

His head was drawn back and the comb looked as if he might have choked to death, but on picking him up he was very very heavy and I decided he was too fat and the race to the barn had just proved too much for him. He had been running right along with the rest of the flock and seemed to be just as hungry as any of the others.

Many people are marketing practically all their chickens, as feed is high and egg production and prices have been on the slump. I heard one lady call the produce dealer and tell him to come get all her hens and of another one that was selling old and young alike and her young ones were only weighing a pound and a half.

I would not be too anxious to sell everything. It is true, feed is high, but I have a feeling that eggs will begin to pick up in price soon and I would at least keep a couple dozen hens just for my own use as a few hens will do pretty well on a little grain and what they can pick up. If you sell all your chickens and have to go to the grocery store for your eggs you will soon wish you had a few of them back, and the same is true of young chickens to eat.

Help our boys win the war—Buy War Bonds and Stamps.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

You will be glad to know that Cyrilla Foltz is enjoying her new wheel chair. This chair had been offered to us, and it was such a good buy that I wrote the owner we would take it even before I was sure where the money was coming from to pay for it. The money came, and both Cyrilla and I thank you for helping to get it. I can't write each one who helped, so I hope you will all see this.

Will you send a word of encouragement to Mrs. Mamie Lakomecki, 5128 W. Medill Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois? She was in a car accident and is unable to walk. Mrs. Theo P. Klein, Como Sta., Rt. 3, St Paul, Minn., who wrote about Mrs. Lakomecki, recently had an operation and wants you to know she will answer your letters when she is able.

Mrs. Abbie Giles Dangel, Rt. 1, Petersburg, New York had a stroke and is unable to sit up yet. She says letters mean a good deal to her. She lives in the mountains and for days at a time sees no one even to speak to. Imagine yourself in her place.

Frank Kroh Jr., 1526 Birch St., Reading, Pa., is collecting camp covers—in other words, the envelopes in which your boy in service sends his letters to you. Many of them have the camp name printed in the corner, or some sort of insignia, and the ones from overseas have the censor mark on the envelopes. They do make an interesting collection and he will appreciate getting them. He has been shutin for 8 years.

Miss Gail Trout, age 23, of 17 South Cherokee St., Kansas City 3, Kansas, needs a bit of cheer. She has both legs broken.

Donna Warner, 2202 College St., Cedar Falls, Iowa, has a heart ailment and has to be in bed or wheel chair all the time. She is only 12.

Billy Dean Walker, Greene, Iowa, who is 14 years old, has never walked. He collects miniature dogs and odd bars of soap.

Jackie Oelkie, 1223 Jefferson St., Waterloo, Iowa, has never walked in all his 12 years. He spends his time in a wheel chair. Why not get your 12 years old boy to write to him.

Darrell Jenson, 435 Rihle, Waterloo, Iowa, is lonely. He had rheumatic fever and it left him with a bad heart. He has to stay in bed and be quiet for a long time. Toys that he could handle in bed would help.

Mrs. F. M. Logan, Bozeman, Mont., is in a wheel chair all the time. For pastime she collects postmarks. Go over the envelopes you have on your desk and cut from them the corner that has the stamp and postmark on. They should be 4 inches across, and 2 inches up and down, but if you prefer you can just tear off the stamp and postmark corner of the envelope and Mrs. Logan will cut it the right size. She wants to have a postmark from every town in the United States.

Won't you write me about the shut-ins you know?



## OVER THE FENCE

Our friend Mrs. Arthur Potratz of Omaha, Nebraska, has a daughter-in-law and grandson who recently arrived from Newfoundland. Although she speaks the same language her husband's people do, her words do not always mean the same. What we call pie, she calls a tart. Her pie is a three layer cake. Cookies, she calls biscuits and a can of food she calls a tin. In Newfoundland eggs are \$1.80 a dozen and butter \$1.40 a pound. Potatoes are bought by the gallon.

If you have a large old purse or handbag, one of our shutin friends Mrs. Thelma Hanson of Concord, Nebraska, would like to have it. She uses these to hold the various articles she needs near her, hanging them on a chair or railing.

When the son of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Persinger comes home on furlough, he will not have his old home to go to for their home burned down since he left. The family feels very grateful to the friends who showered them with so many useful gifts. They are living in trailer houses until a new home can be built.

