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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

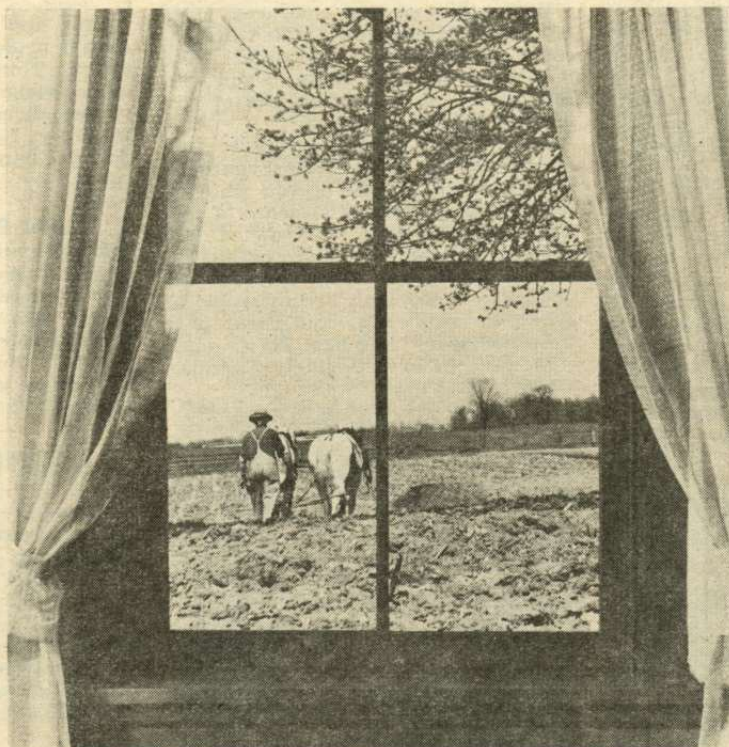
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

My Dear Friends,

This is just the kind of a day to write letters for we are really "snow bound". The first real snow storm of the winter, here in Southwest Iowa. We had begun to think we were going to slide right into spring without any more cold weather but the ground hog knew what to predict.

Yes, I have been writing letters this morning to all of our children for you know they have all flown from the home nest, now. Every night, before I go to sleep, I visit them (in my mind, of course) and offer a silent prayer to God that He guide and protect them, wherever they may be.

First there is Wayne, way over in Australia. He is the farthest from home but his letters arrive regularly. He has a birthday the 9th of March and will be twenty-five. Yes, I have started his birthday box on its long journey. We hope that by next March he may be home. He says it is easy to save money where he is, as there is nothing to spend it for. As a result he will have money to finish his education after the war. He was a student at Ames, Iowa, when he enlisted. He has been in the army over two years and has not had a furlough.

Howard and Don have been more fortunate in getting to come home once a year at least. They are both in the United States yet but are all set for over-sea service at any time. Howard is in the Service Company of an infantry regiment and Don is Weather Forecaster in the Air Corps. These boys who foretell the weather have a responsible job, especially in the mountainous country where the storms can form so quickly.

Frederick writes from New Haven, Conn., where he is preparing for the ministry at Yale. He hopes to finish in time to be a Chaplain in the army. We hope he will be physically able to qualify for he has not yet fully recovered his health following his three strenuous years in Egypt.

Our two daughters, Lucile and Dorothy and their babies Juliana and Kristin, have returned to their homes in California. Lucile left on Thanksgiving Day but Dorothy stayed longer. She expected to leave in December but the baby got the whooping cough and they had to stay until Kristin had fully recovered. At last they got a reservation for February first. All the preparations for the trip were made, the baby's formula for three days in the ice box, suit cases checked and on

their way, when my husband became ill. What we thought was just an attack of stomach flu, proved to be appendicitis and he was rushed to the hospital on January 31st, just the day before Dorothy was supposed to leave. He insisted that she carry out her plans for it would be at least three weeks before she could get another reservation if she cancelled the one she had. Poor girl! One minute she was going, the next minute she was staying! We insisted she go but it was not until I had called her sister Margery, who teaches in Pella, Iowa, and she arranged to come home for a week, that Dorothy felt she could leave her Dad and me.

Well, all's well that ends well. Mart is improving every day. Can't life become complicated over night! We both want to thank those of you who sent cards. It was thoughtful of you and we appreciated them.

I know how busy you will be this spring getting those Victory gardens started again. Those of you who for the first time had the pleasure of eating vegetables that you canned last summer will be even more enthusiastic about your gardens this year. Do you know it wouldn't be impossible to grow our own coffee and sugar if it were necessary? It has been done, right here in Iowa. Lovingly, Leanna.



Kristin Johnson, Age 7 Months.

WE WILL BEAR IT TOGETHER

For most of us there has never been such a year as 1944 will probably be. Our boys are scattered to the four corners of the earth. Families are broken up and scattered in war jobs. Lonesome and bereft mothers and fathers are bravely taking the son's place on the farm and in the store or office. There is no one can escape this tragedy. We must bear it together. The knowledge that we can have the love and sympathy of friends who are also suffering brings us fresh strength and courage.

We find that there are many worse off than we are. We must take our minds off of our own sorrow and look around for those to whom we can reach out a helping hand. Maybe your son did not get home on a furlough. Think of the mothers whose sons will never come back! Comfort them.

Just remember, we are fighting a winning war, but in order that it will not be a long war we must salvage paper, rubber, metals and grease, and buy war stamps and bonds. We will help to shorten the war and return our boys to their homes and loved ones.

SAVE SOAP

Soap and the material from which soap is made are both vital to the war effort. Think about saving soap and soap powder every time you wash clothes, dishes or your face and hands. If every Kitchen-Klatter sister will do this, think how much soap will be saved.

BURN PACKING MATERIAL

Many of the packages sent from abroad carry nuts, fruits, plants and similar material. These may be infested with insect pests as may also the straw, grass or leaves used in packing. Be sure to burn all packing as soon as you open up the box from abroad.

KITCHEN-KLATTER SPEAKS

I've traveled till I'm almost dead. Each page of mine is carefully read, By mothers, sisters, friends and aunts, All of the Johnson's, Smiths and Grants.

My pages are all frayed and torn, By fingers soiled, and oh so worn. They all take turns to look at me, 'Cause there are things they want to see.

Do Grandma's go for me? Indeed! There are some things they like to read.

The choicest recipes are there, With many helps for all to share.

I am the biggest little magazine, That many folks have ever seen. When it comes to such, as silent chatter That's me! I come in Kitchen-Klatter.

—Mrs. Roscoe Stipp.

Come into the Garden

HOUSE PLANTS IN LATE WINTER

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Late winter is the season in which we are perhaps more conscious of our house plants' welfare than at any other time. Fall work is definitely over, midwinter has passed and spring has not yet begun to make very heavy demands, but the window garden is very present with us. It is then that we really concentrate our attention on our plants. We notice the different ones—which ones are flourishing, which ones are drooping. The beginner does not always know that some plants naturally go dormant in winter—they can stand a little neglect without harm. Rex Begonias and many other begonias often lose their leaves in winter and look a sorry sight, but to the experienced eye this should be no cause for alarm. Simply water sparingly and set the plant rather in the background to await its turn of beauty. By no means try to force its growth at this time by fertilizing it. This would start false growth which its own instincts are trying to avoid. Give the flowering Begonias the spot right now. They will produce a wealth of lovely blooms.

The patient cacti are also standing still. Full well they know that the warm sun of summer will see them in all their glory of marvelous wonderful bloom. They are willing to wait that day, and it is a mistake on our part to urge them on by soaking them with water or fertilizer. This does not mean however setting them back in a dark corner. They like the sun as well as ever. It is in their blood we might say as is also the long wait for water which they have to under go in their natural desert homes. Use a little reasoning power and you'll grow good cacti. But you must also have their patience, for they are slow growers.

