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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

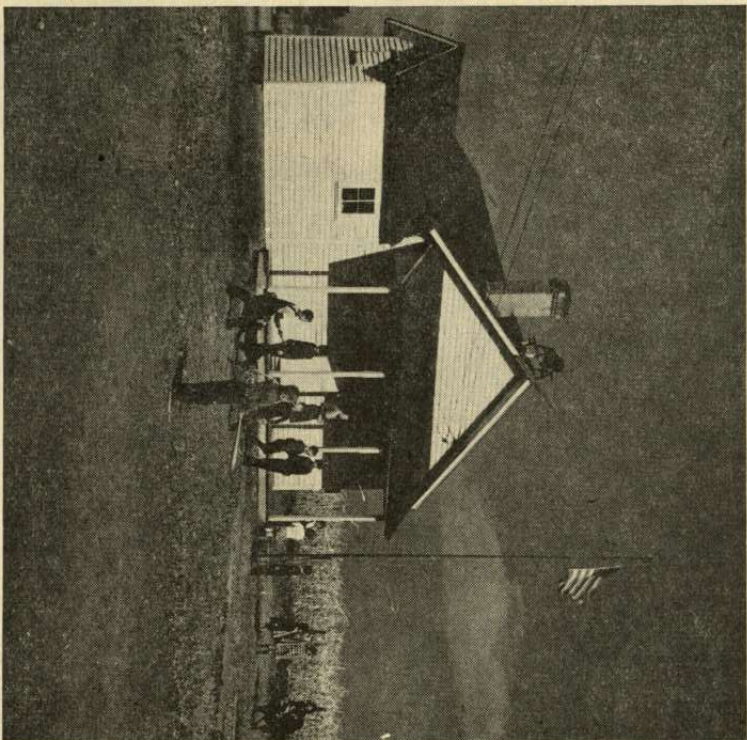
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Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER  
Shenandoah, Iowa

My friends are little lamps to me;  
Their radiance warms and cheers my  
ways,  
And all my pathway, dark or lone,  
Is brightened by their rays.  
I try to keep them bright by faith,  
And never let them dim with doubt,  
For every time I lose a friend  
A little lamp goes out.

—Anon.

Dear Friends,

Yes, each one of you subscribers is like a lighted candle. When you do not renew your subscription and your light goes out, even though some new subscriber's lamp is lighted, it does not take the place of yours in my circle of friends.

Our church held such a lovely vesper candle lighting service for the boys in the service who are identified with our church. There are about seventy of them. It was a stormy afternoon so I could not go but Mart went and enjoyed it very much. After the service there was a social hour with light refreshments.

Since Don went back to camp, from his furlough, he was sent on some kind of a mission to California and while there called on his sisters. They were surely surprised to see him. He hadn't seen Margery for almost three years.

As you will read in Lucile's letter, she is moving to San Francisco. They had quite a time packing. I can just see them scrubbing those walls. It reminded me of the time we moved to California when the children were all small. Right in the midst of things, I sprained my back, trying to lift a box of books, and had to go to bed. Mr. Driftmier's father came over and finished the job for me. Mart had gone on to California to establish his business and we waited until school was out, to move. Those were great days!

I have had another nice letter from Edith Hansen, formerly morning home maker at KMA, now in California. They are very happy in their new home. Their son Don, the Marine, has been able to spend several week ends with them. Mr. Hansen is on a night shift so she is having quite a time arranging a schedule. Harold has a day time job. Edith says it seems she is getting meals or packing lunches most of the time.

Remember the picture of my nephew in the May Kitchen-Klatter, Sol E. Field Jr., who is a Marine? He was married July 8th to Doris Man-

willer, a WAVE stationed in Chicago. He had hoped to be in that city for some time but has been transferred to Washington, D. C. "Such is the life of a Marine!" My niece, Lettie Field, who introduced Sol to Doris, is also in Washington. She is a WAVE, too, and likes her work very much.

I told you in my letter last month that Wayne had been sent back to Australia to attend Officers' School. He writes that as soon as he finishes he wants to get back to the front. He says, "After you have been up to the front it is hard to sit back when you know what your friends are going through. Life also means so much more when you have the feeling you are doing some small thing to get this war over with. You begin to appreciate the little things of life that one takes for granted. You realize how good it is just to be living. It is hard to analyze, but it is there just as much as the longing to get home is there." We sometimes wonder why wounded soldiers go back into battle as soon as they are able. I guess that explains it.

Girls, you can be a big help if you will send me your new address as soon as you move. Every day magazines are lost to us because of change of address. It delays your receiving the magazines and costs us real money. Be sure to send both your old and new address. You, who live in a city that has the new zoning system, send me your city zone number. Since so many of their experienced men have gone into the army, the Post Office Department is insisting that all addresses be as complete as possible, so look on your magazine and see if the address there has your street and number, route and box, city zone, or whatever else will help the postoffice deliver the magazine to you promptly. If it hasn't, please send them to me.

Write to me when you can.

Sincerely,

Leanna.

None of us would throw away a pork chop or half a pound of butter. The food we waste is in bits so small we do not notice them—food not all scraped from the saucepan or bits of meat left on the steak bones. Another form of food waste is throwing out the water vegetables have been cooked in. Watch waste by being careful of the little as well as the big things and there will be food for all.

**L**et not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.—John 14:1.

**E**very word of God is pure; he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him.—Prov. 30:5.

**A**sk, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.—John 16:24.

**N**o weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.—Isaiah 54:17.

**N**ay in all these things we are more than conqueror through him that loved us.—Rom. 8:37.

**A**s far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.—Psa. 103:12.

**D**raw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.—James 4:8.

**R**ejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward in heaven.—Matt. 5:12.

**I** can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—Phil. 4:13.

**F**or God so loved Leanna that he gave his only begotten Son that if she believeth on him she shall not perish but have everlasting life.—John 3:16.

**T**he eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. 33:27.

**M**y grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. II Cor. 12:9.

**I** will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you.—John 14:18.

**E**nter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise.—Psa. 100:4.

**R**est in the Lord and wait patiently for him.—Psa. 37:7.

Arranged by Miss Fern Finch.

### THINKING OUT LOUD

No matter how many mistakes we have made it does no good to brood over the past. "Don't cry over spilled milk." Get a mop and wipe it up. In other words, get to work. Correct the mistakes you make if you can, but don't worry about them. Use your energy and strength to meet new problems.

When you get into a tight place, everything seems against you and you can't hold onto yourself a minute longer, don't give up. That is just the time things are going to change for the better.

We often fail because we try to grasp too much of life at once, instead of taking it a day at a time. Life is like a mosaic. Each little piece must be made and set into the pattern with skill.

Are you one of the people who are always intending to go to church, call on the new neighbor or write that long delayed letter? If you are, get a move on you. Time waits for no man.



# Come into the Garden

## SEPTEMBER IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

September without the shadow of a doubt, concludes the average gardening program. An unusually long Fall will often prolong the usefulness of our gardens, but here in the north, snow has sometimes fallen during the latter part of the month to say nothing of severe frosts during its advent, so the speed of caring for fruits of our labors is accelerated as the days pass. It is one of the busiest months in the year, as good housewives know, as they hasten to harvest and can all that appears above ground at least. The large golden ripe cucumbers are gathered for delicious spicy sweet pickles, varieties which have small seed cavities and firm, white meaty interiors proving to be the best for this use. A three day method of pickling these, as well as the rinds of watermelons, results in a golden delicacy hard to beat for eating with sandwiches in the school lunch.

The smaller tomatoes are now made into relishes and catsup, the larger ones of a perfect size having been stored away in glass jars for salads or other uses. Tomato juice, enhanced by a slight onion flavor, will fill many a glass bottle or jar; supplying many needed vitamins when oranges and grapefruit are scarce. The cider mill is kept busy grinding out the juice of ripened apples, which in its turn may be brought to a boil, canned and stored for winter. This may also be used to stretch tomato juice as a beverage, since it may be added to it, improving the flavor. Apples may also be used in catsup, if the tomato crop has been scanty.

