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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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## WELCOME, NEW YEAR!

Yes, little New Year, we welcome you with open arms. Don't let it frighten you that we expect SO MUCH from you! Everyone of us promises you to work, as we have never worked before, to help you bring us Peace and Victory. We will buy War Bonds and Stamps, save grease and paper, write letters cheering those in the service of their country and pray often that peace may come.

## WHY COMPLAIN!

Our ancestors did without sugar until the 13th century; without coal fires until the 14th century; without buttered bread until the 15th century, without potatoes until the 16th century; without coffee, tea and soap until the 17th century; without gas, electricity until the 19th century; and without canned goods until the 20th century. It is only within the last few years that we have had automobiles, cars, planes and numerous other things that have made American people the most fortunate people in the world. Altho these items are not available now, they will be after the war. Yes, these and many others, so what are we complaining for!

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

A short time ago a subscriber to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine asked us to change the address to which she wanted her magazine sent. She did not give us her old address so we dropped her a card asking her to send it. She sent it promptly and said, "If you didn't know my address, how does it come that you have sent me the magazine all the time?"

That is a logical question and I suppose that many of you have had the same thought. I think that most, if not all magazines, require the old as well as the new address when a change is requested, and there is a good reason for it.

The postal regulations require that magazines be mailed so that all those going to one town be sent together, either in bundles or mail sacks. In order to comply with these regulations we file our subscribers names by towns and states. For instance, if Mrs. John Doe of Modesto, California, wants her address changed to Peoria, Illinois, we would not know where to locate her card if she gave us only her new address. If she sent us both old and new address, we would find her name in the Modesto, California, file and place it in the Peoria, Illinois, file. Then when the addressing is done for the next issue she would receive her magazine without delay.

Now that special zoning in cities is required by the postoffice, it is best to give the zone number as well as the street number when sending a new or renewal subscription. This zoning regulation applies only to the larger cities and not to small towns.

Remember, when you change your address always send both the old as well as the new address.

told a Bostonian he was from Iowa, the Bostonian replied, "Oh, is that the way you pronounce the name of your state. Here in Boston we pronounce it Ohio".

Little Rusty, our red cocker spaniel is no more. One day the phone rang, and a friend asked me if Rusty was at home. I told her no, I hadn't seen him for two days and was wondering where he was. She told me there had been a dog like ours killed on the highway. Well, it was Rusty. Altho he was very old for a cocker, I had hoped he would live until our boys came back from the war. Of course we miss him. He was a good dog. So was Trix, the dog we had before we had Rusty, and so will our next dog be a good dog.

Dorothy tells me that in California they have dog undertakers and a cemetery, and have dog funerals. They also have dog restaurant service where you can buy your dogs meals scientifically prepared. What are some folks thinking of when little children all over the world are hungry and needing care.

What do you think of these "chains of prayer" that have been circulating the past few months. I don't like them. They threatened one with all kinds of bad luck unless copies were mailed to friends by a certain date. I don't believe any of us need to be scared into praying for peace. I believe in asking our friends to remember the power of prayer at a time like this but it seems fantastic to send them these threats by mail. If you believe in them don't mail me one for the chain will be broken.

Now may I make a wish for you, especially you war mothers—**May you have faith and hope enough to remove all anxious fears as to what the new year will bring you.** God has promised us grace sufficient to meet all that life brings us so let us rest on His promises.

Lovingly, Leanna.

## A PRAYER

Dear Lord, help me live this day  
QUIETLY, EASILY;  
To lean upon Thine arm  
RESTFULLY, TRUSTFULLY;  
To wait for the unfolding of Thy will  
PATIENTLY, SERENELY;  
To meet others  
PEACEFULLY, JOYOUSLY;  
To face tomorrow  
COURAGEOUSLY, CONFIDENTLY.

My Dear Friend:

How quickly the years come-and-go. As I grow older it seems the years shorten in length. Maybe the real reason the year 1943 seems to have passed so rapidly is because it has been such a busy year.

I am glad that my health has been good enough to make working a pleasure. Many times my daughters have said, "There never was a busier place than this". I know there are busier homes but they never happened to be in them.

Since I last wrote to you Thanksgiving has come and gone and by the time you read this, Christmas may be only a memory.

We had such a lovely Thanksgiving Day. In the morning we went to church. My brother Henry Field and his wife, my sisters Helen Fischer, Jessie Shambaugh and their husbands and my sister Sue Conrad came to dinner. Each one furnished something so the food was soon on the table and how we did enjoy being together. We all wished that our other sister and brother could have been with us.

I had a real vacation for Tim George of the KMA staff gave "Kitchen Klatter" for me, calling himself "Aunt Tim".

Margery was the only one of our children who could be at home on that day. Lucile, our oldest daughter and her baby, Juliana, spent the day on the train, returning to California. Dorothy and her baby, Kristin, were with her husband's family at Lucas, Iowa. Frederick was in New Haven, Conn.; Don at Peterson Army Air Base, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Howard at Camp White, Oregon; and Wayne somewhere in Australia. We all hope that by the end of 1944 our boys will be home again.

I am writing this letter before Christmas but believe I am safe in saying Frederick and Margery will be home for Christmas. It is a big job to raise seven children but one of the rewards we receive is the possibility of having at least one out of the seven at home for the holidays.

Frederick is having a very interesting year at Yale University, where he is preparing to be a minister. One Sunday he preached in a church 150 years old. When he remarked about the age of the church a man said, "This isn't one of the old churches. The church that stood here before this one was built more than 100 years before the Revolutionary War." A man



# Come into the Garden



## WINTER BEAUTY

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Winter brings a complete change to the garden—a change that is requisite for like human beings plants, shrubs and trees must have their resting periods in order to do their work properly and well.

We plan and plant our flower gardens chiefly to have attractive surroundings. There is beauty to be found every day and at all hours of the day. It is easy to see this loveliness when Violets and Spring Beauties bloom; when aristocratic lilies bow and nod; when Heavenly Blues shine forth with a thousand twinkling faces; when the last of the stout-hearted 'mums defy Jack Frost. A foregone conclusion might be then that when the garden is asleep all beauty has retired also but such a conclusion is easily disproved. There is a different kind of beauty but just as lovely and easily seen when red and yellow leaves play wild running games with the breezes; when bare branches in perfect balance and symmetry are silhouetted against a gray sky; when snow flakes fall thick and fast against a background of cedars.

There are times when winter colors are as vivid as summer hues. Picture a snow-covered cedar tree against a blue, blue sky with a brilliant cardinal darting in and out and a bright winter sun shining down on all. Almost always there are bits of bright color here and there such as the shiny orange fruit on the Bittersweet or bright berries on some of the shrubs. Of course for the most part color will be in soft subdued tones, quiet and restful. We have failed to appreciate or were probably entirely unaware of the outstanding coloring of barks on various trees and shrubs in the summer time when they were gowned and

veiled in green. But now when obscuring leaves have fallen and they stand in stark nakedness, we see the yellow of the willows, the reds of the dogwoods, the green of the pussy willows and can do full justice to the delicate tracery of twigs of all.

In the winter, too, evergreens large and small can be enjoyed to the fullest for they are almost lost sight of in the general maze of summer green everywhere.

When leaves are gone one is quite astounded at the close neighbors one has had for then birds' nests come to view whose presence were never once detected. There at the very end of a branch in the maple tree hangs an oriole's cradle—how could we have possibly missed it so near. In the Bittersweet, a brown thrasher's nest—it must be for there it was we saw a brown thrasher darting in and out last summer and could not understand his fancy for that particular Bittersweet. How cleverly they conceal their nests.

