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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.  
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.  
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor  
M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.  
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My Dear Friends,

I always sit down to write my letters to you the very last thing before the printer starts the presses for an issue of Kitchen-Klatter. It seems in our family, things happen in such rapid succession I can never keep you informed of the latest family news. I guess this is true of all large families, especially in this war time.

V-E Day has come and gone. I am so happy for all of you who had loved ones in the armed forces over in Europe. Even though many of those in the service will have to go on to the war with Japan, at least they will have a little rest and be able to come home on their way to the new war front. We must all put forth even greater efforts to hurry the day of total victory.

My heart aches for those of you whose boys sleep on foreign soil. A very good friend of mine, Helen Henry, sent me this verse, which I believe is original. It expresses what we all feel, I'm sure.

Your boy came back—  
Of course, we're glad  
But Oh! so many, who are sad  
Will cry in grief, while you, in joy,  
Are celebrating for your boy.

Your boy came back—  
Deserves renown,  
But, there are many in your town  
Whose boy, as brave, sleeps 'neath  
the sod,  
Now, celebrating with his God.

Your boy came back—  
But, in our joy  
Let's not forget about that boy  
Who loved to live, yet chose to die;  
Let's sing his praises, now, on high.  
—Mrs. John Henry.

In today's mail we had a letter from Wayne, one of our sons who has been overseas three and a half years. He writes, "Oh, happy day, my orders came through and I am to leave here in a few days for a port where I will await transportation to the United States. For breakfast the first morning I am home, I want steak, eggs, mince pie, and a gallon of milk." You can rest assured that I will try my best to have those very things for him. Wayne will be assigned work in this country for awhile.

Don writes that he expects to be sent overseas to replace some weather forecaster who is being sent home.

He will be very glad to go for he has seen no foreign service. At the time I write this, Frederick has not received his call to report to the Navy but expects to soon. Howard is still in the Pacific with the 96th Division and will probably be there until the war is over. We will soon have four stars on our service flag.

I know many of you who hear Edith Hansen, the morning homemaker over KMA, are anxious to know more about her son Don, who was wounded on Iwo Jima. He has been transferred to a Navy hospital on an island nearer home and we are all hoping he will soon be returned to the States. His wounds are very serious. He was shot through the chest, which caused a lung infection and also injury to his spine. At last reports, his lower limbs were still paralyzed. He is only able to write a few lines but letters concerning his condition are sent by the hospital staff. Edith's poise and cheerfulness through these days of terrible anxiety is admired by all her friends here and I know those of you who hear her on the air feel the same way about her. She is a wonderful person. Their other son, Harold, who will soon be eighteen, goes for his physical this summer.

Our three daughters in California are well and happy. Margery might be home for a visit this summer. Dorothy and Lucile hope to come home next Christmas. They live in such nice neighborhoods, "just like Iowa folks" they say. They enjoyed having dinner with Earl May while he was in San Francisco attending the Conference.

I almost forgot to tell you that Frank Field is a grandfather again. William Frank Field is the name given to the baby born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Field. Robert is employed in the Shenandoah Post Office.

If you can come to Shenandoah this summer, don't fail to come and call on us.

Sincerely,

Leanna.

I laugh to keep from crying,  
Though tears may dim my eyes;  
I try to keep on smiling  
When I'm feeling otherwise.  
Why should I worry others?  
They have their troubles, too,  
So I laugh to keep from crying  
When I'm feeling blue.

## JUST VISITING

"Along the friendly way, we journey together, to achieve the best things in life."

This quotation describes our Kitchen-Klatter circle perfectly for we are a friendly group and we are all striving for the best things of life for our families. There is no country in the world that offers it's people the "best things of life" as our own dear America does. It is these things that our boys are defending for us. We, as mothers, must appreciate these blessings and strive to attain them for our families.

Did you hear me read the letter over the air written by the wife of the caretaker of a cemetery? She emphasized the fact that unless you are able to care of them yourself, you should not put out new plants now. There is such a shortage of help during war times, that the caretakers in most cemeteries do not have time to give new plants the care they need. She also suggests that after Memorial Day you return to the cemetery and remove faded and sunburned flowers. Help the friendly caretaker keep your cemetery beautiful.

The last five pounds of sugar you bought must last your family twelve weeks or 5/6 cup per person per week. Why not try the plan of measuring out this weekly supply for each member of your family. Then at the end of each week bring out the "bonus bowl," where each person can put what sugar they did not use. Perhaps enough can be saved to make a cake or some cookies. This can be done if each allows himself one tablespoon of sugar daily. (Now I hear that sugar must last four months, so use it even more sparingly.)

Children of Burma do their part to win the war. In one place the road was so dusty, the huge supply trucks could not move because the wind blew the dust into the driver's eyes. Hundreds of native children made thousands of trips carrying water in tin cans, to sprinkle the roads and settle the dust.

Somewhere I read these words, "Man is intelligence, not legs, hands, and eyes." I know you have seen this fact proved over and over again. When we think of our war heroes coming home, minus arms, legs, or sight, we are thankful this fact is true. The loss of legs increases the use of hands and mind. The loss of one of the senses quickens the use of others. Because there is this adjustment of faculties, there is hope for each who has lost one of his physical assets. Our late President Roosevelt will be an inspiration to many handicapped veterans, to rise above their infirmities and succeed in spite of them.

Something new! A breakfast food made of crisp thin curls of dried sweet potatoes. It is so sweet it needs no sugar on it.



# Come into the Garden

## JUNE GARDEN NOTES

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

June is the most enjoyable of all the garden months. It is neither too hot nor too cold; weeds are easily controlled; the early enthusiasm has not yet worn off. Every day is a delight, each morning a new birth, each evening a sense of fulfillment. For in June we begin to realize the profits of our early toil.

This is the month the strawberries ripen in Minnesota. Fresh fruit from our own garden now makes its appearance on our tables. If we do not already have a bed of our own, we resolve firmly to have one next year. If we are among the fortunate, we are wise to start a new bed every year or so from our surplus plants lest by chance some day we find ourselves with only a grassy, unproductive patch. This may be done in the fall, should it be a favorable one, otherwise early spring is the best time to set out plants.

Rhubarb is now at its best. Perhaps you have chosen the better varieties with the red, red stalks. Only a few plants in the corner of the garden will fill the needs of a small family. The green leaves of the rhubarb are poisonous to eat and on no account should ever be used. Do not cook rhubarb in tin utensils. This popular plant will again come into its own when the sugar shortage is over, so do not neglect its culture.

Fresh peas and new potatoes begin to appear on the menu in June as it passes rapidly into July. Keep the potato patch clean as you dig. This will be a fine place to put transplanted asters, snapdragons or other fall-blooming flowers as the ground is cleared. This also applies to the pea-patch from which the vines may be pulled and added to the compost pile. If you planted your peas at intervals, in some sort of succession, you will not have them maturing all at once, and while this is an advantage for canning, the opportunity of eating them as a fresh vegetable for a considerable length of time is greatly shortened. In our garden we choose several varieties which have different seasons of maturity and plant them all at the same time as early in spring as the ground can be worked. They can be planted the earliest of any of the garden seeds and should be, in order to miss the hot weather which often blights them at a critical point in their development, and lessens their yield. The edible pod varieties with the purple blossoms are beautiful when in bloom. Peas canned with young carrots, which are usually available at this time when we thin out the plants in a crowded row, are said to keep better than when canned alone and are very delicious.

Young beets and their leaves make

the best greens imaginable; there may be some to pickle or can for winter use, for their flavor is much better now than later on when they are more mature. Spinach is at its best now and the head lettuce is ready to use. If this has headed out and there is more than can be used at once, cut the heads and keep in the refrigerator to use as needed. In this way you may steal a march on the hot wind or the excessive rains which might cause them to wilt or rot.