All the last of the vegetables may answer the last call to the relish appeal. Green string beans, cabbage, cauliflowers, peppers, corn, green and red tomatoes mixed with likable combinations of vinegar, sugar, and spices, make a tempting appeal to next winter's hungry appetites. Kraut jars are filled with cabbage, much of which would not keep otherwise.

When frost threatens, pull up the tomato vines at least some of them, and pile them in one corner of the garden, covering them with an old carpet at night. All the green ones will eventually ripen. Dig or pull a laden vine and hang it up in the basement for red fruit to garnish a salad when snow flies.

Pepper plants may also be pulled, and hung up to ripen. The pumpkins and squash are gathered and stored inside the buildings, awaiting colder weather for storing in the basement or an unused room where frost does not penetrate. If stored too soon, a spell of warm weather often starts them to shrivel or rot.

Toward the last of the month, potatoes are usually dug and stored, but carrots may stay out until the middle of October unless a very early Fall is

in progress. Too early digging and storing often ruins the crop. Plump, crisp vegetables are what we want to expect next winter. Parsnips and salsify are alright to leave in the ground until next spring.

We always try to clean off the garden during September, whether it gets plowed in Fall or not. Stakes and wire fencing are taken down and kept for next year's use. The garden tools are gathered safely together and put away. Rubbish in piles is burned, and so in the spring a lot of time is saved, when perhaps a backward, wet one such as this has been has hindered many a well laid plan. Next month we will consider ways of storing our vegetables for safe keeping for the winter. This season, what with the uncertainties of the weather and the shortage of help has proved a very difficult one for most of us, but we on the home front have not failed at home production in our gardens, however humble they may have been.

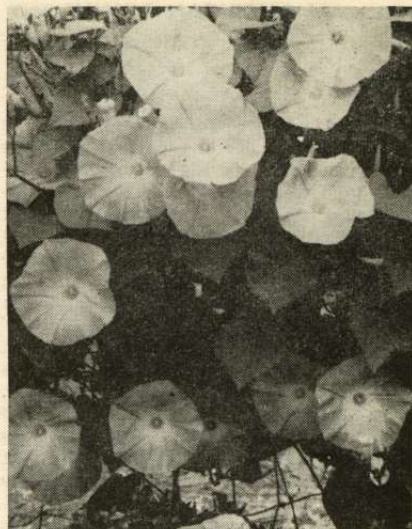
## SEPTEMBER FLOWERS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

The cooler days of September with more moisture bring us many flowers. In the perennial border, there is the late blooming *Hosta lancifolia*. The loose spires of the False-dragonhead, *Physostegia*, are also lavender. The white form blooms earlier. Pink seems to be a favorite color—there will still be blossoms on the *Gypsophila oldhamiana* which takes on a pinker hue as the days get cooler. *Sedum spectabile* has pink blossoms. Clara Curtis mum completely covered with single flowers will look like a pink sunset cloud. A row of them in bloom is truly a nurseryman's dream. Even pinker is Harrington's Pink Aster—how it does brighten a dull peony row at this time of year.

The hardy *Ageratum* is an unusually pretty thing in blue. *Boltonia* grows tall—in September it is a mass of white daisies. *Redbeckia triloba* has a long blooming period. It is just as willing to open its cheerful yellow blossoms with brown centers on the north side of the house close to the foundation as it is in sunnier locations. Tea roses stage a complete comeback at this time of year in appreciation of the cooler days and continue until Jack Frost bids them go.

Many annuals add their color and beauty. Among the best known and most often found are the Zinnias and Marigolds. Each has a number of varieties and each variety has its own virtues. In Zinnias we find the tall types and the shorter ones, the odd fantasy type and the colorful Mexican Zinnia. In Marigolds, too, some are very tall and others quite dwarf. The French Harmony is of medium height and very desirable. The taller kinds should be staked because their shallow roots are not anchored firmly enough to battle wind and rain storms. Daturas with their large white tubular



Heavenly Blue Morning Glories.

flowers are almost equal to lilies for sheer beauty. They open at night and wilt as the morning sun beams on them too warmly. They are especially pretty planted at the feet of the Cardinal Climber.

Cosmos need no introduction. The Orange Flare variety is well liked. China-asters even though they are not the easiest thing to grow any more are among the loveliest of the fall annuals. There are many colors including a soft creamy yellow. Sunshine Asters are single but colorful and lovely. *Molucca Balm* with its many common names, Irish Bells, Old Maid's Nightcap, Needles and Thimbles, Shellflower, will still be blooming. The tiny lavender flowers are inside the showy green calyx. Stems may be picked green and hung upside down to dry in a warm dark closet and later used in winter bouquets. Snapdragons bloom until very late. Some of the loveliest are the bright velvety reds, the clear deep yellows, and the pure white.

We cannot overlook the annual vines for they produce some of their best blossoms in September. The Moonflower opens its big white plates at night. The Hyacinth Bean wears bean foliage but trimmed with royal purple. The Balsam Apple and the Balsam Pear have almost mediocre blossoms in comparison with their elaborate fruits. The Cypress vine and the Cardinal Climber are both beloved by the humming birds. It may be their red blossoms attract them. *Thunbergia alata* or Black-eyed Susan vine is colorful with an appealing dark eye in each blossom. It is lovely draped over stumps or rocks. The Heavenly Blues surpass them all for in September the blue glories almost smother the great mass of green leaves each morning. On pergolas or fences, they are indeed a glorious sight.

The Balloon Vine has tiny white flowers which in themselves are too small to cause much attention. The green balloons that follow are much more noticeable. They contain the hard round seeds, black in color but each inscribed with a blush-pink heart.



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Grandfather Field was never a man to give up or become depressed when hard blows came his way. His family and friends knew this and depended upon his philosophic optimism, but possibly all of them wondered for just a little bit how he would take the genuinely serious trouble of having his beloved ranch almost ruined by a flood.

As I mentioned in the last chapter, a huge cement reservoir, one capable of holding a million gallons of water, was located at the highest point of the ranch in the foothills. It was substantially built, of course, but California rains can be extremely heavy and never a winter passes without a number of dams and reservoirs giving way. That was what happened to Grandfather's reservoir. A severe storm sent torrents of water down through the foothills, and when the reservoir overflowed it washed out the big retaining wall. All of the members of the family were awakened by a heavy roar, and they knew instantly that the reservoir had given way. In only a few minutes the beautiful gardens were washed out, and the flower beds, wood piles, vegetable gardens, and chickens were gone. Grandfather's valuable orange trees, each one worth \$30.00, were uprooted, and the entire ranch was covered with large stones and debris.

At one corner of the reservoir was a beautiful group of poplar trees, and under them my Uncle Sol had a tent where he and his wife slept on hot nights. They were there the night the wall washed out, but luckily they escaped without being hurt.

Grandfather was seventy-four years old and he had spent a great deal of energy improving Solsuanna. It would have been understandable if he had decided that night to give up the place, sell it for what he could realize from it, and move into Redlands. But apparently it never crossed his mind to give up, for he spent the rest of that night figuring exactly what should be done when morning came—and when morning came he was out hiring teams and wagons to come and clean up the place. Repairs on the reservoir were started at once, and before three days had passed Grandfather had begun once again to develop his beautiful gardens.

There might have been serious trouble when neighboring ranchers called to learn what he expected to do about the damage that had been done to their properties by the flood waters. At first they demanded an outlandish cash settlement, but after they had talked with Grandfather and realized his willingness to do the right thing, they reconsidered their demands and went away as good neighbors rather than as enemies.