When snow blankets the earth everything seems clean and pure. The Spireas are as white as when in bloom in the Spring. Hydrangeas hold up just as many blossoms as they did during their last blooming period. Each red seed head on the sumacs across the road dons a white cap and all the branches wear white coats. When night falls on such a scene, a full moon applauded by a million stars beams down, making precise shadow pictures.

There are those rare mornings when we awaken to find we are in a glistening fairland with every twig and branch, every weed and shrub all the fences, everything covered with sleet and hoarfrost. We revel in the beauty wrought by Nature's hand—Summer has no counterpart that can compare with the perfection of such a sparkling, gleaming Winter picture.

## OLD FASHIONED WINDOW GARDENS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Can you remember the plants that grew in your mother's window during wintry weather, bringing cheer to this darkest of days? Many of those plants have come back into popular use again, bringing us happy recollections. Today the tendency is toward the small ornamental pot with plants which take little water and which never would become large in their cramped quarters. Because of the construction of their containers they may stand on polished tables or sills with no fear of dampness to the wood.

In Mother's day it was different. The plants generally grew much larger and had the benefit of large bay windows which accommodated large flower stands. They were usually in the sunny side of the house and so we found most of the bloomers there.

Chief among my recollections of childhood is a rat-tail cactus which hung in the sunniest spot, but well out of reach of childish fingers or a chance acquaintance in the dark. Ugly as it appeared to us most of the time, at last it would be resplendent with pink blooms studded on all the long spiny tails. Another long waited for bloomer was Mother's Amaryllis or Johnson Lily as she called it. Both these plants disappeared somewhere during their dormant season where we children never thought to ask.

Fuchsias were another favorite and we now rejoice to see they are again coming back into favor, only in many variations of bloom and foliage. There is even a white flowered one, but not as beautiful as Mother's, I am sure.

The Begonias I best remember were the large Angel Wing, which appealed to our imagination and the Semperflorens which seemed to be always in bloom. For ferns we had the two well known Asparagus ferns plumosa and sperengii. These often furnished the background of a little button hole bouquet which Father wore Sundays at church. Geranium blooms furnished the color—his choice was a large flame colored one. Or perhaps the lacy leaf of the old Rose scented geranium was chosen. The scented Geranium was also grown for its delicate flavor in jellies.

Bulb plants made their appearance at Thanksgiving going on into the spring. First the Chinese Lilies, the Narcissi and then the Hyacinths in all colors. These were brought up to the light gradually from the dark cool cellar where they started their growth.

The old Christmas Cactus was ours too as it most likely was yours. Callas especially white ones were much in favor in those days also. What joy it was to watch their gradual unfolding. In spring the Gloxianas started into growth with their promise of lovely bells coming from a dried-looking old bulb. The Coleus or Foliage plants as they were and are still called, were as pretty as any flowers with their colorful and variegated leaves. Although they are the weeds of India,

(Continued on Page 5, Column 3)



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER SEVEN

I have always been interested in stories that have come down through the years regarding the various ways in which Grandmother and Grandfather Field managed their children, but now that I have a child of my own to rear I am doubly interested, for out of the past there is much to be learned and used in the future. It wasn't accidental chance that produced their happy home, so I have thought that perhaps this month all of us with children would be interested in a glimpse behind the scenes at the ideas that they put into practice.

It was the common opinion of the neighbors near Sunnyside Farm that Grandmother and Grandfather didn't "manage" their children—they just grew. I've noticed that this is what people always say about folks who have "luck" with flowers—they overlook the knowledge, planning, and work that lies behind the blooming garden. Thus it was that the atmosphere of freedom at Sunnyside led people to believe that Mr. and Mrs. Field simply allowed their children the whole rein, and that miraculously enough they turned out well in spite of it. Little did they suspect the direction that went into the other end of the reins, or that the children turned out well *because* of their freedom, not in spite of it.

There were very few orders and commands given at Sunnyside. No one was driven to work, no one was nagged into doing what had to be done. As soon as each child was old enough to reason he could see for himself what there was to do, and because it was expected that he would pitch in and help at what everyone else was doing he just naturally did what was taken for granted that he would do. Grandmother and Grandfather both knew that the thing a child wants more than anything else in the world is to feel that he "belongs", and there is nothing that gives him the sense of belonging as completely as sharing in all of the family activity.

During the summer months when Grandfather's truck garden was producing the bulk of the family income everyone worked and worked hard. Old friends have said that if you stopped at the farm during those days you could see a little Field in overalls everywhere you looked weeding away for dear life. Since there were only two boys in the family this meant that the bulk of the little Fields you saw "everyplace you looked" were girls. But when night came and the day's work was over, everyone who had worked together during the day enjoyed themselves together in the evening. Some parents might have gone about their own affairs and left their children to have what fun they could, but Grandmother and Grandfather joined in the pigeon roasts or "barbacues" that finished many a summer day.

While some of the crowd climbed to the cupola of the barn and captured the pigeons, others built the brick

stove, made the fire, and foraged for potatoes, apples, eggs, onions, etc. Grandmother brought out a plate of bread and butter and a pitcher of milk, and what a delicious meal it made! After the banquet was over everyone sang songs around the camp fire and often Grandfather, who had an exceptionally beautiful voice, sang songs that he remembered from the Civil war. The memories of these evenings are among the dearest that all of the children have, and in themselves they go far towards explaining why Mr. and Mrs. Field got so much help from their children without driving them. Work together and play together—it's something to remember.

The family money was kept in a "money drawer" to which everyone had free access, yet never once was there so much as a dime unaccountably missing. If something was needed, genuinely needed, one could get the money from the drawer without going into long explanations. It was taken for granted that no one would take money that *everyone* had worked to make for any individual foolishness. There was an example set for this, of course. Grandfather and Grandmother never spent money foolishly, and because they always lived within their means it was easy for the children to see what was necessity and what was indulgence.

Yet Grandmother, who really managed the household money, could understand a child's desire, and once she let Aunt Helen buy something "foolish" at a time when money was very scarce. This particular piece of foolishness was an imitation moonstone pendant, utterly worthless, of course, but Aunt Helen wanted it desperately and Grandmother understood that it was important to her. Aunt Helen says now that she treasures the memory of that little pendant more than any genuine jewel that could have been given to her in after years, for Grandmother did not make light of her childish passion. There is an element of genius in knowing when something "foolish" is more important than thrift. This is another thing that I must remember.

There was respect for the aged in the Field home. No one said, "Now listen, you must always speak politely to Great Aunt Clara," or "You must do all you can to help Uncle Henry." But how could any child behave rudely if he saw that his parents always spoke and behaved with courtesy to the elderly relatives who were frequently with them for months at a time? Mother says that she can remember hearing Grandmother say that if they had to find fault with each other they should go out of earshot to do it for if Great Aunt Clara or Uncle Henry overheard it they would feel depressed.

There was naughtiness at times, but not disrespect. And there was disobedience at times, but it was the disobedience that comes from quick things on the surface and not from long-smouldering antagonisms and hatreds. For there was no hate in Grandfather's home. Bitter arguments about religion, politics, and money

were never heard in that house. Everyone had a right to his own ideas and the only thing expected was that each person should respect the right of the other person to believe what he believed.

The thing that Grandmother and Grandfather really lived by was the belief that each one of their children should develop in his own way. Whatever they truly wished to do was encouraged, and when it came time to choose professions and get the necessary educations, great sacrifices were made to help make it possible. No one was ever forced to turn to this kind of work or that kind of work simply because Grandmother and Grandfather had the idea that it would be a good thing. It's the one certain way of avoiding a square peg in a round hole.

