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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

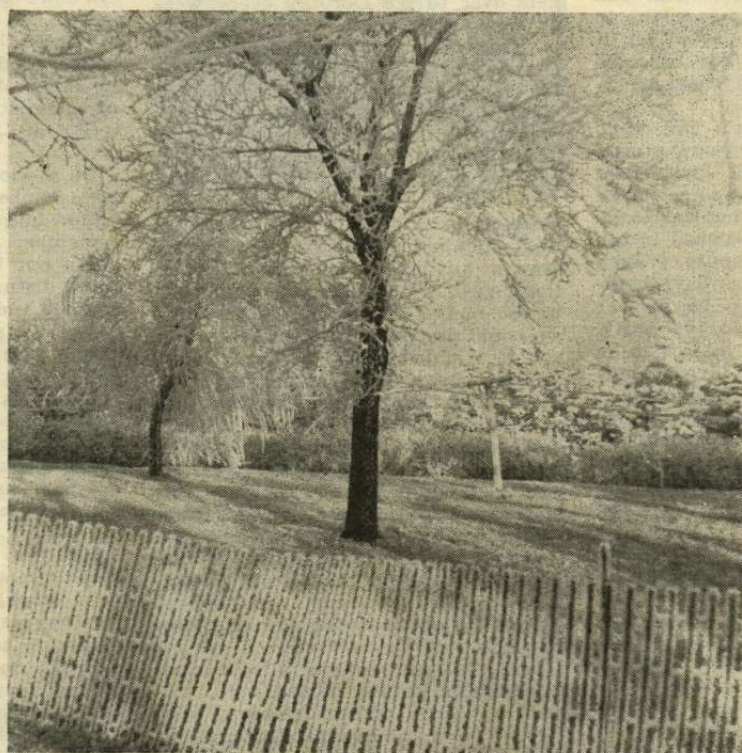
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Photo—Mrs. George Hartje





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor  
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor  
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor  
M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager  
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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER  
Shenandoah, Iowa

Another year—again we bow in thanks  
For health and home and joy of love;  
Yet as we kneel, we pray for war to cease  
And God's best gift—a lasting peace.

My Dear Friends,

Another year has rolled around. We will have to get used to writing 1945 instead of 1944. It is a good thing I have an eraser for I am sure to make the mistake several times. Can you remember when you used to sit up to welcome the New Year in? Well, it has to get here without my welcome now, for I gave up that custom several years ago.

I remember New Year's Eve, 1942, for there was a terrible snow storm. Our son Wayne and his girl friend had gone to a near-by city to celebrate and along with many other car loads of young folks, were marooned in the snow until the wee small hours. Wayne was worried, for the next day, January the first, he had to be in Des Moines for induction into the army. Well, he made it alright. After three months at Camp Dodge, he was sent to Hawaii where he spent Christmas of 1942. Then from there he went to Australia where Santa Claus caught up with him in 1943. Now I imagine Christmas 1944 will find him in the Philippines or China or India or some other far away place.

Our family is looking forward to a grand reunion by Christmas in 1945, for we all hope by that time the war will be over. I guess that is our biggest wish for the coming year—Peace. Much depends on each one of us where ever we may be, in home or factory or office.

Yes, New Year's is a time to look forward with hope for what the year may bring and backward with no regrets for what is past is gone. Nothing can be changed.

My, but the Kitchen-Klatter office has been a busy place this past month. If you sent in a new subscription or a renewal you must not expect your magazine by return mail. When we sent out only a few hundred each week, we could give return mail service but now, with that many orders each day, I hope you may have your magazine within two weeks.

This January letter has to be written before Christmas so I can't tell you just how we spent the day. We are hoping Frederick will be home. We know the others can't be.

Margery has left Hollywood and gone to San Francisco where, by the time you read this, she will probably be back at her profession of teaching again. She is not sorry she had the experience in the business world, as an office employee at Lockheed, but is glad to return to the work she was prepared for—teaching little children. Of course, Dorothy hated to see her go but she knows that Margery will be better satisfied.

Our old friend Gertrude Hayzlett gets over to see Dorothy every week or two, which makes it nice for both of them. Dorothy says she thinks Gertrude is a little homesick at times for her old friends, but through her "Good Neighbor Club" she can keep in touch with many of you. Her address is 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

I hope one of your New Year's Resolutions will be to write to me at least once a month. Your letters are always an inspiration. Any suggestions as to what helps you would like to see in the magazine, what column we could do without or what new one could be added, would be appreciated.

Many of you have missed my sister Sue's voice on the air the past few weeks. She had to choose between her pottery work and the broadcasting program and pottery won out. I am glad you had a chance to know Sue better and I am sure she has your good wishes in her chosen work. Starting January the first, she will be giving lectures on the history of pottery to high schools and college groups as she has for the past few years.

Well, I guess this is all for now. Good-bye until next month.

Your friend,  
Leanna Driftmier

## GIVING

God gives joy that we may give;

He gives joy that we may share

Sometimes He gives loads to lift

That we may learn to bear.

For life is gladder when we give,

And love is sweeter when we share,

And heavy loads rest lightly too

When we have learned to bear.

—Author Unknown.

## JUST VISITING

Resolutions, yes, make them. Perhaps those you made last year didn't last long, but don't worry about that. You were a better person for a short time at least. This year you may do better.

1945 will be a happier year if we start it with a proper attitude of mind. For one thing, we must have more consideration for the opinion of others. Who knows, they may be right.

How time does fly! It seems only yesterday I was saying, "Happy New Year." Well, let it fly but try to keep up with it, and the way to do this is to organize your work so that no job will be left unfinished to be carried over into another week. Don't plan to do so many things that none will be done well. In this lies the difference between success and failure.

Another year lies behind us, one lies for us ahead. This new year will not be like any we have experienced. It may be the hardest of our lives but we know, "He giveth more grace," when we need it. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." We will lean on God's promises.

There will be many new and interesting products on our pantry shelves in 1945. Many of them the outcome of scientists efforts to keep our army well fed.

Be a good forgetter. Many things have happened this last year that are better forgotten. Life is too short to remember things that keep us from doing our best. Be too big to let these disturb you. Just "consider the source" and keep sweet.

The years slip by, soon you and I will be the "old folks". What kind of old folks will we be? I often wonder about this. I have in my mind the kind I want to be, haven't you? I often think we will be just what we are now making ourselves, so we had better be careful!

My New Year's Wish for You—Health, enough that you can enjoy your work, money enough that you can have the things you need, the ability to see some good in everyone, a desire to be useful and helpful to others, loyal friends, enjoyment in little things, a sense of humor, a forgiving spirit and a faith in God, the ruler of the universe, who "doeth all things well." And to this, I must also add, the wish that there is some one who loves you and needs you, whose life will be made happier because you are near. We all want to feel that we are needed by someone, that there is work that only we can do.

And above all things we ask of 1945, that it brings Peace to the World.

A woman never goes any place without all she owns and all she can borrow.—Gladys Taber.



# Come into the Garden

## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

When bulbs that have been forced for winter blossoms in our windows finish blooming, the question arises what to do with them. The blossoms are gone and the foliage begins to lose its fresh beauty. Hardy ones like Hyacinths, Tulips, or the King Alfred Daffodils should be kept growing in order to store up plant food. When the leaves naturally commence to turn yellow, they are ready to replant in the garden. In time they will regain enough strength to bloom again but it is a strain on a bulb to be forced therefore do not use these same bulbs for forcing another time.

Certain Narcissi that we force either in water or in soil for indoor blooming like the Paper Whites and the pure yellow variety, Soleil d'Or, are so lovely that we desire to carry them over for more blossoms. But these are tender varieties and cannot be planted outside to grow and regain their strength so there is nothing to do but to throw the bulbs away after the last blossom fades.