After the ranch had been rehabilitated and was once again in good shape, Grandfather and Grandmother decided that the time had come when they needed to retire. Growing and marketing oranges is a big job, and Grandfather had reached the age when it proved too much for his strength. Consequently they sold Solsuanna and purchased a home in Redlands, a beautiful, quiet city not far from San Bernadino. Possibly a good many of you visited Redlands in pre-war days, for it has long been a favorite spot for winter tourists. The new home was not far from the public library, and in the beautiful park that surrounded it Grandfather spent

many happy hours visiting with other Civil war veterans.

In the autumn of 1911 mother taught her first school in California, a little one-room school in the outskirts of San Bernadino. She lived at home and went back and forth on the streetcar that made the trip hourly between Redlands and San Bernadino. Probably mother has long since forgotten something that she told us once about her trip back and forth to school, but I have never been able to forget it.

She said that in the winter when she stayed after school to finish up her work it was dark when she left to catch her streetcar. She had to walk through a lonely orange grove to pick

up the car, and because of this she always took a big hatpin out of her hat and held it in her hand so that if anyone bothered her she could defend herself! This made a great impression on me, and I was never able to look at a hatpin after hearing this without thinking of mother walking through a lonely orange grove at night!

About half of the pupils in her school were Mexicans, little black-haired, brown-eyed children. She has told us that they were very quiet and obedient, and that they never caused any difficulty. Probably this is because they were taught at home to respect the teacher and the priest. A Mexican cemetery was not far from this school, and on the sixteenth of September, a great Mexican holiday, all of her pupils brought food to place upon the graves of their loved ones. This is a national tradition among Mexicans, but since it was the first time mother had ever seen it she was surprised to see bowls of chicken and rice and tortillas on the graves.

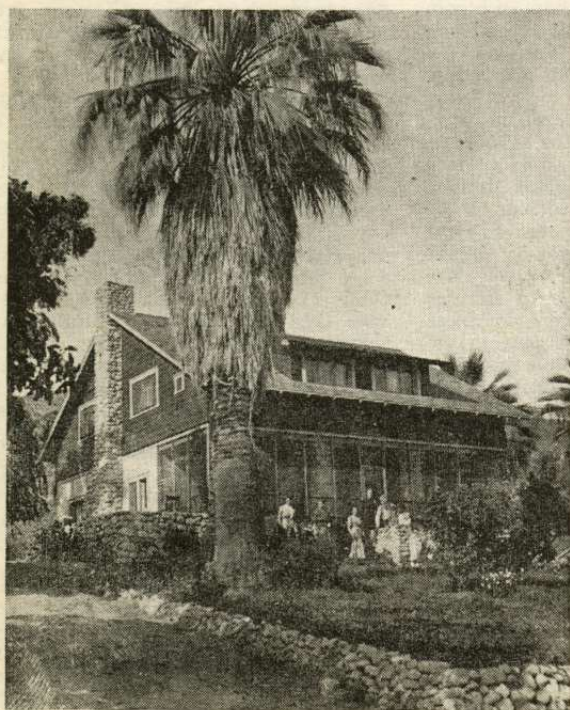
After one year in the small San Bernadino school mother was elected to teach the fifth grade in the Kingsbury public school in Redlands. This was a happy year for a number of the girls who had graduated in her class at the Los Angeles Normal College, were also teaching there. They enjoyed working together, and seeing each other for little social get-togethers in the evenings and over the week-end. The Kingsbury building was only a few blocks from Grandmother and Grandfather's home, so this saved the long streetcar ride morning and night.

One custom in the Redlands schools was interesting. Every spring when the deserts were carpeted with wild flowers, school was dismissed for a day while the students and teachers went flower hunting. It was fun to have the holiday and to see the brilliant desert flowers that bloom so short a time, and there was the added incentive of seeing which room could gather the widest variety of blossoms and win the prize. I don't know if this custom is still carried on or not, but I hope that it is for mother said that it was always an extremely happy day.

In the summer of 1912 mother returned to Iowa to help Aunt Jessie Shambaugh with her Farm Camp that was held at the Clarinda Chatauqua grounds during the month of August. It seemed to be just an ordinary trip, but here the story takes a new turn for it was during this month that she met Dad and that I have this story to write.

Mother was twenty-six at this time, and although a good many of her friends had already married she hadn't given the matter much thought. Grandmother Field was thirty when she married, and in a way this rather established the feeling that there was no hurry for her girls to marry in their late teens or early twenties. There had been nice boys in California.

(More in the October issue.)



The House on Solsuanna Ranch.



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "The opening of school brought an old problem to the forefront in this house, Leanna. Our three children, boys ten and twelve, and a girl fourteen, all have good friends in town who dearly love to come out to the country on Friday night and stay until Saturday night. They have a fine time and goodness knows I don't begrudge them their fun, BUT do you know that not once have the mothers of these youngsters asked my children into their homes for a little holiday. They don't seem to realize that country children get just as much of a thrill out of visiting in town, as town children get out of visiting on a farm."—Minnesota.

**ANS:** I am printing this letter to remind all of us town mothers that we are being very thoughtless and just a little bit cruel if we don't extend to our children's friends from country homes the same hospitality that they have so often extended to our youngsters. There isn't much that this particular mother can do, for every-day pride prevents one from saying, "Now look, you ask my children into your homes during the school year." And she can't close her home to these town youngsters without hurting the feelings of her own children. I only hope that this pathetic letter will jog a few memories.

**QUES:** "At what age do children learn to talk? Our boy is two years old and doesn't say more than four or five words. My husband is worried about it because his brother's children all talked before they were two."—N. D.

**ANS:** Your husband shouldn't worry. Some children talk fluently at eighteen months, and other children, equally intelligent, don't talk until they are two-and-a-half or three. No two children develop alike, and since he does say a few words you know that he *can* talk and has no physical impediment.

**QUES:** "Something distressing happened to our old group of friends recently, and we don't know what to do about it. A woman who practically grew up with us and whom we all loved, went to Oregon to live with a married son last year. She died quite suddenly, and her body was returned to our cemetery, but all of us were taken aback because private services were held and we had no opportunity whatsoever to send flowers or express our regret in any way. Members of the family who returned left town immediately after the services. It all seemed so strange to us, and we don't know now if we should write letters of condolence or not."—Illinois.

**ANS:** I agree with you that this

does seem somewhat strange, but I've learned that it is never wise to be inquisitive about the reasons for such departures from the usual rules. Under the circumstances it couldn't be considered obligatory to write letters of condolence, but warm and loving memories have a way of overlooking unpleasant incidents, so if you *want* to write a letter to her children, by all means write it.

**QUES:** "I'm turning to you for help because surely you've been through something similar to this. My friends are making me feel uncomfortable because my thirteen-months old boy still wants his bottle and refuses to drink from a cup. The children of my friends are all nicely off of the bottle at nine or ten months, and they make me feel sort of lax and shiftless by comparison. I've tried everything, but he still wants his bottle. What can I do?"—Nebraska.

**ANS:** I've never understood all of this fuss and to-do about weaning a baby from the bottle to the cup. Naturally we don't expect to see a three-year old lugging his bottle around with him.

**QUES:** "My husband and I are coming to you for advice. Our sixteen year old boy who has only one year of high school left wants to take a job in a defense plant. He listens to the radio pleas for workers and honestly thinks it is his patriotic duty to stop school and go to work. If he does this, we feel he may never go back and finish his education."—Iowa.

**ANS:** Your answer is, emphatically, he should go back to school. The government agencies concerned agree on this point. We hope the need for defense workers is not going to last long. Your son would be one of the first to be laid off and he might not be able to get back into school for some time. After the war, when jobs may not be so plentiful, it will be the young folks with an education who will be in demand. Your son can find ways to help in the war effort, outside of school hours.

**QUES:** "Our daughter, 16, has just written us she has married a man who is 40 years older than she (whom she had known only 3 weeks). We are grieved and shocked. We feel we can never accept him into our family circle. Leanna, what would you do under these circumstances?"—Illinois.