But if all of the Field children were given freedom to do what they wished to do, at the same time it was expected that they would actually *do* something and not merely fritter away their time. There were too many important things to do in this world and not half enough time to get all of them done. This was the reasoning that lay under everything—do what you want to do and feel that you must do, but *do* it. It is understandable, therefore, that no one ever heard of a lazy Field!

But when it's all said and done, perhaps the greatest single reason for Grandmother and Grandfather's "luck" with their family is because they trusted their children completely. When other children were kept constantly under a watchful eye and not permitted to go here or go there, the Field children were allowed to go on trips by themselves and make their own decisions. The trust that was placed in them was never betrayed.



Margery Driftmier, our youngest daughter, buys the groceries on the way home from school. She teaches 3rd grade at Pella, Iowa.



# From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "Our sixteen year old daughter goes to high school in our nearest town and lives with my husband's sister's family. She works for her board and room and that's where the problem comes in. She gets breakfast, washes dishes at noon, helps with supper and always cleans the kitchen at night, does some of the washing and most of the ironing. She only comes home once a month. I feel that this much work amounts to more than board and room and that they should pay her something. My husband doesn't want trouble of any kind and won't let me say anything. Would you keep still if you were in my position?"—Minnesota.

ANS: I doubt if I would. That much work is worth at least a little cash, and I think that your sister-in-law is getting cheap help if your daughter really does this amount of work. If it's the only possible way your daughter can go to high school I would consider her education more important than "trouble in the family", but if she could live in some other home I'd make the change.

QUES: "A few months ago I married a lieutenant in the army who was stationed for a short time near Chicago. We kept our marriage a secret and did not tell even my parents. I realize now that this was very foolish for in a short time I must return to their home to have my baby in the spring. Do you think wedding announcements should be sent out before I return, or would it be better taste simply to have the announcement carried in our local paper?"—Illinois.

ANS: My own opinion is that under the circumstances it would be in better taste merely to have the usual newspaper item stating the fact that you were married at such and such a time. I have the feeling that if you send out wedding announcements it may look to some people (and there always seems to be a goodly number of such people) as though you are definitely concerned about the possibility of gossip. There's no reason why you should feel defensive—remember this when you return.

QUES: "Four years ago our son lost his wife and since then we have had his little girl who is now almost three and a half. In January he is going to marry a lovely young woman in Detroit and they plan to make their home in that city. Of course they will take our little granddaughter at that time, and now I am wondering if I should go with her until she is accustomed to her new home?"—Missouri.

ANS: Yes, I believe that you should. It is a severe shock to a little child to give up familiar people and rooms for new surroundings, and I think that she will make a happier adjustment if it comes slowly and change is

not forcefully thrust upon her. When you see her turning to her new mother to have her needs taken care of you can leave her with a lightened heart.

QUES: "I was engaged to a boy in our town for almost two years, and then shortly before he went into the army we had a quarrel and broke up. I didn't hear a word from him for over a year, but the other day a letter came from overseas in which he said that he regretted what had happened and wanted to marry me when he returned. Everyone thinks that our break up was permanent, so do you think I should announce our engagement?"—Iowa.

ANS: I don't believe that I would. It seems to me the wiser course to wait and let events speak for themselves. You can tell your friends, of course, but I hardly think I would make a formal announcement.

QUES: "I had a genuine disappointment this past Christmas, Leanna. We've wanted a new living room rug for a long time so when my husband's parents said that they were going to get us one for Christmas I was very happy. I thought that they were giving us the money to buy the rug, but instead of that they gave us the rug—and it's awful. It doesn't go with a thing I have and the colors are so hideous that I can't change my color scheme to harmonize with it. Since the rug has so little wear do you think I could get away with turning it in on something that I want?"—Nebraska.

ANS: You might get away with more than the rug if you tried that—friendly feelings and happy associations, for instance. If your relatives lived in Alaska or Cuba you could feel pretty free to trade in the rug, but since your postscript said that they live next door I think I'd keep that rug and cultivate the handicap of color-blindness so far as the living room is concerned.

Note: This is a fresh reminder that gifts of house-furnishings should be given in the form of cash. The rug or lamp or chair that we consider beautiful may not be beautiful at all to the person who receives it.

QUES: "I am going to be married soon to a young man who lives in Denver. I do not know his parents very well, and I am troubled as to what I should call them after we are married. Can you help me with this?"—South Dakota.

ANS: Until you know them better I think that it might be sensible to call them "Mr. and Mrs. Smith". After you become acquainted with them you can ask them how they prefer that you address them. Until that time you are not running the risk of seeming presumptuous by using the formal "Mr. and Mrs."



THE "TEXAS SWEETHEARTS"

This is a picture of the newest addition to our KMA talent staff... the "Sweetheart Team"... Zeke and Joan Williams from "deep in the heart of Texas."

These Texas Sweethearts joined KMA, November 15th, and can be heard each Monday through Friday evening from 9:45 to 10 o'clock. Their program precedes the evening newscast by Tim George.

I know you'll all enjoy their programs of hymns, ballads, and delightful old-time numbers. Radio is not new to this popular "Sweetheart Team" as Zeke has been a favorite with radio audiences for sixteen years, while Joan has been heard over the air for six years. They have broadcast from a number of Texas stations including Dallas, Fort Worth, Amarilla, El Paso and San Antonio. In this section of the country, they've appeared over the Columbia, Mo.; Wichita, Kansas; Topeka, Kansas; and Grand Island, Nebr., stations.

Once you've heard Zeke and Joan... the "Sweethearts from Texas", you'll tune in regularly for their evening show on KMA from 9:45 to 10 o'clock.

## Old Fashioned Window Gardens

(Continued from Page 3, Column 3)

they are truly beautiful in our winter windows and summer porch boxes and many were the cuttings exchanged by our mothers. Busy Lizzie, the Sultana, was another constant bloomer then as now. For a vine, Smilax was a favorite with its dainty clean foliage.

No African Violets were found in Mother's collection; they are a late introduction from the Tropics of Africa, but the Star of Bethlehem, Isophylla, was as lovely in a hanging basket then as now.

Many of your choice plants and mine have come from our childhood homes and will probably go on down through the generations. After all, it is the plants grown in our homes which really are the means of the survival of flowers growing.





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

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### **DO NOT WASTE FOOD**

Plan your buying ahead.  
Buy only what you need.  
Buy the brands you know.  
Store food correctly.  
Serve healthful meals.  
Prepare food carefully.  
Lick the platter clean.  
Use up any leftovers.  
Turn in waste fats.

### **MUSH TO FRY**

1 cup corn meal moistened with enough sweet milk to make it pour. Add this to one quart boiling water to which 1 teaspoon of sugar, and salt to taste, has been added. Cook at least 1/2 hour and pour into dish to cool. Slice when cold and fry in a hot-skillet.—Mrs. Flora Inman, Vinton, Iowa.

### **FRIED APPLE PIES**

1/2 cup sugar  
1 tablespoon melted butter  
1 egg  
1/2 cup milk  
2 cups flour  
1 rounding teaspoon baking powder  
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg  
A little salt  
Stir up like doughnuts. Roll out 1/4 inch thick and cut in six-inch rounds, or you can cut them in squares. Put on a spoonful of thick apple sauce, fold over and press edges down. Fry like doughnuts.

### **PUMPKIN DOUGHNUTS**

1 2/3 cups flour  
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/8 teaspoon soda  
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 tablespoon shortening  
1/4 cup (scant) sugar  
1/4 cup honey, dark syrup or molasses  
1 egg  
1/2 cup canned pumpkin  
Sift flour, spices, salt, soda and baking powder three times. Cream shortening, sugar, add honey and beat well. Add the egg and mix well. Add pumpkin and sifted ingredients. Mix, roll on floured board and let stand 20 minutes. Cut with doughnut cutter and fry in fat 350 degrees F. This makes about 1 dozen doughnuts.

