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Kitchen-Klatter

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Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

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My Dear Friend,

I couldn't tell you about our Christmas in my last letter as it had to be written before Christmas. Well, there isn't very much to tell for we had a very quiet prayerful Christmas this year. We were so glad to have at least one of our seven children home with us. The rest were present in our thoughts and prayers. Frederick came from Yale University where he is studying but had to leave the evening of Christmas day. Because so many service men and women would want to call home, I asked our children not to try to call us this year as they have previously done. After our tree on Christmas Eve, when Mart presided as Santa Claus as is our custom, we spent the evening reading the new books we received and listening to the radio.

Howard wrote from the Philippines that it was as hot as the Fourth of July and that the fire works were not missing. Wayne has been stationed not many miles from Howard and the boys have been able to visit twice. It has done them both a lot of good. Wayne said Howard was the healthiest looking soldier he had seen on the island and Howard wrote Wayne had gained in weight and looked fine.

We received a new picture of Wayne which came too late to print in this magazine. You will see it next month. Also next month we will have a new picture of Juliana for you and one of Margery.

In Don's Christmas letter he wrote, "Beautiful though Colorado may be this winter night, for some reason the crunching of the snow doesn't sound so melodious, nor the stars shine so brightly as on Christmas Eve at home. This morning I heard a Christmas program being broadcast from a small Army Chapel on Leyte. I listened for Wayne's voice but didn't hear it. I appreciated the war bond Dad sent me. I can't get enough of those. Next Christmas is a long way off and anything can happen in the army but let us all pray the seven of us can be with you next year."

Dorothy and Margery were together Christmas Eve in Hollywood. They had quite a time getting a tree decorated for Kristin. They could buy no trimmings so wrapped marshmallows in bright colored cellophane. Kristin was so thrilled with the things Santa brought her that she jumped up and down and gave little squeals of delight. After Christmas Margery

went back up to San Francisco where she planned to teach in a nursery school. I haven't had a letter yet, as to how she is getting along or where she found a place to stay. Lucile didn't have room for her with them.

Lucile wrote us, "Juliana's favorite gift was a set of records, Mother Goose rhymes. She crawls up on a chair and listens, entranced throughout the entire twenty minutes it takes to play them. We love to watch her." Lucile and Russell and Juliana had a nice Christmas too, as she has told you in her letter.

I know how glad you are to hear Edith Hansen back at KMA on the morning homemakers program. Her husband and son Harold came, too. Don is in the South Pacific. Things seemed to work out well for them for the doctor had told her husband it would be better for his health if he moved away from the bay area. Mr. Hansen will work here in Shenandoah.

Each day brings me sad letters from mothers and wives who have lost loved ones in the cause of freedom. These brave men have given their lives that you and I may enjoy the comforts and blessings of living in a free America. What are you doing to show your gratitude for their sacrifices? I know we each one feel we are not doing all we should. "Pray and work and give, to make democracy live."

If some of you have letters of sympathy to write, you might like to send this comforting verse.

God's ways are not our ways, perhaps,
But still we know.

His loving care will shelter us

Where e'er we go.

So may your shadowed hours pass,

Your sorrows cease,

And in His love and tender care

May you find peace.

—Anon.

May I make a special request of you. When your renewal card arrives, send it back with the dollar as soon as possible for we want to be sure all of our subscribers get the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine as soon as it comes from the printers. We hope to have enough for all of our friends. To be sure you receive one send your renewal or new subscription as soon as possible. Subscriptions may still be started with the January number.

Your sincere friend,
Leanna.

JUST VISITING

Doesn't it make your heart sick when you read that Germany is already planning for a Third World War? Their women are to have as many children as possible and train them with the soul ambition to redeem Germany by striking again.

Which would you say was the most fatal, accident or disease? I would have said disease but the truth is that accidents kill more people between the ages of 3 and 24 years. More men are killed by accident than women. Each one of us can join the battle to prevent accidents.

