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Kitchen-Klatter

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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My Dear Friend,

Life at the Driftmier home has been going along very smoothly and happily since I last wrote to you. I must confess I became a little impatient for good spring weather to come.

I can remember when our children were in grade school they had May Day observances in the park every year. The children would be dressed in crepe paper costumes, representing birds, flowers and butterflies. As they shivered and shook through their part of the programs, we mothers stood anxiously on the side lines hoping that no one would take cold.

I hope those of you who have a member of your family in a wheel chair will make a special effort this spring and summer to see that they get out into the yard where they can enjoy the birds and flowers. It is natural for those who are not able to walk, to hate to ask even their own family to make it possible for them to get outside more often. They always feel they must not bother busy people. If at all possible, build a gently sloping ramp running from the porch into the yard. Have rails to keep the chair from running off the sides. Being able to use a ramp of this kind will give one in a wheel chair so much pleasure. I wish that every cripple could have a little folding wheel chair like mine. It makes it possible for me to go to church, to social gatherings and to see my friends.

The rainy weather kept me home from church Easter Sunday. Nevertheless, I had a very happy day. My sister Sue Conrad, with whom I had not had a good visit for months, spent the day with me. Between ten and eleven o'clock the Primary Department of the Sunday School, well protected by raincoats and rubbers, came to make me a call. They sang me an Easter song and I told them an Easter story. They brought me a lovely pink geranium which I am enjoying very much.

In the pre-war days I looked forward to the summer bringing me calls from many of my radio listeners but I know that cannot be the case this summer. You will all be busy waging the war on the home front, canning, drying, pickling and preserving the fruits and vegetables. All of us will be very busy this summer.

Our family is getting along about as usual. My husband is feeling like his old self again (as long as he doesn't overdo). The boys in the army are well. They write often and such good

letters. Lucile writes you in her letters of what they are doing in California. Dorothy is much better but Margery is still helping her care for the baby and do the house work.

I am making each of my little granddaughters a silk coverlet. This is nice summer time fancywork. I enjoy making these patchwork blocks so much. I am afraid I'll have the quilts made before the summer is half gone.

In spite of the busy days ahead, there are some things for which we must take time. We are inclined to rush through life, not enjoying the little pleasures within our reach. If we wait until the work is *all done*, I'm afraid we will do nothing *but* work. Try to have one afternoon each week when you can visit your friends or spend some time with a favorite book.

I have enjoyed visiting with you and hope you will return my call soon, by writing me a letter.

Sincerely your friend,

Leanna.

OUR HEARTS ARE FULL

"Five planes failed to return." Every day we hear news of this kind on the air and behind these words are many sorrowing parents who have received the word that their boy is missing in action, or the more dreaded message, "Killed in Action." Our hearts go out to these friends. Most of us find it difficult to put into words the sympathy we feel. I have often sent this verse by James Whitcomb Riley. It has brought comfort to many who have lost one of their loved ones.

How thankful we are for those who have put into words the thoughts we find it hard to express.

Away

I CAN NOT say, and I will NOT say
That he is dead. He is just away;
With a cheery smile, and a wave of
the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown
land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers
there.
And you—O you, who the wildest
yearn
For the old-time step and the glad
return—
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of
Here;
Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—he is just away!

MOTHER'S DAY

I know what it will mean to you to receive a Mother's Day letter from that boy or girl in the service. I know because our son overseas wrote me a combined birthday and Mother's Day letter, and I shall cherish it always. It was written by candle light. The rain was pounding down on the palm thatched hut. The ten thousand miles that lay between him and home only helped to bind his heart closer to those he loves. Let us remember these boys and girls who are away from home, with a letter on Mother's Day. Let them know how much you appreciate the sacrifice they are making to protect us and those homes of theirs. I know you have done this many times before, but make this letter a very *special* one.

You fathers should start that letter now if you want it to reach your son or daughter overseas before Father's Day.

MY SON!

I think of you today ... on this day that the world calls mine. There are thoughts I have for you, that can never be fully spoken ... because they are thoughts ... not words. This year ... I shall not look into your eyes to see the love and worship there ... as I have done in other years. But in my heart I have resolved to be as strong and brave as you. We have our task today, my son. You and I. A task so great that none can know or see its magnitude. Yet it is ours to do. Yours ... to fight ... and give your life perhaps ... in the highest cause of man ... the freedom of the peoples of the world. Mine ... to give to you in every word and thought and deed ... the courage and comfort to help you through. And most of all ... assurance of my constant faith in you. As this day comes this year ... I shall contemplate the honor that has come to me through you. The pride I have in your high purpose and achievement. I shall plan for your return ... to the better world of your own making. And if, perhaps, you should not share this freedom you so fully earn ... I shall know that we have sacrificed together ... remembering that our lives can only be justified by the measure of our sacrifice. Be grateful with me, my son, for the land and principles for which you fight. And know that in the end, because of you, the world will live in peace and freedom. Be faithful to your country ... I would have it no other way. — Selected.

MOTHER OF MINE

O! Mother of mine, sweetest name!
No words can express your fame,
In wilderness parched with heat,
On ocean—with the battle fleet,
On firing line—in tented camp,
On sentry duty—with measured tramp,
My heart beats warm and high—
The goodness of you rises to the sky.
No sweeter word—no other,
None greater than Mother.
—Dorothy Dalrymple Betts.

Come into the Garden

MAY IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Last year's experiences in home gardens and the resulting full cellars with point-saving jars of canned food, besides the other vegetables stored in bins or otherwise taken care of, has been an eye-opener as to just how much value a vegetable garden really has been, be it ever so humble. There is no fear of hunger or undernourishment among the owners of such gardens. This year and many following years will see a repetition of last year's endeavors.

May is usually the great planting month of the year. Danger of frost will be over during the latter part of it in the more northern sections. It is the month when all kinds of beans are planted; the vine crops such as the melons, cucumbers and various kinds of squash; when hotbeds are emptied of tomato, cabbage, pepper, and cauliflower plants and when additional seed of peas, lettuce and radish are put into well prepared ground. Parsnips, carrots and beets are seeded during the early part of the month with perhaps additional plantings of the last two later on.

In small gardens where space is limited, rows of vegetables may be planted reasonably close, enough so that a hoe may take care of cultivation, but in larger ones where garden plows or where even the corn plow is used, the rows may be made two or even three feet apart depending on the manner of cultivation and the type of vegetables grown. In small gardens there is little room for vines or corn, but of even these new dwarf varieties have been perfected. The spreading growth of vines may be controlled by cutting the ends of the vines to prevent further spread.

Onion seed must be planted fairly early and not too thick. In this season's shortage of onions, those who grew their own last year for winter storage were fortunate. For long-keeping qualities, the red varieties seem best, although those of the yellow and white are of a milder taste.

Any garden, whether large or small, should grow some of the leafy vegetables so rich in vitamins. Leaf and head lettuce, Chinese cabbage, spinach and chard are among these. All varieties of cabbage are good, grow both the early and the late for all season use. The Savoy is perhaps the prettiest salad cabbage with its crinkly, crisp green leaves. Cauliflower is delicious when cooked or pickled. Brussels sprouts are as easily grown as any other member of the cabbage family. Red cabbage is used chiefly as a pickling cabbage.

Cucumbers should be chosen in reference to their future use. Some of the slicing, some of the smaller uniform pickling and some to make chunk pickles from such as the Long Green, are good. Catalogues carry illustrated descriptions of these so there is little fear of getting the

wrong kind. Even before they show through the ground the striped bug is waiting for them, so be prepared with a good bug dust on hand. These may be planted in hills or rows. We have found rows the best.

Sweet corn may also be planted all at once if several varieties may be used which have a succession of development. The worms seem to like the earlier corn best here. Hybrid varieties are our favorites since they are larger, fully as sweet and go further in canning.