### **BUTTERSCOTCH NUT BREAD**

1 egg  
1 cup brown sugar  
1 tablespoon melted shortening  
2 cups sifted flour  
3/4 teaspoon soda  
1/2 teaspoon baking powder  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 cup sour milk  
1/2 cup chopped nuts  
Beat egg, add sugar gradually, mixing well. Add shortening. Beat hard until mixed. Sift flour, salt, soda and baking powder together and add to the egg mixture alternately with the milk. Stir in nutmeats. Pour into a greased loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven 350 degrees for 45 minutes, or until done.

### **DOUGHNUTS**

4 eggs  
1/2 cup sour cream  
2 cups sour milk  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
4 cups all purpose flour  
1/2 teaspoon each nutmeg and ginger  
2 teaspoons salt  
2 teaspoons soda  
4 1/2 teaspoons baking powder  
Beat eggs in large bowl, add cream, milk and sugar and beat well. Put remaining ingredients in sifter and sift three times. Add to first mixture. A little more flour may be added if needed to make very soft dough. Let stand 1/2 hour in ice box, or longer. Roll on pastry cloth, cut and fry.—Mrs. H. Veld.

### **CRANBERRY SALAD**

1 quart cranberries  
3 1/2 cups water  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 package gelatine powder, lemon  
1 cup chopped nuts  
1 cup white grapes, diced  
1/2 cup crushed and drained pineapple  
Cook the berries, water and sugar together until the mixture is a mushy consistency, about 5 minutes of rapid boiling. Remove from fire and add the gelatine powder, dissolve and allow to stand until cool. Add the nuts, grapes and pineapple; pour into molds and allow to set. Serve on lettuce leaf and garnish with whipped cream or mayonnaise.

### **MINCEMEAT FRUIT CAKE**

1 pound mincemeat  
1 cup nut meats  
1 cup raisins  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1/2 cup melted butter  
1 cup sugar  
2 egg yolks  
2 cups flour  
1 teaspoon soda  
1 tablespoon boiling water  
2 egg whites  
Mix ingredients in order given, dissolving the soda in the boiling water. Add the stiffly beaten egg whites last. Bake in well greased and floured loaf pan in a slow oven for about 1 hour. Frost with boiled icing if desired, and sprinkle with nuts and raisins. Makes a 3 1/2 pound cake and keeps well.—Mrs. J. M. Thomson, Box 223, Seneca, Kansas.

### **A GOOD PIE**

1 1/3 cups sweetened condensed milk  
Juice of 2 lemons  
3 egg yolks  
Beat all together. This thickens as you beat. Beat whites of egg for meringue, adding a little sugar. Brown in oven.—Mrs. Purl W. Jones, Gilman City, Mo.

### **DROP COOKIES**

3/4 cup melted shortening  
1 cup molasses  
2 eggs, beaten  
2 1/4 cups sifted flour  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoon ginger  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
1/2 teaspoon lemon extract  
1 cup raisins, chopped  
Mix shortening and molasses. Add eggs and stir until blended. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with the milk in which the soda has been dissolved. Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 4 to 5 dozen cookies.

### **KITCHEN-KLATTER COOK BOOKS** Any 6 for \$1.00

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



## KITCHEN-KLATTER KINKS

### Pumpkin Pies Without Crust.

Grease the pan well with butter or other shortening, leaving on all that will stick to the pan, then dust with flour. Put in the pumpkin mixture and bake. You will have a thin, rich crust. This can be done with cherries or berries, also. Put cris-cross crust on top of berry pies.—Mrs. B. J. Johnson, St. Joseph, Mo.

**If You Send Anything Edible Into the Pacific**, be sure to pack in tin. Bugs go through cardboard and cellophane as though it were not there. Even canvas covered and tarred packages which have to be floated in at some of the islands are riddled in short order by insects.—Mrs. Henry F. Keiser, Omaha, Nebr.

**To Keep Carrots Through the Winter**, leave them right where they grew in the garden. Cover them with leaves and weight down with a board. They will not be hurt by freezing weather, and are nice and fresh when you want to use them.—Mrs. Addie Hodges, Macomb, Ill.

**Discarded Powder Puffs** may be sterilized and used for shoe or silverware polishers.

**A Small Paint Brush Treated with Furniture Polish** is excellent for dusting corners that cannot be reached with dust cloth.

**Wax the Painted Woodwork**, especially in places that are subject to hard usage. It can be cleaned readily with a damp cloth and it saves the paint or varnish.

**Clean a Piece of Inner Tube** and keep in your kitchen to put over the edge of the table when you screw the food grinder in place.

**To Dry a Garment Quickly**, fold it into a turkish towel and run through the wringer. Repeat several times if necessary, using a dry towel each time.—Mrs. G. W. Moore, Des Moines, Ia.

**To Pack Hams** after being cured, wrap so no dirt can get on the meat and store in the oats bin. It is dry and cool there.—Mrs. W. F. Eisenhauer.

**If You Have Trouble With Fruit Jar Lids Not Sealing**, perhaps you have filled the jars too full. You must fill the jars only to the shoulder as there must be a space left for air to form a vacuum.—Mrs. P. H. Wood, Ottumwa, Iowa.

**To Defrost An Electric Refrigerator** Rapidly leave the door of the refrigerator chamber open and place an electric fan on a stool in front, directing it so the air goes into the refrigerator. It takes about eight minutes to defrost, and will not harm the refrigerator.

**Cook a Quantity of Raisins Till Nicely Plumped**, seal hot in pint jars and keep in refrigerator. They are handy to use for pies, cookies, etc. Grind raisins, candied lemon peel, orange peel and citron and dates, mix and seal hot or store in refrigerator for use in spice cakes—Mrs. M. J. Momsen, Denison, Ia.

Save waste grease. Every little helps!

## CLEAN DISHES SAFEGUARD HEALTH

For most folks, grumbling is a part of doing dishes. Maybe you are one who dreads the thought of going into the kitchen after a meal is over. Washing dishes may seem an unpleasant task but it is a very important one.

War and sickness go hand in hand. Many new diseases are being brought into our country by returning army personnel. We can guard our family from contagious diseases.

Dishes which are not clean may be carriers of infection. Germs bury themselves in crevices and cracks, so wash carefully and scald the dishes. Throw away badly cracked cups and plates. It is only a matter of a few days until they will be useless anyway.

Remember that dirty dish cloths and tea towels are responsible for carrying germs, too. Have plenty of them and wash them often.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER TIME

When I am doing daily tasks  
I watch the kitchen clock;  
The hands just barely creep along  
And sing a slow tick-tock.

But when Kitchen-Klatter's on  
the air  
The time just fairly flies;  
That mean old clock has leaped  
ahead  
And its time to say good-bye.

—Mrs. George Wessendorf,  
Storm Lake, Iowa

## GOD'S SERVICE FLAG

There's a blue star in my window.  
I put it there so all  
Who passed my door might know my  
boy  
Had heard his country's call.

I'm, oh, so very proud of you—  
To know you do your part,  
The star there in the window shows  
You're always in my heart.

Sometimes, I cannot help it, Son—  
My heart is filled with grief.  
I wish and long for "might-have-beens"  
But then I find relief,

For, when the evening shadows fall,  
My eyes lift to the sky,  
And oh the joy, that He, too, keeps  
A vigil there on high.

For the shining stars in God's window  
Gleam through the midnight blue,  
Showing all mothers you're His boys,  
too,

He loves and cares for you.  
—Mabel Nair Brown.