**ANS:** I would like to have the opinion of you girls on this question. I have my own ideas but would like to hear what you would do in a case like this. I will send a set of my Kitchen-Klatter Cook Books to the one whose letter is printed in this column next month.—Leanna.



Carole Lee Ferrick, 2 years old, lives at Topeka, Kansas.

### FIVE YEARS YOUNGER

Would we older women look five years younger? Here are a few suggestions that may help. Walk like young women, not like tired old ladies. Develop an inward serenity and there will be no wrinkles. Avoid tenseness. Use a good make-up. In clothes, wear light colors. Do not be afraid to wear some bright colors. Then don't spoil the whole effect by a harsh voice. I forgot to mention the hair which is often called a woman's crowning glory. Discover your most becoming "hair do" and keep your hair clean and in good condition.



### PUP TEA TOWELS

"Situations" are what these two pups seem to get into every day of the week. Embroider them on that new set of tea towels and let their antics decorate your kitchen towel rack. Single stitch and outline make these appealing motifs; the bows could be appliqued. Since the pattern is one of the usable-several-times transfers, friends can make their own sets when they admire your tea towels. As C9230, 10¢, you receive the designs for the 7 tea towels and a matching panholder.

Order from Leanna Driftmier  
Shenandoah, Iowa





### ORANGE GUM DROP COOKIES

- 2 cups light brown sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup Crisco or Spry
- 3 eggs
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar.
- 18 fresh orange slices (gum drops)
- 3 cups flour
- 1 cup chopped nuts (pecans)
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten eggs (or may be beat one at a time right into the mixture). Add flour with soda and cream of tartar. Cut orange slices as fine as possible and add with nuts and vanilla.

Drop on greased baking sheet. Bake at 350 degrees ten to twelve minutes.

### BURNT SUGAR CAKE

#### Caramel Syrup

Brown 1/2 cup sugar in heavy skillet. Add 1/2 cup boiling water slowly, and let cook until thick syrup is formed.

#### Cake Mixture

- 1 cup fat, butter preferred or oleo-margarine
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup cold water
- 4 tablespoons caramel syrup

Warm the fat but do not let it melt. Combine with the sugar and cream well. Add beaten yolks of the eggs. Sift flour, baking powder and salt three times and add alternately with the cold water. Add caramel syrup and lastly fold in the well beaten egg whites. Pour into a shallow greased pan and bake in moderate oven.—Mrs. Alva Rouse.

### SOUR CREAM PIE

- 1 cup thick sour cream
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup uncooked raisins
- 1 egg
- 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
- A little nutmeg

Mix thoroughly. Bake in two crusts, like a raisin pie, in 400 degree oven for 45 minutes.—Mrs. Paralie Gist.

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

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### "BEST EVER" GRAPE JUICE

7 pounds of grapes, weighed after picking from the stems. Sift 3 ounces of tartaric acid over the fruit and let stand over night. In the morning put in cloth sack and squeeze all juice out. You will have about 3 pints. To this add 7 pounds of sugar. Put in an open vessel where it can be stirred from time to time, for about a week. It will keep without sealing. A thick syrup that makes a fine drink when a little is put in a glass of water.

### APPLE WHIP

Cut 12 marshmallows into bits and over this pour 1 cup of grape or orange juice. Let stand until marshmallows are soft. Then add 1 large apple, grated, 1 large ripe banana, and with the egg beater whip until very light. Fold in 1 cup of sweetened whipped cream. Chill and serve.

### CANNING PEARS FOR SALAD

Make a syrup of 1 quart water, 2 cups sugar and 1 cup vinegar. Boil to syrup stage. Drop in a few cinnamon candy drops (red hots) and a few drops of red cake coloring. Peel nice firm pears, not too ripe. Drop in a few at a time and cook until they will drop off a fork easily. Pack in glass jars, cover with remaining syrup and seal. When using the small pears, can them whole. Cut large pears in half and remove the core for canning. They are a beautiful color and are very tasty for salads or as a relish.—Loretta TePoel.

### SUGAR COOKIES

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 3 3/4 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons cream tartar
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 2 teaspoons lemon or vanilla flavor

Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs and mix well. Add sifted dry ingredients, with milk. Roll, cut and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderate oven. This is a good recipe to use for making fancy shaped cookies.—Laura Brunson Camp.

### FOR THE CHRISTMAS BOX

#### BUTTERSCOTCH CURL

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

Mix and roll out 1/4 inch thick. Spread with butter and brown sugar. Roll like a jelly roll and cut in pieces 1 inch thick. Bake in 350 degree oven until brown and done.

#### PEANUT BUTTER RAISIN COOKIES

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 beaten eggs
- 3/4 cup plumped raisins
- 2 cups flour
- 1/4 teaspoon mace
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon clove
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 cup milk

Drop by small spoonfuls, flatten out and bake at 375 degrees, 10 or 15 minutes.

#### RICE CRISPIE BARS

6 tablespoons melted butter  
25 marshmallows, cut in pieces  
Stir until melted. Add 1 box of rice crispies and a few nut meats or coconut. Pat out in a pan to harden. Cut in bars.

#### ORANGE PECAN COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 2 tablespoons orange juice
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 1/2 cup pecans
- 2 3/4 cups flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Mix, make in roll and chill. Slice and bake 10 minutes in 400 degree oven.

#### GOOD FRUIT CAKE

- 2 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- 1 cup cold coffee
- 5 eggs, beaten well
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 5 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons soda.

Put soda in flour and sift twice  
1 box currants  
1 cup raisins, chopped  
A little citron, cut fine  
1/2 cup nuts

Dust the fruits with flour. Mix in order given and bake 1 hour in a moderate oven.





Sue Conrad and her little granddaughter,  
Susan Sayre, age 10 months.

## FROM SUE'S LETTER BASKET

### Tallahassee Hush Puppies

Dear Sue,

Am enclosing the story and recipe for Hush Puppies which I promised you. Am sorry if I am late with it, but I live on a farm and have lots to do.

Embodied in the title of this recipe is a most interesting story.

Years ago (in some sections it is still the custom) the negroes of Tallahassee, Florida, that quaint southern capitol, would congregate on warm fall evenings for cane grindings. Some of them would feed the sugar cane to a one-mule treadmill while others poured the juice into a large kettle where it was boiled to sugar. After their work was completed, they would gather around an open fire, over which fish and corn pones were cooked in fat.

The negroes were said to have a certain way of making these corn pones which were unusually delicious and appetizing. While the food was sizzling in the pot, the darkies would engage in rather weird conversations, spellbinding each other with "tall" stories of panther and bear hunts. On the outer edge of the circle of light reflected by the fire would sit their hounds, their ears pricked for strange

sounds and their noses raised to catch a whiff of the savory odor of frying fish and pones. If the talking ceased for a moment, a low whine of hunger from the dogs would attract the attention of the men, and subconsciously a hand would reach for some of the cornpone which had been placed on a slab of bark to cool. The donor would break off a piece of the pone and toss it to a hungry dog, with the abstract murmur, "Hush, puppy!"

The effect of this gesture on the hounds was always instantaneous and the negroes attributed the result to the remarkable flavor of what eventually became known as

### The Tallahassee Hush Puppy

2 cups corn meal  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 1/2 cups sweet milk  
1/2 cup water

1 large onion, chopped fine  
Sift the dry ingredients together and add the milk and water. Stir in the chopped onion. Add more meal or milk, as may be necessary to form a soft but workable dough. With the hands, mold pieces of the dough into pones (oblong cakes, 5 inches long, 3 inches wide, and about 3/4 inch thick). Fry in deep hot fat or oil until well browned.—Miss Jewel Muse, Auburn, Nebraska.

### FLOWERS TO THE LIVING

She scatters flowers to the living  
In love's own lovely ways,  
Like violets, her sympathy,  
Like a warm red rose, her praise.