Plant several varieties of beans, not forgetting Lima and Red Kidney. The more kinds, the greater varieties in the diet next winter. Plant small varieties of squash in the small garden such as Table Queen or Potato. These are the right size for a small family. The larger varieties belong in the truck garden.

Too many people buy tomato plants in total ignorance of what varieties they are getting. A tomato is not just a tomato. Tomato experts have been giving the problem of wilt among tomatoes a great deal of attention and have arrived at the conclusion that some tomatoes have this wilt but outgrew it and keep on producing new growth and more tomatoes until frost. Other varieties are earlier but complete their growth earlier too. When the wilt strikes these, their usefulness is over as they will make no more growth. Certain seasons favor each kind, so buy some of the different varieties to be assured of a crop.

"Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary, How Does Your Garden Grow?"

Don't plant left over seed without testing it. We can't afford to be penny-wise and pound-foolish, especially when the pounds are vegetables.

If your garden slopes so that there is danger of erosion, run the rows across or on the contour. This will help hold the rainfall and keep the soil from washing away.

When planning your garden, put the tall growing crops on the north and west side of the garden if possible so they won't shade the low growing plants. I like to plant the radishes and lettuce on the south or east side and progress across the garden as I plant the later crops.

Peas will give best results if sown very early. Early weather conditions are more favorable to pea growth.

Trees, shrubs, and vines are often dry when your order arrives. Soak them at least a day before planting. When you plant them, pack the ground very firmly around the roots and water well until growth starts.

Sow more beans and peas this year so that you will have more to ripen, dry, and store for soup and baking.

OUR FLOWERS AND THEIR NAMES

By Alma B. Mackey

In telling you about our flowers I have chosen the most familiar ones that we all have growing right in our own gardens.

Almost every flower has several names as each country or locality has its own particular name. For instance, in Yorkshire, Foxgloves are Witches' Thimbles, in Ireland they are called Fairy Caps, while in Scotland they are Dead-men's Bells.

Flowers and herbs were grown for medical purposes and for seasoning rather than for their beauty. The Calendula was grown in pots in kitchen windows, the leaves used for seasoning. That is why that flower is sometimes called Pot-Marigold.

The Tansy was the first flower or herb used in America for funeral flowers.

One of the first spring flowers is the Snowdrop. It was first seen along the road from Bethlehem to Jerusalem. It was said to have sprung up in the footsteps of the Virgin as she carried the Infant Jesus to the temple to offer Him to the Lord. It is almost always in bloom February 2, for that is about the time that the Virgin went to the Temple. Galenthus is the generic name for Snowdrop. It means Milk Flower. Other names for the Snowdrop are Candlemas flower, and Maid of February.

The original home of the Crocus is uncertain, but it is thought to have come from Greece or Asia. The ancient Greeks called this flower Kroke, for the 3 thread-like stigmas. The Irish called them St. Valentine's flower and always picked the yellow ones but left the purples for the fairies to sleep in.

The Narcissus, Jonquils and Daffodils are very closely related. They were first grown by the Romans. Narcissus is from a Greek word meaning Narcotic, for the odor of the flowers will have a narcotic effect if inhaled too long.

The flower of the Narcissus is white with a shallow cup in the center, sometimes edged with pink. The Jonquil is very similar only all yellow with a shallow cup in its center. The Daffodil, also Daffydilly, and Daffy-down-dilly, has a much broader, longer stem and leaves, and also has a deep tubular cup in the center.

The Tulip was first seen along the roads and on the hills of Persia and the Persians called them Lale but they paid little attention to them for so many wild flowers grew in Persia. When some Turkish merchants went to Persia to buy fine rugs and perfumes they were enchanted by the lovely flowers that looked like the bright hued turban of the Turks when inverted, so they called them Tulband or Tulipan and they later shortened them to Tulip. That was in about 1554.

In 1575 the first Tulip bulbs were brought to England. Not until 1593 when a merchant from Amsterdam went to Persia to buy goods was the first Tulip bulb introduced to Holland.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Last month, you may recall, we paused in our story of the Field family to discuss the results of Grandmother's and Grandfather's beliefs in the lives of their children. This is a big subject to cover in a limited amount of space, but I tried to give you a glimpse of the ways in which these beliefs had affected the work of Uncle Henry, Aunt Helen, and Aunt Martha. Now it is time to write about the four other Fields, so this month I should like to tell you some of the activities of Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, Uncle Sol Field, Mother, and Aunt Susan Conrad.

Grandmother Field always had a great place in her heart for young people, particularly for girls. In the days when she was the busiest there was rarely a time that some young girl wasn't turning to her for encouragement and advice; consequently she must have had great gratification from seeing a continuation of her love for young people in Aunt Jessie's work.

Like the other Field girls, Aunt Jessie helped finance herself through school by working as secretary to the president of Labor College, and the many prizes that she won in competitive contests of different kinds also helped solve some of the money problems. Like the other Field girls too, she taught school, both in Iowa and in Helena, Montana where Aunt Helen had also taught. It was while she was in Helena that she was called to be superintendent of schools in Page County, her home county.

It was as county superintendent that she had her real opportunity to put into practice the hopes that she had for helping farm boys and girls. She was one of the originators of 4-H clubs, and worked without sparing herself to get the program underway. She helped start Farm Camps too, and I'm sure that many of you who read this will look back on your own days at Farm Camp as one of the high spots of your life.

After her work in Page County had brought her national recognition, she went to New York to serve as National Secretary of the YMCA for small towns and rural communities. She traveled throughout the entire United States in this work, and she accomplished things that people said just plain couldn't be done. When the National Board of the YWCA chose Aunt Jessie they selected the one person who probably knew more than any other woman about the hopes and ambitions of small town and rural girls. And she cared enough about these hopes and ambitions to see that they were achieved. To all young people, regardless of race and creed, Aunt Jessie has always been a genuine friend.

Uncle Sol Field has lived in California for years, and since I was fifteen when I first met him I have not known him as well as my other uncle and aunts. But he is very much like Uncle Henry in his love for growing things, and both of them are like Grandfather Field in his preference

for being out-of-doors.

Probably Uncle Sol's greatest enthusiasm has been for horses. This enthusiasm began when he was a boy at Sunnyside and spent many an hour learning to break colts, and to do all of the "wild-west" feats that he had ever heard about. On one occasion Grandmother Field put a stop to his enthusiasm. That was when he gathered together everyone he could find to serve as spectators for his "wild-west" show. The climax of the show came when he galloped past Aunt Martha and shot a walnut from her head! Grandmother heard the racket and came out to see what it was all about. And that particular act never again appeared in any of Uncle Sol's "wild-west" performances.

But on Uncle Sol's ranch in northern California he used his horses for serious business rather than for entertainment. Several years ago he developed a fine string of horses and since then has spent the summer months at Scout camps where he teaches the boys to ride. He knows the mountain country as well as he knows his own ranch, and many are the trips he has made as a guide for hunting parties. On some of these trips he has captured wild animals, and I remember that once when he visited us in Shenandoah he had a mountain lion with him. It was staked in our front yard one afternoon, and needless to say it caused a great sensation. Uncle Sol also has trained hunting dogs with unusual success, and through his section of the country the tales of his dogs are legends.

What shall I say about Mother? Through the years you who are her friends have come to know her so well that it is almost like telling you about your next-door neighbor! But perhaps there are new friends who are only now getting acquainted with the family, so for them we will say that it is almost twenty years since Mother first began "coming to call" on you every afternoon by means of the radio. None of us quite believe that it's been almost twenty years, but that is what the black-and-white facts tell us.