**Freeze Hominy.** Make hominy as usual. After husks and eyes are removed, drain well and set out to freeze. Next morning put it on and cook, then drain and freeze again. Freezing does not hinder it from keeping when canned and it pops open something like popcorn when it is cooked.

## HUNTS WATER BUFFALO IN AUSTRALIA

(John Field writes to his sister,  
Zoanna)

Dear Zo:

Here it is another Sunday and nothing much to do. As usual it is just about too hot to breathe. The sweat is just pouring off of me but at that, it is better than freezing to death in Alaska. The big news of the week is my hunting trip. Three of us started out in a jeep, vowing not to come back until we had shot at least one water buffalo. We first drove for ten miles back into the hills where there were some lakes. I never have seen so many wild ducks in all my life. All you had to do was to shoot into a flock and down they came. There were wild geese too, but they were too wary. We didn't get any of them.

Next we got a wild turkey. The first shot broke a wing so that he couldn't fly but how he could run. The next shot got him through the breast but he just turned a somersault and kept on running. We got into the jeep and ran along beside him. We finally got him. He had an 8-ft. wing spread. Some turkey!

However the best part was yet to come, for we still had no buffalo. However we soon spotted one with our field glasses. He was looking right at us. We got within a hundred yards of him and he still stood gazing at us so we opened up on him. He was hit several times and started toward us. Old Johnnie decided this would not do so he put on the finishing touches in a hurry. The water buffalo are larger than a cow and shaped something like a pig. The legs are short and the body shaped like a barrel. They have very little hair on them and are very fat. This one had horns about four feet long. The next one we got was running with a bunch of wild cattle. They were headed for a creek. The path across it was only big enough for one cow at a time so when the water buffalo took his turn to cross over we gave him everything we had. He fell down the bank and out of sight so we crept up to the edge on foot and looked over. There he was all spread out nice and peaceful like, just about as dead as a doornail. We also got his horns. I'll bring them with me when I eventually get home.

Love, Johnnie.

## WAFFLE IRONS

With the winter months, we take out the waffle iron again, and how good those crisp waffles taste. Making them is a joy if the batter does not stick to the iron.

If you have this sad experience, a stiff wire brush is the best thing for brushing off the iron. After cleaning, oil it well, heat it and wipe with a dry cloth.

Waffle batter generally sticks to the iron because there is not enough fat in the batter, or the iron was not heated to the right temperature.





## AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

Come in, girls. Unless coffee rationing goes "on" again before you read this, we will have a steaming hot flavorful cup of coffee and some bread and butter with it. While we are enjoying our cozy time, we will exchange enough happy thoughts to last a month, I hope.

I read somewhere that we should not think of our birthdays in terms of years but in terms of interesting experiences so that we would retain our youthful outlook. Perhaps growing old is "all in our heads". I'm quite sure it is when I meet some one past middle age with a smile on their lips, a twinkle in their eye and eager expectancy in their heart. Right then I become a "copy cat".

That "copy cat" idea isn't so bad, if you really go after it thoroughly.

If Mrs. Brown down the road has a window full of pretty flowers, you can't just walk by and look and wish and go home to find that you have pretty flowers. You must start last summer. You must pot, and spray, and wash plants, and set out in the sun on warm days, and back by the stove on cold nights. Then you'll have pretty flowers.

If Elizabeth Ann has friends and friends, and you want friends and friends, watch Elizabeth Ann. And work hard at "copy catting" (and not very hard at being catty).

Probably the most important thing about having friends is to be exactly the kind of a friend you want. Be a kind person, be interested, be quick to speak and smile, be very slow to remember a slight or an unkind word.

Once I heard my father say, and my father was a man who just made you think "friend", "If you want to be a real friend, when anyone says 'How are you?' answer, 'I'm fine, thank you. How are you?' Then listen while he tells you."

Really friends are more fun than that, but they don't "just happen."

Don't forget the old French custom of wishing a heart's desire for your best friends on New Year's Eve.

Tommy: "That problem you helped me with last night was all wrong, Daddy."

Father: "All wrong, was it? Well, I'm sorry."

Tommy: "Well, you needn't exactly worry about it, because none of the other daddies got it right either."

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Talk is cheap—we all say that we would like to help handicapped folks, but it remains for one who herself has been in bed or wheel chair for several years, on account of a serious heart condition, to show us how to give some real practical help. Margaret Nickerson Martin, 402 Van Buren St., Jackson, Michigan, has opened a shop in her home where she sells articles made by shutin people from all over the United States. They send her their pretty hand-made articles and when they are sold she sends the money they bring. She accepts only beautifully made articles, and it is surprising what a large variety she has all the way from dainty hand-made handkerchieves to woven, hooked and crocheted rugs, and all sorts of things between. Mrs. Martin herself is author of several books and any number of poems which she has printed on cards. Both books and cards are for sale. She tells me she could dispose of more things in her shop, so if you are a shutin and make something extra nice and would like to sell some, write and tell her about it. She does not accept articles to sell from well folks, but she would like orders from you and you can do your good deed for the day by buying some shutin's handiwork from Margaret Nickerson Martin.

Word has come that a girl in whom I have been interested for a long time is quite ill. Lena Springer, Rt. 1, Box 170, Industry, Illinois, was thrown from her horse and hurt just before she was to graduate from High School, some twenty years ago. She has been flat on her back almost all of the time since. About a year ago she had a long-planned operation and for a while was able to be up a little but is down again the last few weeks. She loves letters and cards, but is not able to write at all so when you write her, be sure to tell her you do not expect an answer.

Miss Cyrella Foltz, St Joseph's Villa, David City, Nebraska, has been crippled by arthritis for 36 years. Stop a minute and think what that would mean. She can use her hands some and would like to have some crochet and embroidery materials.

Samples of some really beautiful greeting cards came to me recently. They are made by Abbie E. Bigelow, 3142 S St., Lincoln 2, Nebraska. She is a real artist and designs and paints the cards herself. Her price is 10c each. Do give her an order, but if you order less than a dollar's worth, I suggest you send along 3c extra for postage.

About every two months I get out a letter telling about more of the shutins, what they are doing and things that will be of interest to them and to ones who are interested in them. If you would like to have one, write to me. Let's make 1944 a happier year for everyone.



By Olinda Wiles

After the severe ordeal that I have passed through in November it is hard to collect your thoughts long enough to think sanely on any subject, and your every day life just becomes automatic habits. You do the things that are before you with your hands while your head and your heart dwell on a far different subject.

My flock of chickens have been sadly neglected but I hope to be able to do better by them from now on. They have been fed by so many different ones and each one seemed to have the idea that whole corn and water was all that was needed.

However, I have a large bin full of ground feed and the feeders are filled night and morning and the hens are singing lustily so I know they will soon show an improvement in the egg basket. The eggs I do get are large and very uniform in shell condition so there are very few culls.

I am planning on staying here on the farm that my husband and I spent thirty-five years building up. It is very lonely and the nights are so long, but I do not feel as if I could part with everything that meant so much to him, at this early date. So I will continue with my chickens and help with the milking etc., the same as I did while he was here. To me work is my only salvation. I only wish it were spring in place of winter with its long dreary months ahead.

This is my first night entirely alone and everything seems extremely quiet. Thanks a million for all the nice cards and letters you sent. I find some of my readers have had similar experiences.

May the New Year bring you new blessings and joys.

Mrs. Jake Unruh of Inman, Kansas, has found out a good way to improve reception on her radio. She pours a bucket of cold water on the stake the ground wire is fastened to, outside the house.