Girls, cherish that bottle of vanilla. Use it with a careful hand. The supply is limited.

In a recent letter from Tim George, former announcer at KMA, he says "I like the Navy just as well as I thought I would. It is quite a different life and could get you down if you didn't have the right attitude but, everything considered, there is a grand bunch of men in this Navy of yours, from top to bottom." Tim wishes to be remembered to all of his friends in the middle west.

Evening red and morning gray,  
Help the farmer with his hay;  
Evening gray and morning red,  
Tells the farmer, "Stay in bed."

Mrs. Edith Hansen, former morning home-maker, and son Harold have arrived safely in Richmond, California. By next month, I hope to have her permanent address, which I will print in this column. They were expecting to move as soon as they could find a larger apartment.

Mrs. Ervin Schuelke, Eagle, Nebraska, has solved the problem of what to use to feed the cats and dogs on, by buying cheap paper plates. They may be used more than once.

— Buy War Stamps —



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is the very tail-end of a B-U-S-Y day. I won't try to tell you what all I've done today for I can't remember half of it myself, but believe me, I've been on the move since six o'clock this morning. When Juliana crawled over into bed with me at that hour and sat on my chest while she pried open my eyes with her sharp finger-nails, I thought that it was really wonderful to see her, but tonight when I finally got her into that crib and closed the door, I thought . . . well, all of you who have chased after a toddler know exactly what I thought! So many things can happen between six and six. The high point of this day came at five o'clock when Juliana moved the contents from one of my dressing table drawers into the toilet, yes, the toilet, before I discovered what she was up to.

For three days this week Dorothy is going to have a taste of what she would be doing all of the time if her doctor had been right when he said that he *thought* she might have twins instead of just Kristin. I'm going down to San Diego to spend those three days with Russell, and Dorothy is planning to keep Juliana for me. She'll be able to manage all right as long as she stays strictly in the house, but she won't be able to go outside with them. They run, actually run, in opposite directions, and if you try to make them walk along nicely together they get limp and sit right down on the sidewalk. It's very discouraging.

Russell's business has taken him to San Diego and I'm very much a widow now. It gets lonely without a husband coming home with news of the outside world, and poor little Juliana can't understand why her daddy suddenly disappeared. She goes around the house looking for him and calling him, and whenever the front door opens she turns and says: "Daddy?" I don't dare tell him these things in my letter for it would make him too homesick. He misses her dreadfully. The last time he came home he brought a huge old-fashioned rocking horse, a second-hand one that needs new reins and a saddle. I don't think she'll be able to ride it until she is three or four years old, but she likes to pat his head and pull at his tail.

Kristin has had her first birthday since I last wrote to you. I made her a big angel-food cake like the one I made for Juliana, and after we'd gotten pictures of it we turned both of the youngsters loose with it. Goodness, I wish you could have seen them twenty minutes later. Kristin got a lovely red rocking horse for her birthday, a pretty pink dress, some toys, and the musical chair that I told you about last month. That chair is really a never-failing source of pleasure. The only trouble is that they both want to sit in it at once, and consequently we always have to act as referee when it comes out of the closet.

Dorothy and I have been on a sew-



Kristin, her Aunt Margery and Juliana.

ing spree for the past ten days. Mother sent us some beautiful white dotted-swiss, and we made Juliana and Kristin identical dresses out of it. They look adorable in them. We also made little apron-dresses, button down the back, out of seersucker, and they will save a lot of ironing.

Marge has just called down and said that we are going to have a piece of iced watermelon, so I must run upstairs and join them. I wish she could serve you a slice, too.

Always sincerely,

—Lucile.

## KINKS

To Keep a Dutch Oven From Rusting, when cooking with lid on always have food boiling rapidly in it on top of stove or have hot fire in oven. If you want to simmer food, leave lid ajar a bit so it won't sweat. Wash and dry thoroughly.

Have You a Worn Scalloped-Edge Brocaded Bedspread? Cut off the scallops, hem sides and one end, and put a wide heading at top and you have a pair of floor length window draperies much nicer than you could buy.—Mrs. J. J. Ries, Hedrick, Iowa.