It was Grandmother Field's firm belief that what you are called upon to do, you can do. And certainly this is the precept that Mother has lived by. We know that the first time she talked to you back in 1925 she was—well, she was scared to death! Radio was a new-fangled invention then, and it took a lot of nerve to face that strange microphone. But she was called upon to do it, and so it was done. And so, too, she began writing this magazine when the time came that her radio work alone couldn't cover the vast amount of home-making helps that reached her in your letters. I'm sure that Mother never envisioned herself as a magazine editor back in the days when she was so busy with her growing family, but as Grandmother would say, when she was called upon to do it, she did it.

In our home, Mother's creative ability took a hundred different forms. The old phrase, "She can make something out of nothing," must first have been used for someone just like her.

I've never known anyone else who could turn out such a good meal from left-overs, who could make such a lovely dress for a little girl out of hand-me-downs, who could find such satisfactory substitutes for the expensive toys that we couldn't afford to buy. It has always been an adventure to live with Mother. You never know around what corner will come something unexpected and interesting. The kind of creative ability that it takes to keep life full and worth-while is the kind I'd rather have than any other—if I could have my choice.

Aunt Susan Conrad, the youngest of the seven Field children, has been busy making beautiful things as long as any of us can remember. She taught school for years in California, and then when her three girls were grown and she decided to give up teaching, the work that she had done as a hobby became her full-time career. Pottery is Aunt Susan's great interest, and she has turned out hundreds and hundreds of original and beautiful pieces. Many of you have seen her various exhibitions, and others of you have heard her lectures during the winter months when she travels throughout several states demonstrating the process of making pottery. (As I write this I have on the table a lovely golden-brown bowl filled with oranges; it was a wedding gift from Aunt Susan and through the years I have treasured it, not only because it is beautiful in itself but because it calls up in my mind all of her unusual ability, and the vividness of her personality.)

In some respects it is a long, long road from the Sunnyside of forty-odd years ago to the world that we know today. Yet there is one link that holds all of the threads of the pattern together, and successfully defies Time. That link is the living evidence of Grandmother's and Grandfather's beliefs in the work of their children, and if they know what the years have brought since they left, surely the knowledge gives them happiness.



Solomon E. Field, U. S. Marine, son of Sol E. Field, Gerber, Cal.

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES.: "I'm one of a group of ten young married women who meet once a month for a social time. It's always been our custom to have stork showers before any of us have new babies, but right now we're puzzled as to what we should do in this particular case: one of our members expects her first baby before long, but for some reason she's never even mentioned it to any of us and so far no one has had the courage to make any reference to it because of her attitude. Do you think we should go ahead and have the surprise shower under the circumstances?"—Nebraska.

ANS.: If I were a member of your club I believe I'd wait until after the baby arrives to have the shower. In many communities showers are always given after the baby's birth, so it is perfectly correct. Evidently your friend has some reason for not wishing to discuss the matter, and I believe that it would be the kindest thing to respect her silence by waiting until later. If you have any reason for thinking that she would be hurt by not having the shower at this time, you can send a note with some little gift saying that the members are anxiously waiting to greet the new baby with a shower at a later date.

QUES: "It has been the custom in our town for highschool seniors to rent caps and gowns for graduation ceremonies. I'm of the opinion that this year we should forego such expense and put the money saved into a war bond in the school's name. Upon maturity it can be used for the purchase of school equipment. We have a council of parents in our school and I'd like to make this suggestion soon if you approve."—Iowa.

ANS: I do approve most heartily. Most young people of high school age have had little opportunity to contribute to the war effort, and this would give them the knowledge that they are helping. Our country needs money, and our boys and girls need to develop a sense of pride in community achievement, not just in personal achievement. I hope that you make this suggestion and that you have unanimous support.

QUES: "Do you think it does any good to insist that children take music lessons even though they put up a strong protest? My two boys, twelve and thirteen, actually sulk all day long when they have a piano lesson coming up at four o'clock, and I have to drive them, literally, to practice. They say that they "hate music" and don't want to have anything to do with it. But I've always set my heart on having them learn to play and I can't bring myself to give up and let them have their way."—Missouri.

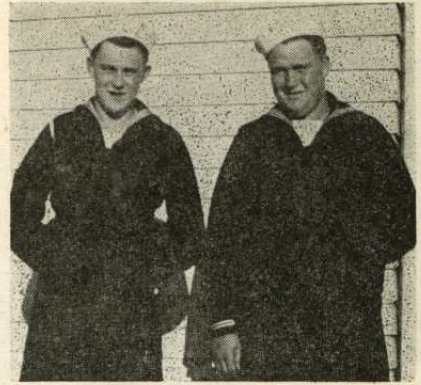
ANS: Well, you'd better. They won't learn anything that will stick with them in this frame of mind, and they'll inevitably grow to dislike all music when they're adults. It doesn't do any good to force lessons when a child is genuinely resentful and opposed to the idea. A child who balks now and then, who has to be coaxed to practice occasionally, is a different matter entirely. You can overlook his protests successfully, but if I had your two boys I don't believe that I'd ever again send them down the street to take a piano lesson.

QUES: "I have never traveled overnight on a train and I'm completely at sea as to what I should do next month when I go to Portland. My train leaves at midnight, and I'd appreciate it very much if you can tell me what I should do. I'm traveling by Pullman."—N. D.

ANS: Since your train leaves at midnight you will find that all of the Pullman berths are made when you board it. The porter will show you to your berth and the conductor will take your ticket as soon as you get on. Go to the ladies lounge to undress, and wear a dark robe back to the berth. Once in the berth/ you're settled for the night. In the morning you can go back to the lounge as soon as you awaken, and you can stay there until your berth is made and your seat is ready for you to occupy, or you can go to the diner to have breakfast. One never need be nervous about what to do when traveling if one observes other people and follows suit.

QUES: "At our last Parents-Teachers meeting we had quite an argument over this question, and it hasn't yet been settled. It's the custom in our schools to have a May-Day celebration with a program of folk-dances by younger children, physical education demonstrations by high school pupils, and a pretty ceremony of winding the May-pole. This always means costumes, and for mothers with four children such as I have, it means four costumes. It seems to me that this year with so much garden work, Red Cross sewing, etc., that we should drop the performance, or go ahead and have it without costumes. What do you think?"—Missouri.

ANS: It seems to me that we have to keep as much of the normal world as possible for our children. Now with so many, many fathers going and homes being broken, it is more important than ever before to cling to the good things that mean so much to children. If I had to stay up all night I think I'd make those costumes—I know that I did in days gone by and I've never regretted it.



Bill and Fred Noble are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Noble of New Market, Iowa. As you can see, they are both in the navy.

SO LONG, SON!

He didn't make any fuss when his time came to go—
Just came down from his room with a smile.
We sat and had lunch, as we'd had many times—
He even turned on the radio dial.
I tried not to think how his mother and I
Would miss him when our day was through;
So I thought of the many good times we had had,
Of our plans for his future life, too.
There didn't seem to be any words I could say
That would tell him we loved him a lot—
We finished our meal as we always had done;
He even mentioned a postcard he had got.
A car honked outside—he just picked up his grip
And he said, "Dad, I guess that's for me."
He turned and gave mother a farewell boy hug—
There was nothing dramatic to see.
I'd thought of the last things I'd say when he left,
But I couldn't remember a one.
He put out his hand, and I shook it good-bye,
Then I said just three words—"So long, son!"
—American Legion Magazine

A MARINE'S MOTHER

There's the Sailor and the Soldier
And the Aviator keen—
As fine a group of fighting men
As one has ever seen.
But for me I have a soft spot
For the boys in forest green—
The dashing, gallant leather neck—
The United States Marine.

I will never be first lady,
Nor grace a magazine—
I'll never be world famous,
Nor will I be a queen,
But I would never change my lot
With any that I've seen,
For you see, I am the Mother
Of a United States Marine.
—Contributed.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

SUBSTITUTIONS

- 1 cup heavy cream = $\frac{3}{5}$ cup milk + $\frac{2}{5}$ cup fat.
- 1 square chocolate = 4 tablespoons cocoa + $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon fat.
- 1 cup pastry flour = 1 cup bread flour less 2 tablespoons.
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch = 2 tablespoons flour (for thickening.)
- 1 teaspoon baking powder = $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda + $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar.
- 1 cup sweet milk + 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar = 1 cup sour milk.