No cold cream cosmetics will keep away wrinkles as well as the milk of human kindness. Wrinkles should only show where the smiles have been.

Our homes must not be a place where only our bodies can rest and grow. Our souls must grow, too. Too many homes provide only for the welfare of the body.

When I thoughtfully study all the furniture in the living room my husband realizes that this is the month I invariably want to shift the furniture around. The way the doors and windows are placed, this can't be done. I have to satisfy my desire to change things by moving a floor lamp or putting a new cover on a sofa pillow.

Keep busy and you will have no time to feel sorry for yourself or to find fault with others. Sure, the world is full of sorrow, and we can't make it any brighter by turning the corners of our mouth down.

It is a good thing to have a good memory, but we must train it to remember only the pleasant things. You can do this by not letting the things you should forget linger in your mind. Don't hash them over! That bit of unkind gossip you heard should not be repeated. Forget the invitation you did not receive or the thoughtlessness of those you love. Bad memories hurt us. Think of only the good qualities of your friends and you will find they all have their good points.

Let us make it a habit to speak kindly and encourage all with whom we come in contact. In so doing we will be increasing our own measure of happiness.

It may be difficult for you to express your sympathy in words when one you love has to face a great sorrow. Don't fail to let them know you are thinking of them and praying for them. A few flowers, a comforting poem, or a pan of fresh rolls can carry a message of love to them. Remember the old saying, "Actions speak louder than words."

Come into the Garden

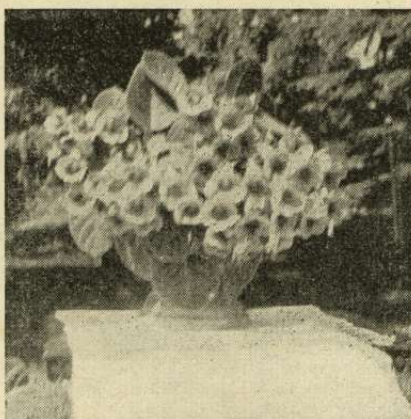
MEET THE GESNARIA FAMILY

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

How many times we recognize different individuals as belonging to the same family by their common resemblance to each other? Years ago, a Swiss botanist revolutionized the classification of flowering plants by placing together those whose blooms and seed pods most resembled one another. The old saying, by their fruits you shall know them, became true in this instance. So it happens that Gloxinias, Achimenes, and Epsicia together with several others come under one group named from the man who so classified them. Each of these plants has similar tubular flowers; each are native to the same far away countries; each require the same culture.

Every house plant grower has her own favorite mixture of the soil into which she pots her plants; individual groups can take the same general combination of sand, soil, and some porous compost which will allow water to pass through. The kind of plant determines the correct proportions of each. The compost may be leaf mold, peat or decomposed strawy fertilizer from the barnyard. There is usually at least one of these available. Gloxinias, Achimenes, and Epsicia need a soil which will permit water to pass through rapidly, they do not like to have their roots standing in water. If no drainage hole is provided in the pot and they can grow under those conditions, be sure to have a sufficiently deep layer of small pebbles in the bottom of the pot. When watering these plants, notice the way in which the water passes through. Water-logged soil becomes sour and rot sets in. If sand is mixed with soil from the hot bed in fall, a mixture results which has all the desired properties. This may be stored and used when needed to pot up plants. This soil and decomposed fertilizer should be mixed well to get rid of lumps before the sand is added. A good mixture of potting soil consists of one part sand to two parts rotted manure or leaf mold, three parts garden soil and a pinch of bone meal or super phosphate.

Contrary to popular belief water will not hurt Gloxinia leaves, unless placed in the sun while drops of water are on the leaves. In fact, they should be sprayed quite regularly with clean, tepid water to keep the leaves healthy. They grow naturally under warm moist atmospherical conditions. Morning is the best time to do this. This year in late spring I put my Gloxinias under a tree where they got morning sun leaving them in the pots so that in very dry hot or stormy weather they could be brought in. They also had the added protection of white violets growing near by. When buds were well formed, the plants were brought in and



Gloxinias grown by Mrs. Hove, Decorah, Ia.

flowered inside. Morning dew was most beneficial to them and they had healthy leaves with a strong growth. A basement window sill on the north side of a house also provided a good summer home.