Try Washing Windows This Way. Just wet newspaper, not too wet, wash your window, then dry with clean dry paper.—Mrs. C. D. Hixson, Hiawatha, Kansas.

To Strain Government Fat, use a paper napkin or face tissue.—Mrs. John H. Ervin, Hawarden, Iowa.

When Rolling Up a Linoleum, roll the printed side out. It will lie down more closely to the floor when unrolled.—Rose Kinbry.

To Get Rid of Ants, saturate small balls of cotton with oil of sassafras and place around the kitchen, in pantry, under cupboards or wherever the ants bother. If using an ice box, put a little of this oil into old jar lids and set legs of icebox in them. The ants will disappear entirely.—Mrs. Otis Robb, Higbee, Mo.

Cod Liver Oil Stains? Sponge with gasoline, then wash in warm soapy water. Even stains of long standing, that have been washed a number of times, will respond to this treatment if allowed to stand in the gas for a short time.—Inez Rohl, Moulton, Ia.

A Blotter Moistened with Perfume and placed in the handkerchief box will give just the delicate scent desired.—Miss Alta Maddox, Steedman, Mo.



## AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

Hello, August. When we say Good-bye, vacation will be over—this vacation that we were to spend patriotically at home—or should I say comfortably at home—since travel is so difficult and uncomfortable. There are many interesting things we can find to do in our own neighborhoods. Wouldn't we be surprised if we were more rested after that kind of a vacation than we were after the "old-fashioned" kind that took us from mountain to seashore.

Here is quite the nicest thought I have heard for many days. A friend of mine is not only buying bonds with her savings, but she is saving the work of improving her home for some returned soldier. I think any of the boys and girls who are in the service would be pleased and encouraged to think there was a job of their own choosing waiting for them at home and the money ready to pay for it.

I know that I have told you that I never have the satisfaction of being completely satisfied. Now it is the Golden Rule that I think needs improving. It should read, "Do unto others as they would be done by," instead as you would be done by.

For instance, I like unexpected company. Very few duties are really so fundamentally important that they cannot be postponed a little while. I insist that unexpected company expect less in the way of food and entertainment. I can visit however we are.

There are women who cannot enjoy company unless their house is company clean and they have a company meal prepared.

My Grandfather's favorite sandwich consisted of a slice of bread, buttered, a slice of onion, a slice of minced ham, a leaf of lettuce, a slice of tomato, salt and pepper and another slice of bread. To eat this, take it firmly in both hands, bend over to avoid drips and give yourself up to the full enjoyment.

And then there was the little boy who had argued long and loudly with his mother that his Sunday School class sang, "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb". After a long argument, he patted her on the shoulder and said comfortingly, "Well, don't worry about it, Mama."

Buy another War Bond.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

One hot August day Marilee lay on her back under the hedge day-dreaming. The Thumblety Bumblety Elf came riding along on a big butterfly and got down to chat awhile.

"It is almost too hot to talk, isn't it?" said Marilee.

"Yes," said Thumblety, "This is the kind of an afternoon to go see-exploring."

Marilee chuckled a little before she asked, "What is see-exploring? You know there is no sea for miles and miles from here."

It was Thumblety's turn to chuckle. "I do not mean s-e-a-sea. I mean s-e-e-see."

Marilee was all interest. "How do you do it?" she asked.

"You lie still and let your eyes look all around to see what you can find that is different. It might be a cloud that looks like a pig, or a fourleafed clover or that dead mouse hanging from that hedge thorn over your head," Thumblety explained.

Marilee had been looking too and she saw the mouse at once. It was hanging on a small limb higher than even a man could reach and yet it had certainly been put there by someone—or something.

She soon gave up the puzzling question and asked Thumblety.

"What did that?"

"A loggerhead shrike," answered the little elf.

"And what is that?" Marilee asked again.

Thumblety explained, "It is a bird about the size of a blue jay but it is black and white. It likes to eat mice and grasshoppers and small snakes and, I am sorry to say, it sometimes eats small birds."

"But why?" asked Marilee, "Why doesn't it just eat them? Why does it hang them up on thorns?"

Thumblety explained carefully, "Their feet are not made to hold their prey so they hang it on a thorn or on a barbed wire fence and tear it off bit by bit."