CARROT COOKIES

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 - $\frac{3}{4}$ cup corn syrup or honey
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 - 2 beaten eggs
- Cream shortening, add sugar and cream thoroughly. Add corn syrup and beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat again.

Then add 1 cup grated raw carrot.
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon allspice
1 teaspoon cinnamon
Sift dry ingredients 3 times and add 2 cups rolled oats.

Put in a little of these dry ingredients, then add 3 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, and then the rest of the flour. Lastly add 1 cup raisins and 1 cup nutmeats that have had a little flour sifted over them. Mix well and drop by spoonful on a greased baking sheet. Flatten with a fork. Bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees, 20 minutes. Makes 4 to 5 dozen cookies.—Mrs. E. F. Borcharding, Hampton, Iowa.

PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM

- 8 cups milk
- 2 cups sugar
- 5 teaspoons vanilla
- 2 junket tablets dissolved in 2 tablespoons water.
- 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple, with juice

Put all this in 1 gallon freezer and finish filling with cream—about 1 quart of cream. Freeze with hand freezer and pack. Let set an hour to have good pineapple flavor. Do not cook any of the ingredients.—Bertha Harl, Numa, Iowa.

SUGARLESS BUTTERSCOTCH CAKE

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- 2 egg yolks, well beaten
- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 package prepared butterscotch pudding mix
- 1 cup buttermilk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 egg whites, beaten stiff

Cream shortening, add corn syrup slowly and beat well. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with the buttermilk, water and vanilla. Lastly fold in the beaten egg whites.

Bake 35 to 40 minutes in layers in moderate oven.—Mrs. Henry Mengedohrt, Herman, Nebr.

SOYBEANS, BOSTON STYLE.

- 3 cups cooked soybeans
- $\frac{3}{8}$ teaspoon mustard
- $\frac{3}{8}$ cup molasses
- 3 tablespoons chopped onion
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- $\frac{1}{8}$ pound salt pork
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato catsup
- 1 teaspoon salt

Season beans in baking dish. Place squares of salt pork on top and add catsup. Bake slowly at 350 degrees for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. Six servings.

SOYBEAN SALAD

- 3 cups cooked soybeans
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped celery
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons minced onion
- 3 tablespoons India relish
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- Mayonnaise to moisten

Mix the above ingredients and serve on crisp lettuce. Use paprika or hard-cooked eggs for garnish.

TO SALT DOWN BUTTER

Wrap each "pat" of butter ($\frac{1}{2}$ or 1 pound) in heavy waxed paper. Put in stone jar. Alternate layers of butter and salt. Use salt for top layer. This keeps out air. Cover jar with board. Set in cold place. Butter does not absorb the salt. It will keep a long time. Each pat of butter may be put in the jar and covered with salt just as it is churned.—Mrs. R. W. Fleenor, Hepburn, Iowa.

JAM CAKE

- 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup light corn syrup
- 2 eggs, separated
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup strawberry or other jam

Sift flour and measure. Add baking powder, soda, salt and spices and sift together twice. Cream shortening and corn syrup, blending well. Stir in egg yolks, one at a time. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with sour milk, beating well after each addition. Fold in jam. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into batter. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 25 to 30 minutes or until an inserted toothpick comes out clean. Any kind of jam, preserves or fruit butter can be used, or a mixture of more than one kind.—Mrs. Robert Cragg, Greentop, Mo.

ANGEL CUP CAKES

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup flour with 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 4 egg whites

Heat milk and butter hot. Add sugar, salt and flour with baking powder (sifted twice.) Whip egg whites light. Fold in last. Bake in gem pans or paper cups. These are nice with just powdered sugar sifted over the top.—Mrs. H. D. Cullen, Holmesville, Nebr.

Cottage Cheese. Put the clabbered milk into a large pan and pour into it about an equal amount of boiling water. Let stand till cool, then drain. This method takes all the guess work out of cheese making.—Mrs. T. L. Richardson, Brock, Nebr.



Arlow Glen Bertelsen, grandson of Mrs. Alfred Bertelsen, Honey Creek, Iowa, on his first birthday.

NUTRITIOUS MEALS USING LESS MEAT

For health defense nourishing and well-balanced meals can be served economically, first, by using meat substitutes occasionally, second, by preparing less tender cuts and third, by accompanying any cuts of meat with extenders.

The many varieties of cheese can be used in many different dishes and the less expensive kinds may be baked with macaroni. Melted cheese to which milk is added makes a delicious spread and very tasty when chopped pickles, grated carrots or nuts are added. Eggs also lend a variety in the main dish or sandwiches when served as omelets, fritters with vegetables, deviled, or boiled, with shrimp, salmon or other fish salads. Oyster soup could well supply the meat for a meal.

The secret of success in preparing the less tender cuts of meat is in cooking them long and slowly by moist heat. If desired, they may be browned first. Endless opportunities for delicious stews, meatpies, casseroles and braised dishes are offered by the addition of flavor and moisture to leftover meats. Meat that is ground coarsely or cut into small pieces goes much farther and is most delicious when served with dumplings, noodles, spaghetti, macaroni or rice. Vegetables and meats make splendid casseroles. If wienies are served with sauer kraut, cut them into inch-lengths before adding to the kraut.

A well seasoned bread stuffing is a fine extender for a roast, either by cooking a crispy dressing in one corner of the roasting pan or a moist dressing may be put in a small sack and placed under the roast so that it is flavored with the delicious meat juices. It is served on the same platter. Dried home-made bread makes especially good dressing also when baked with any fowl as well as chicken. Boiled chicken or other meats with sauces often find favor. Children often delight in chipped dried beef in white sauce served on toast.

Meat Balls

3/4 pound pork sausage, or ground beef mixed with pork
1 slice of bread (2 of baker's bread) soaked in milk
1 egg may be added, if desired
Salt, pepper and onion juice
Form into small balls and brown quickly. Bake in a tomato sauce. For the sauce you may use home-canned catsup diluted with water and then thickened with a little flour and water. Bake about 20 minutes. Bring directly to the table in the casserole. Buttered spinach, escalloped potatoes, sweet pickles and a Waldorf salad with ice cream for dessert appropriately round out the menu.—Mrs. Richard Gottula, Steinauer, Nebraska.

Dear Leanna,

I am sending you my renewal for the best magazine in the world. I will never regret sending for it. Only regret not having subscribed for it sooner. Can hardly wait from one number to the other. Mrs. Albert Taylor,

PINEAPPLE NUT COOKY

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 small can crushed pineapple
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup broken nut meats
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 4 cups sifted flour

Cream shortening and sugars. Add beaten eggs, pineapple, vanilla and nut meats. Sift soda and flour together and add. Mix all thoroughly, drop by small spoon fulls on lightly floured cookie sheet. Bake in 375 degree oven until a golden brown, about 15 minutes.—Edith Hansen, KMA Morning Homemaker.



Gertrude Hayzlett and I.

TO REMOVE PRINT FROM FEED OR FLOUR SACKS

In 1/2 boiler of water put 1/4 bar of soap, 1 tablespoon kerosene, 2 tablespoons washing powder, 1 tablespoon lye. Boil sacks in this for 20 minutes and there is seldom even a trace of print left.—Mrs. Everett Byer, Hamlin, Kans.

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HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Only recently has science discovered how allergic individuals react to cer-

tain foods or substances but as to why we have these reactions is still a mystery. But it is known that some organ is not functioning properly—either lazy or over-active.