To go out into the garden on a dew-laden June morning is one of the greatest pleasures here on earth. Budding and blossoming flowers, clean rows of sparkling vegetables and the songs of birds mingling with the perfume of the opening roses, makes Heaven seem not so very far away.



Helen Fischer — Leanna Driftmier

## FEAR NOT

Let not your heart be troubled,  
 God still is on the throne.  
 He'll never, never leave us  
 Or can he forsake his own.  
 God is our refuge and helper,  
 In trouble and in grief,  
 Just lean, Dear Ones, on Jesus  
 There is a sure relief.  
 This life is dark and gloomy,  
 No sun light can we see;  
 But listen, God is saying  
 "Fear not, I'll pilot thee."  
 He goes where'er thou goest  
 He's ever by your side,  
 Together let us pray these words,  
 "Oh, Lord with us abide.  
 Oh, grant us thy protection,  
 Thy love and tender care  
 Be ever, ever near us,  
 Oh, Lord God, hear our prayer."  
 Amen.

—By Alma Dey, Gresham, Neb.

## "FLOWERS TO THE LIVING"

By Mrs. Elv Espe

Some time ago I tuned in late to a newscast and heard some person being praised most highly, his many virtues and noble deeds were being lauded to the skies, and I knew without hearing anything further that the man was dead, they would never say all those nice things about him if he was still alive, I thought, and I was right, he was dead.

I have attended funerals where the front of the church was banked high with beautiful flowers, wreaths and baskets, and huge bouquets of exquisite bloom surrounded and covered the casket. My heart ached as the thought came to me that perhaps this person had lain in his or her hospital bed or on a sick bed at home with only a few fading blossoms or none at all to cheer the pain wracked hours. Now, when he lies here cold in death, flowers are heaped about him in the greatest profusion, flowers that he can no longer see nor enjoy.

When our beloved president, Franklin D. Roosevelt died, there was lavish praise for ears that could not hear and flowers for eyes that see no more and I could not help wishing that he could come back for just a day, so that he might hear the beautiful tributes to him coming in from all over the world. Could have known how very much he was loved and appreciated by so many.

What finer memorial to our great president or one that he would have appreciated more, than that we resolve individually to look for and use every opportunity that comes our way to bring "flowers to the living" in his memory. (Using the word "flowers" figuratively to mean any act of kindness, no matter how small, extended to a fellow human.) Let us give a word of cheer to the sick and discouraged, a helping hand to the needy, sympathy to the bereaved, friendliness to the lonely, and just a good old pat on the back and a word of appreciation to the people in general that we meet in everyday life.

Resolve not to wait until people are dead to say the things that would gladden their hearts nor neglect the bringing of a few flowers into the lives of the living while they can still enjoy them. I found a little poem that fits in so nicely here I am going to add it.

## Why Wait

I would rather have one little rose  
 From the garden of a friend,  
 Than to have the choicest flowers  
 When my stay on earth must end.  
 I would rather have a few kind words  
 And a smile that I can see,  
 Than flattery when my heart is still  
 And life has ceased to be.  
 I would rather have a loving smile  
 From a friend I know is true,  
 Than tears shed 'round my casket  
 When this world I bid adieu.  
 Please bring me a flower or two today  
 Whether pink or white or red,  
 I would rather have one blossom now  
 Than a truck load when I'm dead.  
 —Author Unknown



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

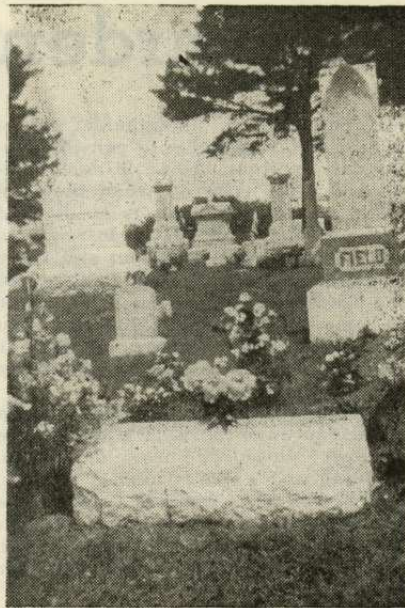
In March, 1918 we had a wedding at our house when Dad's sister, Clara, married Paul Otte. They were married at eight o'clock in the evening in our living room that had been beautifully decorated with white flowers and candles. Mother sang "I Love You Truly" before Aunt Clara came down the stairs in her white wedding gown. After the service we had a buffet supper, and when the bride and groom left the house Howard and I were allowed to help throw rice. It was long after midnight when we collected Frederick from next door, and since that was by far the latest that we had ever been up it seemed like an earth-shaking night.

It was one morning in Febr. when a messenger boy came to our door with a telegram. Mother was baking bread in the kitchen when we called her to come and sign the paper. She knew what it was before she opened it: Grandmother Field had passed away in Redlands. It was signed by Aunt Helen Fischer who was spending the winter in California, and it read: "Mother passed away quietly at five o'clock this morning. Father very brave."

Memorial services were held for Grandmother Field in Redlands on a February afternoon in 1917. Aunt Helen Fischer, Aunt Sue Conrad, and Uncle Sol Field were the only children who could be present, but the many, many friends whom Grandmother and Grandfather had made during their years in California were present to express their sympathy and friendship. Grandmother's life had influenced many people, and after her death there were letters from all sections of the country written by people rich and poor, famous and obscure. Mother has some of these letters today, and they are touching tributes to a woman who always lived by the principles in which she believed.

Grandmother's body was returned to Shenandoah for burial in the Field family lot. It was a beautiful morning, warm and bright, when short services were held in Rosehill cemetery. Everyone who was there still remembers the lovely flowers, the tranquil sense of farewell to a life fully and richly lived and unforgettably enough, the one beautiful butterfly that flitted in and out of the flowers and then settled down on the casket. It was exactly the kind of memorial service that Grandmother would have wished.

Grandfather Field spent that summer with his children and grandchildren in Shenandoah and Clarinda, and then when autumn came he returned to California. This was a pattern that he followed until his death five years later. Aunt Sue Conrad and her family moved from the small house next door to the big house where Grandmother and Grandfather had lived, and he spent his winter



Field Family Lot.

months with them. He traveled alone until the end of his life, and he was eighty-nine when he died.

Just before school opened in the fall of 1917 we moved to a new house that Dad purchased. This house was considerably larger than the one we had occupied when we first moved to Clarinda, and with six of us in the family we certainly needed the extra room. I haven't been in that house for almost twenty-six years, but I still remember that it had a living room downstairs with a small room off of it that we called the music room. Then there was a dining room, a kitchen, a big front porch, an enclosed side porch, and a sort of attached room at the rear that didn't have a name. Upstairs there were four bedrooms and a bath room. We had a big yard to play in, and out in back there was a tree that had seemed to grow to order for a tree-house and a swing. That swing was wonderful. We climbed to the roof of that attached room I mentioned previously, someone hurled the tire-swing to us, and we caught it and swung away out into space. It would give me chills to watch children doing that now!

It was while we lived in this house that Frederick first gave indications of being a public speaker. He couldn't talk intelligibly, but you never heard such a torrent of sound in your life as he poured out from morning until night. He sat in his high chair, grabbed a spoon, and pounded it on the tray for emphasis when he came to dramatic pauses. It was really a great sight to see him and hear him. I can remember that we were given strict instructions not to laugh at him for he was very much aware of people's reactions and would hide his head and cry if anyone were so rude as to smile at his performance. Dad said then that he couldn't miss being a public speaker and Dad was right. He would have won any contest at

one year of age if his lingo could have been translated into intelligible English.