"I see," said Marilee thoughtfully and so will you some summer day see a mouse or a small snake or little bird hung on a thorn and know that a loggerhead shrike lives not too far away.

### A MAMMY DOLL

Corning, Kans. "Take a piece of black cotton stocking, about six inches long. Make it into a colored mammy doll. Dress it in red and white polka dot dress and tie a piece of red goods over the head for a cap. Embroider a face on it."

### A CHINESE CHILD

The ways of a yellow Chinese child  
Seem very queer to me;  
His funny pigtail makes me laugh,  
His clothes are strange to see.

I wonder if a Chinese child  
Were to come to visit me here,  
Would he laugh at the way I dress,  
And would my ways seem queer?

### SOMETHING FOR YOUR ROOM

We are always looking for pretty things to put in our rooms to make them more attractive, aren't we? Well why not cut a lot of butterflies from paper, and color them as nearly like the real ones you see as you can. To get the right colors, in case you have forgotten since last summer when the butterflies were in the gardens, and you saw them every day, get a good book with colored pictures of butterflies and copy from it. Then fold the wings back and sew a long thread through the body. Hang them in the windows, or on the porch, and watch them fly!

### GUESS THESE!

1. When does a driver lose control of his car?
  2. If you had five potatoes and were asked to divide them equally with three boarders, what would you do?
  3. Why do ducks and geese fly North in the Springtime?
1. When he fails to keep up the payments. 2. Mash them. 3. Because it is too far to fly.



Kristin Johnson, on her first birthday, June 24, 1944.

### AUNT SUE'S JITTERY JINGLE

I'm sure you're always clean and neat,  
When it's time to go and eat.  
Although you may have other plans,  
Quickly run and wash your hands,  
For you've grown big enough, I think,  
To pull a chair up to the sink,  
(Not bother Mother when she's busy)  
And brush your hair if it's too frizzy.  
Please help little brother, too,  
'Til he gets as big as you.  
Then Daddy will say, "How sweet  
Children are, when clean and neat."

### READ THIS ONE IN A HURRY

Betty Botter bought some butter,  
"But," said she, "This butter's bitter.  
If I put it in my batter, it will make  
my batter bitter; but a bit of better  
butter would make my bitter batter  
better." So she bought a bit of butter,  
better than the bitter butter, and  
made her bitter batter better. So  
'twas better Betty Botter bought a bit  
of better butter and made her bitter  
batter better.



Billy and Johnnie went fishing. Billy caught two fish and Johnnie caught several, and they are hidden around in the picture. How many can you find?



## OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For Subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

### HOBBIES

**Shakers.** Will exchange.—Mrs. Walter Hughes, Denver, Mo.

**Buttons.** Will pay cash or exchange for plants, seeds or novelties.—Mrs. Carl I. Starbrug, 1016 N W 4rd St., Abilene, Kans.

**Old Glassware and Dishes.**—Mrs. W. J. Anderson, 804 So. Paxton St., Sioux City 20, Iowa.

**Shakers.** Will exchange with anyone from Utah, Oregon, Arkansas, Nevada or Louisiana.—Mrs. Joe G. Nelson, Rt. 3, Britt, Iowa.