Study your plants' needs, experiment with them and by so doing eventually you will be a successful grower of this beautiful group of plants, the Gesnarias.

THE WORLD WAS MY GARDEN

Reviewed by Olga Rolf Tiemann

David Fairchild's "The World Was My Garden" is an autobiography. The book is lavishly illustrated with photographs taken by the author. In his quest for new plants and seeds, he takes us to strange lands—lands daily becoming familiar to us as we follow those in the Service on their foreign missions.

Before David Fairchild was 20 he had lived in Michigan and Kansas—studied in Iowa and New Jersey, and accepted a position with the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Under the hot rafters in the ugly, brick building, he studied rots, parasites and plant diseases brought to the department's attention.

Enroute to Italy some four years later to take charge of the Smithsonian "working table" at the Naples Zoological Station he met Mr. Barbour Lathrop who, in the author's words, was to "direct my destiny," although he did not realize it then. While studying deep-sea alga which grew in the Bay at Naples, he was startled one day to have Mr. Lathrop call and calmly announce that he was going to give him \$1,000 as an investment in science to take a much desired trip to Java. Mr. Lathrop made later "investments in Science" to "Algie" or "Fairy" as he affectionally called Fairchild. When we realize the many plants Mr. Fairchild introduced into the United States through these trips, we know that it was money wisely invested. In Java he

became interested in ants and termites and their mushroom gardens and spent almost his entire time studying them.

Then followed eight years of travel with Mr. Lathrop. Singapore, Australia, New Zealand, the Cannibal Islands, Hawaii, the West Indies, South America, England, Egypt, China, Finland, Arabia, Japan—these were only a few of the places visited. Fairchild was always hurried on. "If you're going to travel with me, I'll show you the world, but you can't stop every minute . . .", said Mr. Lathrop on one occasion when Fairchild lagged behind intent on his collecting.

During an interlude in the United States, Mr. Fairchild met Mr. Alexander Graham Bell (inventor of the telephone) and his wife, and their daughter, Marian, who later became his bride.

The young couple bought 40 acres in the woods of Maryland which Mr. Lathrop promptly named "In the Woods." Visitors flocked from everywhere—China, Argentina, Persia, Mexico, the Philippines, Manchuria, Hawaii, and from every state in the union. The questions and problems they brought with them were as varied as the countries they came from. The days were so full that Fairchild wrote, "There was never time to be bored."

It was not strange that they later bought property in Florida for many of the plants and seeds collected were tropical and flourished there. They had two daughters and a son. One day Grandmother Bell took her son-in-law to task for not seeing more of his son. The talk resulted in a paid father-and-son vacation to Panama which gift Mr. Fairchild said had much "to do with my son's career for he learned to love the jungle not to fear it and saw in its changing life a great field for discovery."

In the closing chapter he writes, "At some moments my life has been expressed in powdery mildews on the lilac leaves and at others expanded to encompass desert sand or the dense, tropical jungle . . . I have ranged from high, rock passes in the Andes to strange scenes on the ocean floor. . . ."

"I have heard . . . voices speaking many languages, including the harsh guttural of Arabs, the soft whisper of Malay, the staccato tongue of southern Italy and the high, nasal singsong of the Chinese. I have looked into the eyes of many races of men . . . races as distinct as the Fijian cannibal and the tow-headed blue-eyed Scandinavian . . . each experience has given me greater interest and powers of understanding, so that I stand each day more for the next."