Freeseas are not hardy but they can be saved over from year to year. The old bulb is absorbed by a new one which will produce flowers the following winter. When the Freeseas finish blooming continue watering them until the foliage ripens naturally. When they are completely dry, set the pots away in a cool, airy place (safe from mice for they dote on Freesia bulbs) until late August or September when the bulbs can be potted in fresh soil and started into growth.

Poinsettias are not bulbous but do require special care. They show their desire for a resting period after blooming by dropping all their leaves. Set the pots out of the way in the basement or an unused room where it does not freeze. In May when danger of frost is past, the old plants should be cut back, repotted if necessary, and the pots sunk in a sunny place in the garden for the summer. If more plants are desired, cuttings made from the tops that were removed will root easily.

Another plant that may cause anxiety is Baby Tears (*Helxine*). It reaches the stage every so often when it commences to turn brown and appears to be dying. Cut it back severely, removing all the dried part and soon it will throw out fresh green "ears" and be more beautiful than ever.

If Santa Claus brought a Hybrid Amaryllis bulb, he probably brought planting directions with it but if not prepare a rich potting soil. Add a little sand but we are warned against using peat moss for Amaryllis. Do not use too large a pot and be sure there is good drainage. Set the bulb with fully half of it above the surface of the soil. The bud may appear first and again the initial growth may be leaves. The soil should not become

bone dry but water very sparingly until growth has started. Amaryllis bulbs are kept over to bloom year after year. Everything must be done to encourage good leaf growth. When danger of frost is past the pots may be taken outside—put them on the east side of the house or sink them in a sunny garden. The bulbs may be removed from the pots and planted in the soil if preferred. Do not disturb the roots any more than necessary. They will require extra watering during the summer to keep them growing. After the bulbs are brought inside again in the fall, they will require a rest period of several months before they are brought into active growth again.



House plants in a window at the home of Mrs. B. B. Hartman, Creston, Iowa.

## ENJOYING OUR HOUSE PLANTS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

At this time of year we become more and more conscious of our house plants. There is more time now to turn our attention on them than during the busier seasons, and then also there is very little to turn our attention to out door gardening. Even a few plants in the window engage our interest, and we watch their growth eagerly, noticing each new leaf and rejoicing at the appearance of a bud.

There are several ways in which we may enjoy our plants. The true horticulturist likes best to grow them for the education they give. Those who take pleasure in this angle of plant growing like to study the various kinds, noting their manner of growth; under what conditions they do best, growing them from seeds or cuttings and very often having a large collection of a certain kind in which they are particularly interested in or may be some of many different kinds. This type of person endeavors to learn more and more of the secrets of plant life and their history as well as their growth. Books are read, flower papers subscribed to, and catalogs are consulted. There is much to learn and winter is a fine time to do this.

Flower friends belonging to Round Robin groups exchange ideas and thus the winter passes pleasantly away.

Another group of house plant lovers grow a few plants to specimen size and often become noted as "the lady who has the lovely big amaryllis." We see her windows in winter as lovely as those seen in any greenhouse. Perhaps she chooses a variety of plants, each coming into their best appearance in a certain succession of bloom at which time they are given the spot-light and so delight every passer-by. Often this person is a loveable old lady, who does not even know the botanical name of her plant or perhaps not even its common name, but she knows its needs and is very often not only ready to pass on her knowledge concerning it, but also is generous in sharing cuttings.

In this day of home-decorative consciousness, we find another class of plant lovers who manage in clever ways to use their lovely plants to bring out certain highlights in their scheme of decoration or to blend them in so beautifully that the result seems to the casual observer accidental instead of carefully planned. A great variety of plants is not necessarily needed, but their types should be well chosen and their containers should be appropriate. Different persons tastes will differ, and that very difference is what makes the result distinctive. Many factors come into play here, and the great amount of material to be chosen from makes interior decorating a most interesting project. Here as in flower arrangement, line and color are carefully considered. The plant and its container must stand out together as a unified object. Many plants which are not commonly seen in windows may be used in this connection, most of them being rather unusual. They possibly might make a poor showing among a collection of plants, but when used alone their beauty of line and leaf becomes more apparent. Larger specimens may be used as there is not the need of many plants but of the distinctive touch of a certain few. An example of this is the *Monstera deliosa* with its odd leaves or the Ivey Arum, *Scindapsus*, an unusual climber. Jade plant, odd cacti and Mexican succulents are often used. A blossoming plant is not used as often as one which owes its interest to its odd foliage and interesting appearance.

Thus, whether we grow a few plants for the simple pleasure they give us, or whether we have the collectors desire, or because we wish to add beauty to our homes or perhaps for all three reasons, we find that we derive a great deal of pleasure in our house plants during the winter months.

## LITTLE THINGS

It takes a little muscle and it takes a little grit,

A little true ambition with a little bit of wit.

It's not the biggest things that count and make the biggest show;

It's the little things that people do that make the old world go.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

When Dad started working on the Choctaw and Gulf Railroad he learned that the pay train had just been through and that it would be a month before checks were delivered again. He had saved enough money to live on for three weeks, but the beginning of the last week found him with only 65¢. He left the rooming house where he had been staying and made arrangements with the station agent to sleep on the floor of his office under the ticket counter. With the 65¢ he bought sandwiches and coffee, and of course this was only enough to keep him going and not enough to satisfy his hunger.

All of the men were anxious to see the pay train arrive, but no one was more anxious than Dad. From that time on he always managed to have enough money on hand to eat and take care of himself, and as he says now, it was one of the best lessons that he ever learned.

After a few months in Shawnee his health broke down completely from the strain of overworking after typhoid, and he was very ill, alone in his rooming house without anyone to look after him. When he was able to walk he got to the railroad station and took a train back to Clarinda. Aunt Anna looked after him once he was at home again, and finally he recovered sufficiently to go back to work. In these days when typhoid is almost a vanished disease of the past it is hard to realize that a person's health could be undermined by it for years. Dad was a man in his late twenties before he fully recovered from that illness.

About the time that Dad was ready to go back to work the first farm telephones were being installed around Clarinda. He was interested in this business venture for he could see that it was a coming industry, so on his own he learned as much as possible about this new invention. Then he got a job with the telephone company and helped to install the first farm telephone line in Clarinda.

The business grew and in a year or two he was manager of the Farmers' Mutual Telephone Company in Clarinda. He served in that capacity for two years, and was then called to Shenandoah to manage its telephone plant. The problems that confronted him when he first went there are almost folklore in our family, and whenever any of us are right up against something that we don't know how we're going to manage we think about Dad and his sensations when he faced seemingly hopeless jumble of that telephone plant.

Well, somehow he managed to get it into operation, and he kept it running smoothly for several years. During this time he saved money for his own future home. Incidentally, he purchased two things during this period that can almost stand as symbols of what he always wanted: an expensive set of encyclopedias, and a vio-



My father and brother Howard, when we lived in Waterloo, Iowa, in 1910.

lin. He craved good books and good music. They came before the things that most young men of his age found important and necessary.

In May, 1907, Dad was married to Rossie Howard, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Howard. She had been born and reared in Shenandoah, and as a young woman she worked in the telephone company. Dad met her when he went to the telephone company as manager, and after two years of friendship they were married. They lived in Shenandoah for a while and then moved to Fremont, Nebraska. Howard, their first child, was born there in March of 1909.

When he was only a few months old, Dad was transferred to Fort Madison, Iowa. I was born there in 1910. That fall we moved to Waterloo where he was a traveling auditor for the Corn Belt Telephone Company, an organization that operated a number of telephone plants and toll lines in that part of Iowa. It was a good business move, and for the first time Dad felt settled enough to buy a home. He purchased a new house, one that had just been completed, and moved his family into it with the expectation of remaining there for a long time. But things weren't to turn out this way. Within only a couple of months Mother became seriously ill with a disease that could not be diagnosed. Specialists were called from Chicago, yet they could do nothing to help her; and in May, just six months after they had moved into their new home, she died.