One other thing about Frederick at this age comes to my mind. He was very slow learning to walk—as a matter of fact, I believe that he was twenty-two months old when he finally struck out on his own. Up until this time he got around by scooting, a means of locomotion that was so hard on his clothes that Mother gave up in despair and made some black sateen sacks for him to wear! One day the telephone rang. It was Dad, and he sounded thunder-struck. Where was Frederick, he asked mother. Mother replied that the children were watching him out in the back yard. "They are not," Dad said emphatically. "He's down here at the store." And believe it or not, but that's exactly where he was. He had scooted the two-and-a-half long blocks down to Dad's store, and turned in at exactly the right place. Fortunately there was very little traffic in those days, and since it was a scorching morning the front door of the store stood open and he could scoot right in. Imagine what Dad's sensations must have been when the book-keeper called him and told him that his baby was there under his own steam!

On November 11th the Armistice was signed and World War I was over. It so happened that Mother was down town when the word came, and she called me at home to put Frederick's wooly suit on him and bring him down in his buggy. The reason I recall all of this with such vividness is because I had to go into a closet off of the music room to get his wraps, and I was mortally afraid to go in there for the silliest reason in the world: I was convinced that a German spy was in there. We had heard much discussion of spies, and it seemed to me that they were everywhere, even in our house. I finally mustered up courage to go in and get his suit, and then I started down town with him in his buggy. As I walked along I saw men (I thought they were men but I realize now they were only high school boys) come out and fire guns into the air. Whistles were blowing and bells were ringing. It was an exciting time. And later that night there was a big torch-light parade around the square, an old black horse-drawn hearse was brought out, and the Kaiser was burned in effigy.

On a Sunday afternoon in March, the 9th of March, to be exact, Howard, Dorothy and I were sent to Grandfather Driftmier's house to visit with him, and with Aunt Anna and Aunt Erna. It was only about three blocks from our house, and we went there so frequently that we didn't question the decision that we were to remain for supper and to spend the night. We were just getting ready for bed when the telephone rang and Aunt Anna answered it. She talked for a moment, and then she turned around and said to us, "You have a surprise at your house. Can you guess what it is?"

(Continued in July)



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "Do you think that children should be punished in front of guests? Last Sunday we had a family dinner and when our two boys, ages seven and nine, were disobedient, my husband spanked them right in the dining room with everyone watching. The boys really had their feelings hurt, and I told my husband that I didn't approve of this. Do you think that I am right?"—Minn.

**ANS:** Yes, I think that you were right. I've always felt that children should be punished in privacy, and this means that other brothers and sisters shouldn't be standing around, much less a crowd of guests. If there has been serious disobedience that warrants punishment right at the moment, the child should be taken to another section of the house. Children have their pride too, and we should respect it.

**QUES:** "This past school year brought such serious problems to us, Leanna. We learned that our sixteen-year-old daughter and her crowd had been drinking on dates, and although we had many a bitter scene about it. I am sure that it is still continuing. Now with the summer months ahead I'm worried half to death. Some of the parents are worried too, but others are indifferent. I feel that some kind of drastic action should be taken, yet I don't know just what to do."—Kansas.

**ANS:** It seems to me that this is one problem that parents cannot take a lackadaisical attitude towards. No girl of sixteen has any business drinking liquor at any time whatsoever. See if you can't get the parents who are equally worried to join you in putting down their foot firmly; no more dates, regardless of the pleading, and no more activities even with the girls until they have proven that they are to be trusted. This may sound harsh, but I feel keenly that it's one problem that calls for harsh steps. Only heartbreak can follow a continuation of this unless it is checked.

In answer to the questions as to whether a father overseas should be told of the new baby's deformity, several letters were written. Almost all of them said he should be told. The following are parts of two of the letters:

"Yes, I think the young husband and father should be told in a tactful way that his baby girl was born deformed in some way. Any man old enough to be a father and brave enough to be a good soldier, will not thank the home folks for keeping such news from him. It is his privilege to comfort his baby's mother who alone went down into the valley and shadows to give his child birth. This is a sorrow to be borne and

shared alike by both father and mother. This is his own family and own affair and he will not thank even his own mother for shielding him."—E. W., Osceola, Iowa.

"Permit me to offer my opinion on the last question in Kitchen-Klatter pertaining to the soldier's baby born with an deformity. I was a nurse, many times I saw the truth withheld from a patient until she was stronger. In most cases, it only caused the patient more anxiety when she did find out, and she seemed to lose faith in those about her. I believe in "telling" unless the heart is too weak to stand the shock.

In this case I would write a very tactful letter, follow this with a prayer to God to give him strength to withstand the shock. Then write as cheerful a letter as possible, telling what all the baby can do instead of what she can't do. I've been away from home and received sad news about my own family. It made me very homesick. So be sure to write cheery letters every day for awhile. But do tell him now. If you don't, someone else might. The main shock will be over then when he comes home and the family can go right ahead establishing themselves in business. Our soldiers are brave and are so busy, perhaps it wouldn't be as hard on him now as if you waited.—Mrs. R. R., Morrill, Kansas.

**QUES:** "My twelve-year-old girl has been sulking all winter because I won't let her go out on evening dates. She says that if I'll let her go, the mothers of her friends will let them go too. I think that twelve is too young for this sort of thing, although I know that times change and perhaps I haven't kept up with them."—Minnesota.

**ANS:** Times change, yes, but not so far as the judgment of twelve-year-olds is concerned. They're just as careless and impulsive now as we were when we were twelve. I think I've said before, but I'll say again that I don't think any twelve-year-old girl should be going out on evening dates. It's a subject that I feel quite strongly about. There is plenty of time for dates a little later.

"Well, they say an open confession is good for the soul, so I am going to confess, I can't get along without the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine."—Mrs. E. W., St. Joseph, Missouri.

"I enjoy your magazine so much and can't be without it and my sister-in-law has been reading it too, so I'm sure she'll want it."—J. E. B., Marion, South Dakota.



Howard, our oldest son, sent this picture from the Philippines. They lived in this bombed church several days.

### A PATRIOTIC WIFE

"Leanna, do you feel because your sons are in service that every man regardless of number in family should have to go too? I heard a young lady say just because her husband had to go she wished they would take all of them, even the ones with children. I am enclosing this portion of my nieces letter of what she had to say about it.

"Aunt Ida, I was very pleased to think you asked me my honest opinion on whether I thought all should go to war because my husband, Weldon, did. I'm not talking about anyone in particular but it makes me so mad to think anyone is that selfish. We who have sent out husbands and sons and brothers know what it's like to live day and night with loneliness and fear in our hearts, and if the war can possibly be won without them, I say let them be together and happy. If it only took one man to win this war and Weldon was chosen for that one, I wouldn't hate anyone for it. I know my heart as well as his would break but we'd be proud we could keep others safe. Why wish anyone else unhappiness and destruction because it has come to us. No burden is so heavy but what it can be borne and why ask others to share it with you when you can do it. Everyone doesn't see things alike but that is how I feel. I miss Weldon so much and at times it seems almost unbearable but at least he is still alive and others have given theirs. If that is what I have to do, I hope God helps me to carry the burden and protect all others from it. War is terrible but we don't begin to realize its horrors like those over there. Weldon has been gone over nineteen months but we have six months of the sweetest memories in the world to look back on and remember and we have a life time ahead which we hope to enjoy together."—Ida M. Utz, Sedgwick, Kansas.





### LEMON OATMEAL COOKIE

Cream together:  
 1 cup shortening  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 3/4 cup dark syrup  
 2 eggs  
 Add:  
 2 cups flour  
 2 1/2 cups rolled oats  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1 teaspoon vanilla  
 2 teaspoons baking powder  
 1/2 teaspoon soda  
 1/4 teaspoon salt  
 4 1/2 teaspoons lemon rind  
 Makes 4 dozen drop cookies.

### APRICOT DESSERT

1 1/2 cups apricots  
 2/3 cups light syrup, if apricots are unsweetened  
 2 cups water.