Science has discovered the tendency to be allergic is inherited—we may not be sensitive to the same food or substance or have the same reaction as the parent or near relative for it is only the tendency we have inherited.

This hyper-sensitiveness may begin at birth or may not be noticeable for months or years later. Statistics tell us if both parents are the sensitive type that three out of four of their children may suffer from an allergen. If only one parent is affected two out of four of the children may be the sensitive type.

In the past doctors often diagnosed allergic reactions as "just nerves" for the time he saw the patient the symptoms may have passed and he has only the patient's word as to what happened.

Now instead of the "just nerves" diagnoses doctor will take into consideration that an allergen may be causing the trouble and will ask if a near relative suffers from asthma, hives, eczema, extreme nervousness with headache. Will also ask you if relatives have suffered from sinus, bronchial, or colon irritation. If he is not posted on the latest information along the line of allergic reaction he will suggest you consult an allergist,—one who specializes in this field. (Now don't jump to conclusions and diagnose your own case for many of the above mentioned troubles are not always caused by allergic reactions.)

Skin tests have proven unreliable in many cases so they are no longer considered a positive proof. Many of us cannot afford an expensive hospital or doctor bill so we must use the "trial and error" method. Even this method verges on some miraculous cures, perhaps it is only by leaving cream from the coffee or milk from the diet. It is miraculous if the "trouble maker" food has been found and by removing it from the diet some annoying symptoms have disappeared.

A reaction from an allergen can cause swelling in different parts of the body and aggravate arthritic pain and swelling. The reaction may be slight and not be suspected of being the real cause of other trouble. Or it may be so severe to cause fainting, dizziness, or trouble which comes from a retention of fluids in the system.

Will discuss some more sides to the problem next month.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer



Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

I know by the letters received and by visiting with friends that chick ailments are beginning to loom up, and in some cases have developed to almost an epidemic.

The worst saboteur to the young chicks seems to be coccidiosis, a disease that is hard to get rid of as the germs live and thrive in the soil. It is spread by chicks getting the germs on their feet, and in damp weather seems to be worse. That is because the germ multiplies faster in warm damp weather and is more readily picked up. One lady told me she was always sure to have an outbreak after a rainy spell and like lots of other things she blamed her bad luck on the "weather". What is "bad weather" for some things is "good weather" for others and bad weather is good weather for coccidiosis.

This often strikes the flock when the chicks are about six weeks old, just when you feel like they are pretty well raised.

Prevention is the best cure. Complete sanitation and no dampness is important. Feed lots of oats and sour milk. You can begin feeding whole oats as early as six weeks, but be sure to have plenty of granite grit (chick size) where they can get what they need of it. Sour milk or buttermilk contains lactic acid, and this proves to be a wonderful antiseptic for the bowels.

Another saboteur of the flock is cannibalism. While this doesn't always prove fatal, it does in some cases and in others it disfigures the chick, as I have seen cases where the toes, wings or tails had been completely destroyed.

To prevent this, feed heavily of a feed with a larger percent oats content. Avoid over-crowding and increase the salt content of the feed. You can put the salt in the drinking water, but I much prefer sprinkling it over the feed. I made "Dutch cheese" and put the salt on that as they readily devour "Dutch cheese". Do not throw the whey from the cheese away, but add more salt and put it in a container for them to drink. Whey contains valuable minerals.

Give the chicks alfalfa leaves that have been soaked for several hours, or any kind of vegetables. If you add salt to the drinking water, use one tablespoonful to a gallon. You must watch to see that they are not getting too much salt. Give it to them several days then skip a day or two and if necessary repeat the treatment. Too much salt will cause bowel trouble.

A FLOWER HOLDER

A holder to use in flower arranging may be made by fastening several spools together. Anchor them to the bottom of a bowl with some paraffin.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

In these days when every one wants to do all they can to help get the war over, scarcely a day passes without some shutin person asking, "What can I, handicapped as I am, do to help?"

There are a lot of things. One that stands out in my mind is done by a woman who is quite badly handicapped. When the call first came for saving used fats, she started saving what were collected in her own kitchen. She and her husband, who is also crippled, arranged with their butcher to take the refuse fats from his shop and prepare them for use. Up to now she has tried out more than 300 pounds of fat and turned it in to the government. You might not be able to turn in that much—but every pound helps.

Another woman who is a wheel chair charioteer instructs a class in first aid work. The pupils come to her home for their lessons and in spite of being in constant pain, she has successfully taught several courses. A nurse friend helps with the few lessons that require active demonstration in bandaging etc that she cannot give from her chair.

Some of you could help by knitting or sewing for the Red Cross. Every one can save waste paper, always remembering that even a little helps. An English friend tells me they save every scrap no matter how small. I keep a large grocery bag by my desk and another in the back hall. Into these go all our scraps and when they are full we tie a string around them so they will not spill out or the sacks be torn, and store them till a paper drive is announced. You could do that, even if you are bedfast, for someone in the family would be glad to get the sack for you and carry it away again, and you can put all sorts of papers that come around your packages, or in your mail into it.

I'd like to hear from any of you who have suggestions for other ways that handicapped folk can help win the war. I'm sure there are plenty of ways if we just knew what they were, so tell us what you do or what your shutin friend does and may be someone else can profit by your suggestion.

Now for a few things you can do to bring cheer to someone. Will you send cards to Mrs. E. E. Jenks, Cumming, Iowa? She sits in a wheel chair all day. Arthritis has drawn her hands so she cannot write but she loves to read and mail means a lot to her. She has two sons in service. Mrs. Eva Cochrane, RFD c/o B. Sales, Exline, Iowa, aged 70—has been bedfast since she was hurt in a car accident last December. She enjoys cards. Marie A. Henson, Bouton, Iowa, has been an invalid since she was 9 months old. She is 48 now. She would like print pieces for a quilt.

Kenneth Swanson, who will be 18 in June, has been in bed for 3 years, caused by arthritis. He suffers a good deal at times but is so patient and uncomplaining.



OVER THE FENCE

When you throw away coffee grounds you are wasting potential food. Did you know that coffee grounds contain as much protein and fat as common beef loin and the carbohydrate of green lima beans? Hard to believe, isn't it?

Mrs. Henry Svoboda of Valparaiso, Nebraska, has found that a piece of oil cloth, turned bottom side up, makes a fine pastry cloth.

Mrs. Jane Harter of Kidder, Missouri, who recently celebrated her 97th birthday, received 631 greetings. She wishes me to thank all of you who helped make her birthday such a happy one.

Myrtle Wilkinson of 363 Sarah Ave., Iowa Falls, Iowa, wants a pattern of a bird to be appliqued on a quilt block. Can you help her find one?

If you would like to have some mixed gourd seed, send Mrs. John J. Johnson, of Cortland, Nebraska, a six inch square of print and a stamped addressed envelope.

Lonnie and Thelma, who used to entertain at KMA, had some real excitement at their house a few weeks ago when their little son ate half a package of poultry tablets. For a little while he was a very sick boy.

Friends at Rutledge, Missouri, would like to locate the Findlay family who lived in that neighborhood in 1880. There were two daughters—Nan and Alcinda. If you know anything about them, write to Charley Parrish, Rutledge, Mo.

"Golden Wedding" congratulations are due Mr. and Mrs. Kingston of Giltner, Nebraska.

A friend would like to hear from anyone who has an Angora cat or white Spitz male dog for sale. Write me.

Mrs. Roy Baker of Britt, Iowa, writes of a plan the women of their church have. Each week they choose the names of two or three service boys or girls and each write to them. The names are listed and taken alphabetically.