The succulents often bloom in February or March. They come from the part of the globe which lies on the other side of the equator where the seasons oppose ours. Some of the Kalanchoes are indeed true Valentine flowers, with vivid red or orange blossoms and lovely unusual foliage. These also seem to do best when not overwatered. One we call Indian Bells because of its clusters of drooping orange flowers is one which can endure the driest conditions and still send out its lovely bloom.

Geraniums should be blooming by now if they were started in August. Very soon now too the old bushy plants which were brought in may be broken up into cuttings which will root like magic in water or damp sand. Geraniums like a firm soil as we have in our midwest gardens. They do not mind a bit of clay in it, but it must not be acid. Perhaps it is because I am partial to this plant, but to me there is nothing lovelier than a window full of blooming geraniums. They should be in small containers if bloom is desired. Fragrant geraniums

can stand a larger pot since it is their scented and very ornamental foliage that we love.

Fuschias can be given full attention now. They have been kept rather dormant, but now may be put in order. They need frequent watering and a place in the sun. They can also stand a drink of barnyard tea once in a while. They may be pruned if desired before starting into growth although this may be done in Fall when they are brought in. Late summer and early winter seem to be their resting time. They should be in full bloom for Mother's Day.

These are only a few of our winter house plants. They certainly help to hold our interest in all growing things until spring again comes into its own wealth of outdoor beauty.

VICTORY GREETING CARDS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

There are special dates, which remind us of letters, greetings and cards that we should be sending not only in March but throughout the year. But, alas and alack! how many, many are never sent because the "special date" comes before we are aware of it and then there is no "special card" at hand to send.

But that is no excuse in this day and age. The war is teaching us more and more that we can produce many of the things we need and want instead of depending entirely on manufactured supplies. Last year a large number of people mastered the really difficult task of Victory Gardens. Victory Greeting Cards are much simpler and actually no work at all. Anyone can fashion a suitable greeting card to fit any and all occasions—birthdays, Valentine greetings, get-well cards, anniversary cards, Christmas and New Year's Greetings, etc.

If one has flowers at hand to use, these will supply the decorative note for the Victory Card. There will be no flowers outside this month unless it be Snowdrops and these open only on mild sunny days but perhaps the window garden has a few blossoming plants with small flowers. Only a blossom or two with a few tiny sprigs of foliage are required. African-violets are especially desirable; a single blossom of a Geranium cluster, Begonia or forced Hyacinths are lovely; Freesias are usually not too large. For foliage use a bit of Baby's Tears (Helxine) Artillery-plant, Klien or Fern. During the growing season outside there is an almost unlimited amount of foliage and flowers in the garden. Select the kinds that press well and hold their color. Ferns, Corydalis, Feverfew and similar plants have suitable foliage for this purpose.

Arrange the flowers and leaves in a pleasing design on plain white paper. Hold them in place with narrow strips of Scotch or adhesive tape. Place leaves or petals to hide the tape. Write a suitable verse or greeting and cover smoothly with cellophane held

in place with Scotch tape or fastened at each corner with harmonizing or contrasting colored thread.

The question may arise as to whether these "letter bouquets" are still pleasing in appearance upon arrival. As a rule they carry through the mails in a surprisingly fresh condition. A busy lady in a large newspaper office wrote that a Freesia valentine remained fresh and lovely for a week and sent out a delicious fragrance. A soldier boy wrote thus about a birthday greeting card decorated with real flowers: "Such a card really means something. All the fellows liked it." The usual weekly letter to a soldier brother was once brightened with a single blossom of pink geranium under cellophane and caused a discussion in camp as to the variety of flower. One buddy decided it was a petunia! and there the matter rested for no one had a better guess!

Whether it be geranium or petunia makes no difference—the point is to send the greeting or letter regardless of whether a "store card" is at hand. Make one if you lack one, but send it! That particular date will pass on and never return for "time waits for no man."

If you have no fresh flowers, use bits of bright print or plain material cut to shape and pasted in place for petals. Make leaves and stems with crayolas or watercolors. With a bit of ingenuity and originality, one can make sunbonnet babies, overall boys, flower ladies, butterflies and birds. Of course these will not require the cellophane protection.

"No Letter Today" may be the theme song of those whose friends depend on "boughten" greetings but not for those whose friends make their own Victory Greetings.

"The year ahead, what will it bring? At least we may be sure of spring. What will they hold, the coming years? At least we may be sure of flowers. Blossoms and birds and budding trees. Thank God we may be sure of these!"



John Field, Frank's son, and his pet bird. John is a bomber pilot in the South Pacific.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER NINE

As the older children in the Field family finished country school they entered the Shenandoah High School. It was only about a mile and a half from Sunnyside to the school, so they walked it in good weather and never used the horse and buggy except when the roads were bad. As they finished going to high school they entered the Western Normal College. This was a good sound educational institution that served southwestern Iowa for many years; it was located where the present high school stands and operated successfully until 1916 when the main building was destroyed by fire.

Henry, Helen, Martha and Jessie, were all students at the college. Grandfather paid part of their tuition by furnishing the college kitchen with fruits and vegetables, and during the winter months he took in barrels of sauerkraut and pickles that he had put up for them.

The entire Field family enjoyed the activities that centered around Western Normal College. Several evenings each week Grandfather hitched up the team and drove his family into town to hear debates and contests. Frequently he served as one of the judges for these affairs. Then there were the lyceum courses to attend during the winter months, and since Grandfather always insisted that a family ticket be purchased for all educational features which came to the college, the Fields never missed any of them.

It was at the Western Normal College that Uncle Henry met his first wife, Annie Hawxby of Nemaha, Nebraska, who was also a student at the college. She was a very intelligent and sweet girl, and although they were both so young (Uncle Henry was only twenty at this time) they decided to be married as soon as the school year was over. Mother says that she can remember vividly how excited she was by this event, partly, I suppose, because the new sister-in-law lived so close. There was a small cottage at Sunnyside and Uncle Henry and Annie moved into it so that he could go on with his business of running a market wagon and selling a few seeds during the winter months.

As anyone can readily imagine, there was a beaten path between the big house at Sunnyside and the little white cottage on the next hill. Grandmother could scarcely keep her girls at home, and when Frank was born he did not want for aunts to take care of him. Mother says that she thinks she spent more time with him than the other girls, for when he had the measles she had to be quarantined with him. He cried for her if she went out of his sight, so for two weeks she did nothing but entertain him—and she says that she enjoyed every minute of it.

Uncle Henry's seed business grew steadily from the very beginning, and every year he added new customers to his lists. It was his ambition to build up a big seed business, and although he didn't dream then how large his

business would become, he realized that he would have to get closer to town. Sunnyside was too far from Shenandoah, so the best solution to the problem seemed to be for him to buy the land that has been known for years as Sleepy Hollow.

Grandmother Field owned this land—she purchased it with money that she inherited when her father died. It was an ideal location for Uncle Henry because of its convenience to Shenandoah, and after he bought it from Grandmother he made arrangements to move his small white house from Sunnyside to the new farm. Mother says that she still remembers how much fun she had the day the house was moved. She ran along beside it and climbed in and out of the doors as it was moved to its new location.

Uncle Henry lived at Sleepy Hollow only a brief time before Annie's illness and death. This was the first death in the family since Baby Stephen's death a number of years earlier, and Mother still recalls the sense of shock that everyone felt when Annie's serious condition was discovered. She had a bad case of measles that was followed by rheumatism; this affected her heart, and nothing could be done to save her.