With that same fairy magic  
That Midas touched to gold,  
She touches hearts to gladness  
That blossom hundred-fold.

And so each year her pathway  
With bloom is more replete,  
Yet guilelessly she wonders  
Why friendship is so sweet!  
—Helen Field Fischer.

### WHEN LADIES MEET — AFTER TEN YEARS

"My dear, you haven't changed a single bit."  
(I wonder if I look as old as she!)  
"I really never saw you look so fit."  
(Nor quite so fat, to tell you truthfully.)

"You've two grown girls? Incredible!  
Why, you  
Look like a girl yourself, I do declare."  
(I don't know why I say the things I do;  
I'm sure she's using dye to tint her hair.)

"You'd know me anywhere?" (And pray, why not?)  
"I haven't lost my figure? Aren't you sweet!"  
(I wonder why we talk such utter rot;  
We almost passed each other on the street!)

—Carolyn Sloat.



### AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

This will not be quite the letter that I had thought to write for since I sat here at my table a friend came to me in sorrow and with a sad heart. There are many of us faced with unhappiness in these days and the only comfort I could find to offer was in The Good Book. Only a few days ago we sat in Sunday School class and studied from the book of Joshua of the day when God called Joshua to take the place of Moses as a leader of the children of Israel.

Those were troublous times too. Perhaps Joshua was weak and fearful then even as you and I are now. Anyway God told him in the plainest language and three times in the first nine verses to be strong and of a good courage. Then in the ninth verse He adds, "for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

It is significant too that after a long and turbulent life, we find Joshua saying to all of his people, "Be ye therefore very courageous."

Surely there is a pertinent sermon there for all of us.

That is one other thing I have planned against the day when I am no longer able to carry on all of the many duties that keep me occupied; I plan to really know more about the Bible.

Knowing all about the shortage of bug powders, I am still unable to sprinkle the cabbage in the dewy morning without dusting the smallest bit on that perfect spiderweb to bring out its full beauty.

This is the month in which I always tell you to cooperate to the very best of your ability with the new teacher, or to start in all over again with the old one. Nothing is more important than these boys and girls of ours. They only have this one year to be ten or eleven or twelve, whichever they are and the things they miss this year they may never have a second chance to learn.

At various times I have mentioned around our table, things we can all do to help the war effort. This month I am more serious than usual when I say that if your school does not have a teacher and you are qualified or can qualify to teach, it is as much your duty as it would be to enter any branch of our country's services were you called. There are many things that can be neglected until the war is over and can still be finished, not too much the worse for waiting, but our schools and our children will not wait.

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## HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

WE ARE TOLD—Cucumbers and watermelon should not be eaten while warm from the sun rays.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

That dill pickles and sauerkraut are to the system what ensilage is to the cattle—intestinal disinfectants.

Citrus fruits help neutralize the acids formed by starchy food. Money spent for lemons, oranges and grape fruit may save doctor and dentist bills. These fruits contain vitamin C, often called the neglected vitamin. Some folks are sensitive to citrus fruits, especially when taken on an empty stomach, but those who can digest them will find it helpful to take one or two tablespoonsful of lemon juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour before each meal. If folks who have a rheumatic tendency will take a pint of the diluted fruit juice each day during the year they will be more comfortable when the cold weather strikes the joints making them ache.

Green apples contain a valuable vitamin and will not cause intestinal trouble if they are cooked. Taking for granted you are not allergic to them.

Milk is the best source of calcium but many persons are allergic to it and must find a substitute. A calcium shortage is not always noticeable until in later years then the lack of calcium may mean rheumatism, decayed teeth or varicose vein trouble.

If milk is taken through a straw the curds will be smaller when they reach the stomach. Tell the child to use the straw or chew his milk.

More salt is needed during the hot weather only IF YOU ARE OR HAVE BEEN PERSPIRING. Otherwise salt may cause retention of fluids in the system, causing bloat and if overweight it may cause the scales to tip in an unhappy direction. This added weight is not fat so don't worry too much about that part of it. However it is not wise to carry extra fluids in the system for any length of time or there may be dizziness with a sensation of falling backwards.

The U. S. Public Health Service has announced a temporary protection from poison ivy irritation. It may be prepared by your druggist. Stearic acid (triple pressed) 200 grams. Potassium hydroxide (sticks) 14 grams. Water—800 c. c. Alcohol (90%) 40 c. c. 5 to 10 grams of sodium perborate. This ointment may be used on the hands and face as it is easily removed with soap and water.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Summer has arrived! The thermometer has gone up to empty-steen degrees and while I sit here mopping my brow I can't help thinking how much easier it is for me than for someone who is flat on their back in bed, or even in a wheel chair. So many "ceiling-gazers" write me that summer is not their pleasantest season. One such is Mrs. Berseng. A friend tells me she has been in bed for over ten years with arthritis. She is unable to move, but somehow manages to keep cheerful. She loves cards and poems. Her address—Circle Drive, Tigard, Oregon, Rt. 1, Box 91, Care of Frank Jellison.

Another who has spent ten years in bed, also with arthritis, is Mrs. Marie Woolf of Lynch, Nebraska. She has a hobby, collecting miniature pitchers. If you have a tiny pitcher, do send it to her, or send her a card or letter. She has two sons in service. Talking of hobbies, they are a splendid thing for shutin folks, and if you don't have one already, do think it over and decide to start one. Gives you something to think of when you get too hot to be happy.

Mrs. Joni Miller, Rt. 3, Iowa City, Iowa, has been in bed for three years and probably they seem like ten sometimes. She likes letters.

Who knows where there is a copy of the old McGuffey reader, and the old blue back speller? Ida Gilbert, Rt. 5, Box 346, Sta. A, San Antonio 7, Texas, wants to get one of each. I used to have one of the spellers but it has long since gone where all good spellers go, but maybe some of you have one you would part with.

Letters of encouragement would be a help to Mrs. A. J. Eveleigh, Rt. 2, Hoisington, Kansas. She cared for her invalid mother for a long time until she passed away last summer. Since then Mrs. Eveleigh had a fall which hurt her so she is still unable to walk. I'm sure she would like to hear from you.

Now for some kiddies who need something to help pass away the time. You may have heard of Bonnie Miller of 312 E Jefferson St., Kirksville, Mo. She is 14 and not long ago a gasoline iron exploded in their home and she was very badly burned. Mail is a great pleasure to her.

Naomi Waterman, age 9, is in the Orthopedic Hospital, Lincoln, Nebraska, since March first with a dislocated hip, and will be there for at least another month. Her folks live too far away to get to see her often. Cards and letters or small playthings would help.

Little Barbara Ann Weaver, Rt. 2, Timmonsville, South Carolina is eight years old. She was in a car and tried to close a door that was not closed tight, and was jerked out onto the highway. She received a skull fracture and must stay in bed for weeks and weeks and cannot even lift her head from the bed. Her mother would appreciate anything that would help keep her amused and contented.



## OVER THE FENCE

If you hear a new song, "Swing Along, America", you will be interested in knowing it was written by Dorothy Betts, a Kitchen-Klatter friend whose home is in Los Angeles.

The "Bessie" club now has 220 members. Many of these women have sons or daughters in the service and by keeping in touch with them they can be of real service.

"M" is a favorite letter with the Inman family of Duncombe, Iowa. All of the family names begin with "M". Mathew and Martha—the father and mother—and Melvin, Marvin, Margaret Ann, Maureen and Marceine. Margaret would like to have letters from girls who have brothers in the service.

Mrs. Albert Hove of Decorah, Iowa, has been in the hospital and it will be some time yet before she can answer letters or fill orders for her plants.

Miss Helen Stahnke, Glenvil, Nebraska would like to hear from other Helens or those whose birthday is April 20th.

