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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

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Photo—Mrs. J. A. Krull





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER  
Shenandoah, Iowa

My Dear Friends,

My! how the days have rushed by since I wrote you last month! They have been busy, happy days. This accounts for their rapid passing. We hardly had time to recover from the surprise of Ted's arrival home from Africa, before Dorothy came from California. It had been only a few months since she visited us last fall but, knowing how much she wanted to see her brother Ted, her husband insisted she come east, instead of him, to look after their business here in Shenandoah, which really needed their personal attention.

It would have been difficult for Frank to have come at this time because of his job in the Vega Airplane plant and Dorothy was more than glad to be the one to make the trip, provided she could return to California in time to be with her sister Lucile when she went to the hospital to keep her appointment with Mr. Stork.

Donald has been home on a furlough. This came as a surprise, too. He had only ten days but we were very grateful for that long a visit with him. He looked so nice in his uniform. (I think all of us mothers are justly proud of our soldier boys.) He enjoys his branch of the service, which is with the air forces. He has had six months of training now and expects a transfer at any time.

In these troublesome days we can only trust from day to day. We will hold fast to our faith in God.

"So on I go, not knowing,

I would not if I might;

I'd rather walk in the dark with Him  
Than go alone in the light.

I'd rather walk by faith with Him  
Than go alone by sight." —Anon.

We will all be glad when spring comes and we can be out making gardens growing the food needed to win the war. It is not too early to begin sorting your fruit jars. Those that are chipped can be used for jelly or jam. If you have some very old canned goods you feel sure your family will not eat, empty the jars and fill them with freshly canned vegetables or fruits. There may be some one in your neighborhood who would be glad to empty the old jars for you, if they have not much canned food on their shelves. This is the time for neighborliness. If you have a large garden spot, share it with some one who has no place to grow vegetables. Note;

In doing this you will be helping to win the war.

Howard, our oldest son, is still at Camp Adair, Oregon. He has met several boys from Iowa whose mothers write to me. He writes he has been into the nearest town only once, for the streets are so crowded with soldiers on leave that it is almost impossible to enjoy oneself. Because of this he is able to save more money for bonds.

When Wayne, our son in Hawaii, learned that Ted was home, he felt pretty "low" for a day or two, as he wanted so much to see him but he writes that he is over the "dumps" now. I think I have told you of my cousin Maude Kempa living in Honolulu. Her husband is in the Y.M.C.A. work there. When Wayne can get a leave, he visits their home. They have made him feel very welcome. We surely appreciate their kindness to him.

I know these are busy days for all of you, but I will surely enjoy a letter from you. If you like to write, send in your contributions to the pages of this magazine for my consideration. Patronize those who put their ads in the ad column. Send questions for the letter basket. You may be sure I shall be glad to have your suggestions as to how I can make this magazine of more help to its readers.

Sincerely your friend,

—Leanna.

### A CHANCE TO HELP

No doubt many busy mothers are so occupied with their home obligations they do not have time to work at some outside activity that would help win the war. If you are one who would like to be of more service to your country, here is your opportunity. In the Omaha Union Station, the U.S.O. Center serves sandwiches to soldiers passing through the city. They need money to buy materials for these sandwiches—bread and fillings. If you would like to help with this, send a contribution to Mrs. Peter Larimer, 123 So. 39 St., Omaha, Nebr. It would be a big help if every one of you Kitchen-Klatter readers would send her a contribution, even though it be only ten or twenty-five cents. Please get your contribution in the mail at once for they need your help.

### STOP CRITICISM

A mother writes me that her boy, who was rejected for military service because of a weak heart, feels so keenly the unkind remarks neighbors have made, that he will not go to church or any social gathering. It is affecting his whole life. Would I please write something in my magazine about the cruelty of such remarks.

Such remarks are often made thoughtlessly. We should realize that every boy is proud to be judged physically perfect and if he does not pass his army tests he feels badly about it. Every boy I have talked with is anxious for a chance to be in military service for his country. They, and we too, must realize the war is fought on many fronts. Those not in combat service will serve their country in other ways. If these boys do not pass their "physical" perhaps in a month or two they can try again and if the weakness is such that it can be corrected they may pass for induction. I know several boys who thought they were physically perfect, have found they have a weak heart or high blood pressure. A boy deferred because he is in an essential occupation has the same unpleasant experience. I know only one thing that we can do about it. When we hear unkind remarks we should make it plain how we feel about the rejected boys.

### CHANGE EATING HABITS

With the rationing of foods many of us will have to change our eating habits. It is not a question of whether we prefer this or that food, but whether the food we prepare is nutritious. The "food buyer" for the family must know which foods contain the essential vitamins and minerals and plan the menu with these facts in mind.

There is enough milk, meat, vegetables, fruits and cereals for a well fed America, but it is up to the home maker to see that these foods are prepared and served in an appetizing way. The health of our loved ones is a grave responsibility. What they eat really makes a difference. Serve well balanced meals. You will be repaid by the health of your family.

### KITCHEN-KLATTER

Kitchen-Klatter came today.  
I've left my work undone,  
To read what others have to say,  
And tell how tricks are done.

There's recipes I'm going to try,  
And pictures I have to see.  
Some good advice you can't deny  
To help both you and me.

The nicest poems I ever read,  
Just make you glad inside;  
So much to store, in just one head,  
Do keep it for your guide.

Mrs. Roscoe Stipp,  
Oakland, Nebr.



# Come into the Garden with Helen



Anemone Pulsatilla in a Rock Garden.

## THE PASQUE FLOWER

By Pansy-M. Barnes

In the 12th Chapter of Exodus, God spoke to Moses and Aaron in the land of Egypt, when they were being cruelly persecuted. They were told to select a lamb on the 10th day of the month and keep it until the 14th day. If the families were small, they were to share with their neighbors. On the evening of the 14th day, the lamb was to be killed.

He said, "And they shall take of the blood, and strike it on the two side posts and on the upper door-post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it." They were to roast it well. Eat it with unleavened bread and bitter herbs. They were to eat in haste, being at the time all ready to travel.

"It is the Lord's passover, said He. For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the first born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast. I am the Lord. When I see the blood, I will pass over you.—And this day shall be unto you for a memorial," said the Lord.

In the 26th Chapter of Matthew, we find this in the 17th and 18th verses, "Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread, the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto him, When wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the passover? And he said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand. I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples."

Many years later the brave little anemone, which always greets the Easter Day, no matter how early it comes, was named the Pasque Flower. (Pasque traces back through the French and Latin to the old Hebrew word, pasch, which means passover.) How truly this valiant plant with gray

furred stems and leaves typifies the Resurrection! It pushes up almost through the late snow of spring. Cold winds of March daunt it not, as the purple petals unfold to disclose a heart of gold!

The European cousin is named Pulsatilla, while our own lovely one found in northern Iowa and the Dakotas is Nuttalliana. This is found in Siberia, also. It seems to thrive in the rock garden, when it has good drainage but is found growing wild in low ground.

The clump in the picture has been in its present location ten years. Increases a bit each season but is never a nuisance. It is probably six weeks from the time the first bloom opens until the last one unfurls. Then the heads, silky achenes or seeds, which remind one of some varieties of clematis, make it attractive much longer.

There are creamy white varieties, and some called rubra. In Europe, a yellow one is found, and another has variegated leaves.

MacKinlay Cantor had a tender, heart-warming story in the Saturday Evening Post not long ago about this treasure of the cold North states.

## RESTING OUR PLANTS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Our house plants are like ourselves, we cannot always work at high speed. Neither can we expect our plants to do so. There are periods when they are beautiful, full of bud and bloom, but in order to be able to produce these bursts of beauty, they must have seasons of rest when they must retire from view and store up energy for further activity. In plants we call this a dormant condition, and most plants go through it although it is not always apparent to us. We quite often say our plants are not looking very well just now, when really they are sleeping as it were with one eye open—taking a well earned rest. If we are wise we give it to them, removing them to a less sunny spot and not watering quite as much. This dormant condition is sometimes evident in change of leaf coloring, some even drop their leaves entirely.

Some can go quite dry for a period if placed out of the light, some retain their evergreen leaves but they are lusterless looking. The bulbous plants have yellowed leaves which finally shrivel up.

Sometimes we may control the seasons of bloom in a plant by means of keeping it dormant in what might be its natural blooming state and forcing it to bloom at what might seem an unnatural time. This is the case in

most forced bulbs such as Narcissus, Tulips, Hyacinths and early spring bulbs. We make winter blooming house plants out of the spring border bulbs in this way. We have also regular house-plant bulbs which bloom, dry up or go dormant and bloom again if their leaves have been allowed to fully mature after blooming. While this is going on, strength for a new bud is forming at the same time which will lie sleeping until wanted again. The Calla, Amaryllis, Oxalis, Achimenes, Tuberous Begonia and Gloxinia belong to this group.

We have plants which we may call cellar plants which can be stored in a cellar or a cave; watered a little during the winter and then bloom beautifully in the summer. They are usually planted in small tubs or pails and would take up too much room in the ordinary home in winter. Among these are Oleanders, Chrysanthemums, Century Plant, and other shrub like plants. The Poinsettia differs from the rest in that it may remain bone-dry.

Nearly all Cacti are dormant in winter. They need sun, but require little water. Aspidistia—the Cast Iron plant remains green throughout the year but rests in winter as does the Philodendron. The Begonias often lose their leaves during their resting period and are often sorry looking sights in winter but start into growth in spring.

Many gift plants which are received when at the peak of their bloom appear to go into a dead-looking stage when the blooms fall off. They have been forced into intensive bloom and must rest, but not be allowed to become bone-dry. Fuschias and Martha Washington geraniums have but one blooming period beginning generally at Mother's Day. Hydrangeas and Azaleas must be potted out of doors in a cool soil and kept watered, even the ordinary geranium cannot be expected to be continually in bloom. The Christmas cactus may be almost neglected under some shrub during summer.

By observation of the habits of plants and with a little judicious planning, we can arrange the rest periods of plants so as to keep our winter windows alive and beautiful with some plants while others are resting.

## A PATRIOTIC GARDEN

Shaw's Gardens in St. Louis experimented last year with the vegetable-flower bed idea and found it very satisfactory. Those of you who have been torn between the conflict of whether to have a flower garden or a vegetable garden can calm your minds for you can have both. Cabbages and carrots can grow beside petunias and roses.

Small yellow tomatoes and red peppers will make a lovely border with a background of asparagus and rhubarb. Red and purple cabbages and fern like carrots will not be out of place in your flower garden among the petunias and delphiniums. Why not make a bed more patriotic by having a vegetable-flower garden.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is Saturday night, a balmy, February night, and I've spent the last ten minutes of it checking up on my supplies for Sunday dinner. To tell the truth, I could scarcely close the refrigerator door and shut out the sight of a beautiful prime rib roast, the first beef roast we've had in this house for so long that I've practically forgotten how to go about preparing it. Russell brought it home from the market yesterday as if he were carrying the crown jewels of the last Czar of Russia, and we admired it for quite a spell before we put it in the refrigerator. Everything you've heard about the meat shortage in this area is correct, and you can't imagine what a sight it is to see these immense meat counters without a thing in them except doubtful looking pig's tails and soup bones such as we used to buy for poor old Trixie.

It occurs to me, as I mention Trixie, that we've acquired many family friends since his day who think of Rusty as the Driftmier dog. We've had Rusty a good long while, but we had Trixie almost fifteen years—and he was really quite a character. I've been thinking that someday when I start writing again I must spin the story of Trixie, and if my memory fails me on any details I'm sure that Frederick can supply them. He was really Frederick's dog, no one knew exactly why, but it was nice to be able to hold one particular person fully responsible for the darkest of his sins. The more I think about telling the story of Trixie the more enthusiastic I get, so perhaps mother will give me a page in Kitchen-Klatter this summer for my purpose. Will you, mother?