**Fancy Tea Towels.**—Mrs. Ernest Ohlenkamp, Alpha, Minn.

**Novelties.** Will exchange.—Mrs. Elmer Handy, Rt. 7, Ottumwa, Iowa.

**Potholders and Tea Towels.**—Dorothy Campbell, 1302 W Polk St., Bedford, Iowa.

**Crocheted Potholders.** Will exchange for your hobby.—Mrs. Ruth Courtney, Kahoka, Mo.

**Dogs, Cats, Wooden or Glass Shoes.** Will exchange.—Mrs. John T. Dykstra, 814—9th Ave., Sibley, Iowa.

**Buttons.** Will exchange.—Howard E. Holmes, Rt. 1, Winnebago, Minn.

**Buttons and Advertising Pencils.** Will exchange.—Mrs. Harry F. Chandler, Ackley, Iowa.

**Glass and China Slippers, Pitchers, old and novelty.** Will exchange.—Mrs. C. O. Pearce, Box 45, Pine Village, Ind.

**Hankies.**—Aunt Mary, Box 110, Cullison, Kans.

**Will exchange Pieced Quilt Tons for Flowered Feed Sacks.**—Mrs. Frank Dunn, 424 First Ave., SW, Clarion, Ia.

**Dogs.** Wants to get one from every state and country. Will exchange.—Miss Mildred McGuide, Rt. 4, Hiawatha, Kansas.

**Book Markers, Letter Openers, Postmarks.**—Mrs. Ed R. Blumeyer, Boyden, Iowa.

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**Embroidered Tea Towels, Crocheted Holders, Hankies, Whatnots.**—Mrs. Wm. E. Pettit, Traer, Iowa.

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## STITCH AND CHATTER

By Irella Belle Hinks

When it's boiling—it's cooking; when it's burned—it's done. Rule sent home by neighbor boy, for all the war brides. Next comes a recipe. Place 500 pounds of bacon in skillet, hold lighted match underneath skillet until it has burned out. Serve at once. What is the last thing you do before leaving for the car? I mean besides seeing that the dog is out and the stove is off. My family tells me they will always remember what I do. It just must be done regardless of the occasion and no matter how great the rush. Yes, I sweep the porch and the steps—whether they need it or not.

How would you like to make a new rug for your bathroom, kitchen or porch? Make it on the sewing machine and from materials you have on hand. Well, for the foundation use a clean gunny sack or a heavy feed sack.

1. Iron it.
2. Cut it 21x32 inches (leave it double).
3. Cut off corners.
4. Turn edges in and baste.
5. Gather up some new print scraps, some overalls, some old dresses and shirts, but not too old, dyed underwear, well almost anything that will wash.
6. Cut blocks 3 inches long and 1 inch wide from the material you gathered up.
7. Sew the blocks onto the foundation. Start at one corner curve place the block so that one-half of it extends out over edge of foundation. With machine sew through center of block which will also be through basted edge. Place another block just below first block and sew through it. Continue around foundation. Don't break thread but start second row by folding back 1st row at stitching. Make second row one-half inch from first row. Use dark colored blocks for first four or five rows. This will be the border. If print blocks are used, place them wrong side up. When they have been folded over, the right side will be up. Toward the center of rug, use several rows of green, then pink or red, and in the very center, use yellow. Using a row of red or some bright color every few rows makes a prettier rug. Any color combination may be used but always use dark for the border. When the last center row has been stitched, remove from machine and shake, to fluff up the blocks.

### POEMS FROM MY SCRAP BOOK

A book of my favorite poems including many I have read over the air. This book has in it comforting war poems, and makes a nice gift for a war mother or wife. With an order for three of the books for \$1.00, I will send you, free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures. Price 35¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 3 books. Postpaid.

Order from Leanna Driftmier  
Shenandoah, Iowa

## "Little Ads"

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## LETTER FROM JOHN D. FIELD

Johnnie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Field writes his sister Zo, some of his experiences.

Dear Zo:

I wrote the folks day before yesterday so I'll send this along to you, such as it is.

As usual, it is about 200 in the shade out in the open but in here in the timber where we have our tent, it is just hot. And believe it or not, I have caught the nicest cold I've had in a good long time. It must be from taking showers in the stream down the road.

Five of us had rather an interesting experience day before yesterday. Davey, our Australian Liason officer, Bill Houha, Mackevoy, Waki, and myself, all decided that we would go up in the hills where the infantry had already been through a week or so previously and see if we could find any souvenirs that the infantry had left. They are usually pretty thorough at that sort of thing, so we didn't expect to find anything much of any value. So we loaded up with pistols and carbines, water and K rations, and started out. The track we followed took us right into a big infantry camp, so we stopped and had a chat with the boys. They said that the hills right in back of them had been cleaned with a fine toothed comb, but we said that we would give it a go anyway. So, big, fat, dumb, and happy, we set out up the side of the mountain.

The whole thing was covered with dense jungles, so naturally, we immediately got lost. After floundering around for about an hour, we found a well beaten track going further on up the mountain. So we took it. The first thing we ran across was the remains of a Jap. There was superior private Yamamoto, still in his clothes, laying in his blanket with his ribs sticking through his shirt. He had apparently died of malaria or starvation, as we turned him over with a stick and couldn't see any bullet holes in his clothes.