With that we answer "Aloha" to Dr. Fairchild and close his book. Our thoughts turn to loved ones in the Service on foreign soil in those places where Dr. Fairchild learned so much. His words give us hope that rare benefits may be reaped from this war although now we see only the horror and the awfulness of it.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER NINETEEN

We are back now to the June night in 1913 when Mother and Dad had their first meal together as Mr. and Mrs. Driftmier in their new home. As I told you before, it wasn't a conventional meal for newlyweds because Aunt Anna, Howard, and I were at the table. Aunt Anna was staying with us until Howard and I felt adjusted to our new home and new mother, and it was towards the end of the first week that she went to Mother with tears in her eyes and said that she felt she could leave. She explained that the tears were caused by a mixture of joy and sadness—joy because she was so happy to see us going to Mother as though we had always belonged to her, and sadness because it was such a wrench to give us up. Now that I have a little child of my own I really understand for the first time how she felt.

In August Mother and Dad took a short trip to the State Fair in Des Moines. Howard and I went to stay with our aunts and Grandfather, and though thirty years have passed I still remember vividly how excited we were the night that they were to return and call for us. It was a beautiful summer night and we sat out in the front yard and waited for them. I can still see the new black patent-leather slippers that I had for the occasion!

The first year in our new home was a very, very happy one. Almost every afternoon Mother dressed us up, Howard in a white suit and me in a white dress, and took us walking, or to call on some of her friends, or most exciting of all, to stop in and see Dad at his office. This office was a mysterious place to us for we could never quite understand what happened between the time that Dad walked out of the house, and his return. We liked to step in to see the switchboard with its lights flashing off and on, and on one trip we had one hundred pennies each to use for Christmas presents.

Looking back on it, I realize that Mother went to a great deal of work for us. Those white suits and dresses alone accounted for a good bit of time in washing and ironing, and our daily jaunts ate up the afternoons. Aside from this, she read to us a great deal and I can still remember listening to the first book that she read: "The Little Dutch Twins." Incidentally, she made time for reading aloud even after Dorothy and Frederick were with us.

Our first Easter with Mother could never be forgotten because of the white rabbits. Howard and I had expressed a wish for baby bunnies, so Mother scouted around until she found some. When we awakened on Easter morning they were in bed with us, and they were one of the nicest surprises that we ever had. These little rabbits were the first of a long series of pets that we had throughout the years.



Howard, Mother and I, taken in 1913.
Bright sun accounts for the squints

One memory of this first year stands out with great clarity. Mother had made me a beautiful dress; it had embroidered scallops around the neck, sleeves, and bottom, and there was a blue ribbon sash around the waist. I asked to wear this dress one summer afternoon, and Mother permitted me to (she was never one to refuse requests just for the sake of saying "No" as so many mothers do), but when the ice-wagon came along shortly afterwards I climbed up on the back steps with Howard, and our cousins, Gretchen and Mary Fischer, and the next moment the front of that dress was a muddy ruin.

At this point Aunt Helen Fischer came out, saw the dress, and said mildly that she thought Mother would be disappointed when I walked into the house. I thought so too. She suggested that we remedy the matter, and straightway we went into her house and she washed out the dress and ironed it wet while I sat on a stool and talked to her. She doesn't remember this, of course, but it made a great impression upon me then, and it makes a greater impression upon me now when I think of the things that she must have had to do on any summer afternoon.

We had one wonderful picnic that summer. Fischers drove in their car, an open-two-seated Ford, and we drove in our car, to Nebraska City. I don't know what kind of a car we had, but I do remember that it had a bulb horn on the outside that we squeezed, and the brakes were on the outside too. Perhaps Dad will supply the name right here. (That car that Lucile refers to was an Oakland)—M. H. D.

Frank Field went with us, for

when we finally reached Nebraska City he was the one who waded into the swampy places near the Missouri River and picked great arm-fuls of lovely yellow waterlilies. We had a picnic lunch in the afternoon, and then when we were packed up again and ready to start home we discovered that Uncle Fred Fischer's car was stuck in deep sand. It took a lot of digging and shoving to get it out, and then when we were finally set to go he backed around and buried the rear wheels in more sand. The men were hopping mad. I still remember how quietly Howard and I sat, not saying one word, while Dad climbed out and took the shovel to do more digging!