Some postoffices in the United States are named for animals. Hare, Ky.; Swan, Mo.; Duck, No. Car.; Finch, Mont.; Angora, Maine; Turtle, Mo.; Pigeon, Pa.; Springer, Okla.; and Goldfinch, Texas. In our town we find a Walker, a Trotter, a Gallup, a Pace and an Ambler. A telephone directory is an interesting book.

Mrs. P. H. Wood, Ottumwa, Iowa, crochets covers for old purses, while listening to Kitchen-Klatter. This sounds like a practical and clever idea.

If you have a D. C. iron for 110 volts that you would sell, write to Mrs. Alva Rouse, Route 5, Carrollton, Mo.

Tim George, former announcer at KMA, is attending Radar School. His address is Thomas M. George, S2/C, Co. S-10-44, U.S.N.T.S., Trade Winds Hotel, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

## FAVORITE GIRL'S NAMES

Have you ever wondered what the most popular girl's name is? Some one who has made a study of it, lists these names in the order of their popularity: 1st, Mary; 2nd, Elizabeth; 3rd, Margaret; 4th, Helen; 5th, Dorothy; 6th, Marie; 7th, Katherine; 8th, Louise; 9th, Ruth; and 10th, Eleanor.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I have mingled feelings when I write to you tonight for it is the last time that I shall put my typewriter up on this kitchen table, roll in a sheet of paper, and say "Dear Friends." Yes, after two-and-a-half very happy years here in our apartment on Norton Avenue in Hollywood, we are leaving it for another city. Juliana and I are moving to San Francisco in just one more week, and we hope that we won't have to be there long before Russell can join us. His work has taken him to San Diego without any prospect of being able to return to Hollywood, so I thought that if I were to be a business-widow I might as well carry on with it in a city where I have always wanted to live. I have a number of dear friends from Minneapolis days now living in San Francisco, and I'm anticipating taking up some of the activities that once gave me great pleasure.

The past month has really been a nightmare for I had to do all the work of getting our things into storage, and believe me, I didn't know we possessed so much stuff until I got ready to pack it. Dorothy and Margery stuck by through thick and thin, and since it was so hard to get anything done during the day with Kristin and Juliana underfoot (imagine their wild delight to be in a room where everything was tossed helter-skelter for packing!), we had to do most of our work at night.

We packed four barrels of china alone, and I lost track of the number of boxes; but as soon as we finished something (except the heavy barrels which only the movers could budge) we placed it in the living room. At the end we could scarcely climb through it! But we really felt as though we had accomplished miracles when the movers from the biggest company in the city told us that they had never gone to a home where things were in better shape to be taken away. It was our first attempt at major packing, so you can imagine how pleased we were.

But when the big van had driven away we were left with another big job and that was returning the apartment to its original condition. It had been beautifully immaculate when we moved into it, and I was determined to leave it in the same condition. This meant washing, waxing, and polishing all of the floors, washing every inch of the white walls throughout the house, and repainting the breakfast nook and mantel, to say nothing of touching up spots where Juliana's carriage and Taylor-Tot had left scars. I've never worked harder in my life, and tonight when I finished washing the last venetian blind and polishing the last big window I could sit down and relax for the first time since I decided to move.

Before I forget it I must tell you one great problem that we encountered. Our bathroom has white painted walls, and about a year ago Russell decided to brighten it up by pasting



Howard, Lucile and Juliana, Dorothy and Kristin, and Margery.

gay strips of red and green canvas around the walls, and around the medicine cabinet. Glue didn't hold the heavy canvas very well, so he mixed up a brew of flour and water and applied it liberally. Well, it held very well, so well that when it came time to remove the canvas it took over seven hours of soaking and careful, persistent scraping, to remove the last trace of it. I wrote and told him that if he ever again used such a mixture on any wall in our house I would throw a fit!

But now it is all done, every bit of it, and the place doesn't seem like home to me since all of things are gone and the original furniture has been moved back in. Juliana has been distressed by the change. She looks at things and frowns and obviously worries about it. I'll be glad when we can find a home in San Francisco and have all of our things around us again.

Right now I should be sure to tell you Los Angeles friends that the apartment has already been rented. I am sure that over a hundred people have called, and while the van was out in front at least a dozen people stopped to inquire if the place would be available. If I didn't have a place to go to in San Francisco I wouldn't have dreamed of giving it up in these times with people literally living in tents.

So, all I can report in this letter is the fact that we've worked and worked and worked. Juliana and Kristin have both been well, thank goodness, and they're both climbing all over everything like little mountain goats, and beginning to talk. Tonight their Aunt Margery bought them two little dresses just alike, one red and one blue, and they actually tried to put them on. That was when Dorothy and I realized that our babies are growing up.

Goodnight now, and best wishes to all of you. The next letter will be from San Francisco, and I hope that it won't have to contain such a barrage of details concerned with hard work.

Sincerely,—Lucile.

Toiling is not toiling when the service that we give

Is to keep the living, loving; and to help the loving, live.



By Olinda Wiles

I have just listened to a very interesting service over the radio sent out by a returned missionary. The service was concluded by the singing of a beautiful song, "We will gather in the morning when our waiting days are over."

As the program went off of the air, another station came in and the program was on the subject that is always interesting to me, "Improved methods in poultry care." As I listened to the different suggestions offered by many different people the thought came to me that although these two different programs were not intended to be so, they did finish with practically the same thought. "We will gather in the morning (evening) when our waiting days are over." And with no intent of sacrilege on my part.

But in order to gather in the evening, later on, our pullets must now be receiving special care. Separate the pullets and feed extra growing mash. Give them plenty of time to develop before trying to feed for production. Large well developed pullets lay large eggs, and their bodies are more able to stand the strain of production. Be sure there is plenty of fresh water at all times.

I feel sorry for chickens that have to crowd around the water pans to get a few little drops when they can manage to squeeze their way up to the pan, and about the time they find a place to stand some other hen jumps on the edge of the pan and upsets it all. I like large heavy containers. They may not be so convenient to move about, but they are not so easily upset, either. A number of years ago my husband got an old hot water tank and took it to the blacksmith and had him cut it in two and then weld legs or props on it so it could not tip and there we have two nice long watering troughs.

To one of these I have a spring piped so my chickens never suffer for water. The spring is piped to the kitchen sink and the overflow goes to my chickens or to my pool.

I have been losing a good many chickens by the foxes taking them. Other neighbors are also losing them but there isn't much one can do. I have a dog and he barks whenever there is a commotion among the chickens, but then it is usually too late. If anyone can come to my rescue and tell me what to do I would be very thankful. I have tried keeping them penned up until later in the day, as the foxes usually seem to be out to kill early in the morning, but when the chickens pile up and smother each other, I may as well let the foxes have them.

A rose to the living is more  
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

—Nixon Waterman.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

One August morning before round red jolly Mister Sun had had time to get so high up in the sky that the whole earth was hot, Marilee came skipping down the lane to the corner post where The Thumblety Bumblety Elf lived. The little elf was up and dressed of course for he had to see the sunshine sparkling in the dewdrops every morning or he did not feel like he had started the day right. This morning he had put on a suit of deep dark glossy green, made from oak leaves and trimmed with goldenrod blossoms around the edges of the jacket and on the collar. On his head he perched a cup made from an acorn with a bit of goldenrod fastened to the stem.

Marilee was so full of news that she was about to burst. As soon as she saw the little elf, she said, "Oh, Thumblety, I have the best news you've ever heard. I have the nicest pet you ever did see."

Thumblety began to grin his little elfman grin. "Slow down. Slow down," he said. "What is this wonderful news?"

Marilee didn't slow down very much. She just couldn't. She was too excited. "It is a snow white rabbit, a rabbit with pink ears and pink eyes. And its name is Thumper for the way he thumps his feet on the ground when he is angry with me."

At once The Thumblety Bumblety Elf was almost as excited as Marilee. "Let's go see it. Let's go right now," he exclaimed.

And away they went. The little elf just hopped on his chick-a-dee airplane and Marilee skipped back down the lane.