Frank was only five years old at the time of his mother's death. He spent most of his time with Grandmother and Grandfather Field, but every Saturday morning Aunt Susan and Mother took him to Sleepy Hollow while they cleaned up the house. Uncle Henry kept "batch" alone there, and since he was in the field from morning until night he didn't have any spare time to keep the dishes washed. Grandmother had reached the age where her frail health wouldn't permit her to take on any extra work, so it fell to Mother and Aunt Susan to clean up Uncle Henry's house every Saturday morning.

About this time Grandfather Field decided to move to town. All but three of his children were either in college or high school and there were many trips to town, over bad roads and through all kinds of weather. He did not sell or rent the farm for he was not ready to retire, but he and my Uncle Sol drove back and forth during the winter months. During the summer vacation all of the family went back to the farm, for enough furniture had been left there that they could live comfortably, and all could help with the farm work. This schedule of living was carried out for several years as the whole family loved Sunnyside and enjoyed going back each summer.

Frank spent most of his time with Grandfather and Grandmother Field until his father remarried. Then he returned to Sleepy Hollow. Uncle Henry married Edna Thompson who was also a student at Western Normal College. She was also from Nemaha, Nebraska, and had grown up on a farm near the Hawxby's. She was a close friend of Annie's and had often been a guest in Uncle Henry's home. The grandparents were very happy that Frank could have a step-mother who was not a stranger to him.

Frank had inherited his grandfather's and his father's love for gardening and was very happy helping his father in his truck garden, riding proudly on the seat beside him on the numerous trips to town with loads of vegetables.

SONG TO MOTHERS

I think that God is proud of each of you
Dear Mothers, who in written words may do
The part that most will help your son; convey
Your faith, at home, to bring him cheer each day.
May not your heart be crushed. Keep fearless pride
And hardihood though you have tears to hide.

Brave Mother! what a patriot . . . you are
An echo of your son. You are his star
To guide him when his nights are drifting sands.
He sees you shining through . . . and feels your hands.
Out of the stern and tangled days you see,
Shall come a song, world-wide, to those set free.

I think that God is proud, dear lonely soul,
To number you among a mighty whole
That sends the action, fortified and free,
From your own hearthside far across the sea.
Oh proudly—carry freedom's glory high
And know, within . . . that it shall never die!

—Roba Beatrice Ward.

A PRAYER FOR YOUR BOY

No matter where you are tonight
I ask you to remember this:
There is a special prayer for you,
Tucked snugly in a good night kiss.
A little prayer to keep you safe,
In the air, on land—or far at sea—
To guide you on your duty's path
And there to bring you back to me.

—Anon.



My Valentine from Juliana.

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "About a month ago we were greatly shocked to receive a message from the war department stating that our son was missing in action. Does this mean that he has been killed? We've discussed it so much that I finally decided to write and ask what you have heard about this problem."—Iowa.

ANS: Don't assume by any means that your son has been killed. I've had a number of letters from our friends telling me that they had received such word, but later heard that their boys were prisoners of war or turned up with their own outfits weeks afterwards. So many boys have been heard from after the "missing in action" message that I strongly advise you to keep on hoping and praying. Please let me know what you hear.

QUES: "Our nineteen-year-old boy has just been granted a deferment because he is so badly needed on our farm (we have over three-hundred acres, all in production, and no help of any kind except what he does for his father), but he feels so sensitive about criticism that he won't go off of the place. I think that any boy who works from six in the morning until eight at night is entitled to a few hours in town on Saturday night, but we can't get him to go. What can we do about this—it worries me."—Nebraska.

ANS: This isn't the first time I've had mothers write to me about the problem of their boys on the farm. Everyone knows that we need food very badly, and I'm sure that all of us who know how heavy farm work is can't feel critically about the boys who are deferred to do it. I don't know what can be done in the home more than this mother has probably done already, but those of us who know hard-working farm boys should go out of our way to make them feel that we realize they are doing their best to help win the war.

QUES: "The first of March my neighbors are moving to a farm about twenty miles from here, and I'm wondering if it would be all right for me to ask for a child's bed that they borrowed last year? I'm afraid that I won't get it back again if they take it with them, and yet I rather hate to ask for it since they are still using it. Do you think I should ask for it?"—Missouri.

ANS: If they need it badly and if you don't need it and only intend to put it in the attic, I think I'd let them continue using it even though they move away. You said in your letter that they were good neighbors and had had a hard struggle—I think that the answer lies right there. My Mother always felt that if you didn't need something and your neighbor needed it and couldn't afford to get it,

you should help her out. I feel that she was right. Twenty miles really isn't far—you can get the bed back when they are through with it.

QUES: "I've had my feelings hurt a good many times over what may sound like a small problem, Leanna, and this is it: my husband and I have three little girls, and his only sister has one little boy. I think that all children should be treated equally, but his parents almost completely ignore our little girls and lavish all of their interest on their only grandson. They favor boys and were disappointed that we had three girls, but it hurts me to see my children overlooked. Do you think I should do anything about it?"—Kansas.

ANS: I would say that it's not a question of what you *should* do, but what you *can* do. Personally, I don't think there's much you *can* do in such a situation. People who behave in such a fashion aren't likely to change, sad as it seems. You might try talking to them about it in a friendly fashion, but I think you'd better simply school yourself to ignore it as best you can. Don't allow yourself to grow bitter, and never take your husband to task for he isn't responsible. It's problems like this that make us grow into broader human beings, or turn us into narrow, carping personalities.



Sgt. Irvin Murphy of Columbus, Nebraska, and his little daughter Linda.

MOTHERS

Mothers are the queerest things:
 Member when John went away,
 All but Mother cried and cried
 When they said good-bye that day.
 She just talked and seemed to be
 Not the slightest bit upset—
 Was the only one who smiled;
 Others' eyes were streaming wet.

But when John came back again
 On a furlough, safe and sound,
 With a medal for his deeds,
 And without a single wound,
 While the rest of us hurrahed,
 Laughed and joked and danced
 about,
 Mother kissed him, then she cried—
 Cried and cried like all git out!
 —Edwin L. Sabin.

ETERNAL

They are not dead who live
 In hearts they leave behind,
 In those whom they have blessed
 They live a life again,
 And shall live through the years
 Eternal life, and grow
 Each day more beautiful,
 As time declares their good,
 Forgets the rest, and proves
 Their immortality.

—Hugh Orr.

THE SHIELD OF PRAYER

One thought comes often, soldier son,
 Since you've gone so far away—
 "What can I give or send my boy
 To sustain him night and day?"

Something to give encouragement;
 The strength to bear all pain;
 Faith to renew all blasted hopes;
 The will to go on again—

So I, who know your needs so well
 Want still to help, to share—
 The greatest gift of all I give,
 The blessed shield of Prayer.

—Mable Nair Brown.

TO MY SON

I've hung a prayer on every star
 That sparkles in the midnight blue,
 That they might follow where you are
 And watch in silence over you.
 I've hung a prayer on every star
 For nights of loneliness or fear,
 That even tho' you be afar,
 You may look up and feel God near,
 Then, if the future tide of days
 Should bear you over land and sea,
 My prayers will shine through all the
 maze

And bring you home again to me.
 —Edna Bacon Morrison.

Dear Leanna,

I must tell you what our mail carrier thinks of Kitchen-Klatter. I was out on the porch when he brought the December issue. As he handed it to me he asked if my husband read it. He said "I do and so does my wife's father." He thinks it's the finest magazine going.

Mrs. O. C. Levan,
 Storm Lake, Iowa.