Boil water and syrup together for 20 minutes. Heat apricots separately. Then combine these. Add 1 tablespoon butter and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Let stand until batter is mixed.

Mix the following ingredients in order given:

1/2 cup sugar  
 1 tablespoon shortening  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1 cup flour  
 2 teaspoons baking powder

Put this batter mixture in greased cake pan. Pour apricot mixture over this. Bake in moderate oven, 30 minutes. Peaches, cooked apples, raisins, cherries, or prunes may be substituted for the apricots.—Mrs. L. C., Hampton, Iowa.

### SUMMER FRUIT CAKE

1 cup stewed raisins  
 1 cup raisin water  
 1 cup sugar  
 1/2 cup shortening  
 2 cups flour  
 1 teaspoon soda  
 1 teaspoon cinnamon  
 1 teaspoon nutmeg  
 1/4 teaspoon salt  
 1/2 cup nut meats  
 1 teaspoon vanilla

Boil raisins, strain and mix raisins with shortening. Put sugar, flour, soda, spices, and salt in sifter and mix into shortening and raisins alternately with raisin water. Add vanilla and nuts. Bake in tube pan 375 degrees for one hour. Can be put in cup cake pans also. Or can add gum drops and candied fruits.

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

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### RHUBARB JELLY

1 cup rhubarb juice  
 2 tablespoons granulated pectin  
 1 cup honey  
 Wash and cut rhubarb into inch lengths. Place in preserving kettle. Add enough water to prevent it from sticking. Cook slowly in covered kettle until soft. Strain in jelly bag. Measure Juice. Add pectin and stir vigorously. Bring to a boil. Add honey and continue to boil until jelly test is secured. Fill hot sterilized glasses with jelly. Cover with paraffin.

### PICKLED BEETS

Prepare beets for pickling, boil until tender, dip in cold water, and remove skins. Pack in hot, clean jars. Cover with boiling hot liquid, 2 cups vinegar, and 1 cup sugar to which spices, cinnamon, or cloves, have been added. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart beets. Seal and process 30 minutes in hot water bath.

### CORN SYRUP IN CANNING

Honey or corn syrup may replace one half the sugar in making jams or preserves. You may use half sugar and half corn syrup in canning fruit. Using all syrup or honey slightly changes the flavor of the canned fruit. It is inadvisable to use saccharine as it is likely to cause an unpleasant flavor.

### BEANS (Green or Wax)

Wash, string, break, or cut young tender freshly gathered pods. Boil five minutes. Pack in hot, sterile jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Cover with water in which cooked. Process 40 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 3 hours in hot water bath. Complete seal according to the type of lid used.

### GREEN BEAN SALAD TO CAN

Cook green beans in salted water and drain. Then add 1 pint vinegar, 1 1/2 cups sugar (or less), 1/3 cup flour, 1/4 cup mustard, 1/2 teaspoon turmeric. This makes enough sauce for 3 quarts of beans.

The war isn't over yet. Save tin cans, waste fat and paper.—Hasten V-J Day.

### LEMON DESSERT

25 to 30 marshmallows  
 1/4 cup water

Cook in a double boiler until melted smoothly. Add 3 egg yolks well beaten and 1/4 cup lemon juice and cool until almost cold. (Not completely cold or your marshmallows will set.) Then add 3 beaten egg whites. (Beat till they come to a peak.) Put graham cracker crumbs on bottom of an 11 1/2 by 7 inch pan and also sprinkle crumbs over the top of your mixture. Let set in refrigerator over night.—Mrs. Paul Knop, Ricketts, Iowa.

### BRAN PIE CRUST

1 1/2 cup bran  
 1 egg white  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 3/4 cup shortening  
 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon  
 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 6 tablespoons ice water  
 1 1/2 cups flour

Combine dry ingredients. Cut shortening into mixture with knife until flaky. Beat egg whites light. Add to water, stir this in, roll and use as desired for pies or tarts. Bake 12 minutes in hot oven. Can make any kind of filling. This really is different.

### CARROT BREAD

1 cup ground carrots (grind quite fine)

1 cup sugar  
 1 teaspoon soda in  
 1 cup boiling water. Pour over carrots. Let stand until cool. Add, 2 beaten eggs, 1 cup graham flour, 2 cups white flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup ground raisins, nut meats if desired. I usually add 1/2 cup ground nut meats. Bake in loaf pan for an hour at 350 degrees F.—Mrs. Nellie Knutson, Box 376, Spencer, Iowa.

### RHUBARB UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

Place on the bottom of pan:

3 cups of rhubarb and 1 1/2 cups white corn syrup

Make a batter of 1 1/4 cup creamed shortening, and 1/2 cup sugar. Sift, 1 cup flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt. Add 1/2 cup milk and 1 teaspoon vanilla, and 1 egg. Pour batter over the rhubarb. Serve with whipped cream. You could use apples or peaches.—Mrs. August Stack, West Point, Nebraska.

### BAKED PARSNIP CROQUETTES

Cook until tender 12 medium sized parsnips. Force through ricer or sieve. Add and mix well 1 well beaten egg, 1 1/2 tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. melted butter or margarine, 1/4 cup flour. Shape in balls about 2 inches in diameter. Roll in dry bread crumbs. Arrange in shallow baking dish. Pour over each croquette about 1 tsp. melted fat.



## COOKING HELPS

When canning beets, pack whole or sliced beets in sterilized jars. Pour on boiling water to within 1/4 inch of top of jar. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 level tablespoon sugar, to each quart. Adjust lid as for any cold pack, place in boiler or canner of hot water and boil 1 hour, 40 minutes. It does not matter if jars are not full when taken from canner. Store in cool place. They stay so pretty and red.—Mrs. Bertha Kellenbarger, Emerson, Iowa.

When I make tapioca pudding, since it's so scarce now, instead of using all tapioca I add some corn starch. It makes a nicer texture and goes much farther.—Mrs. Cox Beard, 3095 South Yale, Wichita 10, Kansas.

To keep sweet potatoes from turning dark when cooked, drop as pared into slightly salted water. Let stay in water one hour or more. Add when they are cooking, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/2 grain saccharin.—Mrs. Anna Trueblood, Memphis, Missouri.

Canned mackerel drained and turned in corn meal or egg and fine cracker crumbs and fried. The children like this and it takes no points.—Mrs. Elmer Koopman, Route 2, Box 139, Walnut, Kansas.

Rhubarb canned by this method is fine in making rhubarb custard pie. Cut rhubarb in small pieces and crush with potato masher. Then pack in quart jars letting form its own juice. Let stand in jars till all bubbles are settled and then seal jar. Don't add any water. That way you have nice solid pack of rhubarb and it tastes just like when picked out of the garden.—Mrs. Lewis S. Terry, 607 Otsego Street, Storm Lake, Iowa.

I made my pickled beans and sweet pickles with Cuban Syrup. I used it just like I did sugar. I use it also for pies, cakes, and other dishes. I used half syrup and sugar and they really are good. For pies I don't use quite so much milk.—Mrs. Arthur Meyer, Scotia, Nebraska.

Dill Beans.—Use tender stringless beans. Pack jars with beans and green sprays of dill. Boil 4 cups water, 1/3 cup salt and 1 1/3 cups vinegar. Pour over the beans boiling hot and seal.—Vera Wilcox, Woolstock, Ia.

I wonder if any one raises kohlrabi to eat and can. My folks like it better than cabbage or turnips. To can, peel, slice and put in sterilized jars. Add 2 level teaspoons salt to each quart and fill jars with hot water. Process 3 hours.

"Do not put all the salt on top of the vegetables when you are canning, as sometimes they pack so closely that some of the salt never reaches the bottom of the jar. The vegetables start souring when there is no salt. I put half the salt in the bottom and fill half full of vegetables, then add the remaining half of salt and finish filling the jar with vegetables."—Mrs. S. A. Gnagy, Cleburne, Kans.