But getting back to our Sunday dinner . . . for dessert we're going to have a banana cake that I just this moment took out of the oven. I mention the banana cake because Russell doesn't like it and it's the very first time in our six years of married life that I've deliberately baked something that I knew full well he wouldn't eat. This all came about because I've had the wildest yearnings for a banana cake all of these past ten days, and tonight it seemed to me that all of my resistance completely gave way—I simply had to bake that banana cake. Well, I did! And it turned out beautifully, and soon I'll ice it, and then tomorrow when I serve it there will be ample time for explanations.

If I regretted the lack of fresh news to pass on to you last month, I can assure you that I'm doubly regretful this month. Days come and days go, but I stay very much in one place—my home. In fact, if I were ten miles from a road with fifteen feet of snow covering everything I couldn't be more house-bound, so it's a shame that I can't trade places with some of you who have been closed in this winter and give you an opportunity to enjoy southern California. Certainly a year ago today when I started working in the Red Cross offices

down in Los Angeles I made the most of our freedom from ice and snow. It seems long ago that I left the house at seven and spent the entire day in those busy offices, never returning home until five-thirty or six in the evening. But if the truth would be known, I'm much, much happier working as a housewife for I get a great deal of pleasure out of my home.

I said to Russell the other day that events do take a curious turn in this world, and I was thinking about mother and dad when I said it. They expected to be entirely alone throughout this winter, and in the evenings I thought of them with a pang and tried to imagine what it must be like to have our big house completely devoid of any of us seven children. But winter hadn't really gotten its teeth in when Frederick arrived, and now Dorothy has been there for almost a month, and as I write this I know that Donald is home on a furlough. If this pace continues all seven of us will be back!

Mother sends on the interesting letters that she receives from Howard, Wayne and Donald. I have been hoping that possibly Howard might be transferred into this area from Oregon, but the tone of his letters seems to indicate that he is likely to remain where he is for an indefinite period. The only member of our family stationed near here is my cousin, Merrill Rope, who is on the Naval Fleet School Staff in San Diego. Merrill was married in November, and this next Sunday we expect him and his wife, Dorothy, to visit us. It will be the first time I've seen them since the fateful day of December 7th, 1941, when we gathered at Merrill's parents for a Driftmier family reunion.

Tomorrow I'm going to finish trimming the bassinet, and then all of my preparations will be completed. We were fortunate in finding a large, sturdy bassinet with big solid wheels—they even have rubber tires! This will make it very simple to move the baby from one room to another, and I believe that it can be used safely for at least six months. I'm not putting on many fancy trimmings—this is the first bassinet I've fixed but something tells me that lace and ribbon get mussed powerfully fast. I can't imagine having much time or energy to iron ruffles and tack on fresh bows every few days!

The next time I visit with you my letter will be written from the hospital, and we think it's very nice that the baby will be with us before mother has to send the copy for the April number down to the printer. I could tell you right now what the baby will be named for that's been decided since last summer, but I'll wait until I can tell you if it's going to J— or M—. I can also tell you what it looks like, and until you see the first picture you can just take my word on all details!

Always my warmest regards,  
—Lucile.

Answer to Question on Page 13,  
Col. 2—"He wore a sailor suit."



Bill Shambaugh, my sister Jessie's son, who is in the army stationed at Camp Lee, Va.

## FURLOUGH

(A Prayer)

Thank you that my boy is home,  
If only for a while.  
Thank you that again I see  
The brightness of his smile.

Thank you for another week  
Of happiness, content.  
Thank you for the peaceful days;  
The nights in slumber spent.

Thank you that today I know  
He's happy, strong, and well;  
Free to come and free to go,  
Far, far from shot and shell.

Thank you that tonight I'll know  
He's home and safe in bed,  
Rather than in battle lines  
Where planes fly overhead.

Grant that I may not forget  
My happiness today;  
Let its memory comfort me  
When he is far away.  
—Mildred Goodfellow.

## BOYS EXPRESS APPRECIATION

"I believe," writes a war mother, "there will be some good come from this war other than Victory. Boys will realize what the words 'home' and 'Mother and Dad' mean. My boy wrote, 'I have the most wonderful Mother and Dad in the world. Funny I did not tell you when I could have and should have, but I mean it.' It was wonderful to have him write this to us. You see what I mean." Yes, many boys have taken Mother and Dad for granted, and also all the sacrifices made for them. They found it hard to express in spoken words sentiments they find it easier to write. They were boys when they left us; they will come back, men.

Answer to Question on Page 13,  
Col. 2—1/4 in.



## BACK TO AMERICA

CHAPTER II

By Ted Driftmier

There were twenty-four of us all packed into the big four-motored plane; some were sitting on their luggage, and others, including myself, were sitting on the floor. The doors were shut and locked, the motors roared, and we lurched across the sand and up into the hot blue sky above Cairo. My face was pressed hard against the window looking for what was to be my last view of the friendly old Pyramids. That was one of the high spots of the entire trip. The great pyramids are always interesting, and I have seen them many times, but to see them from an airplane was a thrill of a lifetime. As we turned across the city and began to wing our way to the south I saw them, standing there in the white hot sand like three silent sentinels of the western desert. The last I saw of Cairo was the three pyramids.

We had not been in the air long before the captain of the plane came back and asked me if I would like to ride with him in the control room. I was amazed at what I saw there. Hundreds of instruments and gadgets, radios, charts, wheels, and levers were everywhere in that little glassed-in room. The radio operator had gone back to visit with some of the passengers and so I was offered his chair. From there I had a splendid view of the desert countryside. Far to one side I could see the Nile valley lying like a narrow strip of bright green velvet across a carpet of dusty brown sand. Sometimes we would be directly over the river, but most of the time we would be over the desert. It was not that the airplane changed its course, but rather that the river itself would wind back and forth from east to west.

That first day we flew just a little over four hours to Khartoum which lies on the banks of the Nile a thousand miles south of Cairo. It was warm when we left Cairo, but it was hot when we reached Khartoum. There we had supper and spent the night. I was not feeling at all well, and went right to bed.

Dawn was just breaking as our huge plane took-off from the Khartoum field. For thirteen hours we were to fly over the continent of Africa. If you will look at some of the recent Pan American Airways advertisements in our national magazines you will probably see charted out on a map the route we took. We flew south and west across the desert and bush country of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, across French Equatorial Africa, across the mysterious country of Nigeria from east to west, and then to the Gold Coast. Our plane was flying low enough that we could sometimes see herds of antelope and buffalo grazing on the dry grass of the rugged hills below us. Now and then we would fly over a native village of grass huts, and such confusion there would be as those wild primitive people ran out into the open

to get a better view of the white man's winged monster. Here and there we could see large bush fires where the natives were burning off the dry grass and scrub trees in preparation for the rains that were soon to come.

After thirteen hours in the air I was glad to land, that night, on the Gold Coast. This little country is called that because of the gold mines found there, but the real gold of the country is cocoa. More than half of the entire world's supply of cocoa comes from the Gold Coast. I was terribly tired from the trip and was advised by my travelling companions to visit the American Army Hospital located there. I had hoped to be able to leave that very night for Brazil, but the army doctors advised me to remain over for a couple of days' rest. I remained in bed one entire day and part of a second. In the afternoon of the second day I took a little excursion to see something of that unique country and the way the people live there. I wish now that I had spent two weeks there instead of two days. Never in my life have I seen such colorful costumes; both men and women were attired in the brightest of gingham and calicoes. It would seem that they were trying to make up for the lack of colour and the predominance of drabness in the dress of the great masses of people in other parts of Africa. Bananas and fish are their favorite foods. The streets were lined with little booths where one could buy fried bananas and dried fish. The bananas looked good, but not the fish. I looked around for some souvenirs to bring home, but the only souvenirs on the market were not native to the land. Some shops had many little trinkets, but practically all of them were made in Japan or Hungary.

I walked down to the shore and watched them loading cocoa onto the ocean steamers. Perpetual surf and the absence of harbours keep the big ships a mile or so off shore. There they have to wait for the large native rowboats to come out with a small cargo of cocoa beans. Many, many of these native boats must make the trip from shore to ship and back again before the big steamers are loaded. It is a thrilling sight to see the natives rushing their small boats into the oncoming surf. If the boat's nose is not dead on, Boom! and over she goes. When that happens the capsized boat is hauled back to the sandy beach and its cargo of cocoa beans is spread out to dry. It is seldom that they have such an accident. Once through the heavy surf the rest is easy. Using three-pronged paddles the natives, seven or eight to a boat, paddle out to the waiting steamers. The next time you drink a cup of cocoa I want you to think of that.

That night there was a large group of us gathered at the transportation headquarters waiting to see if our names would be posted on the passenger list for the planes leaving at midnight for Brazil.

(Continued in April Edition)



## AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

Only dear me, girls, you will have to gather around my hospital table and for four days there has been nothing on it except tea and fruit juice. I have a feeling I'll not have to worry about reducing this spring as I usually do after a winter of butchering and meat canning. Anyway it won't last much longer. Remember Farmer Jones, whose old cow starved to death just as he thought he had her accustomed to going without food? I'll be home again before you read this.

March magazines are supposed to contain helpful hints on moving. After last year, when we moved 24 hours ahead of schedule and in the middle of the night, I only seem to have two really practical suggestions. Number one is "Don't try to do things that are too big for you". You probably can't lift the kitchen stove. Why try it? Or carry all the bedding upstairs at one time? Or move the overstuffed suite? So why waste the energy trying to do the impossible.

Number two is "Keep Calm". That's a good rule for living but it is particularly good for living through moving days. Even if a gallon syrup pail goes upside down in a box of books. Or your pet dresser gets a scratch on its bare chest! Just say sweetly, "It could be worse." And add, if you want to retain the love of your husband and the admiration of all your neighbors, just add, "Here's a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

Them's magic words, my girl. The coldest, tireddest, maddest crew of movers will respond like magic. I can't tell you how to manage the food. I can only tell you if you want lots of good help "next year" be sure to have food.

I think the entire theme of this article is "Relax". We have to work harder. There are definitely more annoyances in our daily living and more coming. We can't do much about a lot of them but we can learn to relax as we wait. I don't mean 1-2-3-bend. That might attract an even larger crowd. I mean breathe deep 1-2-3-4. Stand tall 1-2. Tummy in 3-4.

Possibly you'll find other things you'd like to do, like tucking a clipping or poem in your purse or even writing letters. Anything but tying your nerves all up in knots as you wait for a green light.



## HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Question: What did my doctor mean when he said my stomach ulcer was caused by worry? Ans: We are



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

told the secretion of digestive juices is retarded by fear, worry, anger, pain, or lack of appetite. Hyper-acidity can result and the acid secretions may eat through the alkaline lining of the stomach causing trouble. Don't worry yourself sick and depend upon the

soda box for a cure.

Hunger, odor of delicious food, happiness and attractive food help stimulate the digestive juices. In a recent issue I explained how laughing can stimulate the internal secretions.

Some folks have a natural resistance to emotional stomach disorder and can eat when mad as a hornet, yet seemingly have no stomach disturbance. You will find health and diet suggestions on this subject in the article—Nervous and Anemic—found in the latest Health Booklet.

Remember the old saying—trouble may come from "What Is Eating You" and not what you are eating.