Dad was confronted with a tragically serious situation. What could be done with these two little children, one twenty-six months old, and one only a year old? Our Grandfather and Grandmother Howard were too old to take the responsibility for both of us, other relatives could manage one baby, but not two. Dad was determined to keep us together at any cost, and so the logical place for us was in our Grandfather Driftmier's home where our four young aunts could care for us. Aunt Anna had gone to Waterloo to be with Dad when our Mother died, and she was the one who packed our things and traveled with us to Clarinda.

Dad had no heart for remaining in the house or the town where he had

known such sorrow. After our mother's funeral he returned to Waterloo, resigned his position, and sold the house. Then he returned to Shenandoah and again took charge of the telephone plant. Every weekend he went by train to Clarinda to spend Sunday with Howard and me, and I can remember hearing Aunt Anna say what special pains she took to be sure that Howard and I were spick-and-span for his visit.

As I've said before, when we are young we don't understand the things that we take for granted, and it is only when we are grown and have children of our own that we can realize what situations really mean. For years I simply took for granted the fact that our Aunts cared for us after our Mother's death, and yet now I appreciate what this meant. Aunt Anna, on whom most of the responsibility rested was a busy young teacher putting in a full day's work at school and managing the house as well. Grandfather was there, Aunt Erna was also teaching, and the two younger girls, Aunt Clara and Aunt Adelyn, were both in high school. For the first time she was free of home responsibilities—and then suddenly she had two babies in her care. All of the girls helped, of course, but in the end it was Aunt Anna who answered for our well-being. I think it is plain to be seen why she has always had such a special place in our hearts.

We stayed in Grandfather's home for two years, and then, in 1913, Dad married again and we went to our new home. This brings us back to the point in our story where Aunt Anna went to Mother and told her that she could leave now because Howard and I were going to her as to our very own Mother. The gaps in our story have been pretty well filled in now, and the picture is fairly complete. These were the events that lay between the sentence, "Dad was born October 7, 1881 . . ." and the night in June when he and Mother and Aunt Anna and I sat down at the table for our first meal in the new home.



Budd Nelson, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Nelson, Omaha, Nebraska.



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES.:** "How can I teach my children to take care of their winter clothing? The money that I spend replacing mittens and caps and over-shoes is shocking, and no matter what I say there is scarcely a week that passes without something getting lost. Are my children unusually careless, or do all children lose so many pieces of clothing?"—Missouri.

**ANS.:** I think that all children lose clothing from time to time, but I don't believe that many of them are as careless as your youngsters. I would suggest that the next time mittens are lost (have you tied them on a cord to be worn around the neck?) you insist that the child use his own spending money to replace them. If he doesn't have any money in his little bank you can take the nickels and dimes that he gets for treats and put them in a mitten fund. This may sound harsh, but if children don't have any idea of what it costs to buy clothing they can't be expected to hang on to things.

**QUES.** "In January we celebrate our tenth wedding anniversary, and I'd like to mark the day with a little celebration. We have a big old bob-sled, and I've been thinking that it might be fun to have a bob-sled ride and then come back to the house for oyster stew and games. Do you think that this would be all right?"—South Dakota.

**ANS:** I not only think it would be all right, but I also think that it would be lots of fun. I've never yet heard of anyone who didn't enjoy an old-fashioned bob-sled ride and an oyster stew. I only wish that you were going to come by on that night and pick us up. We'd have our coats on in two seconds!

**QUES:** "My daughter's fourth grade teacher is a local girl who lives with her parents. I always try to entertain the teacher at dinner sometime during the year and am wondering now if I should invite her parents too? I don't know them, you see."—Kansas.

**ANS:** It is not necessary to include her parents. If she were an out-of-town girl rooming some place you would not be expected to ask her landlady. If you knew her parents it would be nice to include them, but under the circumstances I am sure that they do not expect to be invited to the home of their daughter's pupil.

**QUES:** "Do you approve of nicknames, Leanna? Our only grandchild was given the dignified name, Christian, and it seems to me that he should be called this, but my daughter and son-in-law are constantly calling him Chris. I am the only one who calls him by his full name, and I'm wondering if I'm just old-fashioned, or what?"—Nebraska.

**ANS:** It doesn't seem to me that it's a question of approving or disapproving of nicknames—some names just seem made for shortening! I believe that I can count on one hand the boys I know who are called their full names. If it doesn't start at home it is bound to start at school. I don't think that you're old-fashioned, but I do think that you're waging a losing battle.

**QUES:** "I am coming to you with a problem on which my husband and I cannot agree. For two years we've been members of a crowd that held covered dish dinners once a month, and we enjoyed it very much. However, in November the club decided not to meet in December because of Christmas activities, and it was arranged that a committee of three would call the members when a date in January was set. Much to my astonishment I learned that the club met last week without notifying me, and it wasn't an oversight for no one has asked why I wasn't present, etc. I can't imagine what we've done to justify such treatment. I want to take it up with several of the members, and my husband says to let the matter drop. What do you think?"—Illinois.

**Ans:** I think that your husband is right. Under such circumstances it would only be highly embarrassing to discuss the matter, and what could possibly be gained? You may feel troubled over the reasons, but your curiosity will die down far sooner than the memories of an embarrassing scene. These situations are very hard, I know, but I truly believe that the best thing is to do what your husband suggests; let the matter drop.

**QUES:** "Our pastor and his wife who have been with us for almost seventeen years, had the sad experience of losing their only son in Italy a few weeks ago. It so happens that at this time our Aid Society is planning to furnish a four-bed room in the local hospital, and it occurred to us that it might be comforting to our pastor to have a plate on the door engraved with his son's name and the notation that the room is furnished in his memory by our Society. Before we take this step we want to know if you think that it would be all right—we haven't heard of anyone else doing this."—Ill.

**ANS:** Not only do I think that this is all right, but I would like to add that I hope other church groups or civic groups will take the same action if similar circumstances arise. I can think of no better way to honor a fine young man who died in battle. And it will give his parents lasting comfort.



Delores June Eisenhower H. A. 1/C. Wave,  
U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Cal:P.

### A SOLDIER'S WIFE TALKS WITH GOD

Dear God, I know that he must needs go far away  
And only You can know how much I'll miss him day by day.  
When daylight ends and night begins—  
How lonesome I will be  
But if I cry, he'll never know, and only You will see.

I'll write him cheerful letters and tell of things we'll do  
When all the heartaches are far past and this cruel war is through.  
I'll not forget to tell him when I write him every day,  
How very much I love him and true to him I'll stay.

I know You're awfully busy God, You do more than Your share  
But somehow deep within my heart, I know You'll hear this prayer.  
Please God watch o'er him all the time, keep him safe and then—  
Please bring him back to me soon I thank you God. Amen.

—Mrs. Darrell Reed.

### GOVERNMENT ISSUE

William, the son of John Post, head of the composing room of a publishing firm in Cincinnati, broke into rhyme in a letter to his father from an army camp somewhere.

"Sitting on my GI bed, my GI hat upon my head, my GI pants, my GI shoes, everything free, nothing to lose; GI razor, GI comb—but GI wish that I were home!

"They issue everything we need—paper to write on, books to read. They issue food to make us grow—but GI want a long furlough.

"Everything free, nothing to buy, your belt, your shirt, your GI tie. You get your food from GI plate, you spend your funds at a GI rate. It's GI this, and GI that; GI haircut, GI hat. Everything is Government Issue, GI sure would like to kiss you!"





### MARASCHINO CHERRY CAKE

- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3 teaspoons baking powder sifted with the flour
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/3 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice
- 16 maraschino cherries cut in eights

Put everything in large bowl and beat two minutes. Add four egg whites (unbeaten) and beat 2 minutes longer. Fold in 1/2 cup nut meats lastly. (Optional). Bake 30 minutes in 350 degree oven. Make in 2 layers. I used powdered sugar icing adding some cherry juice for color and also several cherries cut fine.

### OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup honey or sorghums
- 2 eggs beaten
- 2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 2/3 cup fat
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups oatmeal
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 cup raisins

Method, cream fat and honey together, then add eggs. Sift dry ingredients together, add raisins and oatmeal. Combine with wet ingredients. Drop by teaspoons on oiled cooky sheet. Bake in oven at 375 degrees 10 to 12 minutes. Use 1/2 teaspoon soda with sorghum and reduce baking powder to 2 teaspoons.

### CHINESE PLATTER

(Serves five)

2 cups cooked rice  
5 eggs  
3/4 cup grated cheese  
Butter baking dish. Mix rice and cheese. Make five cups of shaped rice and cheese mixture. Drop egg in each cup. Sprinkle with grated cheese, salt, and pepper. Bake until eggs are set.

### POTATO DUMPLINGS

Cook and mash 3 to 4 medium size potatoes, put in two beaten eggs, 2 tablespoons of flour and salt to taste. Drop by teaspoon fulls into soup.

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

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### CHILI

- 1 pound hamburger
  - 1/2 cup ground suet
  - 1 can kidney beans (2 cups)
  - 1 can tomatoes (2 cups)
  - 1/4 cup chopped onions
  - Chili powder, to taste
- Brown meat in suet, add beans, onion, and tomatoes. Season and simmer until well blended.

### PIGS IN BLANKETS

- 12 large oysters
  - 1 pimento
  - 12 slices bacon
  - 1/2 teaspoon salt
  - Pinch pepper
- Season oysters with salt and pepper. Slice pimento into 12 strips, placing one piece on each oyster. Wrap each oyster with a slice of bacon, closing bacon with a tooth pick or skewer. Broil for about 8 minutes, browning bacon to a golden crisp.

### SPANISH LIMA BEANS

- 2 tablespoons butter
  - 2 tablespoons chopped onion
  - 1 1/2 cups cooked tomatoes
  - Sugar, salt, pepper
  - 1 1/2 cups cooked lima beans
  - 1/2 cup fine bread crumbs
- Cook onion in butter until soft, add tomatoes and seasonings. Simmer 10 minutes. Add lima beans and crumbs. Heat.

### ROCKY ROAD BARS

- 10 marshmallows cut in quarters
  - 1/2 cup broken walnut meats
  - 8 squares Bakers Dot Chocolate
- Arrange marshmallows in lined pan and fill spaces between marshmallows with nuts. Cover with melted chocolate.

### CHOP SUEY

- 1/2 pound pork, diced
  - 1/2 pound beef, diced
  - 1 1/2 pounds celery, diced
  - 2 tablespoons flour
  - 1 cup diced onions
  - 3 tablespoons Suey Sauce
  - 2 tablespoons melted butter
  - 1 cup water
- Fry meat until tender, add vegetables, water and butter. Season and simmer.

### HONEY PECAN PIE

- 3 eggs beaten until frothy and add
  - 3/4 cup honey
  - 1/4 teaspoon salt
  - 2 tablespoon melted butter
  - 1 cup pecans broken
- Pour this mixture into partly baked pie shell. Bake in moderate oven for 35 minutes.

### DATE RAPTURE

- Sift together, 1 cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt, and 1/2 cup sugar. Add 1/4 cup soft shortening. 1 egg unbeaten. 3/8 cup milk and 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Beat until well blended, then add 1 cup of finely cut dates. Fill muffin pans 2/3 full. Bake 20 to 30 minutes in moderate oven 350 degrees. Makes 12 small cakes.

### SOUR CREAM WHITE CAKE

- 3 egg whites, beaten stiff
  - 1 1/2 cups sugar
  - 1 cup thick sour cream, beat until thick
  - 2 cups flour sifted with 1/4 teaspoon soda and 2 teaspoon baking powder
  - 1/2 cup cold water
  - 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Into the beaten cream, mix the egg whites together. Then add dry ingredients and cold water alternately and flavor. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven.

### CHOCOLATE COCONUT PATTIES

- 8 squares Bakers Dot Chocolate
  - 1 Can Bakers Southern Style Cocoa nut
- Heat chocolate over boiling water until partly melted. Remove and stir until melted. Add coconut and blend. Drop by teaspoons on waxed paper. Cool until firm. Makes 2 dozen.

### COCONUT CHEWS

- 1/3 cup butter
  - 2 tablespoons powdered sugar
  - 1 1/2 cups flour
  - 1/8 teaspoon salt. Rub ingredients together well, press into 7 by 11 inch pan which has been well greased and lined with waxed paper. Cover with the following
  - 2 eggs, separated
  - 2/3 cup brown sugar
  - 1/4 teaspoon vanilla
  - 3 tablespoons cake flour
  - Pinch salt
  - 1 cup fine coconut
- Beat eggs separately. To the yolks add sifted brown sugar, the salt, vanilla and the flour. Fold in the whites which have been beaten stiff but not dry then fold in the finely cut coconut. Spread on the first mixture in the cake pan and bake in a moderate slow oven until firm and slightly brown. Allow to cool slightly in the pan before cutting into bars. Take care in removing the bars so as not to crush the meringue. Makes 22 bars.



**ORANGE HONEY CAKE**

2 cups sifted flour  
 3 1/2 teaspoons baking powder  
 3/4 teaspoon salt  
 1/2 cup shortening  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 2/3 cup honey  
 2 egg yolks  
 1/2 cup orange juice  
 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten  
 Sift flour and measure. Add baking powder and salt. Sift three times. Cream shortening and sugar. Add honey slowly. Add egg yolks and beat. Add flour alternately with orange juice. Fold in egg whites. Bake in two (9 in.) layer pans. 350 degree oven. Thirty-five minutes.

**LEMON CHIFFON PUDDING**

Blend 1 cup sugar, 5 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter, and a pinch of salt in a mixing bowl. Add 1/4 cup lemon juice, grated rind of 1/2 lemon, 3 beaten egg yolks and 1 cup milk. Lastly, fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a buttered baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake 45 minutes. The flour and egg whites form a cake on top with a delicious pudding on the bottom.

**CHICKEN LOAF**

Cook chicken and remove from the bones  
 Cut fine but do not grind  
 Cook 1 cup of rice until tender  
 Combine chicken rice and three well beaten eggs  
 Add two cups of broth and 1 cup bread crumbs  
 Put in a well buttered pan and put more bread crumbs on the top.  
 Bake in a moderate oven over 1 hour  
 Three chickens serve 65 people.

**CARROT LOAF**

2 small onions  
 2 cups bread crumbs  
 2 bunches carrots  
 2 tablespoons melted butter  
 1 cup nuts  
 2 eggs well beaten  
 Put carrots, onions, and nuts through a meat grinder, mix altogether and make into a loaf and bake about 3/4 hour in a slow oven. Serve with white sauce if liked.

**ORANGE BRAN MUFFINS**

1/3 cup fat  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 1 egg (beaten)  
 1/2 cup all-bran  
 1 3/4 cups flour  
 2 teaspoons baking powder  
 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 1/4 teaspoon soda  
 1 tablespoon orange rind  
 1/2 cup orange juice  
 1/4 cup milk  
 Cream together fat and sugar. Add beaten egg. Beat in all-bran. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, soda. Mix rinds, juice, and milk together, and add alternately with flour.

**KITCHEN KLATTER KINKS**

To brighten brass or nickle, polish with a cloth dipped first in vinegar and then in Bon Ami or any good cleaning powder.

Never Salt Turnips While They Are Cooking. It extracts their sweetness and makes them woody.

Peel Onions Under Running Water. The odor will not stay on hands so much.

Warm Lemons Before Squeezing and they will yield double the amount of juice.

When Making Dressing, if you are short of bread you can substitute a couple cups of dry oatmeal. Makes delicious dressing.—Mrs. P. J. Udelhoven.

Use Your Pressure Cooker to Render Lard. It doesn't need to be watched so closely and makes nice fluffy lard.—Mrs. Ansel Saville.

Use Raspberry or Cherry Jello Powder in Apple Pie instead of all sugar. 1/2 box powder and 1/3 cup sugar make a delicious pie.—Mrs. Harold Brandert.