MY VERY OWN KITCHEN

By Cecelia Grothe Ewert

I like to don my apron
In this cheerful sunny place
And bake a fancy cookie,
Or a fruit pie edged with lace.
I love to set my table
Or cook just anything,
And open wide my window
To hear the redbird sing.
But oh! I hear my family's step
To come and get their food,
And the minute the door is opened,
"Um-m! Fresh bread! Gee, Mom, but
that smells good!!!"

BETTER BREAD

1 package granular or 1 cake fresh yeast
1 teaspoon sugar
1/2 cup lukewarm water
3 1/2 cups potato water, water or milk
1/4 cup sugar or 1/2 cup light corn syrup
4 teaspoons salt
About 12 cups sifted flour
4 tablespoons melted shortening
Stir the yeast and 1 teaspoon of sugar into the lukewarm water. Scald the remaining liquid, add sugar or corn syrup and 2 teaspoons of the salt. Cool to lukewarm then add the softened yeast. Stir in about six cups of the flour, or enough to make a thick, heavy batter. Beat until smooth, cover and let rise in a warm place until light and bubbly, and double in bulk. When light, add the remaining 2 teaspoons salt, the melted shortening (which has been cooled again) and most of the remaining flour. If too little flour is used, the loaves will flatten out and be coarse. Enough should be added to make a stiff, rough mixture. Turn the mass onto a floured board and let set for ten minutes. Then knead for 8 or 10 minutes, until dough is smooth and elastic. Knead in enough flour at beginning so dough will stand up and hold its shape, and not flatten out. If you get in too much flour, you can add a tiny bit of water. When dough is kneaded until it springs back when you punch it, put in bowl and let rise again till double in bulk. Knead again lightly, make into loaves and again let rise till the loaves are double in size. Bake about an hour in a medium hot oven.

Buy War Bonds!

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

THE PLEDGE OF THE AMERICAN HOMEMAKER

I pledge the nation that my mission
Will be to practice good nutrition;
To plan those meals which every day
Yield energy for work and play;
Meals which supply the strength that
wins,
With proteins, minerals and vitamins.

I pledge my service to the nation.
To do my part in conservation.
The rules of cooking I'll observe,
Each bit of food I will conserve.
With all the problems to be faced,
I'll do my best to outlaw waste.

I want to do my bit and more,
To help America win the war.

DATE CUP CAKES

1 cup dates, or raisins, run through food chopper
1 cup boiling water
1 teaspoon soda
1 tablespoon butter
Pinch of salt
Pour boiling water over the fruit, add soda, butter and water. Let cool.
1 1/2 cups sifted flour
1 cup sugar
1 beaten egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
Blend thoroughly. Bake in cup cake pans. Makes 16. Serve with whipped cream or frost with a powdered sugar and cocoa frosting.—Mrs. Henry C. Meadows, Fremont, Nebr.

PRUNE HONEY PUDDING

1 cup chopped cooked prunes
1/2 cup honey
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup nut meats
1 grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon melted butter
1/2 cup bread crumbs
1 teaspoon baking powder
Pour into greased baking dish. Set this in a pan of hot water and bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes. Serve with top milk or custard sauce.

CARE OF SPICES

Transfer spices from cardboard boxes to tight tins or small glass jars with screw tops. This helps conserve the flavor. Also, keep spices away from light and heat.

CREAM TOMATO SOUP

2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
1 pint milk
1 to 2 cups of tomato puree
Make a thin white sauce of milk, flour, butter, and salt. Heat tomato puree and add slowly to white sauce. Heat until steaming hot and serve. (Always add tomatoes to the milk in soups).—Misses Pearl and Claire Day, Bolckow, Mo.

HONEY TAPIOCA PUDDING

3 tablespoons minute tapioca
1/3 cup honey (or 1/2 cup syrup)
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 eggs (beaten separately)
4 cups scalded milk
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
Cook over boiling water until tapioca is clear. Fold in beaten egg whites using just yolks in the pudding as you cooked it.

HONEY ICE CREAM

2 1/2 cups cream
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup honey (or 2/3 cup corn syrup)
Pinch of salt
1 teaspoon lemon extract
1 1/2 teaspoons gelatin dissolved in 2 tablespoons water
Heat milk and cream and add honey, salt and extract. Stir in gelatin, dissolved in the 2 tablespoons water. Chill and freeze in your freezer.

SYRUP CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

1/2 cup shortening
1 egg
3/4 cup syrup (light or dark)
1/2 cup chopped raisins or nut meats
1 cup chocolate chips
1 1/2 cups flour
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1/4 teaspoon salt
Mix in order given and drop from spoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake in 375 degree oven 15 minutes.

PUMPKIN PIE WITHOUT SUGAR

3 eggs
1 cup honey (half syrup may be used)
1 1/4 cups of pumpkin
1/2 cup rich milk
1/2 teaspoon each of salt, cinnamon, ginger and nutmeg
1 tablespoon of gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
Mix eggs, honey, pumpkin and spices together then add milk and gelatin. Cook on top of stove, dividing the eggs and adding the beaten whites last. Put in graham cracker crust. Chill thoroughly and spread with whipped cream when ready to serve.

Buy War Bonds
and Stamps
Help Win the War!

SOUR CREAM BURNT SUGAR CAKE

1 cup sugar
1 cup sour cream
1 egg
1 teaspoon soda in a little hot water
1/2 cup nut meats
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
Pinch salt
1/2 cup cooked raisins (drain)
3 tablespoons burnt sugar
Put baking powder and salt in flour and put rest of ingredients together in order given.—Mrs. Clarence Bock, Pomeroy, Iowa.

CANNED BEEF STEAK

1 gallon water
2 cups salt
1 cup white sugar
Boil till thoroughly dissolved. This will make 8 quarts. Put one cupful of this mixture in each quart jar. Pack jars as full as you can then seal and boil one hour. Remove from canner and seal. When you open a jar, roll steak in flour and fry in hot grease. You can use the juice in the jar for gravy.—Mrs. Frank Dunn, Clarion, Ia.

BLACK BOTTOM PIE

14 or 15 graham crackers rolled
5 tablespoons melted butter
Mix this and put in bottom of an oblong pan.
2 cups milk (scalded)
1 cup sugar
1 1/2 tablespoons corn starch
4 egg yolks (beaten)
Combine sugar, cornstarch, and egg yolks. Slowly add scalded milk. Cook until thick. Take 1 cup of this custard and add 1 1/2 ounces of bitter chocolate and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread this over the bottom crust. To the rest of the custard, while hot, add 1 tablespoon gelatin which has been softened in 4 tablespoons cold water. Beat the 4 egg whites stiff with 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar added to them and last 1/2 teaspoon vanilla. Fold the egg whites in the custard and pour on top of the chocolate custard. Before serving spread sweetened whipped cream on top of all of this and sprinkle shaved chocolate on top of whipped cream. Set in refrigerator. Cut in squares and serve. It is very pretty, tasty and unusual.—Mrs. Charles Klinzman, Yale, Iowa.

PEANUT BRITTLE

1 cup raw peanuts
1 cup sugar
1/4 cup of water
2 tablespoons syrup
1/2 teaspoon butter
3/4 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
Cook sugar, syrup and water till it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Then add the cup of peanuts, salt and butter. Continue boiling till hard crack stage, till it crackles in cold water. Then add vanilla and last the soda. Spread at once on plate or shallow pan that has been buttered.

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To Rid Your Basement of Fleas buy ten or fifteen cents worth of Naphtha crystals. Close doors and windows of basement, sprinkle walls and floor with water and sprinkle the crystals liberally over walls and floor. Keep basement closed over night. The water causes fumes to be released which kill or drive the fleas away.—Mrs. W. M. Fritzpatrick, Omaha, Nebr.

Does Your White Oil Stove Need Painting? There is a white enamel on the market especially for that purpose. It is called Stove and Refrigerator Enamel and costs about a quarter. All old paint that is loose should be removed.—Mrs. Walter Johnson, Geneva, Nebr.