Mrs. Kate Cupp, Fairfield, Iowa, 91 years old, Doran and Dean Bolin, 4-year-old twin brothers and Carolyn and Kathleen Strait.

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This bright December day I am back where I have written to you so many, many times—my own kitchen. When I put my typewriter up on the table just now I remembered the night that I sat here and told you about our baby for the first time—she was only about two weeks old then and was sleeping in her bassinet beside me. Yes, this kitchen is full of memories that are associated with you, and it's a good feeling to be back here with them on this particular day, only now Juliana is sitting in her high chair beside me and is trying to pull the ears of her little white lamb. In the natural course of events I suppose that someday I'll sit here writing to you while she sits beside me at the table and writes her own letter!

As our train hurried westward across Nebraska I sat at the window and thought of many of you throughout that day. I was very happy to be traveling towards Russell and my own home again after the four months in Iowa, but at the same time there was the feeling of regret that comes from leaving many, many friends. My visit at home was most happy, and one thing that made it so was your letters and your interest in Juliana. I have written pages in her book to tell her all about it.

I made the trip without any help this time and there was no difficulty whatsoever. I packed a small box with Juliana's food plus her spoons, bibs, and a can-opener, so the big problem of feeding her turned out not to be a problem at all. I carried envelopes filled with cereal (the kind that is prepared by simply adding warm milk) and I mixed it in the little paper drinking cups that are provided on the train. Her cans of fruit and vegetables were warmed by placing them unopened in the laboratory bowl of hot water. What she didn't eat was simply thrown away. It was easy to fix her bottle for she now has equal parts of canned milk and water. I carried with me the smallest size can of milk and opened a fresh one for each meal. So many people are traveling with babies now that I thought perhaps this explanation of how I managed her food might help someone else.

At six o'clock both nights I put her into her warm sleepers and tucked her into the berth. We had to share this berth although I don't believe it's quite accurate to say that we shared it because she had nine-tenths of it and I had the edge. But she slept straight through until seven in the morning and that was the important thing. There were many other babies on our train and I didn't see any of the mothers having difficulty, so I can honestly say to you that if you're hesitating to start out with a baby put your fears behind you—I'm sure that you'll get along splendidly.

It was exciting to awaken on the last morning and look out to see the mountains and palms of southern California. That last hour was end-

less and the train wheels seemed to make only about two revolutions a minute, but at last I saw the big buildings of Los Angeles ahead of us, and then before long I looked out the window and saw Russell waiting on the platform beside the train.

I'm sure there were many joyous reunions at the Union Station that morning, but there couldn't have been a more joyous one than we had. Russell gasped when he saw Juliana—she went away in her basket, just a little baby, and she returned wearing a blue velvet coat and bonnet and almost on her own two legs! Of course she couldn't remember her daddy after four months of separation, but when he held out his arms she laughed and went right to him—and that made our happiness complete.

My house was shining from top to bottom. In the bedroom there was a big white crib all made up for Juliana, and in the kitchen there was a high chair. Her daddy had gotten both of these things in our absence, plus a toy box filled with new toys and a space cleared at one end of our long hall for all of her things. There were some new dishes for me, two big jars filled with chrysanthemums, and my kitchen had been completely changed. My, it was the most wonderful homecoming that I've ever had. Imagine returning to find your house much cleaner and nicer than you left it after your husband had been keeping "bach" for four months! I feel like a very fortunate person.

Now we're beginning to make plans for Christmas and our only regret is that Dorothy, Frank and Kristin can't be here with us. But before long they'll all be coming home again, and then every month in this new year that is beginning I can visit with you and tell you what we're doing, all six of us, in southern California.

A Happy New Year to you too!

—Lucile.

## EXOTIC GREEN "JEWELS"

By Pansy M. Barnes

Beloved by many is the long-lived "Chinese Evergreen" with its narrow, glossy green leaves. (However it doesn't come from China!) It is contented just in water, but flourishes better in a mixture of good fibrous loam, well rotted fertilizer, leaf-mold, sand, and a bit of crushed charcoal. Less familiar but even more beautiful is a variegated one, which answers to the long name of *Aglaonema Commutatum*. It was brought to us from the East Indies.

Unusual, easy to care for, and decorative is the *Dracaena*, godseffiana. Because of its slender stems and branching habit, it looks like a wee graceful shrub. The leaves are firm and light green with many white spots. The arrangement of them is quite unusual for some are opposite, some in whirls of three, and others are tiny, erect, and scale-like. The flowers are not conspicuous but develop into greenish yellow or red fruits nearly an inch in diameter. It was found originally in Africa near the Congo River.



## OVER THE FENCE

Beulah Stanton of Graham, Mo., sends this interesting contribution: "On her way out of a cafeteria a girl handed the cashier a slip of paper on which appeared the number 1004180. The cashier glanced at it, and let the girl pass without paying. The proprietor demanded to know the meaning of the figures. The cashier replied, 'You see it reads, 'I owe nothing for I ate nothing.'"

My granddaughter, Juliana, has a twin. Mrs. Myron Rudeen of Mead, Nebr., has a daughter, Jan Louise, born the same day, February 25.

Mrs. Etta Boughton of St. Charles, Iowa, says she has found the different colored gelatin powders a good substitute for colored sugar, when frosting cookies. "Necessity is the mother of invention".

Mrs. Walt Pitzer of Shell Rock, Iowa, our health advisor, is taking care of her little granddaughter who has the whooping cough so that her daughter's little new baby will not catch it.

"I saw a real example of patriotism", writes Mrs. John L. Herman of Sigourney, Iowa. "This is the true American spirit. We made a train trip to Washington, D. C. The tracks often go by people's back yards. I saw a beautifully kept potato patch. In the center of it sat an old man with a hoe. He would reach out as far as he could in every direction. To my amazement he reached down and picked up a crutch, and with it in one hand, the stool and hoe in the other, he hobbled to another position. He had only one leg. How was that for patriotism,—raising a victory garden under difficulties."

Ralph Childs, News Editor at KMA has a baby boy born November 22. He has been named David.

Lon Black of Springfield, Mo., is the new announcer at KMA. He has a wife and six-year-old daughter.

Zeke and Jean Williams who have a fifteen minute musical program on KMA from 9:45 to 10:00, have two daughters who attend High School in Shenandoah.

Mrs. Maggie Schasteen writes that in Mound City, Kansas, their church bell rings every evening at six o'clock for one minute of prayer for victory and peace.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

Marilee sat at her desk in the row of desks down the west side of the school-room. She leaned her head on her left hand and held a red lead pencil in her right. On the desk was a sheet of paper and on the paper she had written one line, "Interesting things to see in Winter".

All around her was a schoolroom's noisy quiet that means it's almost time for school to be out.

Miss Goodenough, the teacher, was straightening the books and sorting the papers at her desk. It seemed to Marilee that the teacher knew that she could not think of one line to write about "Interesting things to see in Winter."

Five minutes ago Miss Goodenough had said, "See if you can write a whole page".

Since then Marilee had looked out of the window and looked at her blank piece of paper but she hadn't thought of one thing to write. Well she hadn't seen a single interesting thing either.

That is she hadn't until she looked out the window once more and looked back at her desk. And right there in front of her sat The Thumblety Bumblety Elf. He was dressed in a piece of a sunbeam so that he sometimes looked as if he was there and sometimes looked as if he wasn't.

Marilee stared at him as hard as ever she could and then looked quickly at the teacher to see if she could see the elfman too. But the teacher didn't see him. No one ever has except Marilee.

She said "Hello" carefully so as not to make any out loud noises. The Thumblety Bumblety Elf said, "Hello, there! I see you can't see one interesting thing about winter."