Boil, Drain and Cool String Beans. Chop. To 1 quart beans, add 1 hard boiled egg, a little onion and mayonnaise dressing to make a good salad.

Have you spilled the shoe polish on the floor or wall? Try rubbing the spots with steel wool and any kitchen cleanser.

Drop a few cigarette ashes on white spots on furniture. Wipe with slightly damp cloth and then polish with a dry one. The spots disappear.—Mrs. J. Mansager.

When washing hand woven rugs, after rinsing in clear water rinse again in water that has had a little vinegar added. This makes the rugs much brighter.—Mrs. Chas. V. Allen, Auburn, Nebr.

To season popcorn, put a little lard or vegetable shortening in the popper, then the corn and salt. Shake well and as soon as the first kernel pops add the butter, as much as you like, and finish popping. The butter flavor is equally distributed without scorching.—Lulu Barkey, Cortland, Nebr.

When you are frying meat or chicken, keep a salt shaker filled with flour and shake a little flour over the meat to keep from spattering stove and wallpaper. Do this before turning meat.—Mrs. Zetta Marchant, Guthrie Center, Ia.

When making bread pudding, save out the egg whites and when pudding is almost done make a butterscotch sauce and pour over pudding. Cover with meringue and put in oven to brown. This is delicious. Also, try putting some diced apples with the raisins in bread pudding.—Mrs. Mervin Jensen, Kamrar, Ia.

If you have a zipper that is zipping stiffly, zip it up tightly and then rub the lead of a pencil up and down the center of it rather furiously. The graphite in the lead "oils" the mechanism and you will notice an immediate easiness in the way it zips.—Mrs. John Lessen, Ogden, Ia.



John Sattler, Ft. Atkinson, Iowa, made his own motor wheel chair.

**WALL CLEANER**

This is to be used on painted walls or painted woodwork only, not on varnished surfaces of any kind.

1 bar laundry soap  
 1 quart hot water  
 1/4 cup ammonia, very scant  
 1/4 cup Dutch Cleanser, scant  
 Chip soap in hot water. Add ammonia and let cool until it begins to thicken, then add cleanser. If cleanser is added before mixture begins to thicken, the cleanser will go to the bottom instead of mixing evenly through the paste. This will become thick somewhat like a paste. Apply on walls or woodwork with a sponge, a small place at a time. Wipe off with sponge or soft cloth dipped in cool water.—Mrs. Ray Schoon, Gillett Grove, Iowa.

**"SENTINEL"****GUARDS YOUR FOOD**

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

Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER COOK BOOKS**

Any for \$1.00

- Vol 1.—Cookies and Candies.
- Vol. 2—Salads and Sandwiches.
- Vol. 3—Vegetables.
- Vol. 4—Cakes, Pies, Frozen Desserts and puddings.
- Vol. 5—Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals and Meat Cookery
- Vol: 6—Pickles and Relishes of all kinds, Jellies and Jams.
- Vol 7.—Household Helps Book.

With an order for six of the books for \$1.00, I will send you, free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures. Price 25¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 6 books. Postpaid.

Order from Leanna Driftmier  
 Shenandoah, Iowa





## Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

Happy New Year!

Cold weather and snow seem to be making some hens decide it is too cold to lay an egg a day as the egg basket isn't as full as I like to have it considering the amount of feed consumed.

They have a clean house and clean nests and I have even washed the windows to let more sunshine in, and make it more comfortable but it doesn't seem to improve their desire to co-operate.

I have been having quite a time with opossums and coons disturbing my chickens. I have a dog that is part rat terrier and part bulldog with the bulldog tenacity predominating. When he gets something treed he will bark half of the night for help and he gets so hoarse that his bark doesn't sound natural. Several weeks ago he awakened me by barking so fiercely I knew at once he had something cornered, so I dressed and took the flashlight after turning on the yard light and went up into the orchard. He had a large opossum under a broken down apple tree. I got the long handled spade from the tool shop and got up in the tree and put the spade down through the branches and tried to kill it, and after several licks it rolled over as if dead and the dog then crawled under the tree and grabbed it. He was so excited he wouldn't let me get in many more licks, but it was bleeding from nose and mouth so I thought it was dead. I picked it up by the tail and was going to carry it down to the house, and as I did, its tail wound around my finger very tightly. I thought, "so you are just playing dead possum." I took it on down to the chicken yard and found a long piece of wire and put it around its neck and made a tourniquet so I could twist it tight. The next morning I thought I would call a little neighbor boy that was trapping and tell him he could come get it for its fur, but I thought I better go look at it first—and lo and behold it was gone.

Well, wherever it is it has a long piece of wire trailing along behind it and I know it surely must have a sore throat too. Next time I'll make sure it won't get away. Since then we have treed a coon and also killed a civet, which was in a small tree. I shook the tree and shook it out and the dog got it—but the least said about that the better. The scent wasn't a "Night in Paris", even if these events all took place between 1 and 4 A. M. I have a shotgun and also a rifle and if I can find some ammunition I am going to try the rifle next time. I would be afraid to use the shotgun. I don't have any hopes of shooting anything, but maybe I can scare it to death.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Have you a pleasant glow inside you, left over from the kindly things you did for some shutin at Christmas? Then nourish that glow into a steady flame by doing other kindly things as the year goes on.

For somehow, not only for Christmas,

But all the long year through,  
The joy that you give to others  
Is the joy that comes back to you;  
And the more you spend in blessing

The poor and the lonely and sad,  
The more of your heart's possessions

Returns to make you glad.

Little Delorea Keithley, Laredo, Missouri, fell out of a truck this fall and the wheel ran over her. She is in a cast and will be confined to bed for some time yet and home for a longer time. She is six years old and hates terribly to miss school. Find a plaything to send to her to help make up for that miss.

Virginia Mercer, age 7, of Box 483, Greybull, Wyoming, has never walked, due to an accident when she was a baby. Playthings would be nice for her, also things she could use such as bedding or something to wear.

Margaret Michaels, Little Sioux, Iowa, (born July 9, 1860) needs cheer. She used to do lovely handwork but her sight is poor so she saves it now for a little reading—such as letters. She lives with a bachelor son on a farm, so I imagine she is alone a good deal.

Letters are also needed by Mrs. LeRoy Cave, Pisgah, Iowa, care of Emmett Harmon. She was in a bad car accident this fall which took the life of her small baby, and she herself has been in the hospital since then.

Fifteen years old is pretty young to have been bedfast for three years with arthritis, but that is the way it is with Nancy Lee Bordwell, 211 west Calhoun St., Woodstock, Illinois. For the past two years she has not been able to move any part of her body, not even her hands. Her mother is also crippled with arthritis but can walk by using crutches. They both suffer a lot. Nancy Lee collects knick-knacks or souvenirs.

Eloise Hatze, Carson, Iowa, collects shakers. You have a pretty pair you could send her, haven't you? She is in her early twenties and after several operations is spending most of her time in bed.

You remember Bonnie Miller, who was so badly burned this summer and who so appreciated your letters? Bonnie passed away November 13. I'm sure her mother, Mrs. Guy Miller, Brashear, Missouri, would like to hear from you.

Mrs. Fred Colton, Tecumseh, Nebraska, recently fell from her wheel chair, breaking both limbs. Please send her a word of cheer if you have time.



## OVER THE FENCE

Do you know why people "knock on wood" as a good luck sign? Long ago primitive people worshipped trees. It was a sign of good luck to touch one.

Is your name Phoebe? Phoebe West, Route 1, Box 660, San Diego, California, has a "Phoebe Bird" Club. If you would like to join, write to her.

Wouldn't you like to send a little Christmas package to a little seven-year-old boy, Dale Neilson, LuVerne, Iowa? He will be in bed for some time because of severe burns on his legs.

Olga Tiemann, Westboro, Missouri, picked a bouquet of Oregon Giant Pansies from her garden for the Thanksgiving table. The snow covered them in a few days.