Whether sick or well, fat or slim, for good health, follow the instructions given in February issue of Kitchen-Klatter, referring to panting breaths. The oxygen helps to burn the carbohydrates (starches and sweets) before they upset some digestive organ or become "excess baggage". The following instruction was omitted—during the cold weather breathe through the nose when taking the panting breaths.

Question: Why are overweight folks advised to exercise ONLY VERY moderately? Ans: When carrying an extra load of 25 or more pounds with each step we can realize the strain that strenuous exercise may put upon the heart muscle. To carry the extra pounds of fat in the tissues is harder on the heart muscle than carrying the same amount of sand day after day. The sand may be thrown aside at night but the excess baggage must remain to tax the heart, liver, and kidneys.

When you notice your hands, feet, or face bloated, use as small amount of salt as possible for a few days. It may be the tissues are retaining more fluids than necessary.

Vitamin-A-for normal vision. Vitamin-B'-for general good health and steady nerves. Vitamin-C-for healthy gums, bone and blood vessels. Vitamin-D-helps prevent deformed bones, swollen joints, and is necessary for good health. Vitamin-G-for healthy skin, nutritionists call it the "keep young" vitamin.



## OVER THE FENCE

Here is the news about the Blackwood Brothers and Hilton Griswold you have been asking for. Roy, James and R. W. are living in San Diego. R. W. has a son, born November 27th. Doyle had to give up his defense work at San Diego and return to Mississippi. Hilton Griswold is playing the piano on a Dallas, Texas, station, KRLD, each morning at 6:30 for the Stamps Baxter Quartette, and at 7:45 in the evening on the "Vicks Vapo Rub" program.

Mr. and Mrs. Frances Thompson, of Blair, Nebraska, announce the birth of a daughter, Leanna Marie, January 11, 1943. Her mother writes, "She is a darling little girl, has black hair and brown eyes, and is a fat little baby."

If your name is Jessie or if you were born on August 21st, write to Mrs. Jessie Miller, 264 E. Marion St., Mishawaka, Ind.

Mrs. Elmer Jones, Knoxville, Iowa, wishes to thank friends who sent her daughter, who is a shutin, blocks for a friendship quilt.

I have had several friends write me to find out more about prolonging the life of a battery by heating it. All I know is what a friend in Nebraska wrote. She said, "I tried heating the old flash light batteries, and it made them like new. Have reheated them three times. Wonder how long I can keep doing this?" Anyone with more information along this line, please write me.

Helen Hancock of St. Joseph, Mo., wrote me an interesting letter telling what the USO is doing for the Soldier boys in that city. Ladies take turns baking cookies and preparing food for the boys. They took in \$43 in nickles in one day. They served hamburgers, hot dogs, cheese and egg sandwiches, soup, milk, pop, coffee and the cookies. The food is set on the table where the boys can help themselves to all they want. Every soldier boy I have talked to speaks very highly of this organization. Let us help with our contributions when we have a chance.

Bonnie and Connie, former entertainers at KMA, are now on the Barn Dance program at WLS, Chicago.

Bob Field, Frank Field's oldest son, attended the graduation of his brother John, when he received his wings at Luke Field. John is a pilot.

Mrs. G. T. Hutchinson of Mendon, Ill., wrote me of a neighborhood get-together club they have in her community. I hope more of you organize a club of this kind. I believe it would solve the problem of the lonesome newcomers who write me they find their neighbors hard to meet.

As you know, when a boy leaves for the army it is several weeks before he can receive mail. Mrs. Ivar Carlson of Fremont, Nebraska, told me how her boy's friends each wrote him a letter to be opened during those first weeks and gave them to him at a farewell party before he left. Each letter was put in a separate envelope and the date it was to be opened written on it. This is a good idea that more of you could use.

Mrs. Mamie Wilson, Inavale, Nebraska, will exchange one of her pastel pictures for a new bath towel. These pictures are sand paper paintings and very pretty. I know, because I have one.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Boyd of Shell Rock, Iowa, recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at the Methodist Church in that city. A chicken dinner was served after which there was a short program. They were presented with a beautiful picture.

Do any of you have a Chrysanthemum embroidery pattern for pillows? If you do, send it to Mrs. Walter Mackey, Rosendale, Mo.

Mrs. C. B. Wilson of Fort Scott, Kansas, would like to get in touch with an old friend whose name is Tina Reasoner. She lived at Beaconsfield, twenty years ago. She may be married now.

Do you knit lace? If you do, write to Susie Buckholz, Blue Rapids, Kans.

Anna Silbereisen, 2014 Sixth Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa, would like to borrow a pattern for a "basket quilt". She will be glad to pay the postage and will return the pattern to you safely.

Mrs. John Rood of Clarks, Nebraska, would like to find a twin. Were you born May 31, 1893?

Did you ever make "netting lace"? This old fashioned lace is made with a netting needle. Mrs. Jerry Sklenar of Weston, Nebraska is anxious to buy one of these needles. Write her if you have one.

If your batteries are weak, subscribe for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and read the recipes and helps instead of hearing them on the radio.

When your good fairy comes along with her three wishes, let the first be, Don't give me less than I can use well; and the second, Don't give me more; and let the third, and most important wish be, With whatever you give, give me pleasure in what I have. —Channing Pollock.



# From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "What am I going to do with my eleven-year old daughter who is so ugly-tempered and disagreeable around her two little sisters? It's nothing unusual for her to slap them and pinch them without any cause whatsoever. She's really making our home a very unpleasant place with her cross nature."—South Dakota.

**ANS:** I believe you are mistaken if you feel that she behaves this way "without any cause whatsoever." There is always a very good cause for such behavior and nine-tenths of the time it's because a child of this age feels neglected and unloved. Are you sure that you haven't given the two little girls more attention and affection? I think the eleven-year-old is striking out at what she feels has taken her share of love and care. I believe if you and her father go far out of your way to convince her that you're every bit as fond of her as you are of the two younger girls, you'll notice a wonderful improvement. And please don't waste any time doing this.

**QUES:** "My children and I love to have company in for meals, but my husband says that he doesn't enjoy it and certainly acts as if he doesn't. He says that he doesn't know what to talk about. Shall I give up trying to have company, or what?"—Iowa.

**ANS:** No, I think it would be a mistake to give up trying to have company, particularly since you have children. All children need the social experience that comes from entertaining in their own home, and I'm afraid that you'd hold it against your husband if you gave up something that you enjoy and know that your children need. I'd suggest making a great effort to center the conversation around him and his interests. Turn the talk along channels that he can enter into. Teach the children to defer to him in the presence of guests. If he doesn't feel left out of the activities, and evidently he has, I believe you'll find him entering into your social life with more interest.

**QUES:** "My daughter is engaged to be married, but I have never yet had the opportunity to meet the parents of the man she is to marry. They live two-hundred miles from here. Should I ask them to stay at our house when they come to the wedding even though we've never met?"—South Dakota.

**ANS:** Yes, this would be the gracious, hospitable thing to do. Write to them and extend the invitation. If they don't stay at your home they'll have to stay at a hotel, and I'm sure that they would appreciate this opportunity to get acquainted with you and your family.

**QUES:** "My daughter, sixteen, has never had a date and doesn't seem to care to go out with groups of young people. I want her to be in on the good times, and am wondering if I should invite boys to the house, or just what would you suggest?"—Nebraska.

**ANS:** Unless you have reason to believe that your daughter is genuinely unhappy, and evidently you don't or you would have mentioned it, I'd suggest just leaving her alone. She is very young and some girls don't take much interest in boys until they're eighteen or nineteen. There is plenty of time ahead for dates. If you could read my mail you'd know that many, many mothers would be happy if their daughters didn't care to run around at that age.

**QUES:** "We have had our adopted daughter, now thirteen, since she was nine months old. When she was five or six she asked me one day where I got her and I told her the truth. However, she thought at that time that everyone went to a place and picked out their babies, and since then she's never said one word about it. Some people say I should tell her again, and others say not to bring it up. What would you do?"—Iowa.

**ANS:** I'm inclined to believe that since she was so young when she asked you, it would be wise to bring up the subject again. However, don't make it one of these special, important-sounding discussions. Just make a casual reference to it someday such as, "I wish you could know how pretty you were when we went to get you," and then let the matter rest. This way you won't give it undue importance in her mind, and she'll feel that the entire thing is taken for granted.

**QUES:** "Is there any magic remedy for coping with jealousy in children? Our two girls, aged eight and ten, are so jealous of each other that we constantly have one long painful argument in our home. I wonder if your children were jealous of each other and how you combatted it?"—N. D.

**ANS:** In all honesty I can say that my children weren't jealous of each other, and I believe that the explanation for this is the fact that we tried scrupulously to treat them all exactly alike. If an opportunity came from outside sources to one child, we tried to make the others feel that the family was honored, not just the one individual. We always assumed that in a family the various members were eager to see good-fortune come to brothers and sisters, and somehow all children are quick to respond to the things that you consider only natural and matter-of-fact.

## COOKING HELPS

**Making Mush.** Make mush the usual way, then add 1/2 cup of cheese out in bits to 1/2 gallon of mush. Let mush cook two hours or so, slowly, and stir occasionally. Can be fried by dipping out while hot, or put in a crock to cool and fry the second day. This browns nicely and is very delicious.—Mrs. Guy Dirrim, Villisca, Ia.

**Hints for Frying Eggs.** After you have dropped the eggs into the hot greased pan, add just a few drops of water and cover quickly with lid. The steam cooks the white over the top of the yolk and makes a very appetizing looking dish.—Mrs. Alfred Carstens, Beatrice, Nebr.

**How to Can Sausage.** Form the meat in balls and fry until brown but not done, then pack in hot jars and cold pack in hot water bath for 2 hours. Add a little of the fryings before sealing the jar. Do not put sage in the meat as this has a tendency to become strong. When you remove the jars from the canner, do not invert them.—Mrs. Walter M. Wharton, Oskaloosa, Ia.

**Horseradish Can Be Canned.** Grind fresh horseradish through food chopper using the fine blade. Mix with white vinegar, add salt and sugar to taste. Pack in pint jars. No heating necessary. Seal air tight. It keeps indefinitely.—Mrs. F. W. Doskocil, Tiffin, Ia.

**Peanut Butter Gravy.** Brown slightly 1 or 2 tablespoons of peanut butter in a skillet with bacon grease, or other shortening. Put in flour and milk or part milk and water. Make like ordinary gravy. Delicious.—Mrs. Earl Gammon, Council Bluffs, Ia.

**Bake Corn Bread in Gem Pans.** This makes a nice crust all around. When cooking rice, put a teaspoon of butter in when it starts to boil. You can cook it with the lid on and it won't boil over. The butter gives a good flavor to the rice.—Mrs. Bertha Henry, Plano, Ia.

**Do You Have Trouble grating orange and lemon rind?** Try drying the rinds, then run through food chopper several times. They make nice flavoring for lots of things.—Grandma Jones, Quinter, Kans.

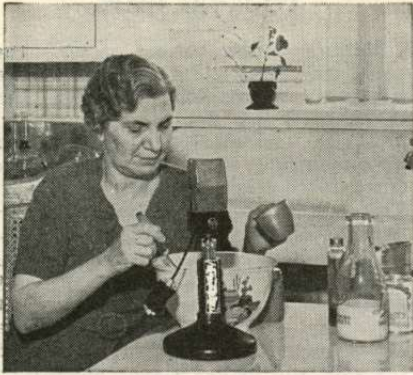
**When Frying Brains,** dip in cornmeal. They taste like fish.—Mrs. Henry Mollers, Keokuk, Ia.