Mrs. Mabel Nair Brown, her brother Robert, and her children Carroll and Regina.

## VACATION TO REMEMBER

By Mabel Nair Brown

Ere the last, lusty notes of the last song on the "Last Day" program have died away, the children have raced pell-mell for home. Books are tossed on the nearest chair or table, shoes are kicked aside to allow the toes "free wiggling", the kitchen door slams, caps are flung high in the air—vacation has begun!

Is it vacation days or "daze" at your house? Once I heard a mother say, "I really dread for vacation time to come. I'm always a nervous wreck before September comes. The children run me and themselves ragged all summer."

I can just see her children after the first week of vacation—bored; irritable; and restless, asking, "What shall I do now, Mother?" or "Mom, can we go to Jims'? There's nothing to do here!" It's a refrain to be repeated day after day unless Mom gets wise and discovers the right answers.

Why not have a restful vacation with the children? My mother always said, "a change is as good as a rest." Plan a bit and make a few suggestions; so subtly made that the children won't realize they are planned. In fact, give yourself an "A" if the kiddies come to think of your hints as their own ideas.

How the youngsters revel in those first days of late risings and a later bedtime! My little girl who is just learning to cook, was delighted last summer to take over the serving of these late breakfasts and the cleaning up of the kitchen afterward—fun and training for her, a help to Mother.

My youngsters answered some of the radio commercials last spring and got several packets of seeds, bulbs, and so forth. Each had his own row in the garden. I gave them some of my prize bulbs. What fun they had weeding and hoeing their garden and helping Mother keep hers up with theirs. All the while learning much about Nature and appreciating her beauty. How proud my daughter was the day she picked her choice Picardy "Glad" to be the center blossom in a basket arrangement for church.

The ten-year-old son became so interested in my canning that we canned some of his vegetables as well as sister's and marked each jar separ-

ately. I received much appreciated but unsolicited help with my big canning days. My! how proudly they marched down the cellar when Grandpa came or on Daddy's birthday to bring up their own jars for serving.

A pair of bantam chickens, called Fibber and Molly, and a setting of banty eggs was a big interest for daughter all summer and Mamma Molly is all ready on her nest of eggs for this season's chicks!

Music lessons are no chore if Mom is sitting near by to nod approval now and then and music is such fun when the whole family joins in a family sing with children proudly taking turns with a piano accompaniment.

This summer our boys have a litter of pigs as a 4-H project. They probably don't realize what a good arithmetic refresher the necessary book work is for them.

The climax for our children is the week they spend at Grandpa's, in August, of course, at grandparents' invitation and convenience. Then they can be helpers, guests, and entertainers as fancy strikes them.

September, after such a varied, interestingly planned vacation, finds the children rested, refreshed, and alert.

Let's all do a bit of constructive planning for a happy vacation and keep young with the children—giving them lovely memories of home life together, to be more cherished with each passing year.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER KINKS

If your wall paper has become scratched or rubbed, try this remedy: Moisten a scrap of the paper that you have saved, carefully scrape off the coloring with a thin knife blade, and apply this to the spot. When dry, you will not be able to see the mark on the paper.

"When making a pie crust, use a pinch of baking powder. I heard a chef in New York once say that he uses it in his pie crusts too. It makes a nice flaky crust."—Mrs. W. Grieman, Hutchinson, Kansas.


"To remove fat from hot soup, pour the soup through a cloth that has been rinsed in cold water. Most of the fat will remain in the cloth."—Mrs. Elton Shedd, Elk Point, South Dakota.

"Tough meat may be tenderized by covering the meat with vinegar water for a few minutes before cooking."—Mrs. L. Crawford, Hampton, Iowa.

A cracked dish may remain serviceable by placing it in sweet milk, enough to completely cover it, and boil for about 45 minutes. This process will glue the crack together so it will become almost invisible. The dish will stand nearly as much ordinary usage as before.

"When hot dishes stick to oilcloth never pull them loose. Pour hot water around the dish and in a few minutes it will loosen, leaving the oilcloth unmarred."—Agnes Caspersen, Cushing, Nebr.





## Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

"What is so rare as a day in June,

Then if ever come perfect days."

When you wake in the morning and see the first faint glow of daylight coming in the east, you realize it's time to start your day's work—although it seems like just a few minutes ago that you wearily laid your head on your pillow, and sleepily called to mind some of the things you should get done tomorrow—for this is June and so many things need attention.

The first thing to do after lighting the kitchen fire, is to go out and turn out the chickens so there will be no loss from piling up. Then fill the feeders and put out fresh water. After a hearty breakfast they start to roam and until ten o'clock or thereabouts, they are busy looking for choice bits of green food and insects. Near noon they again begin to close in on the feeders and water pans—don't let them be disappointed. Have them all filled and ready for them.

On a recent trip to Nebraska with some friends, I had the privilege of visiting a brand new chicken house at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stewart of Pawnee City. It had many new and convenient arrangements; several of which appealed to me as very good ideas that could be carried out in any chicken house to good advantage.

The nests were arranged in groups of two—which could easily be removed and cleaned. They also had sloping boards at the top to prevent roosting on them. The pit for the droppings was covered with woven wire to prevent the chickens from scratching in them. The front of the building (facing the south) had large double windows and the interior was very light, no hen could be down in the dumps in this light warm building for long, and the yield of eggs in the rows of nests testified as to its comfort. As soon as material is available this house will be wired for lights and this will make it complete. As soon as you are through with your brooder-stove, clean it and store it away for another season but first look it over carefully and make a note of any parts that may need replacing or repairing before using again.

This evening I heard a man from England giving a report of their food situation and among other things he enumerated, was one egg a month and the thought came to me—how many eggs do I use in a month? Then I thought, I will just go back a couple of days and it added up to something like this, two for my breakfast, two for a cup custard, three for potato salad, three for cookies—and six for some deviled eggs. So there in a couple of days I had used a year and a half supply of eggs for one person in England.

"God Bless America".

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

I have a new kind of work to suggest to you this month. Many of the readers of this column are not able to do crocheting or knitting or piecing, so cannot help with the wheel chair robes we have been making, and perhaps they can do their bit towards winning the war by helping on this subject.

Our boys, both in this country and other places where fighting is going on, need reading material. Knowing this, a woman near here started making scrap books to send to the different camps. They made such a hit with the boys that she interested some others in the work and now it has been broadened and sort of standardized, with the approval of the army officials, and they want all the books they can get.

Here is how it goes: the U. S. O. has had special blank books made up. They sell these at cost plus postage, which amounts to \$1.50 in lots of ten. They do not sell less than ten as the postage on small amounts costs too much. You buy the books and fill them with interesting material, as neatly as possible, and then either turn them in to your local U. S. O., or the U. S. O. in your nearest city, or return them to an address that you will find in the back of the book. If you are near a soldiers' hospital you can send them there.

Filling the books is fun. First decide what sort of book you want to make, then gather material from magazines and carefully clip it. You may have to have two magazines alike if the stories are printed on both sides of the same page. Carefully paste the clippings into the book. There are complete instructions printed in each book, showing the easiest and best way to make them. I know you will have no trouble making interesting books besides having a lot of fun doing it. Your name and address is to be put in each book so whoever gets it will know who made it.

Will you get ten of the books and make them? If you cannot make all ten yourself, get some of your friends to help you. Sunday School classes and clubs would find this a worthwhile project. Send \$1.50 to me, my address is 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif. I'll order the books for you at once, and I hope at least a thousand of you will start making them right now. The book you make may give some sick soldier a new lease on life.

The wheel chair robes are coming in splendidly. We will have at least a hundred, counting the ones that have been turned in locally. I am so happy over them. If you have made knitted or crocheted blocks for a robe, please get them to me soon so we can finish the robes that are started. We need some more 4-inch woven blocks, too.