Paper wrappings on boxes often break open. Mrs. R. D. Smith of Des Moines, Iowa, wraps the boxes she sends to her husband in oil cloth turned wrong side out. Her husband returns it to her to use again.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

A few minutes ago we talked to Mother to wish her a happy birthday, and to find out also how Dad is feeling these days. Dorothy, Margery, and I all had a chance to say something, and after we had hung up I told Russell that I couldn't help but recall how excited we were when Dad called us from California back in 1924. We were living in Clarinda then, and I remember that he wrote in advance and said that he would call, and everyone in town was anxious to know the next day how it turned out. Could we hear him? Could we actually understand what he said? Calls from the coast were almost unheard of in those days, but in the twenty years that have passed since then it has become a commonplace. I talked to Russell while I was at home last summer, and Frank called Dorothy frequently to see how Kristin was doing when she had the whooping cough... and when we talked to Mother and Dad a few minutes ago it was just as though they were across the street. I suppose that when Juliana and Kristin are old enough to say "Hello Grandmother and Grandfather," they will take it completely for granted.

Well, tonight we are going to dye our Easter eggs. I have three-dozen snow-white eggs in the refrigerator, and this year we're going to try the idea that was in the April Kitchen-Klatter—putting wax on the egg to make a design and then putting it in vinegar. We've already had some evidence of Easter around here, for last week Dorothy, Marge, and I drove to a pet-shop in Beverly Hills and purchased two little yellow chickens. My! I just wish you could have seen Juliana and Kristin when they saw those little chickens. Both of them were afraid at first, but in a short time Juliana had gotten over her uncertainty and tried to pat them. Kristin never did get over her uneasiness, I'm sorry to say. But youngsters this age tire of things quickly, and after three days we were relieved to pass them on to two other older children who have visions of making a fortune from the eggs those chickens will lay when they're grown! We've had our ups-and-downs for the past couple of months, but now I'm happy to tell you that things have taken a turn for the better. I suppose you wonder what Marge is doing here when the school year is not yet over? Well, she arrived one morning in February to take over the responsibility of Kristin because Dorothy was badly run down and the doctors said that she must go away at once for a good rest or they wouldn't be responsible for the consequences. We scoured the city for a nurse without any success whatsoever, so the only person to whom we could turn for help was Margery. Her school board was most considerate and allowed her to leave Pella immediately; thus with her arrival we could see our way through the problems. Kristin is much better, Dorothy is much better, and all is well that ends well!

These days we're still keeping weird hours at both of our houses. Frank works the night-shift at Lockheed and returns for breakfast about eight in the morning. Generally, Juliana and I go upstairs for about thirty minutes at this time, and Juliana has a piece of toast while I have my coffee with the girls. Russell is gone from seven-thirty in the evening until two-thirty in the morning, and consequently I have another breakfast when his day starts around eleven. Sometimes I wonder how we would adjust ourselves to the regular day of up-in-the-morning in the usual way, and to bed-at-night in the usual way! Secretly, I'd like an opportunity to try it!

You simply wouldn't know our babies this bright afternoon. Both of them have gotten so big and wise! Juliana took three steps alone yesterday afternoon, and when I remember my baleful predictions that she wouldn't walk before she was twenty-two months old, I feel foolish. I'll bet anything that within a month she'll be running everywhere alone, and probably then I'll wonder what I fretted about when she could be depended upon to stay in one place. Kristin has always run circles around her so far as physical development is concerned. She is wiry and active, while Juliana is heavy and deliberate. They really play together very well now, and Kristin laughs and jumps when she starts downstairs, while Juliana laughs and jumps when she starts upstairs. We feel so fortunate to be able to live in the same apartment house.

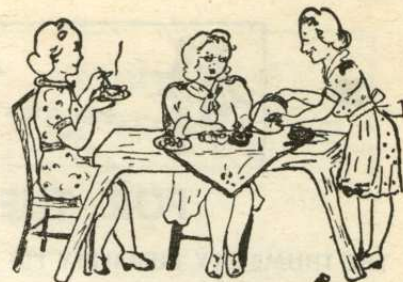
This past month brought a wonderful letter from Wayne. We don't know where he is stationed now, and when we think of the familiar phrase, "Address Unknown", our hearts sink. But in this letter he told Mother how much he appreciated her belief in him, and to all of us it was as though he had written what is in our hearts. There will be gifts and calls on Mother's Day, but I know that none of these things can mean as much to Mother as this letter from Wayne.

Last year I didn't feel a full-fledged "mother" because Juliana was still so small, but this year I feel like "mother" with capital letters. When she came crying to me for comfort after her fingers had been pinched in the cupboard door I really felt as though I had a place in "Mother's Day" this year!

—Lucile.



Juliana, Lucile's baby, samples her first birthday cake.



AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

A friend asked me what I meant by saying, "living with a light touch." I could explain for an hour and not come as close to telling you what I mean as I can by telling this incident.

A neighbor had been helping her husband shell corn one cold morning, rushing here and there to bring the planks and stakes and mauls to set the stacker, sitting on the tractor carefully letting it in and out of gear to start the sheller and finally taking turns with him at scooping. When I came along and asked her if she had been working hard, she replied, "No, I just kept my eye on the mice until Hal got time to kill them."

Patching is always with me. What do you do about yours? I keep mine on the machine, near my resting place until I get it done, which is never. Do you know that overall patch that retreads knees without ripping leg seams? Take this to your machine and try it. 1. Cut out all of the worn knee, making square corners. 2. Lay the worn piece on your patching material and cut the patch one inch larger all around. 3. Miter the corners of the hole about one quarter of an inch. 4. Turn the leg wrong side out. 5. Lay the patch on a smooth surface, right side up. 6. Pick up one side of the cut by each corner and place it along the patch holding the right sides together, pin or baste. 7. You will sew with the patch on the bottom, turning sharp corners at the inside end of the corner miter.

This sounds much harder than it is. Just get a pair of overalls that need new knees and start in. I only sew around the patch once and then when the patch wears out, I rip it off, trim out the hole and put in a new one. The wear does not come on the thread anyway.

This is the time of year that we do not have to look far for a good cure for an indigo blue mood that sometimes attacks even the most cheerful of us. I have always recommended hard physical labor. Personally, I clean the house, or the brooder house, or mow the yard or hoe. Anyway I "put my back into it" as Grandma used to say. After several satisfying years of using this method to combat the blues, along comes a psychologist remarking that since man originally was a creature of physical labor, he (and she) can cure mental ills by physical labor.

Which, boiled down simply means, "Go to work, M. S."

Buy War Bonds and Stamps!



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

The Chick-a-dee airplane with The Thumblety Bumblety Elf went flying along through the big woods and Marilee went hopping and skipping along by the side. There was the gentlest little breeze to stir her yellow hair and ruffle up the feathers in the little elfman's cap. This morning he had on his suit made from feathers that his friend The Cardinal had given him and the cap was a saucy black peak perched over one eye.

They came in no time at all, to the door of a home in a hollow tree. Chick-a-dee lit easily on a twig nearby and Thumblety reached up to look in the door. "This is where Mr. and Mrs. Golden Winged Flicker lived last year. It would make a nice place to live, here in this sunny spot."

Just as his head came even with the hole in the tree a little brown head popped up from the other side and two round eyes blinked furiously in the sunlight.

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf nearly fell off the twig. "Hello, there," squeaked Squeaky Screech owl in his shivery little voice. "What do you want and how did you know I lived here anyway?"

"Hello, yourself," answered the elfman, more pleasantly than he felt after such a surprise. "I came to look at this house. I want to move and I thought I might like this place."

"I like this place fine and I want to stay here. But you go down to the end of the lane to that big corner post under the redhaw tree where Bessie Bluebird raised that fine family last year and see if you like it. She found a fine house all ready for her this spring."

"Good-day and Thank you," answered the Thumblety Bumblety Elf as he flew away on his airplane.

They went out past the edge of the Big Woods and down the grassy lane until they came to the old grey corner post. It was shaded by a haw tree just as Squeaky Screech owl had said. The old brace rested against the post just below the doorway and Thumblety slid off his airplane and put his head in the hole. He drew it out with a sniff and a crinkled up nose. "It is very nice and just what I would like, but it is so dirty. Bessie Bluebird left all of her old sticks and feathers in it."