There in the yard at Marilee's grandma's house was a sure-enough white rabbit—a rabbit with pink ears and pink eyes. He was so large that the little elfman was almost afraid of him, but Marilee was not a bit afraid. She picked the rabbit up in her arms very carefully so he would not be frightened and scratch her. She fed him some carrots and cabbage and just for fun she fed him a piece of cracker and a dried prune. "He even likes my breakfast toast with butter on it," she told The Thumblety Bumblety Elf gravely.

"We play games together too," she said and, when the little elf laughed as though he did not believe her, she whispered in the rabbit's ear and put him on the ground.

They had such a game of tag as you never saw for what could be faster than a little rabbit, and what could turn corners quicker, or kick up his heels so funny as though he were

laughing when Marilee grabbed at the air that was where the rabbit had just been. Thumblety laughed and Marilee laughed and I am sure even the white rabbit laughed.

And when he got tired of it, he played dead. He played dead so quickly that Marilee almost ran right over him where he lay. And this is how he did it. He lay down tight to the ground with his ears flat to his head and not a muscle moving. Only his wide pink eyes were alive and they kept locking this way and that to see what was going to happen next.

What did happen was this, Marilee and the little elfman and the white rabbit all lay in the grass together, laughing and laughing and laughing.

Note. We have a really live Thumper at our house and he truly loves to play tag with the boys. But he does not like to be put back in his pen and sits in a ball sulking until the boys are ready to play again.

### THE LITTLE GNOME

There was a little gnome and he made his little home

Right down in the middle of the earth, earth, earth.

He was full of fun and frolic, but his wife was melancholic

And he never could divert her into mirth, mirth, mirth.

He had tried her with a monkey and a parrot and a donkey

And a pig that squealed whenever he pulled its tail, tail, tail,

And though he laughed himself into fits, the jolly elf,

His wifey's melancholy did not fail, fail, fail.



A Sailor Suit just like his father's pleases the two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Brown, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The gnome was in despair and he tore his purple hair

And he sat himself in sorrow on a stone, stone, stone.

"I, too," he said, "will cry, till I tumble down and die,

I'm sick and tired of laughing all alone, lone, lone."

He cried and cried, and he sobblywobbed and sighed,

Till he really was in danger of his life, life, life.

His tears they flowed away like a rivulet at play

With a grubble, rubble, rubble, o'er the ground, ground, ground.

But when his wifey saw, She loudly laughed haw, haw,

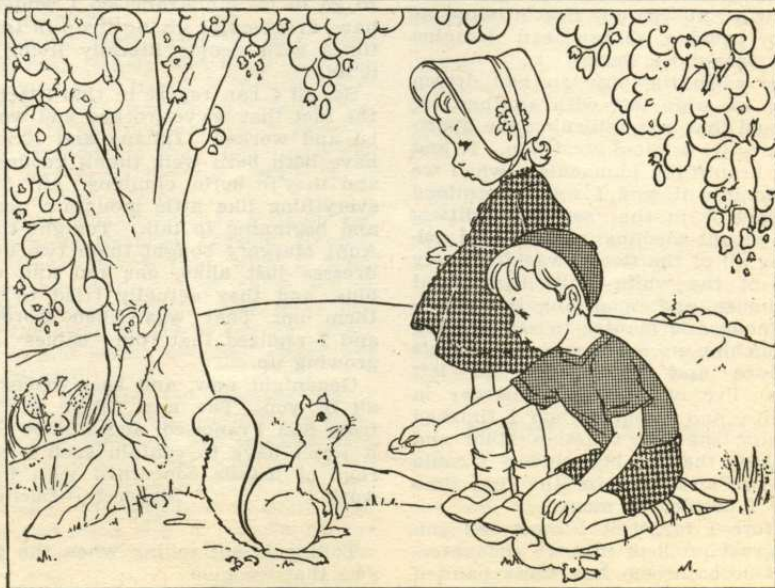
"Here at last is something funny you have found, found, found."

She laughed haw, haw, hee, hee, and she chuckled loud with glee

And she wiped away her little hubby's tears, tears, tears,

And since then through wind and weather they have laughed hee hee together

For many hundred thousand merry years, years, years.—Anon.



Billy and his cousin are feeding the Mother Squirrel, but the Baby Squirrels are hiding. See if you can find them.



## OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For Subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

Buttons and Book Matches. I have 2,250 match covers mounted and several more to mount. My buttons are metal and jet. I would like to collect some paper weights—Mrs. Roy Scheidegger, Jolley, Iowa.

Miniature Dogs. Will exchange.—Joyce Otten (age 10), Little Sioux, Ia. Iowa Court House View Cards, also state postcards with birds, flowers, trees etc of each state.—Bessie Waltemate, Waverly, Iowa.

Novelty Shakers and Miniature Dogs. Wants to hear from ones named Vernetta and with birthday October 8, 1923.—Mrs. Donald Mumma, Dighton, Kansas.

Small Cups and Saucers. Will buy from anyone who has one. Prefers size from 2 to 3 inches in diameter. Any with a history would be appreciated. I have one that is 125 years old.—Mrs. W. M. Reiner, 609 Garfield St., Holdrege, Nebraska.

Old Handbags and Purses. Have one that is over 100 years old. Would be glad to hear from other hobbyists but have no bags to exchange.—Marian and Phyllis Farr, Vermont, Ill.

Shakers. Will exchange view cards, quilt pieces, dogs, crocheted holders and cancelled stamps for shakers.—Helen Tracy, Presho, South Dakota.

Embroidery patterns. Will exchange.—Mrs. Clifford Carmicheal, Rt. 4, Corning, Iowa.

Pitchers and Buttons. Has 1,393 pitchers and over 9,000 buttons.—Miss S. M. Eby, Jolley, Iowa.

Shakers. Would like a set from every state.—Miss Bernice Schildmeier, Rt. 1, Jesup, Iowa.

Washcloths. Will exchange.—Rose Mensik, Linwood, Nebraska.

Buttons. Has 22,000.—Mrs. V. J. Smith, Gove, Kansas.

Embroidery Work, Quilting, Pictures.—Miss Velta Clemens, What Cheer, Iowa.

Jugs.—Mrs. Elton Baker, Woodbine, Iowa.

Shakers.—Mrs. Roger Frazier, Rt. 1, Barnes City, Iowa.

Penpals.—Miss Eileen Goebel, R. R. 3-B, Remsen, Iowa.

Miniature Dogs and other animals. Also crochet patterns. Will exchange.—Mrs. Ray Beam, Burlington, Kansas.

Salt and Pepper Shakers. Will exchange.—Mrs. Oscar Landin, Wilcox, Nebraska.

## MY HOBBY

About three years ago I started my hobby of collecting glass and china slippers, building my collection around a lovely slipper my Grandmother gave me when I was a little girl. That same afternoon that I decided to collect slippers, a friend gave me a copy of the "Home Comfort" magazine that had a page called The Hobby Corner where several hobbyists had written letters wanting to exchange hobbies. Thinking that a splendid way to get slippers from other states, I wrote to several and in about a week I was getting lots of letters and packages. I was thrilled beyond words. I sent in return what they were collecting, and they sent my name on to other reliable hobbyists. I now have 220 slippers and they are all very lovely. The largest is 7 inches long and the smallest 1 inch long. My oldest slipper is 70 years old and is of pewter. My slippers consist of china, glass, spun glass, pewter, brass, pottery, birch bark and one made of paper. I have slippers from 38 states and slippers made in 8 countries. I have one from the Philippine Islands and one from South Africa.