Miss Lena Springer, Rt. 1, Box 170, Industry, Illinois, wants to get in touch with someone who makes baskets suitable to hold the crepe paper flowers she makes.



## OVER THE FENCE

There is no substitute for good old fashioned friendliness. At McPherson, Kansas, a group of ladies have formed a club whose aim is to bring comfort and sunshine to shut-ins and they are living up to their aim.

The editor of the paper at Pisgah, Iowa, prints a little newspaper for the boys in the service which he calls, "The Hand Clasp." In it they can read where their friends are stationed and interesting bits of news about them. This is a real patriotic service.

This friend has done something I have always thought I would do but have never made much headway. Mrs. Jessie Rose, Abilene, Kansas, has made two room size, braided wool rugs.

Anyone in Omaha, Nebraska, having a Persian kitten for sale should call Mrs. Thomas Stoyish, 4405 South 18th Street. She wants to buy one.

Mrs. Clara Jensen, Audubon, Iowa, wants pen pals. She is a shut-in and gets very lonely. She would like very much to be able to buy some white mercerized crochet thread, No. 5.

Florence Wilson, Pipestone, Minnesota, would like to start a "Florence" name club. Write her if your name is Florence and you are interested in having a club.

Louisa Moyer, Solomon, Kansas, wishes to thank those who remembered her on her birthday. It was the happiest one she ever had.

If you have print feed sacks or novelty shakers you would like to trade for 300 wool swatches, write to Mrs. Emerald Lindgren, Oxtell, Nebraska.

Several have written me, asking if I know the name of the quilt pattern shown on Roosevelt's bed at Warm Springs, Georgia? No, I do not, do you?

Mrs. Bessie Waltemate, Waverly, Iowa, reports that the "Bessie" Club has 229 members now. The stork is going to visit No. 116 so maybe there will be another "Bessie" to enroll.

Mrs. Everett Miller, Manson, Iowa, is trying to find a pattern for a baby's quilt. This one has a baby playing with some bunnies appliqued in the center.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Have you just now sat down to relax for the first time this busy day? I think that this question comes to my mind because it is a very sultry and hot day here, the first one that I can ever remember in San Francisco, and something about the air calls up the feeling of spring and gardens and baby chicks and all of the other things that go with this time of the year in the middlewest. Without half trying I can visualize what many of you must have been doing since early morning, and if you're relaxing for the first time today I can go right ahead and say that I'm doing the same thing by writing to you.

In my time I have never seen anything like the wave of shocked sorrow that swept over an entire people when news came to this city of the death of President Roosevelt. I had just gone down to the cafeteria in the basement of the building where I work, and when someone turned on the radio. The announcer said: "NBC is cancelling all scheduled programs" and instantly I thought, and the girls who were with me, thought that we were going to hear very important news, probably the end of the war in Europe. In fact, that is what we were sure we were going to hear. That is a huge cafeteria and instantly people got up from tables and gathered at one end of the room where the radio was. There was a long silence—not one soul stirred—not one sound. Then the announcer said: "I am announcing the death of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt." Why, I just can't tell you the reaction of the crowd. People began to cry, and I could feel cold chills running all over me. I've never had such an experience. At first no one believed it. Everyone said, "Oh, it must be just a false rumor." And then when finally people believed it you've never seen such reactions. Street cars stopped. The streets came to a standstill. Flags began going down right away. No one talked at all—there was nothing but shocked, stunned silence.

Of course the big excitement here is the United Nations Conference—these seem like historic days to all of us. Frequently at lunch I see delegates from all over the world, but Russell is the one who has a ringside seat for he works at the big Eastman Kodak store here and guess what everyone wants. Film, of course, and I'll have you know that not even Anthony Eden rated more than the two rolls that are allowed for overseas requests. I got Russell to admit that this particular sale gave him a start. He has sold film now to practically everyone but Molotov, and perhaps before the conference is over he'll even have done that. Dorothy and I can't claim any such experiences, although today we were surprised to drive side by side across the Golden Gate Bridge next to General Smuts—and he does look exactly like his pictures. We are hoping very much that we will get to see Earl May while he is in town, and it looks



A tea party. Our daughters, Dorothy, Margery, Lucile, and grandchildren, Juliana, between Dorothy and Margery, and Kristin between Margery and Lucile.

as though this next week will see that accomplished. He has been extremely busy here, but I'm sure that he found it an exciting trip.

One night last week Dorothy drove down to pick me up at the office and we went on over to Chinatown where Russell joined us for dinner. It was the first time we had taken both Kristin and Juliana to a restaurant with us, and we had a little trouble keeping them in their high chairs. They were fairly good until they found out that we couldn't get any ice cream for dessert, and they were frankly disgusted with the whole thing and only wanted to get down and tear around the place. After we had eaten we walked up and down several of the streets, and they had a wonderful time watching some kittens out in front of a store, and jabbering at a group of little Chinese youngsters who were playing on the street. On the whole, we got along so well that I think we'll try this again. None of us get out very often, I can tell you. Right now it's been nine weeks since Russell and I have been out of the house in the evening. It's hard to find anyone to stay with Juliana and it's expensive too. We have to add \$2.00 for child care to our other expenses for the evening, and that simply makes it too much.

I could chat on longer, but I must write to Howard and Wayne before I go to bed tonight. I made a New Year's resolution that I'd never let a week go by without writing, and I haven't failed them yet. They are on my mind all of the time, and I wonder over and over again where they are and under what circumstances. It's not much comfort either, to study a map of the Pacific, is it? That's simply too big a sweep of space.

—Lucile.

## A LETTER FROM WAYNE

The Philippines.

Dear Folks:

Well, tomorrow is Mother's birthday and my congratulations to her. Last Christmas I thought that I might be home to help her celebrate but I guess I'll have to wait a while yet.

I don't know whether I have mentioned it before or not but we have hired two civilian men to supplement our office force. They are both Chi-

nese-Filipinos and are turning out to be excellent finance clerks.

About a week ago, Mr. Lim, one of these Filipinos, invited Capt. Robinson, Lt. Saladine, M/Sgt. Sulleen, and me to his house for a Chinese dinner. We went out after work that night, hopeful, but not expecting too much. His house looked like all the others from the outside—made out of a grass called nipa and set up on stilts; pigs and chickens under the house and the whole place looking none too clean. Mr. Yuocco rode out with us since he lives with the Lims but Mr. Lim hadn't worked that day so he was already at home.

As we started to climb the steps, which were ladder-like and made out of bamboo, Mr. Lim appeared in the doorway and in typical Chinese fashion said, "Welcome to my most humble home." We walked in and I got one of the biggest surprises of my life—the place was spotlessly clean and was furnished with what little European furniture his wife could bring over by sailboat. The floor and walls of the room were made of strips of bamboo about one inch wide and spaced about one-half inch apart; the bamboo was highly polished and the space between the strips made the whole room very cool. We sat around and talked for awhile about the Philippines, both pre-war and the time during Jap occupation. Mr. Lim told us he was very sorry he couldn't entertain us in pre-war style; he had to rent the broken down shack he is living in, he couldn't get many of the pre-war foods, and five of his eight servants had left him during the occupation.

While we were discussing the Japanese situation in general, a nice-looking young Filipino girl brought us some papaya; as you probably recall papaya is my favorite tropical fruit. A little later some of the women brought in a table and proceeded to load it with food. They brought in many dishes but the thing that struck my eye was a golden brown roasted pig's head, ears, snout, and all. Later, I discovered the skull had been removed and the inside of the skin filled with potatoes, sprouted beans, pork, shrimp, peas, onions, and camotes. (A form of sweet potato). The pig's head is roasted on a spit over an open fire and the dish is called rilleno. Another dish we had is called lumpia. It consists of shrimp, pork, chicken, bean sprouts, corn, coconut buds, and onions. These are all placed in a jacket made of flour which looks like pie crust but isn't so rich. The crust is folded around the meat and vegetables making a stick about four inches long, two inches wide, and one inch thick; the sticks are then fried in deep fat.