Marilee crowded closer and tried to peek in the hole. It was dark in there and she could not see very well but she wanted The Thumblety Bumblety Elf to live here. She wanted him to so much. This was the lane where she went after the cows for Grandfather and what fun it would be to see

her little friend every night.

"Folks clean their houses when they move in," she suggested. "They throw out all of the dirt that is in them."

"That is a good idea," said the little elf who by this time was inside the hole, "but it is so dark in here that I cannot see. I want a window in here."

"Folks have carpenters come and make their windows. Do you know any one who can make windows?"

At that Thumblety came up laughing, "Of course I do. Red headed Woodpecker could have a window in here in no time. Chic-a-dee, you go find him while I clean this out."

When Chick-a-dee came back with Mr. Woodpecker, Marilee had to go home before he would fly down and go to work.

When she came back next day, all of The Thumblety Bumblety Elf's friends had been helping him and you never could believe such a fairy house as she saw.

He had two windows, upstairs and down, with all of his little suits and his bed in the upstairs. Downstairs he had his table and chairs, his cupboards and dishes. At the windows were shining new curtains that Mrs. Spider had made, all tied back with dewdrops, sparkling and clean.

Thumblety himself sat on the brace post in front of his door as happy as he could be and ready for a new adventure.

Children! Draw a picture of the elf and send it to me. A prize is waiting for the best one.—Aunt Leanna.



Kristin Johnson, my youngest granddaughter, when 8 months old.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, Mother," said little John; Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,

And he was off to the garden swing, And left her wood and water to bring. "I love you, Mother," said rosy Nell; "Love you better than tongue can tell," Then she teased and pouted full half the day,

Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you mother," said little Fan; "Today, I'll help you all I can; How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"

So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she fetched the broom,

And swept the floor and tidied the room;

Eusy and happy all day was she, Helpful and happy as a child could be.

"I love you, mother" again they said— Three little children going to bed.

How do you think that mother guessed Which of them really loved her best?



Sally Ann has one favorite Chicken in the barn lot. There are a number of others. See if you can find them.

Our Hobby Club

HOBBIES

Buttons.—Mrs. Clara Brack, Wilson, Kansas.

Novelty Pitchers, any size or kind. —Mrs. N. E. Brightwell, 700 W 15 st., Pine Bluff, Ark.

Poems. Wants especially one that goes like this: "Talking of sects till late one eve, Of the various doctrines the saints believe. That night I stood in a troubled dream, By the side of a darkly flowing stream." Also "The Model Church".—Mrs. Albert Marzolf, Mapleton, Kansas.

Crochet Pot Holders.—Mrs. John Jacobson, Rt. 2, Gowrie, Iowa.

Shakers. Will exchange.—Mrs. Myrtle Shields, 624 Woodlawn, Chariton, Iowa.

Old Glassware, preferably colored glass. Wishes to obtain a colored glass vinegar cruet and an old pickle jar in silver holder. Will exchange for what you collect.—Mrs. G. Franklin, 522 East 11 St., Spencer, Iowa.

Hankies. Has 700. Will exchange with ones from all the states or their hobby. Will exchange a generous amount of castor bean seeds for a print feed sack.—Mrs. C. A. Russell, c/o Underwood Rt. 1, Weston, Iowa.

View Cards, Perfume Bottles. Will exchange.—Mrs. Dorothy Millenbruch, Rt. 1, Muscotah, Kansas.

Old Cups and Saucers, brilliantly decorated with large flowers etc. I would like to get an old cup that has feet on it. I have a cup that is now nearly 50 years old and a small cup that I had since I was 12 years old.—Mrs. Harm Eilderts, Parkersburg, Ia.

Religious statues, crosses. I have a statue of Christ, another of Joseph, Mary and the Baby Jesus. Also boy and girl or man and woman couples.—Mrs. Marvin Thompson, Box 66, Williams, Ia.

Teatowels, Hankies and Hand Towels.—Mary E. Hamilton, Box 110, Cullison, Kans.

Shakers and View Cards—Mrs. Edith Etheridge, Bx 98, West Columbia, Texas.

Flower Vases.—Mrs. Charley Edgar, St. Lawrence, Kans., 825 Road Irealand St.

Novelty Shakers and view cards.—Mrs. John Wolfe, 1126 W Walker St., Milwaukee 4, Wisc.

Shakers. Will exchange.—Mrs. Emma O'Brien, Bx 22, Pomeroy, Iowa.

Will exchange 25 or 30 washed feed sacks for a pieced quilt top or crocheted table cover. Write.—Mrs. Henry F. Seil, Churdan, Ia.

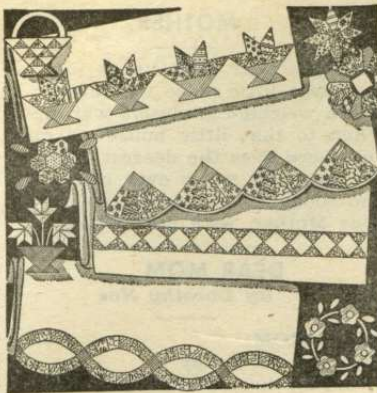
Hankies and pictures of radio entertainers.—Arlene Endicott, Ridgeway, Mo., Box 347.

Paper Napkins.—Mrs. Harry Bauman, Farlin, Iowa.

Buttons and beads.—Lois Lanman, Floris, Iowa.

Shakers. Will exchange. Also view cards.—Mrs. Jonas Hendricks, Jolley, Iowa.

"I'm a clipper". Always read with a pair of scissors handy. Tables,



We've put the scrap bag to a new use here—decorating pillow slip edges. Adaptions of ten familiar and beloved quilt blocks make a variety of edges to suit everyone. The four illustrated show the delightful possibilities of this novel idea. Why not make your old pillow slips look like new by patching the frayed ends like this? Patchwork and applique motifs come on transfer C9605, 10c. Accurate cutting guides and complete directions are given. Something new in gifts—for yourself or brides.—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

window-sills and desks are usually caught with a little pile of clippings on. I tell my family it is a harmless hobby, although one which will never bring me an income. Occasionally I get a chance to sort and paste my clippings in scrapbooks. My pet book is one that contains all of the articles about the family that have been saved for years. They are never read if kept in a roll or a box tucked away. I find my family reading this scrapbook (a loose leaf note book) and saying they never knew so much about their ancestors before.—Mrs. H. Baxter Hall, Clarence, Mo.

Mrs. W. G. Hoessel, Leigh, Nebr. wants to obtain a coffee cup to match a set that has been in her family for 45 years or more. It is a very large cup, 3 1/2 inches across (inside measurement) and 2 5/8 inches high. The brand is Royal Semi Porcelain, Johnson Bros., England. It has a crown as trademark but cups do not carry the trademark. The design is forgetmenots in light blue with brown and green leaves. Write first and describe what you have. Mrs. Houssel will pay for the cup or will exchange for what you wish.

Dear Leanna,

Will write you a few lines to tell you how much I enjoy your program and the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I love to read and hear you tell about your family and your home. It just makes us like real neighbors. I keep all your magazines and enjoy reading them over and over. I like the pictures so much of you and your family. I have all their pictures in the magazines now except Dorothy's husband so am hoping there will be a picture of him some time.

Mrs. Elmer A. Buss,
Harlan, 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.

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

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS on 500 gummed labels, 25¢. Use on envelopes and stationery. Your boy in service will like to use them, too. Gertrude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Iowa.

HOOKE RUGS, 32x54 inches. Cotton \$6.00, Silk rayon \$8.00. Mrs. Lee Arfman, 606 N. Fulton, Butler, Mo.