When Churning in Hot Weather put the cream in a cool place at night where the wind can hit it. If it is real warm, set it in a pan of cold water. Next morning, put just as much cold water in the churn as there is cream. This way it splashes better when churning and makes butter so much quicker.—Mrs. John DeRoe, Douglas, Nebr.

To Can Tomatoes Whole, have jars hot and sterile. Put tomatoes in whole and finish filling jar with hot water. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Seal tight. Set in boiling water, cover and leave covered until water is cold. They keep well and stay a pretty color.—Mrs. Ross Meador, Effingham, Kans.

Emergency Soap. Carry a small tube of shaving cream in your hand bag. It makes an excellent lather and is very handy if a rest room has no soap.

To Cut Marshmallows, rub a little butter on the scissors. This keeps scissors from becoming sticky.—Mrs. J. H. Johnson, Alta, Ia.

To Send Fried Chicken by Mail, buy 10c worth of dry ice and pack in the box with the chicken. Wrap box in about six newspapers, as air makes the dry ice evaporate. Then wrap in wrapping paper. An ice cream manufacturer gave this help and says chicken packed this way may be shipped from the middle west to the coast.—Mrs. Paul Sundeen, Lincoln, Nebr.

Scald a New Broom to make it wear longer.—Mrs. Fred Miller.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

In the January issue I should have said 'canker sore' instead of canker then you would not have mistaken it to mean 'cancer'. Sorry to have worried some of you ladies but glad you wrote me.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Ans: Yes, it is true that many food sensitive persons have more trouble digesting the morning meal. I get around that trouble by eating very little or no food in the evening. During the evening and night the digestive secretions have become normal and breakfast will digest. This is a helpful practice for overweights as the evening meal may mean the 'excess baggage'. No food after four o'clock in the afternoon and the eight-day reducing schedule once a month may solve many a headache as well as heartache.

Ans: Don't refuse an invitation to a meal, you should not feel so timid about refusing food you know will cause trouble. There need be little said and if they think you are finicky—let 'em think—for YOU are the one who must suffer if you eat foods to which you are allergic. It may even be necessary to ask about certain foods. Example: If you are sensitive to fish you may have trouble if there are oysters in the dressing. Persons sensitive to fish or fish oils usually have trouble digesting oysters.

Don't eat an extra bite just because it tastes good, unless you are really hungry, for those extra bites often start trouble with food sensitive persons. As children we were taught to clean up the plate, but that idea has been out dated.

If your joints are stiff and aching, showing signs of arthritis you may be eating too many starchy foods. Starch is a muscle food and will make the muscles firm IF they are exercised. If starch is eaten beyond one's need it may collect in the joints and muscles causing a chalky deposit. (Practice the panting breaths I suggested in a recent issue of Kitchen-Klatter).

Bread is no longer considered the 'staff of life' for science places it as a very starchy, acid producing food. Whole wheat bread forms the least acid and contains more vitamin B. than white bread.

When there is a kidney disturbance brown sugar is more easily tolerated than granulated sugar. Ask your doctor about avoiding the use of salt when the legs and ankles swell. Most doctors advise the use of very little salt and sugar at such times.



AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

March, coming in like a lion or a lamb, finds us coming up to another busy season—more work and less help than last year.

Personally I am trying to get ready for it by doing this month the things I usually put off until warm weather. We are going to paint, paper and re-finish floors by moving out of each room in turn and living as though we were camping. I think it will have the same results but I know that I will feel as I do when I mop the floor by moving each piece of furniture and sweep and scrub under it, and replace the furniture on the clean spot.

Here is a new simile and I learned it the hard way. "She moved as gently as a woman gathering up a roomful of feathers." I emptied an old feather tick into sacks and washed the feathers. Cleaning up all my bedding is another pre-spring task I hope to get done. I was lucky enough to find four yards of new feather ticking. It will make lovely new ticks. I am going to cover the ticks with slips of bleached sacks to protect them.

Making curtains is another late winter task. The scarcity of curtain material is bringing out some novel ideas. I saw some beautiful drapes made of dyed sacks with bands of contrasting colors sewed on in a pattern that covered the seams. Another window was curtained with a good grade of cheese cloth hung full and left snowy white. A friend suggested a crinkle cloth bed spread, split and hung from wooden poles. We can make time and ingenuity take the place of the curtains we can no longer buy.

There are possibilities in the old curtains too. Perhaps they can be remodeled with the top at the bottom and gain a new lease on life. Sometimes the space between two windows may hold a dressing table or a large mirror and one pair of curtains will curtain both windows.

Handle the old curtains gently. If they are very fragile, dry them on the grass. The weight of the water is enough to tear them. Pressing them when they are dry will save some strain too as the iron glides more easily on dry material. It gives surprisingly good results too, if they are taken from the line, pressed and hung immediately.

Maybe you can save enough to buy another bond by using curtains that you have. Curtains are not one of the things the boys need where they are fighting. There isn't any place to hang them in a foxhole.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Winter has come in real earnest and I wonder if you who are able-bodied realize what it means to be shut in winter. Few, if any, people venture out to make calls in stormy weather and the days drag interminably to one who cannot even go out on the porch to interview said weather. We can help shorten those long days by means of Uncle Sam's mail service, and here are a few people who will like to hear from you.

Mrs. Elizabeth Henderson, Lambert, Ark., wants some light colored wool pieces to put with some dark ones that she has to make a quilt. She can't see to write but enjoys mail.

Billie R. Foss, Iowa Lutheran Hospital, Des Moines, Iowa, would enjoy cards and letters. He was 15 in January. Has been in the hospital for several months.

Little Shirley Ann Steele's mother asked me to thank you for remembering her at Christmas. Since then she has been in the hospital but is better now and will probably be home at DeKalb, Mo., by the time you get this.

Frank Kroh, Jr., 1526 Birch St., Reading, Penn., is a collector of censored covers and covers that are sent postage free. You can spare him some of the envelopes that carry your letters from your sons, can't you?

Nice little gifts that can be mailed with a letter may be bought from Bernadine C. Kessler, 519 E Wheeling St., Lancaster, Ohio. Crocheted Crosses for book marks are 15c each. Larger sizes at 25c and 35c are nice to put on pillow tops etc. Crocheted miniature hats to wear on lapels are 25c and 35c each. State color you prefer.

Betty Jean Madison, 401 No. 1 St., Guthrie Center, Iowa, will be 14 the 15th of May. All her life she has been a shutin. She loves to get letters. Her father is in the navy.

You stamp collectors can help Mrs. A. Laura Devine, Delmont, South Dakota. United States stamps are her specialty but she has a general collection, also, and one of Red Cross Seals and she needs the seals before 1916. She also wants Lincoln and Indian Head pennies and will exchange.

I have had several calls for quilters lately. Some of you shutins who are expert quilters, please write me, and I'll send your name to the ones who want quilting done.

Next time you go to town, get a few playthings that will be easy to mail and have them on hand to send some shutin child. Here is one: Marvin Sproul, 1701 W 3 St., Sioux City, Iowa. He was 12 last September, and is needing cheer in the form of something to play with.

Bernard Bauer, Rt. 1, Box 7, Bath, South Dakota, age 12, was badly burned in an explosion and will be confined to his bed for some time. He likes to read.

As I write this, it is Boy Scout week. Let's follow their motto and do a good deed a day, only we will concentrate on doing these good deeds for our shutin Neighbors.



By Olinda Wiles

The demand for milk, meat, and eggs continues to rise but the most interesting feature to the producer (the price received for it) seems to be declining. The general opinion of most of the people I have talked to on the subject seems to be that they are going to relax a little the coming season and see if they can find better markets for what they have next season.