One of the things Mother was very particular about was that Howard and I should go to see our Grandmother and Grandfather Howard, our Mother's parents, at least once a week, and generally much more frequently than that. She always took great pains to see that we looked nice, and furthermore she went with us and was a good friend to Grandmother and Grandfather. On many Sundays they came to dinner at our house, and we had many Sunday dinners at their house. I was too young when Grandmother died to realize what this thoughtfulness of Mother's must have meant to them, but before Grandfather died he told me one day that no one else in this world could have been as generous and warm-hearted to them as Mother had always been. I feel that this was a great tribute, for it was a situation that could so easily have been uncomfortable and strained.

Howard and I didn't know that there were going to be any changes in our family, but one night in early May, Dad asked us if we wanted to go and visit Grandfather Driftmier and our aunts? Of course we wanted to, so he and Uncle Bert Driftmier, his brother, drove us to Clarinda with a suitcase full of clothes. We spent two or three weeks there, and then one evening Dad arrived in the car and told us that he had come to take us home.

The moment we stepped into the house we sensed that something was different, and before we could wonder what it was Mother had led us into her bedroom. There was a basket on her bed, and in the basket was a baby. Howard and I were staggered. Imagine something like this happening while we were gone! Mother told us that it was our baby, that her name was Dorothy, and that she was going to live with us from that time on. I still remember my first glimpse of Dorothy. She had a great deal of thick black hair, and she was covered with a pink blanket. She wasn't crying then, but it must have been a rare moment, for Mother and Dad still sigh when they remember those first three months of Dorothy's life. She was a colicky baby who slept all day and cried all night, and they finally were so worn out from loss of sleep that they hired a girl to come in and take care of her at night while they caught up on their rest.

(Continued in March Issue)

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "Three years ago my brother divorced his wife, and although he is my brother I felt very strongly that he was at fault in the situation. Now he is to be married again and we have received an invitation to the wedding from the parents of the bride-to-be. I don't really wish to attend under the circumstances, but I feel that perhaps this is the wrong attitude to take. What do you think?"—Kansas.

ANS: I think that you should attend the wedding by all means. There isn't any use in hurting the feelings of his future wife and her family, and certainly you don't want this marriage to start under a cloud. I really think that this is one of the times that all of us face sooner or later when we have to overcome strong feelings and do what is kindly and gracious.

QUES: "In March I am going to marry a man who lost his first wife by death, and I will be a step-mother to his little girl, aged seven. Do you think that she should be asked to call me "mother", or would "Aunt Edith" be preferable?"—S. D.

ANS: Since this child is seven years old I think that she should call you whatever comes the more naturally to her tongue. Smaller children who have no memory of their own mother are usually happier if they call the new stepmother, "mother" but when a child remembers its own mother it is generally better to let the issue decide itself. Some children seem to fall naturally into the word "mother" as time goes by, and other children don't. You can refer to yourself as "Aunt Edith" at the beginning, and casually use the word "mother" from time to time. I'm sure that the little girl will feel free under these circumstances to make the choice herself.

QUES: "In March we are moving to a farm of our own after fifteen years on this rented farm. I am leaving many good neighbors, and both my husband and I have thought that we'd like to have a big dinner for them just before we go. The only thing is that I believe it's customary for the neighbors to do the entertaining in such cases, and I'd hate to put us in a foolish position by having such an affair—it might look as though we were afraid no one would think of entertaining us. Under the circumstances what do you feel about it?"—Nebraska.

ANS: Under these circumstances I'd go right ahead and have the dinner. If they are good neighbors they surely won't feel that you're doing anything out of the ordinary. My position in such matters is that it's the friendly, warm inclinations that count—not what social custom dictates.