Mrs. Lebbie Novak of Elberon, Iowa, whom I told you about in the December magazine is in the hospital in Iowa City, Iowa. A friend who called on her said it would do you all good to see how she enjoys her mail. Do send her a Christmas card.

Make it a New Year's Resolution that you will write to me at least once a month. Some only write when they send their renewal. I'd like to hear from you more often than that.

Norman Paulsen is in charge of a boy's club and often takes them to the hills to ski. He enjoys it as much as the boys do.

Lt. John Field, Frank's son is expected home from the South Pacific by New Year's. He may get here sooner and surprise us all.

Edith Hansen writes from her new home in Richmond, California, that Don, their Marine son, was in Hawaii. He had received all his Christmas packages before Thanksgiving so she was sending him another one. I don't imagine any boy can receive too many of mom's Christmas boxes, do you?

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kelley, formerly of KMA are now living at Madison, Wisconsin, where Jack is an announcer on station WIBU.

Another shutin who should be remembered with a Christmas or New Year's Card is Mrs. George Brown, Tecumseh, Nebraska.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

With this letter I add another place to the long list of places from which I have written to you. I am sitting at a big desk, a handsome desk, if you please, in an office high up in a large building in San Francisco. From this window in front of me I can look out at the dazzling spans of the great Bay Bridge, and I can also look far down at countless people scurrying along the streets—the bulk of them are doing their Christmas shopping, I'm sure.

It is the first time I've written to you from an office since before Juliana was born almost two years ago. As you have gathered, I am working again and finding it interesting and stimulating after the daily routine of dishes, and washing, and the thousand and one other things that there always seem to be in a house. We have a very efficient, almost split-second pattern worked out, and so far it seems to be fairly practical.

I leave the house at 8:30 and take a streetcar down to the office. Juliana stands on the front steps and waves goodbye to me, and she no longer seems to mind seeing me leave. Last month when I was taking some special work in statistics at the University she used to look at me and say firmly, "Mamma, I'm crying!" But now she waves cheerfully and says, "Goodbye, Mamma." Russell takes care of her during the day, and at 5:30 when I return home they both meet me at the corner where I get off the streetcar.

The nicest time of the day begins then, for the three of us have a good time together until 7:30. Juliana goes to bed then, and Russell leaves for work. Do I sit down and relax? I do not! I wash the dinner dishes, clean up the kitchen, iron, sew, and otherwise keep going briskly until after 10:00. But at 10:00 I sink down into a chair and pick up a paper (the morning paper!) and call my time my own.

Last night we drove down to the station to meet Marge. It seemed mighty fine to see her again, for I've missed Dorothy and Kristin and Marge very badly. And I think that Juliana really remembered her—at least she acted like it. I guess that Marge is going to get back into her profession, teaching, and probably in my next letter I can tell you where she is teaching, and something about her work. We haven't enough room for her to live with us and just when I wondered where in the world to turn for some kind of housing, one of my oldest and dearest friends called and offered to share her apartment with Marge. This was surely an enormous relief to us. So now you can think of Marge living in a nice apartment on a steep hill in San Francisco, and seeing a great deal of us once again.

Russell and I have been busy helping Santa Claus these days. I must tell you that Russell brought home a doll for Juliana that nearly bowled me



Juliana Verness, 20 months old. Compare this picture with the one of Lucile in the November Magazine. Don't they look alike?

over. It is twice as big as she is and looks exactly like a little girl. I can hardly wait to see her eyes when she spies it under the tree on Christmas morning. Then we bought a little doll-bed (I'm busy making a small mattress and blankets for it) and some push toys and a big teddy-bear and some lovely books. This is by far the most exciting Christmas we have ever had, for it is the first time that we've had a child old enough to enjoy the idea of Santa Claus.

A couple of nights ago when Russell and I went down to the basement to look at the toys once again (they are in boxes on a high shelf—mother and dad always did this too) I found myself thinking, oh! I wish that Time could stop right here for a while so that I could savor every moment of these wonderful days. Juliana is little now and such small things make her happy, but I know only too well how swiftly this time will fly by. It seems only yesterday to me that we were all home together, and now we are scattered to the far corners of the world and I'm not sure that a single one of us will be with Mother and Dad.

Last night before I drifted off to sleep I thought about Christmas at home, and I guess that the most vivid memories forever will be the little things . . . of Dad poking around the shelves for bowls to empty sacks of nuts and candy into, of Mother arranging her beautiful decorated cookies on platters for Christmas Eve, of the boys puffing and panting as they held the tree in position so Dad could step back and see if he had it lined up straight, of Dorothy sitting cross-legged on the bed in our room wrapping packages painstakingly (she always went to a lot of fuss and it impressed me), and of all of us tramping up on the porch after the Christmas program at the church with snowy shoes to be cleaned before we could tear in to begin the celebration.

These are among the happiest memories I have, and like all happy memories, they bring a certain sadness in their wake—sadness because that Time is now so far lost, and nothing on earth can reconstruct any of it. But in a way I don't suppose that I would really return to any of it, for if I could have one wish granted now

it would not be to return to the past, but to see Christmas again at home with the boys safe and sound, and with the memory of Christmas in the battle lines far, far behind them.

And for those of you who have the same things to think about these days, I send to you my deepest hopes that this Christmas in the future will come true for you too.

To each and everyone of you, a blessed, blessed Christmas.

Russell, Lucile and Juliana.

## A SMALL WORLD

Sue, the morning homemaker over KMA has an interesting story to tell.

A listener in Neola, Iowa, wanted very much to have a copy of a 1915 Needlecraft Magazine which had in it a pattern for a crocheted doily. Sue thought maybe some one would have kept this magazine so she asked for anyone having it to write to her.

In the next mail came a letter from a lady, also of Neola, Iowa. She said she had the magazine and if the lady who wanted it would call at the office of her husband's garage, where she was helping out, she would have it there for her. This arrangement would probably save her a long walk. Sue passed the good news along and when the lady who wanted the pattern got the letter she asked her husband, "Do you know the people who have the garage?" You see they had just lived in Neola a short time and she had been so busy getting settled she had not met many people.

"Yes," said her husband, "they are our next door neighbors." She went right over and got the pattern, and has the doily finished. This is a small world, after-all and a friendly, helpful one, too.

## MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO BUY A BOND

We are all asked to buy an extra bond, if possible, and it is possible, in most cases, if one puts their wits to work. One of my friends sold some usable furniture that had been stored in the attic. One of her friends was glad to buy it, along with some drapes and lace curtains that had been on the shelf of her hall closet for several years. There was still a lot of good wear in them and curtains are hard to buy these days.

Any old electric equipment, like a toaster or an iron, will sell readily. What do you have that can be turned into a war bond? You may be surprised when you start looking.

Dear Leanna,

I am coming to you for Help please. Tell the listeners I cannot accept any more orders for the Doily. I have more orders now than I can fill. And will you kindly tell them in the next Kitchen-Klatter I cannot accept any more orders or I am afraid I will be swamped for the rest of my life. It was very nice of you to put it in but I guess I did not realize how far those Kitchen-Klatter go. Your friend,

Mrs. Roy Fleming,  
Randolph, Nebraska.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### HOW THE BEAR LOST HIS TAIL (An Indian Story)

The winter was long and cold. Snow lay deep over the ground and thick ice covered the lakes.

Mr. Fox crept slowly through the woods, his long feathery tail dragging on the ground behind him. He was very tired and hungry for he had had nothing to eat for many days.

Osamogo, the Indian, had been very hungry too but he had visited the lake and chopping holes in the ice, had caught a load of fish which he had packed neatly on a sled and had now started on the long trail home.

Mr. Fox saw the Indian and the sled load of fish and sniffing the air said, "Oh, what a delicious smell." Breaking into a swift trot he cut through the woods and joined the trail about half a mile ahead of the Indian. Throwing himself on the ground, he lay there, his tongue out and his eyes shut as if he were dead. He was a tricky old fox and besides that, he was hungry for fish.