These same ingredients also were cooked in another way using some kind of gravy. For a salad we had shredded green papaya and tomatoes. The dessert was made of camotes and coconut; it is sweet and very much like candy.

Your loving son,  
Wayne.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### LOOK ALL AROUND YOU

By Maxine Sickels

School is out at last. "Goody, goody," you say and even while you are saying it, you wonder what you are going to do with all your time this summer. Your parents are probably busier than they ever were. Your friends may be scattered. You are expected to think of something that will keep yourself busy. That is your part of the war.

Would you like to have me introduce a whole new world of friends and fun? Just you alone or your whole gang. Step out your own door and meet Mother Nature and all of her children. Town or Country, East or West, North or South, they are waiting to entertain you.

And I do mean entertain. Our whole family spent some time one summer morning watching a robin trying to pull what looked like a worm out of the ground. He pulled steadily, that did not work. He jerked and jerked and still the worm resisted. At last with an extra hard tug the worm came loose, tumbling Mr. Robin backward. Such a look of disgust on a robin's, shall I say face? He looked around as if to make sure no one was watching him and flew to a tree in the corner of the yard where he sat smoothing his ruffled feathers.

We rushed out to see the worm. It was a piece of white string such as nursery men use to tie plants. No wonder Mr. Robin was disgusted.

Birds are all around you with their interesting family life. How many of them can you name? What do you know of their food?

All around you too are flowers and trees. How many of them can you recognize when you see them? Can you name the trees up and down your street or down the pasture lane? Yet trees are just as different as people. As you pull the weeds in your victory garden, how many of them are you sure are not tomato plants or radishes?

Insects there are on every side of you from the tiny aphids which are actually "milked" by ants to the giant inch and a half pinching beetle that you had better treat with respect. An insect you know, or do you, has six legs, three parts to its body and gets into your potato salad at picnics. Insects also have mighty interesting life stories you might write. Bugs are insects with hard shells, but spiders aren't insects at all, for they have eight legs.

All of this and not a word said about reptiles. You don't like snakes? How do you know? Did you ever watch one and see just how he

crawls? Bet you can't do it flat on your stomach and not using your hands or feet. You would like a little turtle for a pet, just hatched and not much bigger than a half dollar. He belongs to the reptile family too.

Or did you ever watch tadpoles day by day as they lose their tails, grow legs and turn into frogs and toads?

Like every friendship, you get out of Mother Nature's friendship just what you put into it. What are you going to do about it? Here are some things you might like. Start a notebook large enough to draw pictures in, of trees or birds or flowers or whatever interests you most. Start a bird club, even if there is no one in it except you and your brother and sister.

Go out to meet Mother Nature if you want to be friends and have fun. Next month I am going to tell you what I know about frogs. By the way, what do you know about frogs?

### COOTIE

This is a game you can make. Cut a cube out of wood. On the six sides put the following letters: H, B, E, F, T, and L. These mean head, body eyes, feelers, tail, and legs. Give each player a pencil and a piece of paper. Each player rolls the cube and draws his bug as the letters come up. The drawing can't start until a B for body is rolled. The eyes and feelers can't be put on until the head or H is rolled. The first player to finish his cootie wins the game. Players take turns rolling the cube. If a player rolls something he can use he rolls the cube again. If he misses, he has to wait his turn again.

### GUESS THESE

1. What has no motor or wings but flies all over? Sticky fly paper.
2. What has teeth but never chews with them? A comb.
3. Who sleeps with his shoes on? A horse.
4. If a box weighs 6 pounds before it is filled and 4 pounds after it is filled, what is it filled with? Holes.
5. Is it true that Moses took two of each animal into the ark? No, it was Noah.

### THE BLIND ARTIST

Give each player a paper and pencil. Turn out the lights. Tell the guests to draw a horse, then a man sitting on the horse, and also a dog running beside the horse. Now turn on the lights and see who has the best pictures.



Marjorie Hilmer, Pierre, South Dakota, who is now in the hospital.

### A FAIRY TALE

A mouse, a bird, and a sausage lived together very happily. It was the bird's job to fly into the woods and bring back fuel for the fire, the mouse kept the house clean, and set the table, and the sausage did all of the cooking.

One day the bird met another bird in the forest who said, "Why do you work so much harder than the mouse and the sausage? They lead easy lives." Of course, we know that the mouse and the sausage worked, too. The next day the bird said, "Things are going to be changed around here, I have been your slave long enough. From now on the sausage shall gather the wood, the mouse will cook the meal, and I will draw the water and keep the house clean." So that was the way they did their work. See what happened!

The sausage went for wood but was gone so long the bird and the mouse went to look for him. They met a dog just eating the last of the sausage. The bird and the mouse went sadly home, the bird carrying the wood. On arriving home the mouse jumped into the pot to stir the soup as he had seen the sausage do and alas, he was drowned. The bird came to dish up the dinner but, not finding the mouse, turned over a heap of wood to look for him. The wood caught on fire and the bird ran to draw a bucket of water to put the fire out. He fell into the well and drowned.

This story teaches you that it is better to be satisfied with the job you have, for you can probably do it better than anyone else could and don't think some jobs are easier than yours.

**A TRICK with a SPOON**

To accomplish this trick you must secretly rub your finger and thumb on cloth to remove all dampness and grease.



## OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

### MY HOBBY

Some time ago you asked that folks tell you about their hobbies. I have several and enjoy them all. Two years ago I began making pictures from fruit, flower, and vegetable seeds. Designing baskets and vases from seeds, then filling them with flowers made from the seeds using a bit of cedar for foliage. All seeds were tinted before assembled.

In 1943, I began on pictures made from real flowers, pressed until cured, assembled in their natural state. Just finished a scene using a carrot leaf, a few blue grass heads for trees, asparagus foliage for grass on hillside, clumps of flowers dotted about, an Owl from an English Ivy Leaf sits in a tree, a Linden Tree Leaf the Sail-Boat, Clematis Leaf the Sun. Birds flying about in the sky are Quaker Grass Seeds painted black. Is a very attractive picture. This picture is 11 by 16 inches.

This year have made corsages of feathers, wish-bones, and ribbon. Turkeys of pine-cones, geraniums from wood-fiber, crepe paper roses, marigolds, carnations, and tulips. Road-side weeds make up beautifully tinted in various colors. All is very interesting and only wish I were able to do all the little tricks that come into my mind, but since I am physically handicapped my endurance is limited.

These pictures I make are named, VICTORY PICTURES and the corsages, VICTORY CORSAGES. Then I have a very lovely button collection and wish-bones mostly of different varieties of chickens.—Mrs. Tessie L. Vincent, 303 N. Osage Ave., Box 109, Girard, Kansas.

Would like feed sacks or salt shakers. Will exchange perfume, or nut meats.—Mrs. Clarence A. Frese, 511 South Ditzler, Kansas City 3, Missouri.

Will exchange shag rug instructions for a print feed sack.—Mrs. Earl Nichols, West Point, Illinois.

Will exchange print pieces for quilts, for buttons.—Mrs. H. R. Schertz, 9628 Dearborn Avenue, South Gate, California.

Would like China dogs.—Mrs. Chas. Wartchow, 1135½ N. Wisconsin, Racine, Wisconsin.

Will exchange crocheted pot holders and hankies.—Mrs. Vernon Ossenkop, Route 2, Vail, Iowa.

Will exchange postmarks.—Dorothy Rhea, Canby, Minnesota.