**Ham in Brine, in jars.** Slice either pork, ham or beef steak as for frying. Make ready a brine of 2 cups salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 gallon water. Boil this and let cool. Put one cup of this in each quart jar, then put the meat in, partly seal and cold pack 30 minutes. This will keep a year, just like fresh meat. When you open, fry like any steak or make a swiss steak of it.—Mrs. William Hamm, Durham, Kans.

## COVER PICTURE

The cover picture on this magazine was sent to me by Mrs. J. A. Krull, George, Iowa. These ducks look as if they were enjoying their first swim of the season.





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

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### UPSIDE-DOWN GINGER CAKE

Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen  
January 21, 1943

1/3 cup shortening  
1/3 cup sugar  
1 egg  
1/3 cup molasses  
1/3 cup sour milk  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/4 teaspoon ginger  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
1/2 teaspoon baking powder  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 1/3 cups sifted flour  
1/4 cup finely chopped walnuts  
Cream shortening and sugar together. Beat with egg beater the egg, molasses and sour milk, and add to creamed mixture. Sift dry ingredients together and add slowly to creamed mixture. Sift dry ingredients together and add slowly to creamed mixture. Add the walnut meats in the last bit of flour.

Melt in a pan 2 tablespoons butter and 1/2 cup brown corn syrup. Pour into a 9 inch pyrex pie plate. Drain juice from small can of mixed fruit cocktail and add fruit to syrup. Then spread cake dough over top and bake in moderate oven. Remove from pan as soon as it is baked.—Mrs. Hazel Bonnett, Keosauqua, Ia.

### DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE ICE BOX COOKIES

Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen  
January 28, 1943.

1 cup shortening  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
2 one-ounce squares chocolate or 7 tablespoons cocoa  
2 beaten eggs  
2/3 cup nut meats, cut fine  
3 cups flour  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons baking powder

Cream shortening and sugar, add chocolate which has been melted, eggs and nut meats. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. If you use cocoa, sift it with flour. Add to mixture and blend well. Form in a roll, wrap in waxed paper, chill in ice box several hours or overnight. Slice thin. Bake on greased cookie sheet in moderate oven (350 degrees) 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 6 dozen cookies. (You may omit chocolate and add 1 teaspoon vanilla if desired.)—Mrs. Geo. D. Westergard, Lincoln, Nebr.

### RYE BREAD WITH CARAWAY SEED

Scald 3 cups milk. Take off stove and add 1 cup sorghum, 1 tablespoon salt. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve 1 cake yeast in 1/2 cup lukewarm water and 1 teaspoon sugar. When milk is lukewarm, add yeast and Victor Blended Rye flour to make soft sponge. Beat well, then add 2 tablespoons melted shortening and 1 tablespoon caraway seed. Stir well, then add white Victor flour and knead stiff. Let raise once, knead down, let raise again and make in loaves. Bake about 45 to 50 minutes in 350 degree oven.—Mrs. L. E. Johnson, Gypsom, Kans.

### VICTORY MARSHMALLOWS

1 tablespoon plain gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Dissolve over hot water, then add 1 cup honey. Beat 10 minutes till white and fluffy. Turn into buttered pan. Let stand 24 hours. This make fine frosting for cakes.—Mrs. George E. Morten, Hartington, Nebr.

### TENDER NOODLES

2 egg yolks  
1/2 cup water  
Flour to make stiff dough  
Roll out thin as possible, let dry, flip over to dry both sides. Roll up like jelly rolls with a sharp knife, slice in strings any width you desire. Shake out and put a little flour over them to loosen them up. These noodles will keep as long as they are kept dry. They are very tender. It is the whites of the eggs that make most noodles tough.—Mrs. E. N. Swisher, Palmyra, Mo.

### BARBEQUED SAUSAGE

1 pound link sausage or home-made sausage cakes  
2 tablespoons water  
1 onion  
6 pieces celery  
1 can tomato soup  
1/2 cup catsup  
Put sausages in a skillet or casserole, add other ingredients and bake until sausage is done.—Mrs. Eugene J. Wallace, Cameron, Mo.

### THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAMS

They are food when I'm mentally hungry,  
Amusement when I'm sad;  
Just to listen to you daily  
Makes the world seem not so bad.

It's restful to sit and listen,  
And visit folks just like me;  
We must have Leanna's programs,  
They're a family need, you see.  
—Listener at Murray, Ia.

### BAKED MUSTARD BEANS

2 cups lima beans  
1 teaspoon soda  
2 tablespoons dry mustard  
Boil 10 minutes. Drain, wash and boil 20 minutes with 1 teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon salt. Then drain and put in baking dish and pour 1 cup sour cream over the beans. Sprinkle top well with brown sugar. Bake 30 minutes.—Mrs. Roy Cowden, Casey, Ia.

### BEAN CHOWDER

Wash 1 cup dry beans. Soak over night. Cook in a covered pan until the beans begin to soften. Add 1 cup diced carrots, 1 cup tomatoes, 1/2 cup shredded green pepper, 1 onion chopped fine. Cook till tender. Add 2 tablespoons salt, 2 tablespoons uncooked wheat or 1 tablespoon flour. Stir well. Cook about 30 minutes. Add 2 cups milk and a dash of pepper. Heat to the boiling point and serve.—Mrs. George Danzer, R2, Lake City, Ia.

### CHILI LIMA BEANS

2 cups dried lima beans  
1 onion, chopped  
2 tablespoons shortening  
2 teaspoons sugar  
1 teaspoon chili powder  
1 1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup grated cheese  
2 cups tomatoes  
Wash beans. Cover with cold water and let stand over night. Cover and cook until tender. Drain. Brown onion in hot fat. Combine beans, onion, sugar, chili powder, salt and tomatoes. Mix thoroughly. Pour into well greased baking dish. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 30 minutes.—Mrs. Geo. Ruhter, Prosser, Nebr.

### HOT TAMALES LOAF

6 cups boiling water  
2 cups corn meal  
Salt as for mush  
2 cups ground left over meat  
Place a layer of mush in bottom of bake dish, then a layer of meat seasoned with pepper and chili powder to taste, then another layer of mush and bake for about 30 minutes or until brown.—Mrs. Geo. Osborne, McPherson, Kansas.



**SOAP**

- 4 pounds old lard or cracklings
- 1 can Lewis lye
- 2 quarts water

Mix and let stand over night. Next morning add 7 quarts more water, stir well and boil 30 minutes. Pour into pans or a tight box and let set until cool. Cut into bars. This never fails and makes lovely soap.—Mrs. J. E. Ellison.

**MINCEMEAT COOKIES**

- 1 cup shortening
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups dark corn syrup
- 1 cup green tomato mincemeat, drained of juice
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1/4 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 4 cups flour
- 2 eggs

Cream the shortening and sugar, add the syrup and beat for several minutes, so it is well whipped. Add one-fourth of the flour and mix until smooth, then the 2 eggs, one at a time and beating well after each addition. Sift rest of flour with soda and spices and add with the mincemeat. Drop by spoonfuls on a cookie sheet to bake, or pour into an 11 by 16 inch greased cookie sheet and bake 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven. When cool cut in 48 bars. These are moist and keep well. Nutmeats may be added.—Mrs. Horace Nichtern, Waseca, Minn.

**CREAM CARAMELS**

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups cream
- 3/4 cup corn syrup
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Place the sugar, corn syrup, salt and 1/2 cup cream to boil to soft ball. Then add 1/2 cup cream and again boil to soft ball. Add the other 1/2 cup cream and boil until stiff ball. Pour in buttered pan and cut.

**SUGARLESS COOKIES**

- 1 cup honey
- 1 cup butter
- 2 cups oatmeal
- 3 squares melted unsweetened chocolate
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups flour
- 3/4 teaspoon soda
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 cup chopped nut meats or raisins
- 1/4 cup sour milk

Cream honey and butter, add oatmeal, melted chocolate and vanilla. Mix eggs and beat. Sift flour, measure, sift with soda, salt and cinnamon. Flour nuts. Add flour alternately with sour milk. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet and bake in 350 degree oven.—Mrs. Milo Miller, Kalona, Ia.

**LIMA BEAN-HAM LOAF**

- 2 cups cooked lima beans, mashed
- 1 cup cured ham, ground
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- Milk enough to soften crumbs
- Salt, pepper and paprika to season
- 1 tablespoon minced onion, if desired

Make into loaf and bake as any meat loaf. Serve either hot or cold.

**BEAN LOAF**

Soak 1/2 pound navy beans in plenty of water over night. In the morning, simmer until tender, adding a few slices of onion and celery. Drain, mash well, add 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs, 1 chopped pepper, seasoning to taste, milk to moisten well and 1 beaten egg. Make into a loaf, brush with milk, sprinkle with salt, pepper and soft crumbs. Bake for 35 minutes in hot oven (400 degrees). Serve with tomato sauce.—Mrs. Reed Jacobs, Emmetsburg, Iowa.

**HONEY PINEAPPLE NUT BREAD**

- 1 egg
- 1 cup honey
- 2 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup ready-to-eat bran cereal
- 3/4 cup chopped nut meats
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Blend fat and honey. Add egg and beat well. Sift together 2 cups of the flour, the baking powder and the salt. Mix the remaining 1/4 cup of flour with the nut meats. Add about half the sifted dry ingredients to the egg and honey mixture and blend well. Add the bran and the pineapple juice and blend, add the remaining flour and nut meats. Pour into a well-greased loafpan, which has been lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven, 300 to 325 degrees, about 1 1/4 hours.—Mrs. Lewis A. Lande, Brice-lyn, Minn.

**WASHINGTON CREAM PIE**

- 1 2/3 cups flour
- 2 1/3 teaspoons baking powder
- Pinch of salt
- Sift dry ingredients together
- 1 3/4 cup shortening, part butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- Flavoring, lemon or vanilla
- 2/3 cup milk, warmed
- Mix and beat thoroughly for about 2 minutes. Bake 25 or 30 minutes.

**Filling**

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 5 tablespoons flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 egg
- A little butter
- Cook until thick, like pie filling
- 1 teaspoon lemon flavoring.—Miss Ruth Stanley, Elsmore, Kans.

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## NEIGHBOR BOB'S Dinner Table ALMANACK

"BUTTON YOUR LIP" says a wartime poster. "Enemy ears may be listening." We also suggest the following poster-slogans: "Nature gave us two ears—but one mouth." Or, "You may someday regret your speech—never your silence."

IN 1930 HITLER said, "Then will come a National-Socialist State Tribunal; then will November, 1918, be expiated; then heads will roll!" Little did he think then that it would be his own head!

SOME WISE GUY once said that monkeys refuse to talk because they might be set to earn their livings.

MRS. W. J. CUNNINGHAM of Randolph, Nebraska, tells us: "I've been baking a good many years and I think I've tried practically every kind of flour sold around here. But I don't believe there is any better than Mother's Best. I have 2 boys and 12 girls—and all the girls bake or are learning to bake, I'm starting them right in with Mother's Best Flour. We use a 48 lb. sack every week."

Here's a verse I always like—I believe I like it more everytime I hear it:  
This world that we're a livin' in  
Is mighty hard to beat;  
You get a thorn with every rose,  
But ain't the roses sweet!"

See you next time,  
Neighbor Bob.



## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayslett

It is a dull dreary day, half raining, and a lonesome wind is blowing—just the sort of day that makes the strongest of us feel gloomy and depressed. Think what it must be doing to ones who are weak and ill—perhaps confined to wheel chair or bed.

For a good many years I have been interested in handicapped people. In fact, my main hobby is meeting them by mail. I find most of them to be as strong in spirit as they are weak in body, and their letters are a real inspiration. It is surprising the cheery way they look at life.