Along came the Indian. "This dead fox must be put on the sled with the fish. I will take him home and use his skin to cover my wigwam." He picked up the fox by the tail and flung his body onto the load of fish.

The fox did not move for a long time. Then grabbing the three largest fish in his mouth, he rolled off into the snow. Under the shadow of the big rock Mr. Fox ate the fish, and having finished the last tender morsel, he sat licking his whiskers and looking very happy. Who should come lumbering down the path but Mr. Bear. He smelled fish. He was hungry too, for the snow had covered the berries and roots and he had had no food for days. "Fish", he growled, "Where did you get fish, brother Fox?"

Mr. Fox, being full of fish and very happy, decided to play a trick on Mr. Bear. Besides, the bears tail was much too long and too bushy.

"I got them from the lake", he said. "If you will go there and dip your tail into the hole in the ice, the fish will bite. Then you can whisk them out upon the ground and have all the fish you want to eat."

"What a wonderful plan", said the bear and trotting off to the lake, he sat down beside the hole in the ice and hung his tail in the water. Soon he became tired and numb with the cold.

"I think I'll take a little walk," he said, but would you believe it, when he tried to move he found his tail was frozen to the ice. He pulled—and pulled—and pulled. Suddenly, with a snap he was free. Yes, you have guessed what had happened. His

tail lay on the ice behind him where it had frozen tightly. Mr. Bear cried many tears that froze and hung like icicles from his cheeks. He had been so proud of his beautiful feathery tail.

And this is how it came that the bear has only a little stubby tail instead of a long beautiful one like the tricky fox. Mr. Fox, you can well imagine, hid in the dark places of the forest for he had no wish to meet Mr. Bear with his short tail.

### MY RESOLUTIONS

Big folks make resolutions at the first of the New Year so why shouldn't you, too? Will you resolve?

1. To be more polite to everyone?
2. To not make fun of children dressed more poorly than you?
3. To go to Sunday School and church every Sunday it is possible?
4. To study harder in school?
5. To be more help around home?
6. To take better care of your clothes?
7. To do more than one good deed every day?

### RIDDLES

How can you prove that a horse has six legs? Answer. It has fore (four) legs in front and two behind.

What can pass between you and the sun and not make a shadow? Answer. The wind.

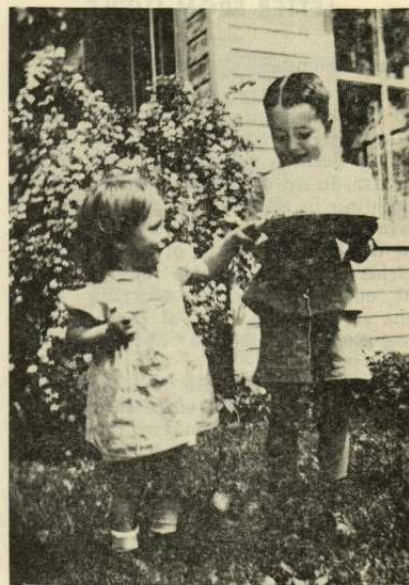
What do they call little white cats in Australia? Answer. Kittens.

How many animals did Moses take into the Ark? Answer. None, it was Noah.

### A CHINESE GAME

Boys and girls in China have many odd games they play. One of their most popular games is called Cat-and-Mouse. One child is the cat and one is the mouse. Then a circle is formed by the others holding hands. The boy or girl playing the mouse gets in the middle of the circle. The one who is the cat stays on the outside until the game begins. And then the cat will try to break through the circle to get the mouse. Sometimes one side lets the cat in, but the other side will let the mouse out. And so it's in and out, in and out until the cat catches the mouse. Then the mouse has to become the cat and the cat plays the part of the mouse. You'll find this an exciting game and good exercise. Get a group of your friends some time and play it!

Don't forget to buy  
War Stamps!



Harold Lynn Armstrong on his 4th birthday. His sister, Judith Ann, is sampling the frosting. Their home is in Sac City, Iowa.

### A BIRD'S NOTE OF THANKS

Just a little note to let you know  
That the tiny blessed crumbs I found,  
Which you so kindly tossed on the snow

Will keep our friendship firmly bound  
Even if I'm only a little bird.  
The ground was covered this morning,  
Long and vainly for food I sought;  
Would not someone heed the warning  
And drop us just a crumb I thought?  
Even if I'm only a little bird.  
I was so weak, depressed, hungry and cold

Was this to be our untimely fate,  
To those who bring food and joys untold

In summer, all I could do was to wait—

For I'm only a little bird.  
Dear one, I will gladly thank you  
Now, and with sunny songs so gay  
To cheer and keep you from being blue

When summer comes again our way,  
Even if I'm only a little bird.  
Tiny-tiny crumbs I found, make me strong

And able to sing once more, my dear;  
Now life is good and knows no wrong,

With your loving trust to vanish fear  
Even for only a little bird.

Which of these two Squares  
is the larger?



Measure them for you are more  
than likely wrong ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦  
Because this is an illusion.



## OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For Subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

"I must tell you of my hobby, which grew into a business, that really pays. You may care to pass on the idea. It could be worked out by any group, such as Ladies Aid, missions, or a lodge group.

During the year, I work all sorts of odd bits of satins, silks, and any bright colored pieces of materials into fancy costumes. Some are "nationality costumes". There are such good pictures of these in the National Geographic Magazine. Many are pirate and gypsy costumes, which use the brightest bits of finery, and are very popular with the youngsters.

At Hallowe'en time, I run a little ad in the paper, and sell them to the mothers who are too busy to do these things for their kiddies. I have just sold over a hundred dollars worth here in Salina. I do not limit them to children, if I happen to get my hands on a piece of material big enough to make a grown-up suit. Many friends, who know what I do, save all their odd bits of cast off finery, old ear-rings, beads, and what-have-you, and I work them in. Then, too, if the school is putting on a play, they come to me for costumes, and that saves time and trouble for the busy mothers. It's really fun!"—Mrs. Albert Tremain, 515 Morrison Avenue, Salina, Kansas.

Collects salt and pepper shakers, small banks, teaspoons, odd stationery, military insignia, either of cloth or metal.—Mrs. Hilda Rintoul, 779 Cleophas Blvd., Lincoln Park, 25, Michigan.

Would like Iowa court house views. Especially Mills and Fremont counties. I am wondering if any sister living in or near Fonda, Iowa, could give me information regarding Pearl Veerhusen. We were pen pals and exchanged hobby gifts a number of times and in some way I've lost track of her.—Mrs. Carl Hausen, Cumberland, Iowa.

Will exchange shakers and would like pretty little bottles.—Mrs. S. M. Torgerson, Box 203, Lanesboro, Iowa.

Nicknacks, party favors, cards. Helpless shutin, 15 years old.—Miss Nancy Lee Bordwell, 211 West Calhoun Street, Woodstock, Illinois.

Would like pretty or odd buttons.—Mrs. Gothard Blehrud, Spring Grove, Minnesota.

Will exchange pigs, any size or shape. Write first.—Darlene Hoemann, Verdon, Nebraska.

Will exchange shakers or pot holders.—Mrs. Harold Thom, Rushmore, Minnesota.

Will exchange shakers, view cards, and hankies.—Mrs. W. R. Mehaffey, Route 2, Waynesville, North Carolina.

Will exchange Indian head pennies.—Victor Marr, Tekamah, Nebraska.

Will exchange bittersweet bouquets, walnut meats, pencils, buttons for any kind of quilt pieces.—Mrs. Geo. Morten, Hartington, Nebr., R. R. 2.



### PATTERN

Clear and easy-to-follow illustrations of crochet, knitting, embroidering and tatting stitches, make it possible for even the beginner to follow them through step by step. To augment general directions, instructions for a doily, basket, scarf, afghan, ten edges, and a medallion are included. These have been chosen for ease in making them as soon as basic stitches have been mastered. To get this handy and valuable store of information, order C9720, 25¢.—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Ia.