The next was an abandoned Jap tent. The canvas was down, but nobody had rummaged through the stuff yet. We found some Jap razor blades, etc., but on the whole they were pretty thorough. Didn't leave anything behind that they wanted. So, on we went. We ran across another similar camp about a quarter of a mile up the trail. The canvas on this one was very interesting. The outside was the conventional olive drab, but the inside was painted up to look like a Persian rug. The whole affair had a definite Indian touch to it, and it was rather startling to find that much color in a piece of army equipment. And it wasn't hand painted either. It looked like it had been done at the factory. But as usual,



Johnnie Field, in the plane he pilots.

nothing further of interest. So on we went.

About this time we began to wonder at the stillness of the jungle ahead of us. Usually there is a space right around where you are where the birds stop singing until you get by, but there was not only not a sound where we were, but also nothing moving ahead of us either. So we were on our guard. Suddenly as we were sitting there on our haunches looking over the situation ahead, something crashed through the brush just a hundred yards ahead. Well, the infantry had said they had been all over this area, so we just supposed it was some animal. But when we found a freshly peeled stick of wood which looked like someone had been idling away their time by whittling, we cocked our guns and took the safetys off. We rounded a bend in the trail, came up over a little rise, and there before us, nestled in among the roots of a big tree was a Jap shelter. Only part of it was visible to us, as part was around on the other side of the tree. And then, as if we weren't nervous enough we heard someone walking in the jungle on three sides.

Talk about being scared. Brother, my blood was just about thin as water, and getting thinner all the time. Well, someone gave me a shove and there I was right in the middle of the camp.

Five Air Corps officers, none of us knowing a thing about fighting on the ground, what the Nips were armed with, what to expect, or anything else, standing in the middle of a Jap camp where they were living at that time. My blood didn't run cold—it didn't run at all. It just stood there waiting for a bullet to let it out. We crouched down behind boxes and trees for about five minutes, just listening to them change positions. Then we heard someone yell back down the trail that we had come up. After that the thrashings and trampings moved away back down from

where we had come. So we figured that the head man had told them they had better scam. So tourists that we are, we in our ignorance, instead of getting out of there, proceeded to ramsack the place, because when the Nips left they didn't take a thing with them except their guns and what little ammunition they had on them when we stumbled across them. They left everything—knap sacks, toilet articles, bed rolls, boxes of clothes, canteens, chop sticks, bags of rice, charcoal, candles, the works.

So, we took turns guarding the outside while we rummaged through their stuff. There was a bowl of rice with the chop sticks still in it and an ivory fork which someone else was using that still had wet rice on it. Also there were several peeled palm hearts in a pan. When a palm heart is peeled it takes about five minutes to turn brown, the way a cut apple does. These were still white and they turned brown while we were there. That's how close behind them we were. Out of one little bag that was full of clothes I took out several pair of American socks with American labels on them, several undershirts that had best quality labels on them.

Also, I finally got hold of a Jap flag. This one was hanging up outside the tent, and it really was a mess. I wouldn't even wipe my feet on it, but I kept it just the same, simply because it is a Jap flag. It is about a yard square and the red circle covers about half of the area. It was wet, dirty, full of holes and had been in the rain for so long that the red was beginning to run. I brought it back and hung it up to dry and it doesn't look too bad now.

Cocky is just about black from head to foot, from everybody, both on the boat and here, making such a fuss over him. And then on top of that, he got into a can of jam that we had opened and got the stuff all over his head and neck. Then he dug up some dirt with his bill and sprinkled it over his head generously. I took a cloth with water and soap and tried to clean him up a bit but I'm afraid that I just made it worse. He really loves this country as there are about three wild cockatoos that live in the trees behind the tent. He sits there and calls them bad names in cockatoo language.

After building tents in the last place we decided to live on the ground up here, so that's just what we are doing.

Love,  
JOHNNIE.

## HOME AT LAST

Home and peace shall come at last  
When the hour's need is over;  
When each heart is thinking, thinking—  
"Home, home at last."

Home and rest from all the past,  
All the night-time flying, toiling—  
When each voice is singing, singing—  
"Home, home at last."  
—Roba Beatrice Ward.