FRANK'S BEAUTY SHOP in Shenandoah for sale. Ground Floor. Good equipment for 3 operators. Light, airy room. Easy terms. Write to Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

WILL CROCHET CHAIR SETS in cream or ecru colors. Flower, ship, colonial girl or bird designs. \$2.25 a set. Back piece only, \$1.25. Mrs. Herman Hansen, Rt. 1, Williams, Iowa.

CORNS AND CALLOUSES Removed easily and cheaply with "Frigidol". Special price: 25¢ per bottle. Free gift. Hurry. Howard Rasmussen, Boonville, Missouri.

SAINT PAULIAS: White Lady, \$1.00; Pink Beauty, 75¢; Trilby in late May, 75¢. Flaming Ixora, a fine house plant, 75¢. Salmon Hybrid Begonias will be ready in early June, \$1.00. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Iowa.

FOLDERS WITH ENVELOPES: All occasion, 10 for 70¢ or 20 for \$1.10. Scripture Text, 10 for 70¢. All postpaid. Vernon Ewing, Goff, Kansas.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWER DESIGNED WOOD-EN SHAKER SETS. Large size. Postpaid \$1.00. Rush Orders. Jake McKinney, Box 45, Dublin, Texas.

CROCHETED Stars and Roses for pillow cases, 2 for \$1.00. Doilies \$3.50 to \$5.00, sizes from 12 to 20 inches across. Chair Sets, \$3.00 to \$10.00 and \$12.50. Mrs. M. A. Beecher, Munden, Kansas.

PRESERVE BABY'S FIRST SHOES in enduring bronze finish. 1 shoe, \$1.50; 1 pair soft sole shoes, \$2.75; 1 pair hard sole shoes, \$3.00. On Ivory Base, 50¢ extra. Maude Mitchell, 1237 Seventh Ave. No., Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

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

MONEY MAKING IDEAS

"Have each member make a crazy-work block 18x18 inches. Each member is to pay one cent for each piece on the block she makes, and the member paying the most receives all of the blocks. One of the members said a quilt netted their circle \$16.00. Our circle has only 13 members but we are going to try it some time."—Mrs. Ray Wood, Taopi, Minn.

"My group meets once a month. We sewed carpet rags, pieced quilts and now we are making fancy work. We had a food sale which went over big. With many so scarce of sugar, they bought the baked goods readily. We also had a special doughnut sale. The other groups are doing the same way. We will sell the articles we have made this fall at our bazaar and chicken pie supper."—Mrs. LeRoy Parker, Scranton, Iowa.

"We have realized quite a bit from pillow cases. We made some out of tubing and quite a few from sacks; also other articles made from sacks—tea towels and nice pieces of embroidery."—Mrs. Oscar Shepard, Breckenridge, Mo.

"Here is a way that an Auxiliary in one school made money. They made a calendar and left a space under each day. In that space was put the names of those who had birthdays on that day. They charged 10c to put your name on and sold the calendar for 25c each. On this calendar was the picture of the school they were working for. This year they have 1800 names on the calendar."—Mrs. Leonard Van-Soelen, Pleasantville, Iowa.

"My circle gave an 'Antique Tea' which went over big, and brought us in a nice little sum of money, besides being very interesting. We gathered up all the old things we could find and it is surprising how many things are handed down for years. We had a trunk that made the gold rush of '49 and then back again to the Eastern states. We had china, glass, school books, and almost everything that would go to make up a display of this kind. A description of each article was written and placed near it. We had a short musical program and served cookies and tea. Our Circle felt that it had been a big success. No admission was charged, only a free will offering which averaged 10c each."—Mrs. G. L. Freeman, Longton, Kans.

MOTHER

There's a dear little house inviting
In a dear little place we know,
And a welcome is always waiting
When to that little house we go.
For there lives the dearest lady,
The sweetest we've ever met,
And today, if we cannot visit,
Dear Mother, we'll not forget.

DEAR MOM . . .

By Dorothy Noe

DEAR MOM:

I started out to say
I send my love on Mother's Day.
But then I thought, one day can't hold
The things I really should have told
You long ago, but never did.
I guess I was a thoughtless kid
Before I left, but now I know
Into whatever spot I go
Your love will always follow me,
Your cheerful smile will always be
In front of me, to urge me on,
And say, "Of course you'll make it,
John."

Just like you always used to do
When I was worried, scared or blue—
Like when I thought I wouldn't pass
My final tests in history class,
Or when I tried to make the team,
Or woke up scared from a bad dream.
I've had some bad dreams lately, too,
But then I've always thought of you,
And things came back in line again.
Well, Mom, I guess I don't know when
I'll see you, but I want to say,
I'll think of you on Mother's Day.
P. S. Things here are all okay.
Well, guess it's time to hit the hay.
Love—John.

HONOR WAR MOTHERS

This Mother's Day our hearts go out to those Mothers whose sons or daughters are in the service.

It would be a thoughtful gesture for an organization or club to give a tea in their honor. If there are too many of these Mothers to have this party at a private home, have it in a church parlor or American Legion hall. Be sure to provide transportation for those who may have no way of getting there.

Arrange for a short program of appropriate vocal and instrumental music and a talk or two. I believe each Mother would be glad to tell the latest news she has had from her boy or girl. Present any Gold Star Mothers who are present with a bouquet of white flowers. As favors, give small American flags.

A PRAYER

O Lord of Love, who are not far from any of Thy children, watch with Thy care those who are far away from us; be Thou about their path; be Thou within their hearts; be Thou their defense upon their right hand; give them unfailing trust in Thee; grant them power against temptation; qualify them for whatever task Thou givest them to do; make it their joy to do Thy will. Let not distance break the bonds keeping us faithful to the end; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

GOD'S GIFT, A MOTHER

By Frederick Driftmier

Few mothers have ever known how much their love has meant to their children. Mother love is so great a force in the lives of men that few are able to comprehend its power. Many a mother is gladdened by gifts and expressions of love on Mother's Day, but how inadequate these tokens of appreciation really are. There exists no human measure for determining the depth of a child's devotion to his mother. No amount of gifts and number of pretty sayings can possibly express what every child feels in his heart toward the one that means more to him than all others.

Abraham Lincoln once said, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother". I wonder if his mother ever knew that her love would one day save a nation? I wonder if she ever guessed that one day her son would make such a statement of devotion? How often an obstacle is overcome, a temptation resisted, a life laid down because of the overwhelming love of a son for his mother. When failure is a man's lot he may care not what the world thinks, but he never wants his mother to know. No sorrow is so great as that of a child who knows that his mother suffers for him. Love of wife, of sweetheart may be a great and compelling force in the life of a man, but it is not comparable to the love of a son for his mother.

The love of a mother for her child is so deep and so much a part of his character, so implicated in all that he does and is that the average man never sees all that his mother has meant to him until it is too late to let her know that he sees it. One day a young British soldier asked a YMCA Secretary to help him write a letter to his mother. "I was in great danger last night," he said, "and I thought that I would surely be killed. As I lay in the trench thinking that every moment was my last I thought of my mother. I suddenly realized that in all my life I have never told her how much I really do love her. I tried to write to her this morning, but somehow I just can't. I can't think of any words that express how very much she means to me."

So it is with millions of boys; they want to tell their mothers how much they love them, but somehow they just can't. As a result, those letters that every mother would cherish are never written, but the love is there just the same.

1900 years ago, a mother stood at the foot of a cross on which her son hung crucified. Today millions of mothers of every land stand in the shadow of that cross. Their hearts are heavy and their sorrow is great, for they too have loved ones, and they too know the way to Golgotha. To them Mother's Day may on first thought seem a mockery, but it must not be so. Let it remain a day of love, for a mother's love goes beyond the cross. Let it be a day of gladness for God's greatest gift to man, a mother's love. Let it be a day of prayer that God in His mercy will one day bring all children and parents together again.