To the city dweller this may sound like treason, but how would you feel if every time you received your pay check, a dollar or two had been lapped off of it for no reason at all? That is the way we feel when we get our egg checks, but we are just supposed to grin and bear it.

Baby chicks are not moving out as fast this season and many are only raising one brood. Feed is high, and so are baby chicks. I am paying exactly three times as much for mine this year as I did three years ago. I am sure I will not get three times as much in return.

Some people plan to raise more than ever owing to the fact that many others are cutting down. My advice to them would be—"Don't bite off more than you can chew." You will be sure to get indigestion.

Chickens cannot be crowded and do well. You get a lot of undernourished, undeveloped, barebacked chickens as a result. Two chicks for each square foot of brooder space. You might be able to care for more for a short time but if the weather should be bad, and you are unable to turn them outside when they should be out, they might develop the picking habit.

A friend recently asked me what to do when chicks pulled feathers. Keep them busy scratching. Put chunks of sod in the brooder house, or alfalfa leaves inside some chicken wire, or even a head of cabbage or potatoes cut in two helps to keep them busy.

Some have had good results by painting the windows red with water paints. This is easily removed later. Some poultry men attribute this habit to too much light in the brooder houses and by painting the windows red, it keeps out the light and casts a red glow over the chicks so the places the chicks have drawn blood are not so attractive. I have never had very much trouble along this line as I always try to keep them busy. Paint the windows on the outside.

On a recent visit to the hatchery I was watching the different egg cases being emptied to the hatching trays, and it was amazing to see the number of cracked and dirty eggs returned to the cases. One case in particular had fourteen dirty eggs that were positively filthy. How anyone could have the impression that such eggs would hatch is beyond me. Please try to give the hatcheryman a break and send him only the kind of eggs that you would want to set for yourself.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

We have just returned from a picnic, Juliana's very first picnic, and I do wish that you could have been with us to enjoy this golden February day. I don't know when we've had such a good time. It was our intention to start at nine this morning, but whoever heard of anyone getting off for a picnic without a mishap of some kind? Our mishap was a flat tire on our neighbor's car, so the upshot was that the clock said eleven before we got started. It didn't really make any difference for we were only driving to Griffith Park right here in the city, and in spite of the delay we were early worms and had our choice of a big table right by the stoves and running water.

Juliana pushed herself around in the Taylor-Tot while we fried our ham and eggs and made coffee, and she was ecstatically happy to be in an exciting new place where she could watch children swinging and playing on the slides. Once I looked around and she had pushed herself away down by the swings and was simply having the time of her life jabbering at people. When things like this happen you suddenly realize that you haven't a little baby at all! It gave me quite a start.

The only cloud on our picnic was the fact that Dorothy, Frank and Kristin couldn't go with us. Kristin is still too much of a little baby for a long picnic, so all I could do was to reassure Dorothy that in another four months she'll be as big as Juliana, and then we can all go and have a fine time. Incidentally, this was the first honest-to-goodness picnic we had been on for almost two years, and I'm glad that we took a good many pictures so that we'll have them to remember it by.

As you can imagine, we are very, very happy to have Dorothy and Kristin home again. It was about ten-thirty on Thursday morning that they walked through our front door, and we were all happily surprised to see Kristin looking so well after her long struggle with the whooping cough. She is thin, of course, but she's eating unbelievable quantities of food and soaking up California sunshine, so I'm certain that soon she will look husky and strong.

Juliana is scared to death of Kristin! She doesn't know what to make of another person who moves towards her like split lightning and grabs at her hair-ribbons! Well, it's the first time she's had another baby around since we came home last November, and I think it's a good thing that she is to have a playmate. Yesterday Dorothy and I took both babies with us while we went out to buy a playpen, and I stayed in the car with them while Dorothy went shopping. When Kristin began to cry Juliana looked at her, and then her lips trembled and her eyes filled with tears. In a few minutes she was wailing too, so when Dorothy returned I had both of them howling their heads off. (Yes, we got a nice playpen!)

The only shadow on Dorothy's homecoming was the news that she brought about Dad. We certainly weren't prepared to hear that he was seriously ill, and until we called Mother later that afternoon our hearts were heavy. But she told us that he was getting along very well, and that he would be home at the end of another week. Somehow none of us can visualize Dad in the hospital. He has always been so strong and well that it's almost like thinking of one of our big elm trees being cut down to think of him being really ill.

Just about the time you receive this issue we will be celebrating Juliana's first birthday. Can you believe it? I simply can't. It seems only yesterday that I wrote and first told you about her when she was less than two weeks old, and now we're getting ready to celebrate her first birthday. I'm going to bake her an angel food cake so that she can eat a good big piece of it, and I'm going to let her wear a lovely little jumper dress that was given to her by her god-mother when she was only two months old. At that time I looked at it and thought that surely she couldn't wear it before she was three, but that just shows how little I understood about a baby's growth. It fits her beautifully right now.

There is one thing I know for certain: she is never going to walk by the time she's a year old. She has six teeth now and says several words, but I'm mighty scared that she's going to imitate her Uncle Frederick—he walked when he was twenty-two months old, actually, and there are days when I know that Juliana will be that old too. She doesn't have any interest in walking and of course I don't urge it in any way, so it may be late summer before I can sit down and tell you that she is moving all around the house under her own power. All of you who have lugged a big heavy baby know what this means to mama's back!

As usual, I could write a full page and more too, but I can see Mother worrying about how she will fit it all in, so this must be all. Our best wishes to you, each and every one of you.

—Lucile.

When looking over nuts, to get out the shells, put them in a medium sieve and shake well. All the fine nuts and shells fall out, leaving only the large meats.—Mrs. H. E. Bond, Nortonville, Kans.



Lucile Verness and Juliana.



OVER THE FENCE

Lettie Field, my brother Henry's daughter, is now a WAVE. She will take her training at Hunter College, New York. Lettie has been employed as a secretary in Chicago for the last three years.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Oliver are the proud parents of a new baby. Mr. Oliver is one of the announcers at KMA.

Mrs. Edith Hansen has had as her guest Joan Getaz and her Seeing Eye dog, Mona, who live in Lincoln, Nebraska. Joan will be remembered as the blind girl who entertained you from KMA last summer.

In reply to the question asked me by Mrs. B. H. Brooks of Blue Rapids, Kansas, an Egyptian Sacred Lily is of the Calla Lily family. Put the bulb in a bowl in a light place and it will send up a bloom that looks like a black calla lily. For a while the smell is unpleasant. When the flower fades set the bulb away and this spring plant it in the garden. It will grow foliage. This fall put the bulb in the cellar. It will produce another bloom next spring.

Mrs. Wm. Lukes, Laurel, Nebraska, would like to have directions for crocheting pineapple lace for pillow cases. Can you help her?

Do you have a "Florence" sewing machine with a hem stitcher? If you have a book of instructions as to how to use this attachment will you loan it to Mrs. J. W. Godden, Algona, Iowa, or tell her where she can obtain one?

Do you know the address of the company who make the "New Home" sewing machine? If you do, write Mrs. Clarence Bonjour, Chapin, Iowa, Rt. 1.

We often see four generation pictures but five generation groups are not so common. Mrs. Alfred Iverson of St. Edward, Nebr., has great grandchildren. Her mother, Mrs. Margaret Casey, of Albion, Nebr., is still living.

Run and hide, cock roaches, water bugs, silver fish and crickets! Kitchen-Klatter sisters are on the war path! New weapons used are "\$1000 Roach Killer" and "Gatos Roach Hive".

Mrs. Walter Bartels, Danbury, Iowa, is looking for the pattern for a fence to go around her flower garden quilt. I did have several but have mailed them all out. Do you have one?