Another surprising thing is the things they accomplish in spite of their handicaps. Would you like to hear about some of them? Today's mail brought a letter from Mr. Tom Swartz, 1216 Douglas St., Saint Joseph, Mo. Ten years ago he was injured when struck by a car. He has been in bed ever since—sometimes flat on his back for weeks at a time, and sometimes able to be propped up in bed. At first he whiled away the long hours by working jigsaw puzzles but soon tired of that and took up quilt piecing. He says it is just like a jigsaw only larger and more difficult, and he has become an expert at even the more intricate patterns. He tells me he has sold more than 250 quilt tops, many of them going to far-off states. His main problem is getting material for them. Have you a bunch of prints you would like to send him?

An interesting letter comes from Miss Bessie Dingsley, Box 44, Rowley, Iowa. Bessie has been unable to walk for 20 years. She is in a wheel chair and not long ago, while trying to pick up a spool of thread from the floor, she fell from her chair against the stove and burned herself badly. She does lots of handiwork which she sells to get money for medicines and other things she needs. Her work is really lovely and if you would like to help her, ask her about her work. Or send her the balls of crochet or embroidery thread that are in your sewing box, that you are not going to use.

The letters that appeal to me most are from the older people who are left alone. Such a person is Mrs. F. Temple Head, 611 No. 7 St., Columbia, Mo. Since her husband's death several years ago she has lived alone in a one room apartment. She is so crippled by arthritis that she can get around the room only with the aid of crutches. Two of her fingers are still limber enough to guide a pencil, and although she is so nearly blind that she cannot see what she writes or even the lines she tries to follow, her letters are full of philosophy that nothing but a life of suffering can create. Mail is the high spot in her day and she would like nothing better than a letter from you.

Write me if you would like to hear about more shutin people and things you can do to help them? There is an opportunity for service here, and a service that brings as much joy to you as to the one you do for.

## KITCHEN KINKS

"I have found that a good and durable crack filler can be made by using cornstarch and moistening it to a paste with boiled linseed oil. Work this putty-like mixture into the cracks of the floor with a knife, and let it dry before varnishing over it. When replacing old-fashioned handles on dressers with new wooden knobs, fill the holes with this filler. I had a nice granite bucket that held about 3 gallons of water but it had two holes in the bottom, and of course it couldn't be used. I filled the holes with this crack filler and painted the bottom on the outside, and although this was done four years ago it still holds water."—Etta Boucher, Smithton, Mo.

"Starch your ironing board cover, and you will find that not only do clothes slip on it much more easily, but linen will iron much nicer."—Mrs. L. J. Dendinger, Randolph, Nebr.

Sometime ago a lady asked what to do with extracted honey that had become sugary. This method comes from a bee-keeper from whom we get our honey.

First remove the lid or cap from the honey container, then set it in a larger vessel of water on the stove, on the back or a low flame. Heat the water to just below the boiling point. **Never** let it **boil** as that would make it strong. If one has a reservoir on their range, that would be an ideal place. It will take hours for a gallon pail, and the best part of 2 days for a 60 pound drum. Crystalizing is a sign of good honey.—Mrs. C. P. Rusch, Battle Creek, Iowa.

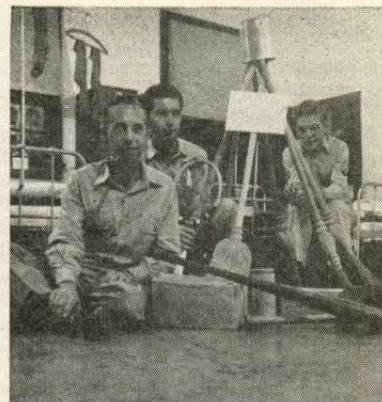
Sour milk substitute. When one cup of sour milk and one teaspoon of soda are called for in making a cake, you can use one cup of sweet milk and two-and-one-half teaspoons of baking powder with perfect success.—Mrs. Frank Howell, Phelps City, Mo.

Bacon. To keep bacon from shriveling place it in a cold pan and cook slowly. Turn it frequently and pour off fat as it melts.—A Friend, Gilman, Ia.

A tablespoon of catsup or chili sauce added to each cup of white sauce that is used for vegetables or fish gives extra zip in flavor and a dash of color. Also, cover the top of your pumpkin pie with marshmallows just before it is done and return to the oven for ten minutes. It gives a different flavor to the pie.—Mrs. John Bushman, Avon, S. D.

To Clear Cistern Water. This time of year, when snow is melting off roofs and cistern water is not always clear, dissolve 2 pounds of alum in a bucket of water. Stir up water in cistern until it is all in motion and pour in the bucket of alum water. Then dissolve one pound of soda ash in a bucket of water. Stir up water in cistern again and pour in the soda ash water. It clears the water so it looks almost like well water.—Mrs. Ed DePauw, Brooklyn, Ia.

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Our son Wayne, who is in Hawaii, sent us this picture he took of the Christmas Tree they put up in their barracks. These boys are from California, North Dakota and New York. Notice the stockings hanging up in the background.

## GOD BLESS OUR BOYS

God bless our boys in war,  
Direct them on their way,  
Protect them where they are,  
Defend them every day!  
Lord, keep them pure and strong  
To take a worthy stand  
In fighting every wrong  
That threatens home and land!

Lord, lead them in the strife  
As soldiers of the cross  
To dedicate their life  
For freedom's holy cause!  
Oh, never failing Friend,  
Attend them near and far,  
Safeguard them to the end,  
That we may win the war!

As they go forth to fight  
In air, on land and sea,  
Sustain them by Thy might  
To give them victory!  
Possess their hearts, we pray,  
Surrendered unto Thee,  
To bravely win the day  
For Truth and Liberty.

—C. K. Solberg.

## WHEN WILL IT END?

Absolute knowledge have I none  
But my Aunt's washerwoman's son  
Heard a policeman on his beat  
Say to a laborer in the street  
That he had a letter just last week,  
Written in the finest Greek,  
From a Chinese Coolie in Timbuctoo,  
Who said the niggers in Cuba knew  
Of a colored man in a Texas town  
Who got it straight from a circus clown  
That a man in the Klondyke heard  
the news  
From a gang of South American Jews,  
About somebody in Borneo  
Who heard a man who claimed to  
know  
Of a swell society rake  
Whose mother-in-law will understate  
To prove that her husband's sister's  
niece  
Has stated in a printed piece  
That she has a son who has a friend  
Who knows when the war is going to  
end.  
—Jacksonville, Ill.



## WHAT! NO NEIGHBORS!

To the ladies who have unneighborly neighbors. The first four years I was married we moved four times—twice to cities and twice to country communities—and I've discovered that New Englanders have nothing on Middle-Westerners when it comes to looking askance at strangers.

To hasten the progress of making friends, try some or all of these things. First, find either the church of your choice or where your neighbors go. Go regularly and offer your assistance for the lowliest tasks (the chairwoman in charge of arrangements won't thank you for making out the program, but the women washing dishes will welcome a pair of willing hands and the better jobs can come later.)

If you have a child or children in school, attend every P. T. A. or community meeting or program. If there is a Farm Bureau or Grange or 4-H Club you'd like to join (but haven't been asked) write to the county office asking about your nearest club and they will turn your name over to the club.

Go to every public meeting and be just friendly and quiet—don't push. Don't let anyone think you are "stuck-up" which seems to be a cardinal sin in rural communities. Don't forget the public sales. You may find a life-long friend while junking around.

Those first months keep your best foot forward—children, self and house in A-1 condition because it may take a year to live down an unfavorable impression made when you are caught in a bad moment. This is an unfair business, but true.

Emily Post or no Emily Post, when you have lived in a community a few months consider yourself a part of that community and when you see a chance to help or call—do so. Just happen to leave a custard for a sick child—or ask a sick or tired mother if she will lend you her children for a day since you (or your children) are lonesome. We made family friends because I heard a woman say that her 90 year old mother who lived with them liked homemade bread, but rarely got it because this woman had never baked and didn't have time. The next time I baked I dropped by with a fresh loaf "because I just love to bake and the two of us couldn't eat it all up before it got stale". They were all pleased and so a friendship began.

Don't feel badly if your neighbors don't make regular calls on you. Some neighborhoods continue this good old custom, but many do not. Perhaps you can go call on the next newcomers to your neighborhood and revive the custom. When my mother heard of the trouble I had "breaking the ice" she organized a welcome committee in her community club and now within two weeks of the time you move into this community two ladies will call and invite you to club and tell all about school, community and church activities.

Don't let a rebuff throw you, you

may just have picked the wrong person. Once I discovered I was half a cup of sugar short for my baking and I gleefully thought "Here's a chance to meet the people across the road". So I took my cup and hastened across, but when I knocked and explained my errand the woman just said "No" and shut the door. I was considerably squelched since this was before the day of rationing, but later my neighbors told me that she was most eccentric, hadn't been off her place in 10 years and that I was the only woman she'd as much as said *no* to in many years.—A Topeka, Kansas, Kitchen-Klatter Sister.

## CARE OF MY REFRIGERATOR

Try to do without your refrigerator a week this summer and you will realize how important it is to your scheme of living! We need to take good care of them so remember these few points that will add to the service of your refrigerator:

1. Do not set in the sun or close to a stove.
2. Place foods so they do not touch each other or the sides of the box.
3. It is better to open the door several times for just a minute than to leave it open for a longer time.
4. Do not touch the rubber gasket around the door with greasy hands. Grease deteriorates rubber.
5. Defrost when frost is about 1/4 inch thick.
6. Never store food in sacks or boxes. Use covered ice-box dishes or fruit jars.
7. Do not give up space for jams, jellies, pickles or catsup. They do not need refrigeration.
8. While defrosting, wash inside thoroughly with a solution of 1 tablespoon soda to a quart of warm water.

## WILLOW WARE

The next time you see a piece of Willow Ware you will enjoy the unique pattern even more if you know the story that it tells.

Koong Shee, daughter of a mandarin, loved her father's secretary, Chang. Her father was opposed to the match and had Chang imprisoned in a house by a lake over which hung branches of a willow tree. Koong Shee set out to rescue her sweetheart. They fled across a bridge, pursued by the father, but entering a boat they escaped. A former suitor set fire to the house where they sought refuge and burned it down, killing the lovers. Their souls were united in the form of two doves which you will see hovering over the willow trees.

"I am sending in a dollar for a year's subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter magazine. I thought I would try to get along without it but my family kept asking why I wasn't taking the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine any more. Everyone missed it very much."—Mrs. Jens H. Jensen, Brayton, Iowa.

"I do enjoy your radio talks so much and also the Kitchen-Klatter. It is such a homey, sincere little magazine."—Mrs. J. Lee Hooper, Yale, Iowa.



Kathleen and Lorraine Molgaard of Hamlin, Iowa, are not worrying about milk rationing.

## GOOD ADVICE

I do think parents should see that each child, as they grow old enough, should have certain chores to do that they are responsible for, also that they should "pick up" after themselves, put their toys away, put clothes away, clean their own shoes etc. I really think this easy to accomplish if the parents start out right. Most of us are too lazy, for it is less trouble at the start to do it one's self than to train a child. A child should be given to understand that he is a member of a firm consisting of children and parents—a company, one might call it. Each member of this company has certain duties to perform. There must be no slackers in this company of workers. Dad and Mother work, so must the children.

—Mrs. F. C. Donn, Moorhead, Ia.