"How did you know, Thumblety? But I don't. It is fun, sliding and skating and snowballing but that isn't interesting!"

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf answered, "I have been watching you and wondering why you didn't remember how interesting it is to look at the trees in winter with all their leaves gone. The oaks are heavy and knotted. The willows are light and lacy. The elms have every twig set just so up and down their stems, alternate you know. And while you are looking at the trees, you can see all the homes your bird friends built last summer."

Marilee nodded her head and smiled softly, remembering.

"And what could be more interesting than the way an icicle grows, down toward the ground instead of up, and getting bigger and bigger at the top?"

"And, Marilee, when it's snowing

and the snowflakes light on your red coat, you look. Everyone of them has six sides but no one has ever found two that were alike."

While Marilee was thinking about that, a little teasing cloud sailed in front of the sun and Thumblety slipped off the inkwell and floated away.

Marilee whispered "Goodbye" to him. Her pencil began to fly across the paper. By the time Miss Goodenough said, "Put away your work", she had written a whole page and so could you, couldn't you?

### TONGUE TWISTERS

How fast can you say these without a mistake?

1. Sister Susie's sweetheart Sherman said, "Say, Sam, savvy Slavish?"

2. My Grandmother sent me a new-fashioned three-cornered cambric country-cut handkerchief.

### 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.



Judy Volk of Rockwell City, Iowa, and her pet "Daisy June".

### A GOOD TRICK

Until you have tried it, you will hardly believe it is possible to lift a heavy book by simply blowing into a paper sack. To do this, select a long narrow sack made of strong paper. Lay it flat on the table so that the open end projects two or three inches beyond the end of the table. Place a book squarely on the bag. Now bring the open end of the bag together so you can blow into the bag. Blow slowly, not letting any of the air escape. The book will rise up from the table. You can lay on other books to make a quite heavy pile. Try this some day.



Dick has one pet Lamb. But hidden in the picture are a number of Lambs. How many can you find?



# Our Hobby Club

## HOW DID IT ALL START

We all need to acquire an interest in something that will give us real pleasure. Of course we all enjoy our housework and outside social activities but we need something more. Right now many of us need something to take our minds off of our own troubles, either real or imaginary.

It is interesting to learn how different ones of my friends happened to start their hobby.

One friend wrote that their little dog died. A friend gave her a little china dog that looked exactly like the one who died. From that time on, collecting dogs has been her hobby.

Write and tell us how you started your hobby.

—Leanna.

## HOBBIES

Perfume Bottles.—Janice Seeden, Rt. 4, Scranton, Iowa.

Old Buttons and Shakers.—Mrs. Wm. Libengood, Rt. 2, Winside, Nebr.  
Salt & Pepper Shakers, Pencils, Handkerchiefs, Tooth Pick Holders, Perfume Bottles.—Mrs. Minnie Raynor, Rt. 1, Akron, Iowa.

Vases, especially old ones. Will exchange, if in good condition.—Mrs. E. A. White, Agra, Kansas.

Old Glass Saltcellars or Dips, either round, square or oblong. Would like to exchange.—Mrs. C. W. Carlson, Rt. 2, Humboldt, Iowa.

Stamps.—Will exchange U S. stamps only, also postmarks for stamps.—Mrs. L. W. Terry, Waldo, Kans.

Tulip bulbs, Dahlia bulbs, Canna bulbs, Madonna Lily bulbs, Dwarf Iris, Clematis Blue and White Vines, Cyclamen bulbs, House Plants, Gladiolus.—Miss Colleen Barnes, Rt. 3, Lawrence, Kans.

Dogs.—Mrs. H. Van der Kamp, 1208 So. R. R. Ave., Sheldon, Iowa.

Salt and Pepper Shakers. Will exchange.—Mrs. Goldie Radosevich, Brazil, Iowa.

Rare Lincoln and Indian Head Pennies. Will exchange.—Mrs. Esther I. Venator, RR, Chillicothe, Iowa.

View Cards. Will exchange.—Mildred Schleier, Rt. 2, Manilla, Iowa.

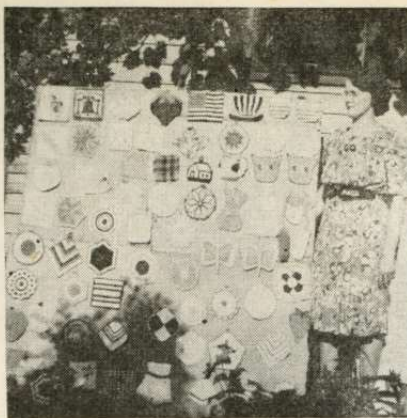
View Cards and Pot Holder Patterns. Will exchange.—Miss Lorraine Harders, Rt. 3, Wood River, Nebr.

Will exchange Shaker Sets, House Plants, What Nots and Quilt Patterns for shaker sets, buttons, old toothpick holders, small individual butter plates, and also old vinegar cruet. Write first.—Mrs. Edd Walter, Rt. 2, Box 8, Davenport, Nebr.

View Cards and Pictures of any kind, Movie Stars, etc.—Miss Helen Koch, Lake Preston, So. Dakota.

Will make a fancy work basket in exchange for a nice bath towel and wash cloth.—Mrs. J. R. Peake, Chester, Nebr.

Gloxinias. Would like to hear from anyone having a yellow or bronze spot-



Mrs. Nora Bible of La Porte City, Iowa, and a few holders from her collection. She also collects small doilies.

ted gloxinia.—Mrs. R. G. Marshall, Rt. 2, Humeston, Iowa.

Tea Towels and Print Quilt Blocks, three inches square. Will exchange.—Mrs. Etta Boughton, St. Charles, Ia.  
"My boy, age 13, William Lee Horsman, collects advertising pencils and view cards. He will exchange the same or for their hobby. I have 40 holders all different. They are so pretty. 30 are crocheted or woven. I will exchange holders or tea towels, also the patterns, or something for their hobby."—Mrs. Lucile Horsman, Rembrandt, Iowa, Rt. 1.

Will exchange for or buy an amber boot on a round base, used for toothpick holder. Also brass mortar and pestle.—Mrs. Tom Pliner, Ft. Dodge, Ia.



## New, Novel and Nifty Panholders

Be prepared for a chorus of Oh's and Ah's and such questions as "Where in the world did you get such clever panholders?", when you show up at the bazaar with the newest creations.

Never before have we been able to offer such an appealing assortment. We are especially pleased that we have been able to get appropriate color-fast material for these. They come with fronts, backs, applique pieces, floss for embroidery and gay colored bindings.

The ten panholders all in one package as number C9599M for only \$1.00.—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 50,000 people read this magazine every month. 5¢ per word. \$1.00 minimum. Payable in advance. When counting words include name and address. Rejection rights reserved.

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

**HEALTH HINTS BOOKLET:** Revised Eight-Day Reducing Schedule and general hints. Price 15¢. New Health Booklet: Food Sensitiveness-allergy. 30 health questions answered. Price 25¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

**ATTENTION, VIEW CARD COLLECTORS.** Post Card Views of all State Capital Buildings. Scripture text postcards for all occasions. 25¢ a dozen. Gertrude Hayzlett, Box 288, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**FOR SALE, postpaid.** Saint Paulias: Pink Beauty 75¢, White Lady \$1.00, Moses-in-the-Cradle 75¢, Variegated Chinese Evergreen 75¢, Dracena Godseffiana 75¢. Old Man Cactus 25¢ with other plants. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Ia.

**FOR THE CHILDREN.** True Comics. 64 pages in color. 12 issues for \$1.00. A substitute for trashy comics. It's heroes are real, men and women your children should know and admire. An ideal birthday gift. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**FOR EXCHANGE.** Quilt Patterns or quilting designs. Please enclose stamp with inquiry. Patterns for exchange must be cut out, ready for sewing. Rose A. Stalder, Nodaway, Iowa.