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf was flying along by the side of Marilee on his little chick-a-dee airplane as she walked slowly home from school one pleasant spring evening. Coming down the road toward them was a team of gray horses pulling a green farm wagon. And in the wagon stood a cook-stove and a heating stove all dull black and shiny nickel and looking very forlorn and chopped off on top with no stovepipe going up from them.

Behind that wagon came a hayrack pulled by a team of big, black horses. On that wagon was the queerest collection of furniture the Thumblety Bumblety Elf had even seen. There were chairs with their legs up in the air. There were dressers and cupboards and heads of beds and foots of beds and mattresses. There were boxes and baskets and bundles of all sizes.

The Thumblety Bumblety's eyes got bigger and bigger and when the wagons had passed, he said, "Where are they going with all of their furniture?"

Marilee was glad to be able to tell her little friend something. He was always telling her things that she did not know, so she told him, "They are moving."

The little elfman began to laugh. "Now you are teasing me," he said. "So are we moving and we do not have a table and chairs and beds and stoves."

"Oh, Thumblety, I am not teasing. You do not understand. These people are moving from one house to another. Last year they lived on the big hill in that red brick house with the blue shutters at the windows. Next year they are going to live in that little grey house on the edge of the big woods. They have to take their stoves and chairs and table and beds. They have to take their cows and horses and pigs and sheep and chickens too. I guess they just move everything they have." Marilee finished a little out of breath from talking so earnestly and walking too.

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf thought about that while his chick-a-dee airplane flew from a buckbush twig to a red haw tree and said "Chick-a-dee" and "Chick-a-dee-dee" three times.

Finally he said, "You mean that last year they lived in one house and next year they will live in another house?"

"Yes" answered Marilee.

"Why do they do that?" asked the elfman.

"I don't know that. Just because they want to, I guess."

Now the little elf could understand that. He almost always did things

just because he wanted to.

He clapped his little brown mittens and pulled his little red cap down over his little ears. "I could move too if I wanted to, couldn't I?" he cried.

"Of course you could", answered Marilee sensibly.

Thumblety buttoned his little brown coat tighter around his neck and pulled his little red scarf up under his chin.

"Come on Chick-a-dee," he said cheerfully, "I want to get home in a hurry so I can move."

And next month we will help him.

IF I WERE YOU

I would try to make people like me.

I would try to be at the head of my class.

I would keep my face and hands clean and my hair combed.

I would not sulk and pout if I could not have my own way.

I would help my parents with their work.

I would go to Sunday School if possible.

I would be polite to every one.

GUESS THESE

What gives more milk than a cow? (2 cows).

What is that which has four legs and flies in the air? (2/birds).

How can you make a dime's worth of sugar go as far as a dollar's worth? (Send them both to Africa).

What can pass between you and the sun without making a shadow. (The wind).

PASS THE PENNY

Choose up in two sides and give a penny to the first in line on each side. They should put it on the tip of their shoe and pass it on to the next in line without the help of hands. If it drops off, pick it up and put it back on the shoe again.

MOTHER GOOSE LIBRARY

1. _____ sat on a wall. Humpty Dumpty.
2. A _____, a _____, a ten o'clock _____ Diller, dollar, scholar.
3. Little Miss _____ sat on a _____ Muffet, tuffet.
4. _____, come blow your horn. Little Boy Blue.
5. To market, to market, to buy a _____ Fat pig.

FOUND IN THE HOUSE

1. Horny scales of the human body. Nail.
2. Worn for pain. Plaster.
3. Ray of light. Beam.
4. To rob. Steel.
5. A Disease. Shingles.
6. A crushed belt. Sash.
7. A toilet article. Paint.
8. Physical anguish. Pane.
9. What the farmer said to his wife when he had one too many cows. Celler.
10. A street in New York. Wall.
11. What do you do when baby sister cries? Rocker.
12. A city in Iowa. Davenport.
13. To place in systematic order. A range.
14. Colorless. Pail.
15. Drop to the bottom. Sink.
16. Execution for crime. Hanger.

Did you hear about the fellow who put bird seed in his shoes so his pigeon-toes wouldn't eat the corns on his feet?

And the fellow who saluted the refrigerator because it was General Electric!



Jackie and his sister were sailing their boat and found a great number of Ducks. How many can you find in this picture?

Our Hobby Club

HOBBIES

Miniature dogs.—Wendall Heuton, Glidden, Iowa, R. R. No. 2, c/o Joe Heuton.

View Cards. Will exchange.—Mary Ann Koellner, West Point, Iowa.

Crocheted holders. Will exchange. Also exchange for shaker sets.—Amy Jacobs, Wall Lake, Iowa.

Picture Post Cards.—Mrs. Harold Hartman, Worthington, Minn., Rt. 3.

Salt and pepper shakers. Will exchange.—Mrs. L. R. McCaw, Wakefield, Nebr., Box 123.

Napkins and salt and pepper shakers.—Dorothy Schultz, Star Route, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Stamps and handkerchiefs from different states.—Bernice Schultz, Star Route, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Stamps and pictures of different dogs.—Roy Schultz, Star Route, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Novelty salt and pepper shakers, and view cards.—Mrs. John Wolfe, 1126 W Walker St., Milwaukee 4, Wis.

Buttons.—Mrs. A. B. Braun, Easton, Minn., Box 6.

Postmarks. Will exchange.—Miss Erma Wiehr, Blue Earth, Minn.

Old time china slippers and old glass slippers and boots. Will exchange for your hobby.—Mrs. Frank Wilson, Blair, Nebraska, Rt. 1.

Buttons. Have 18,200 in collection.—Mrs. B. A. Cratty, Clearwater, Nebr.

Crocheted Holders.—Mrs. R. L. Hall, Louisburg, Mo., Box 18.

Hankies and pot holders.—Mrs. V. F. Thurman, 6012 Clark St., Turner, Kansas.

Pot holders, stamps, and embroidery patterns. Will exchange.—Mrs. Glen Hall, Sidney, Iowa, Box 265.

Hankies and view folders. 1,120 hankies and 55 folders in collection.—Mrs. Lucile Wittig, 105 N Alice, Sioux City 19, Iowa.

Quilt patterns and embroidery patterns.—Mrs. R. R. DeLair, Oketo, Kansas.

Salt and pepper shakers, and pen pals.—Mary Lou Armbricht, Tecumseh, Nebr., Rt. 3.

Collecting poems and pictures to illustrate poems.—Bertha Elsen, Manson, Iowa.

Salt and pepper shakers, and pot holders. Will exchange for print quilt scraps size 9 inches square.—Mrs. Alma Wilson, 102 West 5th St., Dell Rapids, South Dakota.

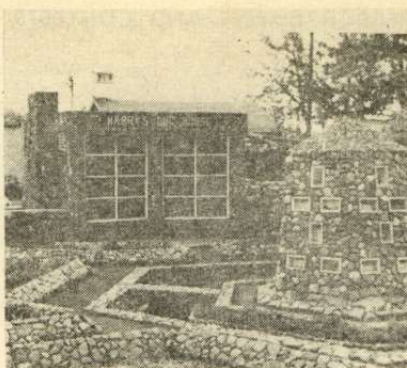
Small dolls.—Mrs. Lola Thorne, 338 Taft Ave., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Advertising pencils and pot holders. Will exchange.—Eva Linkey, Bloomfield, Iowa.

Quilt blocks, old and new designs. Any crochet or embroidery patterns will exchange for equal value. Write first.—Mrs. America J. Barker, Castalia, Iowa, Rt. 1.

Salt and pepper shakers and hot pan holders. Will exchange.—Mrs. Curtis Trader, Plano, Iowa, Box 6.