## LET HUSBAND HELP

Mrs. John Martin of Kahoka, Missouri, writes as follows: "I was ill recently and my husband had to take over the kitchen duties for a few days. Here are some of the suggestions he made. "You need another shelf for dishes. You should have a drain on the end of the sink. It would be handier if that refrigerator were moved into the other corner. And always leave a little food in a dish so you won't have to wash it!"

I hope Mr. Martin moved the refrigerator, built another shelf for dishes and put a drain at the end of the sink. I am sure he did. Maybe if some of the rest of the Kitchen-Klatter husbands had a chance to work in the kitchen some other improvements would be made. It might be worth trying!

"Received my renewal card and as I cannot get along without the fine magazine I am enclosing a dollar for another year. It is so interesting. I get them out often and always find good helps and recipes that I have forgotten. My other magazines take a back seat ever since I have received Kitchen-Klatter."—Mrs. E. M. Ausman, Falls City, Nebr.



WHAT  
SHALLWE  
READ

## BOOK REVIEW

By Edith Seabury

## COUSIN WILLIAM

By Della T. Lutes

Della Lutes has again combined the elements of food and family as she did in her well known book, "The Country Kitchen". The homey, old-fashioned story is written in first person by Dely the twelve year old daughter of 'Lijer and 'Miry Thompson.

The first we heard of Cousin William was late in the fall when we received a letter from Aunt Hanner. It seemed Cousin William, his wife Angie and little girl Cinny had moved near Aunt Hanner and her sister Sophrony and Cousin Adelaide's family, the Reed's. No one knew just how Cousin William was related to all of us but he explained that his mother was our Second Cousin, Hittie.

Not long after receiving Aunt Hanner's letter my father decided it was about the right time to take some of our Spitzenberg's and russet cider over to Millbrook for Aunt Hanner and Sophrony. We arrived at dinner time which caused no embarrassment for the Aunts, as two or three guests dropping in only meant, another slice of ham to the spider, a little more cream added to the gravy and a couple more plates.

Father refused to discuss the new relative, Cousin William. He knew only that he appeared to be shiftless and had moved into the community in an old tumble-down carryall and a span of crazy, ringboned mustangs. His accomplishments were limited to fishing and fiddling. However, before we started home we turned the horses into Cousin William's weedy path and through the sagging four-board gate. A bare-foot man in patched blue overalls sat in a wooden chair tipped against the house with a fiddle nestled under his chin. A little girl with long, light, curly hair stood beside him. This was Cinny. Cousin William shouted in a booming voice "Well, Uncle 'Lijer! How-dy-do!" He was unfeignedly glad to see us. He explained how he had always wanted to live by his "own folks" and have Cinny grow up here rather than among strangers. So they had moved here and wanted to be one of the Thompsons.

Father wasn't very friendly and when Cousin William wouldn't commit himself on what he intended to "do for a living", he clucked to the horses and we jogged on. Mother had tried to be friendly and was disgusted with father over his behavior.

At Christmas time mother persuaded father to let her invite Cousin William's over for the day. "They" came the night before and were so happy and friendly that our family had one

of our merriest Christmasses. Cousin William cut a tree and showed us how to trim it with popcorn and cranberries. They had brought small home made presents, corn husk dolls, a knit scarf and a new apron. When Cousin William arose earlier than father and had the paths all shoveled and came into the house with six beautiful, speckled bass that he had caught through the ice, father really could no longer call him shiftless, but he still resented him.

Cousin William left after the big snow. He had shoveled paths and done chores as father had developed a crick in his back which made it hard for him to work and also gave him a permanent grouch. Cousin William's left after Angie's feelings were hurt by father's subtle hints about "sponging".

The months went by and summer came with the annual family picnic always held at Cousin Adelaide's pasture. We wondered if William's would be there but no one took the initiative and so the Thompsons from near and far gathered on a sultry August day, without Cousin William's.

The food packed into those baskets was after a manner seen no where else in the world but at a country picnic fifty or sixty years ago. There were cookies, doughnuts, biscuits, fresh bread, two dozen half-grown young fowls split and floured and fried in butter right out in the open. There were large crocks of baked beans, potatoes roasted in the fire, pound pats of butter cool and fresh from the spring, globules of rich, red currant jelly, and a huge bowl of sliced green cucumbers and red tomatoes lent color and zest to the meal. Big dripping pans full of corn ears that had been roasted in the ashes were passed and everybody finished with a piece of fresh apple pie.

Cousin William's name cast a shadow over the picnic as everyone felt he should have been invited. When a quick shower drove us all indoors we discovered a large dishpan of huckleberries with a note from Cousin William and Angie. They had picked these in the heat of the day as a gift and had no doubt seen all the buggies and the picnic crowd in the pasture.

Cousin William moved away after this and we all felt pretty much like we had driven him away. The months went by and father got laid up with his back and couldn't work. Who should turn up at the back door one morning looking seedier than ever but Uncle William. He wanted to "help out". While he was doing our chores and riding back and forth to town, Cinnie developed a severe case of diphtheria. Cousin William and Angie

were grief stricken for fear they would lose her. When word got to Aunt Hanner and Sophronie they drove up looking efficient and announcing they had come to care for Cinnie.

After weeks of untiring nursing Cinnie recovered but too weak and ill to live longer in the old shack which they called home. The family held a conference and father headed the petition with a hundred dollars to help buy Cousin William a small farm. The rest of the family responded willingly. The next Christmas found Cousin William's in their own home with a supply of home canned goods and cured meat from our own cellars.

Cousin William had become a Thompson. He was "one of us".

## BUY BEAUTY

Eva Hopkins Creme Powder	
with Sponge	\$1.10
Two Jars (Rouge compact Free)	\$2.20
Six Jars	\$5.50
3 Cakes Salmarine Soap	\$1.00
Postpaid at these prices and tax paid.	
EVA HOPKINS, SHENANDOAH, IA.	



## HAPPY DAYS WITH MUFF

Fun-loving cats are surely happiest—and these single stitch embroidered blocks showing the private life of a kitten from dawn to dark will make most cheerful sleepytime company. The dozen different activities and emotions eventually lead to satisfying slumber as Muff snuggles down on her soft pillow for that well-deserved nap. The hot iron transfer of this quilt is C9539, 10c; directions are included.

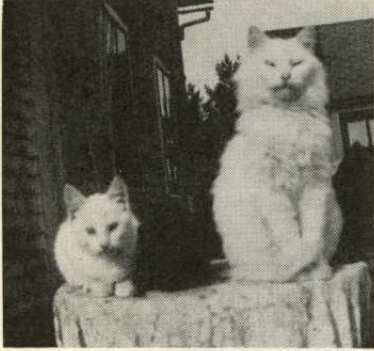
Stamped on softest white material, the slightly oblong blocks may be set around the center panel of pretty blue, matching the border. Flowers for appliqueing are stamped on the white. Twelve stamped 7¼x8½-inch blocks and twelve flowers come as C9539M, for 50c. The blue center panel and the three-inch border are C9539C, 50c.

Order from Leanna Driftmier  
Shenandoah, Iowa.





## FOR THE CHILDREN



### STORMY

By Mrs. Lois E. Sprague

Stormy is a lovely big white Angora cat. Midge is a dear little girl of five. They both live on the same farm and are great pals. The cat has not always lived on this farm. Perhaps you'd like to hear how he came to be there.

Two years ago, when Midge was only three, she was a shy little girl and afraid of many things, like the sound of night winds and of the dark and of dogs and cats.

When she went to the window one evening to draw the blinds and shut out the darkness, she heard the sound of a kitten crying. It was a cold snowy night and she knew that it must need help. She called to her mother, who came and listened, too. Then her mother put on a coat and hurried outside. The wind bit her face with its cold when she opened the door. When the mother's kind hand lifted the small furry baby and pulled it inside her warm coat, the pitiful crying ceased.

She carried it into the house. There in the warm bright kitchen she held it out for Midge to see. It was pure white and very tiny. Its fur was wet with snow.

"Where did it come from?" asked Midge, drawing near. Her mother did not know who had left it near their house. "I am afraid they were not very kind to dump a little kitten out on a night like this, to hunt a new home," she said. "Poor baby, it is very cold. Would you like to help warm it's little feet?" She let Midge sit down and hold it in her lap. Midge touched it's soft fur with her finger.

The kitten stirred restlessly for a few minutes. Then it began purring as it snuggled closely against the child's body. Soon it folded it's tiny paws under it and went to sleep.

Midge felt very proud. "I love this kitten," she said. "It loves me, too. May I keep it?" Midge knew now

that she was no longer afraid of kittens. "Wasn't it silly of me to think that a kitten would hurt me, Mother," she laughed.

"Yes, you may keep it," her mother replied. "I am glad that you are no longer afraid. Shall we call it Stormy, for this snowy night which has brought you such a nice gift? Then whenever you say it's name you may remember that darkness and stormy weather can bring happiness, too. Perhaps that will help you to not be afraid of them, either."

That is how Stormy came to live with them and why Midge is a much happier little girl. She has other kittens now and she loves them just as much as she does her beautiful white Stormy.

### MARY'S LITTLE COLD

Mary had a little cold,  
But wouldn't stay at home;  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The cold was sure to roam;  
It wandered into Molly's eyes  
And filled them full of tears—  
It jumped from there to Bobby's nose,  
And then to Jinnie's ears.  
It painted Anna's throat bright red,  
And swelled poor Jennie's head;  
Dora had a fever,  
And a cough put Jack to bed.  
The moral of this little tale  
Is very quickly said—  
She could have saved a lot of pain  
With just one day in bed.

Sent by Mrs. Earl Nelch,  
Maitland, Mo.

### HOW DID HE KNOW

A man wearing a black tie went into a lunch room and bought a sandwich. When he paid his bill, the cashier said, "Thanks, sailor." How did she know he was a sailor? Answer on page 4.

### HOW FAR DID HE GO?

Volume 1 and Volume 2 stand side by side. Each book is 1 inch thick and the binding 1/8 inch thick. A worm eats from page 1, Volume 1, to the last page of Volume 2. How far did he eat? Answer on page 4.

### WOODSY QUESTIONS

What is the tree that obeys?  
Answer: Dogwood.  
What is the tree to be kissed?  
Answer: Tulip.  
What is the dandiest tree?  
Answer: Spruce.

### A Small Rug of Your Very Own

This winter when your mother is making a braided rug and you are all sitting around the living room in the evening, ask her to give you some scraps of cotton cloth. Cut them into strips about an inch wide. Sew the ends of the strips together, making three long strips. Braid these three strips into one long strip. Thread a large needle with heavy thread and sew the braid into a small circle at one end; then keep sewing around and around. Try to make your rug flat so it will stay down nicely. You can use it for a doll rug or for a table mat to set hot dishes on. Of course it would be nice to make it even bigger and use it for a rug in your own room.

### TO KEEP YOU GUESSING

Read these riddles aloud to the family, withholding the answers, and see how many can guess them.

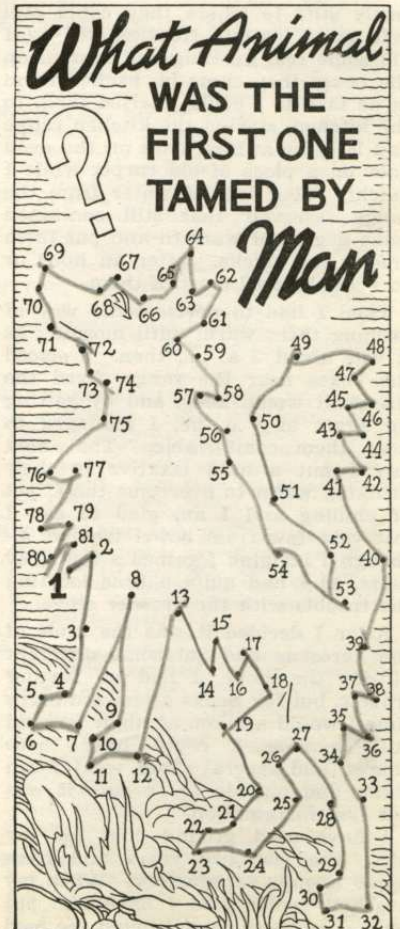
How did the water get in the watermelon? Because the seed was planted in the spring.