Would like to correspond with persons named Aleta, Oleta, Fleta, and Vleta.—Aleta Morrisette, Route 3, Box 798, San Bernardino, Calif.

Would like rocks. Will help others with their hobbies.—Mrs. Edgar Stokesberry, Osgood, Missouri.

Will exchange pot holders and

shakers.—Mrs. Frank Mauer, 3360½ Fairmont Blvd., Riverside, California. Wants buttons and stamps.—Mrs. Annie Morain, E. Lincoln, Jefferson, Iowa.

Will exchange black walnuts for 100 pound flour sacks.—Mrs. J. J. Herkenrath, Portsmouth, Iowa. Please write first.

Will exchange crocheted hot pan holders.—Mrs. E. B. Gillet, 2822 South 15th Street, Omaha 9, Nebraska.

Will exchange pencils.—Mrs. Garret Greenfield, Route 1, Sibley, Iowa.

Will exchange a pair of woven pot holders for a set of shakers.—Mrs. Anna H. Rohe, 2954 Apple Street, Lincoln 3, Nebraska.

Would like blue milk glass base for five inch hen and china doll or doll body. Will buy or exchange something of same value.—Mrs. Tom Pliner, Route 1, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Will exchange pencils or crocheted pot holders.—Minnie Foval, Storm Lake, Iowa.

### "SENTINEL"

#### GUARDS YOUR FOOD

Prevents odors and tastes of one food penetrating another by keeping a "Sentinel" in your refrigerator. Yes, cantaloupes, fish, onions, butter, milk and other foods may be kept in the refrigerator safely if you place a "Sentinel" on the top wire shelf. It absorbs odors. Price \$1.00 Postpaid.

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#### 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.—Prices 35¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 3 books. Postpaid.

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## "Little Ads."

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 100,000 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.

**CHENILLE ORCHID CORSAGES.** Ideal gifts. Popular colors. Offer good all summer. 75¢ each. 2 or more 65¢ each. Order several. Freda Poeverlin, 1700 E. Court, Beatrice, Nebraska.

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**FOR SALE:** African Violets. See April Ad. Rare and splendid house vine, Cifusus, Antartica, the Kangaroo vine, \$1. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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

**YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS** on 500 gummed labels. Use on stationery and envelopes. Nice for gifts. Price 25¢ Gert-rude Hayzlett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

**MACHINE QUILTING.** Cotton or wool batts furnished at market price. Write for price list. Mrs. Z. B. Baughn, Box 320, Centralia, Kansas.

### "LITTLE ADS" BRING RESULTS

Dear Leanna:

Please repeat my ad for machine quilting. I have had almost eighty quilts come in. Several women have sent three to five quilts. The Kitchen-Klatter is the best magazine I know in which to put an ad of this kind. It surely brings results.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Z. B. Baughn,  
Centralia, Kansas.



Miss Josie Pfannebecker  
Rt 1 Bx 136  
Sigourney Iowa

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## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### A ROSE FESTIVAL

Is there a community anyplace in the middlewest that doesn't boast of beautiful roses during the month of June? Have you ever heard of the town or neighborhood that didn't point with pride to Mrs. Smith's roses, to Mrs. Brown's roses, and to a good score of others as well?

I never have. From my friendships throughout our part of the country I know that there is no such thing as the community that is indifferent to roses. It seems to me then that it would behoove us to capitalize on this interest some beautiful June afternoon.

Don't confine your entries to members of your church. Ask every woman in town who grows roses to bring her best specimens to a rose show at your church. The newspaper will gladly announce this, for a rose show is news in any editor's office. Be sure that you specify the different divisions in which flowers can be entered; suggestions for this point would be bouquets for the dining table, mantel, living room table, small vases, large bowls, and so on.

Arrange card tables with plain white cloths covering them for the various displays. Number every entry and keep a record of these numbers and the names to whom they belong, but don't allow any names to be carried with the display until after they are judged.

You'll have no trouble getting some rose grower from an adjoining town to come over and judge your specimens. Ribbons should be furnished for first, second, and third awards, but no other prizes need be given. People who love roses don't need to have their interest whetted by the prospect of a little cash!

Some Societies plan to serve a church supper around six o'clock, followed by a program of music and a talk on rose culture by the judge. Other Societies plan to serve fruit punch and wafers around five-thirty, with a minimum charge of ten cents. But whichever plan you choose to follow, it's bound to be a success because everything's in your favor—beautiful flowers, the most beautiful month in the year, and a universal interest.



Francis A. Younkin, New Sharon, Iowa, whose letter to his father appears below.

### *An Eighteen Year Old Soldier Writes His Dad on Father's Day*

Dear Dad:

I am writing this letter on a day that no son can forget.

Dad, you were always my ideal, as all good fathers are to their sons. I still remember the little things which I've copied from you and sometimes I've tried thinking of what you would do in the same situation as I am now in. Such thoughts can only be, because, your own actions were those of something higher. Mother wrote me once that you had put me in Hands far greater than yours. I certainly do feel the influence of these Powers and try and let them guide me but there is always that feeling of another influence, namely, my home. I've left that home with the idea of protecting it from deadly enemies who would rule it. In the past four months I have been taught to handle the weapons which man can make to suppress this foe.

I cannot say that I am not afraid of what may come and what part I may play, however, there is a feeling that in spite of fear, I will be able to do the job ahead of me and do it in the way necessary for the most effect. You, dad, can probably realize better than most, how I feel and why I am here. I left you with a job as large or larger than my own. You at home are completing that job in a spirit that I feel, even though just being able to read your letters.

I am not homesick and have no desire to return until I know it will be safe, for awhile at least. The obstacles you face make my personal discomfort considerably smaller.

Well, dad, these are just a few words and they cannot express all I feel but I could not find any material gift that suited so, I've made my humble thanks in this matter.

Your-son-in-arms—Francis.

## WEDDING BREAKFASTS AND LUNCHEONS

The menu and service for a wedding breakfast and luncheon are practically the same, the only difference being the time. The breakfast is served if the wedding takes place in the morning, the luncheon if it is after one o'clock in the afternoon.

If only a few are invited, the guests may sit at one large table; if there are many guests small tables can be used for them.

The menu may be simple or elaborate. During war times I would keep it simple. The bride's table should have a beautiful center piece. The bride's cake, together with a silver knife, is placed before her. She cuts the first piece, her husband helping her, then the cake is cut in many pieces for the guests.

When it is impossible to use tables, one can serve a buffet luncheon or breakfast. When there are a number of guests this would be a practical form of service.

If the menu has a hot dish this is served on the individual plates and brought in from the kitchen. The rest of the food may be placed on the table, the guests serving themselves. Of course, you understand that all plates, silver, cups, and napkins are placed on the table. The coffee urn and cups are placed at one end of the table where a friend of the bride can pour either tea or coffee or the cups may be filled in the kitchen and brought in on a tray.

The bridal party should be served first.

### Breakfast Menu

Chilled Tomato Juice	
Creamed chicken	New Peas
Rolls	Butter Jam
Fruit Salad	Wafers
Ice Cream	Bride's Cake
Coffee	

### Luncheon Menu

Fruit Cup	
Cream of Mushroom Soup	
Cheese Sticks	
Veal Chops	New Peas
Rolls	Jelly Butter
Lemon Ice	
Head Lettuce	French Dressing
Ice Cream	Bride's Cake
Nuts	Coffee

### WHAT KIND OF CAKE?

1. The laziest cake. Loaf.
2. The cake that is divine. Angel.
3. The cake that is a jewel. Gem.
4. The cake that is topsy-turvy. Upside down.
5. The cake that is a kitchen utensil. Pancake.
6. The highest kind of cake. White Mountain.
7. The meanest kind of cake. Devil's Food.
8. The cake that is not very long. Shortcake.
9. The most aristocratic cake. Lady Baltimore.
10. The cake that is a crowd. Jam Cake.