Frank Field and wife, during the First World War.

### LET'S BUY A BOND TODAY

Let's buy a bond from Uncle Sam,  
In answer to his plea,  
For that's the least that we can do;  
To keep our country free.  
•Our boys are paying with their lives,  
On far and distant lands,  
So you and I must never fail;  
To give a helping hand.  
When this world is free again,  
Then we can proudly say,  
I'm glad I had a little part,  
Let's buy a bond today.

—By Hazel C. Capp

## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. 5¢ per word. \$1.00 minimum. Payable in advance. When counting words include name and address. Rejection rights reserved.

**WILL EXCHANGE** novelty set of cup cake shakers for a 25¢ war stamp and 10¢ postage. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State St., Barborton, Ohio.

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**SAMPLE OF WAFFLE STITCH** mentioned in Stitch and Chatter Column. 12 cents. Mrs. Irella Hinks, Munden, Kansas.

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A book of my favorite poems including many I have read over the air. This book has in it comforting war poems, and makes a nice gift for a war mother or wife. With an order for three of the books for \$1.00, I will send you, free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures. Price 35¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 3 books. Postpaid.

Order from Leanna Driftmier  
Shenandoah, Iowa

## STRENGTH FOR THE NEW YEAR

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen,  
planned—  
Each drop that fills my daily cup:  
Thy hand  
Prescribes for ills none else can understand.

All, all is known to Thee.

—Newton.



## STITCH AND CHATTER

By Irella Belle Hinks

"The year ahead, what will it bring?  
At least we may be sure of spring.  
Blossoms and birds and budding  
trees

Thank God we may be sure of these."

Wonder if now wouldn't be a good time to 'let go' of the little bothers of every day life and the irritations and petty vexations that cross our pathways daily? Big things are harder to 'let go', bitter disappointments, tragedies and heart-breaking sorrows but perhaps we can try.

This time a pretty little sweater for baby in waffle stitch. The pattern came all the way from New Mexico and it is not too difficult. (5 one ounce balls of pink or blue and 1 of white.) Use a soft two fold yarn and a No. 3 hook. It is in one piece so start at neck line and make a chain of 96 turn.

1st row—dc in 6th st from hook, ch-1, skip 2st, dc repeat (making 31 spaces)

2nd row—ch 3, 4 dc in 1st sp, ch 1, skip 1 sp, 5 dc in next repeat (making 16 groups).

3rd row—ch 3, dc in next st, 3 dc in 3rd st, 1 dc in each of next 2 ch (seven dc in each group) repeat.

4th row—ch 4, skip 1st (make waffle st. from now on by inserting hook in lower part of each st.) (Causes a ridge which is the waffle st.) 2 dc in next 2 st (in 2nd and 3rd st of group) 5 dc in 4th st, 1 dc in each of next 2 (5th and 6th st) skip last st (7th) ch 1 repeat end with ch 1, miss 1, dc in end st.

5th row—ch 4, skip 1st, 1 dc in each of next 3 st, 3 dc in next st, 1 dc in each of next 3 st repeat. End with ch 1 and dc in end st.

6th row—ch 4, skip 1st, 3 dc (1 in each of 3 dc) 5 in next st 1 dc in each of next 3, skip last st ch 1, end with ch 1 dc in end st.

A short way to write row 6 would be 3-5-3. Start and end row as usual.

7th row, 4-3-4; 8th row, 4-5-4; 9th row, 5-3-5; 10th row, 5-5-5; 11th row, 6-3-6; 12th row, 6-5-6; 13th row, 7-3-7.

Now make sleeve sections by tacking space 3 and space 6 together (with yarn threaded needle).

14th row, 7-5-7 go all way around under sleeve.

15th row, 8-3-8; 16th row, 8-5-8; 17th row, 9-3-9; 18th row, 9-5-9.

Now start under arm and finish sleeves. Start on 2nd dc, ch 3 for 1st dc, work back of sleeve first, making 7-3-7. Don't go round and round but join and turn back or else you won't have the waffle st.

2nd row, slip st to 2nd and ch 3 for 1st.

Continue to make 7-3-7 for sleeve length. (About three rows).

Now with white yarn make a row of spaces (by making dc ch 4 dc) around bottom of both sleeves and jacket. (From neck line to neck line).

2nd row—with pink yarn make spaces same way.

3rd row—with pink make spaces same only ch 3 instead of 4.

Make a cord or tassel or run ribbon through spaces around neck and ends of sleeves.

## A NEW YEAR'S PARTY

"I've made a resolution hearty,  
To give a jolly New Year's party,  
Please, won't you make another one  
To come and join us in our fun?"

Write this invitation on the back of a leaf torn from a 1944 calander, giving the time and place of the party. One need not worry about decorations for usually the house is still festive with the Christmas tree and holly.

For years the custom of "Watch Parties" has been popular in our country. Old and young enjoy them. Now, by radio we can hear countries all over the world welcome the New Year. Be sure at your watch party to have plenty of noise makers, bells, horns, and etc., and as the clock strikes twelve, all join in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The earlier part of the evening is spent with games and contests, singing and just visiting.

## CONTESTS

Give each guest a paper bearing the face of a clock, drawn on with black crayon or pencil. Then begins the hunt for the hours of the day. These cards, each bearing an hour on them are hidden, here, there, and everywhere, enough of them that each player can complete the face on his clock. Those who find two cards alike can trade with others who have found duplicate numbers. When each player has found twelve squares, he must stop hunting, no matter what numbers are on this cards. When time is called, all stop hunting or trading and see who has all twelve of the numbers required for a perfect clock face.

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Give each guest a paper and pencil on which to write a "Resolution." These can be funny or serious. It will be more fun if they are funny. Do not sign a name to these. Collect them and have one person read them while the rest try to guess who's "Resolution" it is.

## SEASON CONTEST

If you have enough guests, divide your group according to the seasons in which they are born. Each season appoints a leader and from each group a judge is chosen making four judges in all, to decide who wins the various contests and write up the score board. Let each group plan one contest in which all four seasons participate.

I would suggest that you leave this game to play last, putting quieter games first, for along about eleven o'clock your guests will need something a little exciting to keep them awake.

About a quarter 'til twelve, you can start serving the lunch, which should not be elaborate. Coffee and pie, sandwiches and pickles, or perhaps an oyster stew would be easy to serve and appetizing.

## AID SOCIETY HELPS



## A BIRTHDAY BOOK

This is a good idea to start at your January meeting. Buy a good large note book, a substantial one, whose pages will not come out. Divide the pages of the book into twelve parts, for the months of the year. Members are asked to write their name and the names of members of their family and the date of their birth under the proper "Month" pages. For each birthday they list, they pay ten cents. You may be able to fill more than one book.

The society may make further use of this book by sending cards to the members on birthdays. One lady may be given this responsibility, the money to be taken from the treasury. It really gives one a thrill to be remembered in this way.

## GOD'S ACRE

In the rural community of Northboro, Iowa, farmers were asked to donate the proceeds from one acre of corn, to the church. November the 15th, the proceeds from the sale of this corn had reached \$1,300. Some acres had not yet been heard from.

In some communities where this plan is used the ladies of the church prepare a dinner for those who pick the corn, and bring it in.

Of course, not every member of the church has a corn field from which they can donate "God's Acre." Those who do not, can donate and help in other ways. In one instance, the people on a salary, gave one weeks wages. Those who operated a business of some kind gave the profit they had made during a certain week.

## WOMEN HUSK CORN

Most of Iowa's corn crop is now picked by machine, but there are still fields to be husked by hand. Corn pickers are few, near Clarinda, Iowa. To make money for their church, the Assembly of God, a group of eight ladies were paid ten cents a bushel for gathering in corn on the farm of Edgar Wainwright, Jr. In one day they picked 320 bushels. Men did the shoveling and unloading.

There were sore hands the next day but the ladies were happy in their accomplishment.