**EXCHANGE Novelty Cup Cake Shakers** for 25¢ war stamp and 10¢ postage. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E State St., Barborton, Ohio.

**FOR SALE—Novelty Pot Holders,** (No crocheted). 25¢ each, coin. 20 Pot Holder Patterns, 20¢ coin. Apron Patterns all kinds, 10¢ each, coin. Mrs. Jane Buford, 318 E 7th St., Sedalia, Mo.

**12 NEW DESIGNS** of handcarved and finished hardwood salt and pepper shaker sets, and other unique items. Send 3¢ stamp for price list and full description. Jake McKinney, Box 45, Dublin, Texas.

**FOR SALE—Embroidered Pillow Cases** \$2.10 pr., Dresser scarfs \$1.00, Luncheon Sets \$2.50. Pillow cases with crocheted medallions \$2.50 pr. Rickrack lace for pillow cases 75¢ pr. Crochet cross bookmarks 15¢ each. Holders 35¢ each. 50 quilt pieces 35¢. Miss Helen Chuldt, Poyntette, Wisc.

**BIG BARGAIN HOSE AND COSMETIC DEAL.** These first quality hose are flatteringly sheer, finely textured, made from 70 gauge rayon with reinforced cotton toes and heels for better wear. No seams. Come in the season's popular colors. Size 8½ to 10½. These popular "American girl" toiletries are included: One 1½ oz. box of face powder, one 1/8 oz. bottle of perfume, one box of rouge. All of this for just \$1.00 prepaid. HOWARD RASMUSSEN, Boonville, Missouri.

**WANTED TO EXCHANGE.** Flowered Print Pieces for quilts. Pieces must be 5 x 7 inches in size. Will exchange pieces or hankies. Mrs. Ole A. Aase, Kenyon, Minn.

## A BOOK OF POETRY

A book of my favorite poems including many I have read over the air. Give this book as a Birthday gift. Own one yourself. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa. Price 35¢, 3 for \$1.00.





## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### A QUILTING BEE

In every Ladies Aid Society there must be at least a round dozen women who know how to quilt so beautifully that they could be called professionals without stretching the point. Now there may be a good many more than a dozen in your group, but ask for volunteers on a quilting project and see what kind of a response you get.

Plan to quilt once a week when you start out, and as your reputation for turning out beautiful quilts spreads far and wide you may be able to make this weekly bee extend over an entire winter's season.

How much you will charge depends upon where you live and the group opinion, but in some places where this plan has been tried the members felt that \$1.25 per spool was a reasonable price. This will include putting the quilt in the frames, marking it, etc., and 50 cents for the binding.

So few women nowadays do all of their own quilting that you shouldn't find it difficult to locate the work. It's a pleasant way to make money for I've never yet seen the women who didn't enjoy sewing together in the afternoon. Everyone can donate a nickel towards coffee and doughnuts (it's better not to try to serve anything more elaborate than this) and all in all you can have a good time.

Here's one point that I'd better remind you about: try and find a place to meet each week where the quilt can be left in the frames without inconveniencing anyone. If no member's house contains this much space, put your frames in the church basement. It's an awful nuisance to take a quilt out of a frame before its finished.

### LADIES AID SURPRISE CAKE

I suppose that your Aid Society always serves refreshments—I've never heard of one that didn't. The next time you want to make some money in a hurry for a small bill that needs paying, ask the hostess if she will make a Ladies Aid Surprise Cake.

Tell her to bake a dime in the cake, and then serve it at the next meeting for five cents per slice. Let everyone know about the dime so that they may have the fun of watching for it in their piece, and then when the dime is finally found there will be lots of joking, for the person who found it must furnish the cake at the next meeting.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps



The two grandmothers and the babies the day they were christened. I am holding Juliana, Lucile and Russell's 8-month-old baby, and Mrs. Johnson is holding Kristin, Dorothy and Frank's 4-month-old baby.

### A MOTHER'S PRAYER

She is so little yet, dear God,  
Too little now to take the rod  
Of life within her own small hand,  
So she is rocked to sleepy land.  
I put her down, and say goodnight,  
And wonder, Lord, have I done right.  
I am too weak for this great task  
Of motherhood, and so I ask  
That Thou, who blest me so, impart  
More grace and wisdom in my heart,  
And may the things I do each day  
Be but to help her on her way.

—Edna Pinkerton Hiron.

### THE SILVER LINING

To market, To market,  
But no ration book;  
Home again, home again,  
To worry and look.

Back again, back again,  
Found it at last;  
But somehow it looks  
As if I'll have to fast.

No steak, no pork,  
No veal, no ham;  
Not enough points  
For a leg of lamb.

But, thanks to this war-time  
Merry-go-round,  
I've lost three inches  
So I shall not frown.

### HOME SWEET HOME

It's not the house that makes the  
Home,  
With riches grand and fine,  
Or palaces where wealth alone  
With selfish greediness entwined.

And in our old time fashioned Home  
Where peace and joy do blend,  
Hangs this motto, "Home, Sweet  
Home"

And will be to the end.  
Doniphan, Nebr., aged past 80.

### SALVAGE PARTIES

Be patriotic and have fun at the same time. Instead of having the traditional treasure or scavenger hunt, using the same idea why not have a salvage hunt which would not only be fun, but more useful. The couple that brings back the biggest collection of salvage (metal, rubber, fat or silk or nylon stockings and so on) wins the prize.

Or another way to collect salvage is to charge admission to your party. For instance, collect at least four tin cans from everyone at the door.

### THINGS OUR GREAT GRAND- MOTHERS MISSED

That Were Unknown or Not in General Use in the time of George Washington.

1. You need no coal, you need no wood  
To have a fire hot and good.
2. The pens and pencils flee away  
You still may write a ream each day.
3. A whirring sound and off it flies  
To sweep the cob-webs off the skies.
4. When it's fastened to a wire  
You may "press" without a fire.
5. A box that tells you o'er and o'er  
How much you purchase at the store.
6. Up and down it goes all day  
And helps the climber on his way.
7. A friend that brings us all together  
Just to chat, despite the weather.
8. A "candle" that will never burn  
Yet lights the way where e'er you turn.
9. It has no head nor legs nor tail  
Yet goes riding on a rail.
10. A messenger that's never seen  
Yet carries news the lands between.
11. Just a harmless little gun  
Made to shoot you, all in fun.
12. No seals nor bolts, nor fastenings tight  
Can hide things from its eagle sight.
13. No matter how intense the night  
Its hands are always plain in sight.
14. A drama we have never heard  
And yet we know its very word.
15. It's daily help we cannot measure.  
Used for business and for pleasure.
16. It entertains with unconcern,  
With greatest artists in their turn.
17. You do not need a helping hand  
To play this instrument so grand.
18. Whatever it is asked to hold  
It keeps it hot or icy cold.  
1.—Gas Range. 2.—Type Writer.  
3.—Aeroplane. 4.—Electric Iron. 5.—Cash Register. 6.—Elevator. 7.—Telephone. 8.—Flashlight. 9.—Train. 10.—Cable or Wirelless. 11.—Snap-shot Camera. 12.—X-ray. 13.—Clock With Illuminated Face. 14.—Movie. 15.—Automobile. 16.—Radio. 17.—Player Piano. 18.—Thermos Bottle.

To get his wealth, he spent his health  
And then with might and main  
He turned around and spent his wealth  
To get his health again.  
—Mrs. Milan Hitchcock, Savannah, Mo.