What is that which by adding to it becomes smaller? A hole in your stocking.

Why is the letter F nervous? Because it is always in fear.

What is always going yet never moves? A clock.

Why does a book resemble a tree in summer? Because both have leaves.





# Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

The month of March finds many of us making the usual trips to the brooder house. The last thing at night, the first thing in the morning, many many times during the day and even when we wake at night the thought comes, "I wonder if everything is all right." There are so many things that could go wrong or be forgotten.

I think one of the most essential things however, is to be fully prepared for your chicks before you get them. Have the brooder house thoroughly cleaned and sprayed and dry before necessary to move the stove and feed-equipment inside.

Set the stove up and see that it works. If repairs need to be ordered, allow plenty of time for them to get there and be added before getting the chicks. I remember one year I had my chicks nicely started, then started using some kerosene that had just been delivered—which must have had some water in it or something that caused it to give off an odor and not much heat. I awoke one night and imagined I could hear chicks peeping.

I hastily went to the brooder house and found, much to my dismay, the fire had gone out and the chicks were in all stages of chill, from being perfectly stiff to where they could still yelp quite lustily. Needless to say I did some real hustling and hunted up the boxes they came in, packed them in as fast as I could, carried them to the kitchen, started the kitchen range and laid the stiffest ones on the oven door on a piece of old carpet while I quickly filled jars of water from the range reservoir that still contained some degree of warmth and put them among the chicks. After an hour or so I had revived most of them.

Then I had to devise some way of keeping them warm until morning as it was about 2 a. m., then. I placed the boxes near the range, fixed the fire so it would keep, and by getting up again at 4 a. m., I managed to keep them comfortable. The next day I put a mild laxative in their drinking water to overcome the effect of chilling and I am glad to say I lost very few from bowel trouble, although I imagine I gained a few gray hairs, as I had quite a time locating the trouble with the brooder stove.

After I decided it was the fault of the kerosene and got some different oil for the stove, I had no further trouble, but for weeks afterward every time I would awaken at night I would still imagine I could hear those chicks, and several times went down stairs and outside to be sure it was not just imagination.

I have used ground cobs for my litter the last two years and have found it quite satisfactory. When my husband grinds feed I have him put several sacks of cobs through the feed

grinder and then I store them in a dry place until I need them. They are easily spread on the floor, absorb dampness, are cheap, clean and handy to get. I prefer them to straw or any other litter with the exception of peat, of course.

This month requires a lot of—  
Pep Preparedness  
Patience Perseverance  
before you can have—  
Pleasure or  
Profit from  
Your flock.



## DOC AND ESTHER

Doc and Esther have been in radio work about twelve years. They came to KMA eight weeks ago. You can hear them on several programs during the day including a 6:15 and 10:15 p. m., broadcast. They both play the guitar and sing. They have a son, Johnnie, 6 years old. If you enjoy the old sweet ballads, Hill Billy and Cow-boys songs, listen to Doc and Esther. If you enjoy their programs, write them in care of KMA, Shenandoah, Ia.

## "THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY!"

"When you're in trouble, do something—even if it may be wrong. If you can't go under, go over; if you can't go through, go around; if you can't go right, go left; if you can't get an angle, take two plates and make it; if you can't get 1/4" rod, take 5/16"; if you haven't got the right material, go get it; if you can't find it, make substitutions; if you can't substitute, improvise; if you can't improvise, make an innovation, but above all, get the job done!"

Henry Kaiser's Creed—Forbes.

## EASY TO SUBSTITUTE

Do you ever start to bake or cook something and then find that you lack some ingredient? I do this often so I have experimented and found I can substitute in many cases. Here is my table for substitutions.

For 1/2 teaspoon of baking soda, substitute 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, if you are using sweet milk in place of sour.

For 1 cup butter, substitute 7/8 cup lard.

For 1 1-ounce cake or square of chocolate, substitute 1/4 cup cocoa and add 1 tablespoon shortening.

For 1 cup heavy cream, substitute 5/6 cup milk plus 1/3 cup shortening. —ETHEL. Kansas.

## KMA PROGRAM SCHEDULE

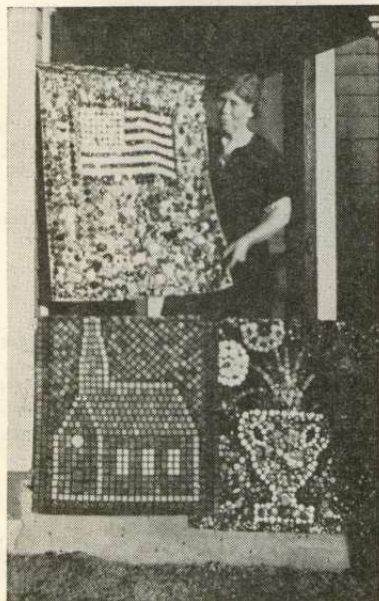
BLUE NETWORK COMPANY  
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM  
Shenandoah, Iowa  
— 960 Kilocycles —

5:00 a. m.	Chore Boys
5:45 a. m.	News
6:00 a. m.	Jimmy Morgan
6:30 a. m.	Morning Worship
7:00 a. m.	News Summary (Sun.)
7:05 a. m.	Morning Minstrels (Sun.)
7:15 a. m.	Ted Driftmier
7:30 a. m.	Morning Worship (Sun.)
7:30 a. m.	Frank Field
7:45 a. m.	Jess & Carlene
8:00 a. m.	News Roundup (Sun.)
8:00 a. m.	Morning Headlines
8:15 a. m.	Coast to Coast (Sun.)
8:15 a. m.	Gully Jumpers
8:30 a. m.	Back To The Bible
9:00 a. m.	Frank & Ernest (Sun.)
9:00 a. m.	Homemaker's Visit
9:15 a. m.	Sun. School Lesson (Sun.)
9:30 a. m.	Iowa Speaks (Sun.)
9:30 a. m.	Songs of A Dreamer
9:45 a. m.	Newstime (Sun.)
9:45 a. m.	Earl May, News
10:00 a. m.	Church Service (Sun.)
10:00 a. m.	Earl May
10:10 a. m.	Chuck Davis
10:15 a. m.	Breakfast Club
10:30 a. m.	"Stump Us"
10:45 a. m.	Ma Perkins
11:00 a. m.	War Journal (Sun.)
11:00 a. m.	Lone Journey
11:00 a. m.	Music by Black (Sat.)
11:15 a. m.	The Goldbergs
11:30 a. m.	Lonnie and Thelma (Sun.)
11:30 a. m.	Farm & Home Hour
12:00 Noon	News (Sun.)
12:00 Noon	Earl May, News
12:15 p. m.	Musical Meditations (Sun.)
12:15 p. m.	Frank Field (Tues., Thurs.)
12:30 p. m.	Horace Heidt's Band (Sun.)
12:30 p. m.	Utah Rangers
12:45 p. m.	Market Reports
1:00 p. m.	Pilgrim Hour (Sun.)
1:00 p. m.	Fiddle Dusters
1:15 p. m.	Church of the Air
1:30 p. m.	Kitchen-Klatter
2:00 p. m.	Morton Downey, Songs
2:30 p. m.	Victory Hours (Tues.)
2:15 p. m.	Gully Jumpers (Sun.)
2:15 p. m.	Toby and Susie
2:45 p. m.	News
3:00 p. m.	Lutheran Hour (Sun.)
3:00 p. m.	Gully Jumpers
3:30 p. m.	Young People's Church (Sun.)
3:30 p. m.	Jokesters
4:00 p. m.	Where De We Stand (Sun.)
4:00 p. m.	Jimmy Morgan
4:30 p. m.	Musical Steelmakers (Sun.)
4:30 p. m.	News
4:45 p. m.	Lonnie and Thelma
5:00 p. m.	The First Nighter (Sun.)
5:00 p. m.	Terry & The Pirates
5:15 p. m.	Hop Harrigan
5:30 p. m.	Jack Armstrong
5:45 p. m.	Captain Midnight
6:00 p. m.	Drew Pearson (Sun.)
6:00 p. m.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
6:00 p. m.	Danny Thomas Show (Sat.)
6:15 p. m.	Edward Tomlinson (Sun.)
6:15 p. m.	Doc & Esther
6:30 p. m.	Stars & Stripes in Britain (Sun.)
6:30 p. m.	Earl May, News
7:00 p. m.	Watch The World Go By
7:15 p. m.	Ella Fitzgerald (Sun.)
7:15 p. m.	Lum 'n Abner (Mon. thru Thurs.)
7:15 p. m.	Dinah Shore (Fri.)
7:15 p. m.	Boston Symphony (Sat.)
7:30 p. m.	Family Circle (Sun.)
7:30 p. m.	Flat Mtn. Opera (Mon.)
7:30 p. m.	Duffy's (Tues.)
7:30 p. m.	Back To The Bible (Wed.)
7:30 p. m.	Town Meeting (Thurs.)
7:30 p. m.	Meet Your Navy (Fri.)
8:00 p. m.	Famous Jury Trials (Tues.)
8:00 p. m.	John Freedom (Wed.)
8:00 p. m.	Navy Pre-Flight (Fri.)
8:15 p. m.	Edward Tomlinson (Sat.)
8:30 p. m.	Jimmy Fidler (Sun.)
8:30 p. m.	Spotlight Bands (Mon. thru Sat.)
8:45 p. m.	Dorothy Thompson (Sun.)
8:55 p. m.	Little Known Facts
9:00 p. m.	Old Fashioned Revival (Sun.)
9:00 p. m.	Raymond Gram Swing (Mon. thru Thurs.)
9:00 p. m.	John Gunther (Fri. & Sat.)
9:15 p. m.	Gracie Field (Mon. thru Fri.)
9:30 p. m.	Music Society (Mon.)
9:30 p. m.	This Nation at War (Tues.)
9:30 p. m.	Nat'l Radio Forum (Wed.)
9:30 p. m.	Wings to Victory (Thurs.)
9:30 p. m.	Double or Nothing (Fri.)
9:45 p. m.	Betty Renn (Sat.)
10:00 p. m.	Tim George Comments



# Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"



ADDIE F. MCSWEENEY,  
Henderson, Iowa

This picture shows the original way this button collector has mounted some of her buttons. The church is made of 33 different kinds of wood grown in the United States. They are hand made buttons. There are 2,000 red, white and blue buttons in the flag, and also 2,000 in the urn of flowers. The urn is made of metal buttons, outlined with white ones and the flowers are yellow, pink, red and blue buttons with green stems. Mrs. McSweeney has 45,800 buttons in her collection.

## HOBBIES

By Alma B. Mackey

In recent years people of all ages have begun to collect various things, but hobby collecting is very old, for we have read of the king in the 4th Century collecting over 25,000 tablets of stone on which he had his servants carve the laws.

The best thing I find about my hobby is the fast friends I make that have hobbies, too. One peculiar thing I have noticed, no one cares much about your hobby unless it is the same as theirs. For instance, I can't imagine anyone collecting stamps, but since America's No. 1 Citizen has the finest collection of stamps in the world, of course it is all right.