Post Cards.—Mrs. John Sampson, DeKalb, Mo., Rt. 1.



Dog House of H. W. Marks.

I have a hobby collection of dogs. They are made of about every known material with the exception of real live dog. It would take too many points to keep my collection of over 2,200 if they were alive.

They are housed in an outdoor stone building, always open to the public and electrically lighted with table lamps made with dog bases and shades with dog designs on them. I have an electrically operated flea scratching dog that operates as long as lights are on and a promise of another one that sticks its tongue out and in.

I would be glad to hear from anyone with unusual dogs or will exchange some. I would especially like to hear from any one knowing of large outdoor weather-proof dogs. I am enclosing a picture of the building.

—H. W. Marks,
Humeston, Ia.



APPLIQUE MAGIC

Twelve kitchen items—several from a by-gone-day—contribute their outlines to your applique pieces; on some a bit of outline embroidery is needed to bring out the items portrayed. Use seven of these for a day-of-the-week tea towel set—the day names come on the transfer also. Extra outlines can be applied on panholder squares or you can even use them on a breakfast set. Gay uplift for your kitchen, or a cheerful gift set! Usable-several-times transfer C9604, 10c, gives the 12 outlines of applique items and the 7 day names.—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 word 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: Foot 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.

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WANTED. Middle aged or elderly lady to keep house for elderly lady, alone in 4 room apartment, close to churches and stores. No washing. Board and room and small wages. Mrs. W. A. Milek, 4637 Farnham St., Omaha, Nebr.

Dear Leanna,

Please find enclosed one dollar for the Kitchen-Klatter one year. I keep all my papers and at any time I want to do any thing special in my home I go to the drawer, get my books out and look them over and my answer is there.

Mrs. May Whitbeck,
Omaha, Nebr.

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

BREAKFAST AT SARDI'S

The Woman's Society of Christian Service of the Methodist Church in Shenandoah made a nice sum of money last month by giving a breakfast modeled after the famous "Breakfast at Sardi's" carried over KMA at 10 o'clock each morning. Although tickets sold for \$1.00 apiece those who neglected to buy theirs when they first went on sale, were not able to obtain one. Every available seat was taken. The following menu was served.

May Texas Grapefruit
Iowa Cornfed Bacon
Mid Western Scrambled Eggs
Nishna Sweet Rolls
California Orange Marmalade
French-filled Doughnuts
Seed City Breakfast Coffee

A friend who worked in the kitchen told me they used 60 dozen eggs and 40 pounds of bacon.

Tim George, whom you hear on KMA, took the part of Tom Brenne-man whom you hear on the Sardi's program and did a very fine job as Master of Ceremonies.

A wishing ring was presented to the lady who held the lucky number. There were orchids for two "Good Neighbors" and also one for the oldest lady, Mrs. Sarah Findley who was 91 years old. A large bouquet was presented to Mrs. Grace Roller outstanding service mother who has five boys fighting for their country.

This breakfast party was broadcast over KMA by transcription. I hope you heard it.



Uncle Tim interviewing Mrs. Sarah Findley, age 91, who was the oldest guest at the breakfast.

MARCH GAMES AND CONTESTS

(Contributed by Mrs. James Woodman, Netawaka, Kans.)

Girls' Name Contest

(Could be used at Stork Showers)

1. A gem. Pearl.
2. What papa does with baby.—Carrie.
3. How to write a postscript. Adeline.
4. An Article. Ann.
5. A popular girl. Belle.
6. First notes in music. Dora (Dora).
7. Twixt day and night. Eve.
8. A little valley. Adele.
9. What you did when you sat on a tack. Rose.
10. Said before meals. Grace.
11. A color of eyes. Hazel.
12. A shade of green. Myrtle.
13. To turn pale. Blanche.
14. A southern state. Georgia.
15. To wed. Mary.
16. Sleeping quarters on a train: letter of the alphabet. Bertha.
17. A shade of blue. Alice.
18. Whole of anything and your mother. Alma (all-ma).
19. A Christmas song. Carol.
20. A couch. Sophia.
21. Wing of a house and to behold. Elsie (Ell see).
22. A month of the year and an instrument that tolls. Mabel.
23. To be happy and you and I. Gladys (glad us).
24. A month of summer. June.
25. A Document in writing left at death and your mother. Wilma.

CONTEST

(To be answered with Nursery Rhymes)

1. What bird sang before Royalty?
 2. When did meat rise sky-high?
 3. Who jumped over a light?
 4. When were king's horses of no avail?
 5. Why do we have reason to believe Queen Victoria had mice?
 6. What boy went to sleep on duty?
 7. What man kept his wife in a fruit?
 8. What person of royalty was a culinary expert?
 9. Who was the son of a musician?
 10. Who should have been reported to the humane society?
 11. What two met disaster on a hillside?
 12. Who was afraid of a certain insect?
 13. What king ate to the tune of a stringed instrument?
 14. Who paid for his supper in song?
 15. Who administered punishment wholesale?
 16. Who was away when the house caught fire?
 17. Who could never have been a pupil?
 18. Who ate with his fingers?
 19. Who tended a garden?
 20. What couple was so thrifty they never wasted a scrap?
 21. Who should have had a rescue medal?
 22. Who took poor care of her flock?
- Answers: 1. Blackbird. 2. When the cow jumped over the moon. 3. Jack. 4.

Humpty-Dumpty. 5. Pussy Cat-Pussy Cat. 6. Little Boy Blue. 7. Peter. 8. Queen of Hearts. 9. Tom (Piper's Son). 10. Mother Hubbard. 11. Jack and Jill. 12. Miss Muffett. 13. Old King Cole. 14. Tommy Tucker. 15. Old Woman in the Shoe. 16. Lady Bird. 17. Simple Simon. 18. Little Jack Horner. 19. Mary, Quite contrary. 20. Jack Sprat and Wife. 21. John Sprout. 22. Bo-Peep.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR PRESIDENTS

1. Home of Bob Burns' Uncle Mun. Van Buren.
2. An electric Sweeper. Hoover.
3. Part of a chair and a preposition. Lincoln.
4. Letters of the alphabet and obstructions placed in rivers. Adams.
5. A famous doctrine. Monroe.
6. A most dreaded job and a measure. Washington.
7. To adhere and the opposite of sea. Cleveland.
8. A permit. Grant.
9. A flower and a syllable of four letters. Roosevelt.
10. A Scotchman's title, one who is related to you and a boy's name. McKinley.
11. A berry. Polk.
12. To go through. Pierce.
13. A boy's name and the boy himself. Johnson.
14. A legal Document and a male heir. Wilson.
15. An occupation or trade. Taylor.
16. Name of an officer in some lodges. Tyler.
17. A kind of fish and a plot of ground. Garfield.
18. Difficult to penetrate and "ing". Harding.
19. Angry-personal pronoun-male offspring. Madison.
20. Boy's first name beginning with a vowel. Arthur.

PHYSIOLOGY

1. What part of our body is part of a tree? Limbs.
2. What part of our body is needed by a card player? Hand.
3. What part of our body is part of a shoe? Tongue.
4. What part of our body is punishment? Lashes.
5. What part of our body represents the doctor's task? Heel (heal).
6. What part of our body suggests a person always talking of self? Eye.
7. What part of our body has the name of the instrument which tells which way the wind blows? Vane (vein).
8. What part is an important article in the hardware trade? Nails.

Dear Leanna,

Your card has been received reminding me that my subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter has expired, so here is my dollar bill for another year. It is the best little magazine there is, for it is just full of so many good things and how I do enjoy the letters. Especially Lucile's.

Mrs. H. R. Wessels,
Franklin, Nebr.