After slippers became hard to find—as most of them were imported—I started collecting pitchers. I now have 135. Have one 80 years old, and 3 china ones that are 70 years old. My pitchers consist of glass, china, one wooden one, a lovely silver one with the National Capitol on one side and Mt. Vernon on the other. Have one beautiful Majolica pitcher that I prize highly; the rest are birds, animals, Toby, Man in the Moon, and odd shapes. The smallest one is 1/4 inch tall, perfect in every detail. I have displayed my collections several times and gave the history of each and every one. My hobbies have meant a lot to me, and I have made some very lovely friends. I think every one should have some kind of a hobby, especially in these troubled times. Those that do not have a hobby don't know what they are missing.—Mrs. C. O. Pearce, Pine Village, Ind.

## GOD KNOWS BEST

God knows best what is best for me  
All through time and eternity.  
In my Father's house is goodly store  
Of all I can ever need and more.  
In Him I rest for I know that He  
Always gives what is best for me.

—Marian Clark.

I saw a mother kiss her lad  
And wave to him with smiling eyes,  
Her silver hair teased by the wind.  
She did not look up to the skies,  
She did not turn—in bitter tears—  
To hide the grief her heart clutched tight.  
She smiled, and waved, proud of his years  
To serve his country, brave to fight.  
But when the lad was out of call  
The hand fell limp—her face went gray,  
And twice she leaned against the wall  
Before came strength to walk away.  
—Selected.

## "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.

**WINDOWSILL PARSLEY POT** from my Polomeme Pottery Shop. Another beautiful original design. In shades of green glaze, 4 1/2 inches long, 2 1/2 inches wide, and 3 1/2 inches high. Fits on any windowsill. Beautifies your kitchen. Helps with your cooking. Seed included. Price \$1.00. Busy Day Vase and free figurine, \$1.00. Sue Conrad, Box 467, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**DRAWING OF PAN TEE GARMENTS** "His" and "Hers" described in Stitch and Chat-ter column, 10¢. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, Munden, Kansas.

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## STITCH AND CHATTER

By Irella Belle Hinks

It has been said, a sailor is a wolf in ship's clothing, a soldier a wolf in jeep clothing and a pilot—just a wolf in plane clothing. Well, maybe so, but I believe we Kitchen-Klatter sisters have our doubts about it. How very like a watch without a mainspring is the farm where a son, has climbed down from the tractor, patted the farm animals and his old dog good-bye, and marched away. And how lonely the city home where there is a vacant chair. A fever thermometer has a mercury line but we cannot all see it. So let us have faith that right will triumph.

Do you know how a man described an afternoon meeting of ladies? He said it could be done in four little words—gabble, giggle, gobble, git. Now how did he know?

Do run for your crochet hook. It's going to be that pap-tee (panty) holder. Use yarn and a No. 3 hook so it will not be too small. We will make "Hers" first.

Chain 38.

Row 1. Make a double crochet (dc) in 4th st from end and then make 17 dc, ch 1, 18 dc, turn. (Don't skip a stitch under ch 1.) To make a dc—throw thd over once, draw thd through, (3 loops on needle) take off 2, throw thd over and take off other two. (The dc is sometimes called a treble.)

Row 2. Ch 3 for 1st dc, 17 dc, 1 dc under ch, ch 1, 1 dc under same chain, 1 dc on each 18 dc of last row, turn.

Row 3. Chain 3, 1 dc on each dc, 1 dc under chain, ch 1, 1 dc under same chain, 1 dc in each dc to end of row. Row 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 just like Row 3.

Row 13. Chain 3, 1 dc on each dc, 1 dc under chain, (do not ch 1) 1 dc on each dc to end of row.

Break off thd about 5 inches from work, thd into a needle and fasten securely.

Row 14. Fasten thd in 24th st from end and make 12 dc, turn.

Row 15. Ch 3, 11 dc. Fasten thd as before.

This makes one side or one half of garment. Repeat for other side and whip the two together, sides and center rows at bottom.

With another color of yarn, trim belt line and lower edge by making a single crochet (sc) in each dc. At one side of belt, chain 6 and fasten in row below for a hanger. To make a sc, draw thd through (don't throw it over) two loops on hook, now throw thd over and pull through both loops. Print the letters HERS. Baste them just above bottom row of trim. Embroider them, then tear paper away. "His" next month.

## THE MULE

The mule, wrote Johnny, is a harder bird than a goose or a turkey and different. He wears his wings on the side of his head. He has two legs to walk with and two more to kick with and he is awful backward about going forward.

## GAMES TO PLAY

### Bean Bag Golf

First make bean bags by using some rather heavy material and filling the bags with corn, beans or some such thing. Then place five or six paper plates on the floor in a semi-circle. Players stand ten feet away and must throw the beanbag into each pan in succession. The player loses his chance when he misses. He must try for the hole he missed, next time, and keep track of how many tries he made in finishing the course.

### A New Anagram Game

Players are given pencils and papers. Each one writes any six letter word he thinks of, at the top of the paper. Players read the words to be sure no two have chosen the same word. The leader of the game draws a letter from a box of anagrams and calls it off. All having that letter in the word on their paper, check it off. The game continues until some player has checked off all the letters in his word. He then calls "Anagram-o". Choose new words and the one who won the preceeding game calls the letters.

## THE SEWING BASKET

1. What a farmer does to his sheep. Shear.
2. Something we must not do. Waste.
3. To pick one's way in and out. Thread.
4. A blow on the ear. Cuff.
5. A sign of servitude. Yoke.
6. An exclamation. Ahem!
7. A company of musicians. Band.
8. A grassy yard. Lawn.
9. A portion of armor. Shield.
10. A process of book making. Binding.

## IMAGINATION

Each player is told to draw two circles or curved lines on a piece of paper. These are then passed to the person on the right and by adding more lines they make a picture, including what was already drawn on the paper. A vote is taken to choose the best one.

## WHAT'S IN A STOCKING

Cut a stocking from paper and write this contest on it.

1. A toy.
2. A kind of fish.
3. Twelve inches.
4. A doctor's mission.
5. A kind of story.
6. A part of table.
7. A joining.
8. Often in a tooth.
9. A naughty word.
10. A Southern product.
11. The work of a seamstress.
12. A digit.
13. Product of a worm.
14. Used by cleaners.

Answers. 1. Top. 2. Sole. 3. Foot. 4. Heal (heel). 5. Yarn. 6. Leg. 7. Seam. 8. Hole. 9. Darn. 10. Cotton. 11. Stitch. 12. Toe. 13. Silk. 14. Dye.



## AID SOCIETY HELPS

Most Aid Societies hold their first meeting of the fall in September. Try to make it an unusually good meeting. Invite all the old members and also new ladies who may have come into your church. Be sure someone calls for them and that everyone gives them a friendly welcome.

At this first meeting pass out paper and pencils and ask each one to write at least one thing the society should try to do the coming year, and any other suggestions for the good of the church. Ask the minister to give a talk at this first meeting. He will welcome the privilege.

I would suggest that some time in September or October you give a tea for all of the teachers in your school. Let them know you appreciate their efforts in your community. (Do not ask them to teach a Sunday School class. They will volunteer if they want to do this.) At this tea, have some good music and a book review if possible. Teachers don't have much time to read the new books.

When there are quite a few members in an Aid Society, it has been found a good idea to divide the membership into three or four groups. The President should appoint a committee to do this, being sure there are some younger and some older women in each group. Each group then takes the responsibility of putting into the treasury a certain amount of money each month. This money may be pledged by each member of the group or working together they can accumulate the required amount. These separate groups meet once a month and then once a month all three groups meet for the regular monthly Aid Society meeting. Each group should have its own officers and program and social committees.

Archer, Iowa.—"I want to tell you about a 'Wedding Gown Parade' we had at our church recently. Our Woman's Society sponsored it. The gowns were from the surrounding country. The oldest one was worn in 1857. It was a beautiful dress and was in very good condition. With a background of soft music, a reader gave particulars about each dress as the one who modeled it turned so every one could see it from all sides. They then took their places in a semi-circle. Afterwards we had a sale of home-made ice cream and cupcakes."—One Who Was There.