I have a collection of pitchers and many have "Made in Japan" on the bottom. My friends kid me about that, but they were bought with good American money long before Pearl Harbor, so I don't worry about it too much.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

In forming a collection, don't send everywhere frantically trying to build up a large collection in a short time, for sooner or later they will turn up in your shop at home. I have a friend that collects glasses, and was thrilled to show me some that she had carried all the way from Mexico, bought at a pretty high price. In less than a month the identical pattern appeared in our 5 and 10 cent store.

Age is no respecter of hobbyists. I know a four year old that has a large collection of china baskets, also a twelve year old boy that has a 5 gallon glass bottle full of marbles.

There is one thing to watch, one hobby will lead to another. Besides the many hundreds of collections I have seen at fairs, I have four scrapbooks full of clippings and photos of unusual collections. One book has clippings of hobbies, one has hobbies of men, such as crocheting, fancywork and cooking recipes, another quilts and patterns, while No. 4 scrapbook has interesting cartoons.

One of the most unusual collections I have seen is over one thousand dolls that have their own dressmaker. One group of these dolls has dresses that were copied from gowns worn by the president's wives which are on display in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C.

One young lady collects skulls. Her dentist gave her the first one. A girl of 16 collects skeletons of birds, rabbits and mice. One man has over 50 thousand kinds of herbs. Others collect pottery hands, pencils, buggy whips, shells, buttons, 4 leaf clovers, pieces of barbed wire, bottles and campaign buttons, besides many who collect various antique articles such as hens, casters, and old china and glassware. However, in America, the most popular hobby at present is collecting Jap scalpels, German and Italian helmets. Until we have all of those we want nothing else matters.

## ADVERTISING

If you have something to sell you must tell people about it, otherwise they would not know about your proposition. But talking to people, individually, would take too much time. It would be too slow. It would cost you too much. In order to let people know that you have something to sell you can tell them about it in the "Little Ad" column of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. More than 50,000 women read it every month, and for 5 cents per word you can tell them about your products. One woman wrote us that one \$1.50 Ad in the "Little Ad" column brought her over 100 orders. Remember: If you have something the people want, you can sell it if you tell them about it in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

## "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.

**HEALTH HINTS BOOKLET:** Safe non-starvation "Eight-Day" reducing schedule using common foods. Articles on Grey Hair, Wrinkles, Why We Grow Old, and many other health suggestions for all. Write your name, address, and words "Health Booklet" on paper and wrap it around 15 cents. Then mail to Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

**ATTENTION, VIEW CARD COLLECTORS.** Post Card Views of all State Capital Buildings. Large Letter cards from many states and cities. Scripture text postcards for all occasions. 25¢ a dozen. Gertrude Hayzett, Box 288, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**FERNLEAF PEONY, Hemerocallis Mandarin,** Enchantress, 3 for \$1.25. Dauntless, Modesty, Ophir, \$1.25. Clematis Recta, white, blue 2 for 40¢. Mo. Primrose and Youngie, 40¢. Hardy double Morning Glory, 25¢. White Luster Rudbeckia, 75¢. Rare Houseplants: Variegated Hoya, 75¢; Billbergia, 45¢; Campanula Isophylla, white, blue, 2 for \$1.10. List free. Sphagnum Moss, 50¢ peek. Superphosphate 10¢. Darrell Crawford, Salina, Kansas.

**GROW YOUR OWN MATERIAL for Charm Strings.** Mixed Seed, 25¢ a packet. Gourd, Datura, Colored Popcorn, Okra, etc.—Mary Duncomb, Luverne, Minn.

**CROCHETED LAPEL GADGETS—3 Bells.** Very clever. State Color wanted. 50¢ a set.—Minnie Gire, Douds, Ia.

**CROCHETED CHAIR SET.** Pineapple or Flower design, in white, ecru or color. Price \$2.00 a set.—Vera Lachelt, Janesville, Minn.

**CROCHETED POTHOLDERS** in patriotic colors, set of 2 for 50¢. Tea towel set—Negro design for \$1.60; Cat design for \$1.70. Miss Vera Lockett, Janesville, Minn.

**FOR SPRING DELIVERY, 5 Red Peonies,** \$1.00 Postpaid. Hand Crochet, on order, reasonable prices. M. Howard, Rt. 2, Nemaha, Nebr.

**BUTTON, BUTTON, Who Wants a Button?** Unique pottery buttons made of Iowa clay. Durable and beautiful, lovely coloring. 6 for 50¢. Sue Conrad, Clarinda, Iowa.

**THE WORKBASKET.** A magazine devoted to needlecraft. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year, including three extra numbers. Each month's issue includes a free transfer patterns. You will be delighted with The Workbasket. Send \$1.00 to Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**HICKORY SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS.** Pipe-shape, hand carved and finished. Novel set for collectors. Set of 2 sent by insured mail postpaid for 75¢. Guaranteed to please. Jake McKinney, (shutin), Box 45, Dublin, Texas.

**300 SHORT CUTS** to make housework easier and more practical. Every housewife should have this booklet. Only 15¢. Howard Rasmussen, Boonville, Mo.

**CHINA AND PLASTIC SHAKER SETS.** Unfinished Plaques ready to paint, for clubs, school and Scout troops. Will fill and gild your baby shoes, \$1.50 pair. Maude Mitchell, 1017 7th Ave No., Fort Dodge, Ia.

**PITCHERS.** Six small pitchers of Iowa pottery (1½ to 3½ inches tall). Beautifully glazed and shaped. A variety of colors. Price \$1.00 postpaid. Sue Field Conrad, Clarinda, Iowa.





## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### SAVE KITCHEN GREASE

The following plan was mailed to every member of the Saint Hilda's Unit, at Austin, Minn. Mrs. J. J. McCormick sent this copy to me, hoping that other groups might like to try the plan, not only helping raise a little money for their own Christian work, but at the same time helping Uncle Sam by salvaging the kitchen grease. The following is a copy of the plan they are using:

January 10, 1943

Dear Member:

At the monthly meeting of your Saint Hilda's Unit held last Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Earl, a plan to raise money was submitted and voted upon in the affirmative by the members present.

This plan involves the saving of waste kitchen grease. This, as you know, is a wartime endeavor and has probably been taken for granted, so much so, that it would surprise you to know that we could, with very little effort on the part of each of us, build up a fund of 40 to 50 dollars between now and the close of our activities in October.

To the woman making the greatest contribution of pennies during the next nine months, we will award a \$5.00 prize. These pennies are obtained when you take your grease and sell it to the retailer. He gives you 4 cents per pound. When you come to the next unit meeting, bring those 4 cents with you together with the tab sheet enclosed in this letter and deposit your money in the container that will be provided at the member's home. We will have a ledger in which your contributions will be entered and these will be totaled throughout the year.

We are also enclosing printed instructions on the saving of grease. This slip tells you what are good sources of grease and the type of container you should use in taking your grease to the store.

All you have to do to win this \$5.00 is to be the person who turns in the most pounds of grease to the retailer and, hence, the most pennies to your unit. Be sure that your dealer initials the tab for each time you take your grease to him. Don't forget to bring your pennies to the next meeting. Member's house and address will be announced later.

Let us start to save grease right away. It's the patriotic thing to do and means easy money for your Saint Hilda's Unit.

Sincerely,

### NEW CHURCH BURNS

Word comes to me of the fire which destroyed the new Baptist Church, in Churdan, Iowa. They had just completed a new addition and were planning to have a dedication service at the time they celebrated their fiftieth anniversary. All fixtures, song books, three pianos and 60 new folding chairs were destroyed. Needless to say, the Ladies Aid of the Church are already busy finding ways to raise money to help replace the loss.

Moberly, Mo. "Our Aid made money by doing quilting. We charged \$1.25 a spool and 50c for binding the quilt. One afternoon each week was devoted to the quilting and the members really enjoyed these social meetings."

Prescott, Iowa. "Send to every member of your society a note saying, 'Put down the size of your shoe And of your hose, too.

No matter if it's long or short,  
Just so it is a hose of some sort!

Shoe Size \_\_\_\_\_

Hose Size \_\_\_\_\_

Add together and turn into our Aid treasury the pennies."

Weldon, Ia. "We are planning a food sale for our Aid Society. The farmers are going to donate corn, oats, or anything they have to sell. The ladies will hold a Rummage sale. An auctioneer will do the selling.

Gresham, Nebr. "Two weeks ago we dedicated our Christian and U. S. flag in our church. Our Aid bought one and the Young Folks' League the other. We had our soldier boy home that day. He flew from Maryland home to Gresham, starting at 11 on Saturday and arriving at Columbus, Nebr., at 3 Sunday morning. His Dad met him and this Dad and his son carried the flags in. It was quite impressive, but sad too, for the son could stay only five days on furlough. Our Aid also serves at sales. We served the 7th of October and cleared \$23. Not bad for a nice warm day. You know pie goes well for men folks."

Kitchen-Klatter Clubs have been sent in from the following towns recently: Hayfield, Iowa—20 subscribers in this club; Marcus, Ia.; Unadilla, Nebr.; Watson, Mo.; Grundy Center, Ia.; Tekamah, Nebr.; Cherokee, Ia.; Orleans, Ind.; Galt, Mo.; Dedham, Ia.; St. Joseph, Mo.; Maryville, Mo.; Chapin, Ia.; Rippey, Ia.; Tiffin, Ia.; Botna, Ia.; Hastings, Nebr.; Manning Ia.; Tescott, Kans.; Vail, Ia.; and Perry, Ia. 25% of the subscription price goes to the Ladies Aid or Society sending in these club orders. Why not try it in your Society? Send a club of not less than five new subscribers in your first order. No premiums can be given on this special offer.

"I am sending you \$1.00 for 1 year subscription to Kitchen-Klatter and 50c for back numbers. My daughter Evelyn, a Junior in High School, thinks there is no magazine like the Kitchen-Klatter. She reads the back numbers from cover to cover. She gets so many helps for home economics and school parties."—Mrs. Charles Houk, Lecompton, Kans.

### FOR ST. PATRICK'S PARTY

Include in your invitation a request that the guest come masked and representing some Irish character. Each should also be asked to tell an Irish story, sing an Irish song or give a recitation.

### Choosing Partners

To choose partners for games or for lunch, have Irish jokes written on green cards cut in the shape of a shamrock. These cards are cut in two. Those having the two pieces that match are partners.

### Irish Songs

No St. Patrick's party is complete without singing Irish songs. Be sure to have copies of a number of the most familiar ones that may be passed among the crowd so that all may join in the singing.

### A Pig Contest

Pass around papers and ask each guest to tear out a pig and write their names on them. Collect the pigs and have judges decide which one is most lifelike. To the winner give a package of link sausages.

### A 'Blarney' Game

In order to see who has kissed the Blarney Stone, pass out papers and pencils and have each guest write the best compliment possible. The men should write about the women and the women about the men. After the compliments have been read, conduct a secret ballot to choose the best one. Present the writer of this compliment with a pig made of gum drops.

### Hot Potato

A player is chosen as IT. He stands in the center, while the others sit in a circle. The players toss a potato to each other, making many false moves. The one who is IT must try to touch the potato while it is in the air.

### Hunt the Shamrock

Buy green shamrock candies or cut shamrocks from heavy green paper. On each one have written its value—5—10—15—etc. Hide these around the room. Divide the guests into two groups, the Murphy and the Kelly gangs. The side locating the shamrocks that add up the highest score, win the contest. As a prize, give a sack of potato chips.

### Irish Stories

Appoint two captains and choose sides. Have an "Irish Story" contest, conducted like a spelling match. When one can't tell a story, they must be seated.