QUES: "Do you ever worry about money problems? I try my best to take financial problems as they come, but it's so hard not to lie awake at night figuring and scheming. My husband doesn't worry at all, which is probably the reason that I do. But I'm wondering if you have had this problem and know how it can be overcome?"—South Dakota.

ANS: To a certain extent I've shared this kind of worry, but in our house it was my husband who did the serious worrying! (I don't believe I've ever known of a husband and wife who worried equally.) I've figured and schemed to meet problems that never developed, and we've been hard-pressed when things arose that we hadn't allowed for in our plans. So, after a good many years of experience with heavy expenses and financial set-backs I've come to the conclusion that all we can do is manage reasonably and sensibly, and save our energies for other problems that seem more solvable.

QUES: "How often do you think that we should expect to hear from our grown children who are away from home? I don't like to seem demanding, but a month at a time without letters is hard to take. Am I expecting too much if I look for a letter at least every other week?"—Illinois.

ANS: I hope that my children read this particular question and its answer! I would love to hear from them once a week and don't feel that a note assuring me that they are well is too much to expect. Some of them are as faithful as the morning sun, and others (won't mention names) seem to be more like your children. I know now why my mother and father looked forward so much to my letters, and I feel that someday our children will look forward to their children's letters and will understand then how we felt.

QUES: "In February our little girl will be ten years old. Up until this time we've always had afternoon parties for her with anywhere from twelve to twenty school-mates present. This year I thought that I would like to have a simple little dinner for her inviting about eight to ten of her closest friends. Is she still too young for this type of entertaining?"—Kansas.

ANS: No, she isn't. I think that a simple dinner would be nice, and little girls always enjoy such an affair for it makes them feel very grown up.

Note. Send your questions in for this letter basket. If I don't have room for them one month I will answer them the next. If you don't agree with me on some of the answers please write your opinion.—Leanna



The temptation was too great. I just had to rake leaves.

TAPS

Aviation Cadet James William Brandt was a typical American boy with an enthusiasm for football and horseback-riding, with a real love for flying. It was to his older sister Mary, a Dominican nun, that Bill wrote his last letter on May thirtieth, after a hard day on the training field in Coffeyville, Kansas. "It is time for Taps," he told her, "and I am ready." Next day, during a practice flight, his plane faltered, then plunged to the ground. Another Dominican Sister wrote for Mary these simple verses which were printed on Bill's memorial card.

"It is time for Taps," he wrote, "and I am ready."

Yet when he penned the words he little knew

How soon Death's Angel, signalling his spirit,

Would sound eternal Taps the while he flew.

And he was ready—fit to meet his Pilot

Who watched him coasting gaily through the blue,

Who saw the sacrifice he made for Freedom

And knew him to be brave and clean and true.

Oh, do not count his youth a wasted flower,

Nor ever say he did not win his wings;

Beyond the cloud banks where he glided often,

His spirit singing flies—and flying, sings!

—Sister Maryanna, O. P.

POEMS FROM MY SCRAP BOOK

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



BUTCHERING HELPS

Before starting in on the meat, cover the table with several sheets of newspaper, also lay old rugs or papers on the floor. Tie old socks on the doorknobs. Have ready sterilized jars, lids, sharp knives, clean old rags, kettles, crocks, sausage grinder, salt, sage, pepper, brown sugar, soda, and smoked salt. (Probably other items I have forgotten.)

Remember to cool meat before canning, wipe with a clean cloth, do not wash. Leave an inch in the top of each jar and wipe grease from top of jar.

TRIPE

Wash thoroughly, cover with salted water and let stand 24 hours. Drain, wash, and simmer gently in water to cover. Add a little chopped onion and a few spices. For pickled tripe cover with spiced vinegar.

PICKLED PIG FEET

Clean pig feet. Place in stone jar cover with brine made of dissolving 2 pounds of pure salt in 1 gallon water. Let stand 10 days. Remove from brine and soak in cold water 3 or 4 hours. Drop feet in hot water. Cook slowly until tender (not till flesh separates from bone). Pack in hot jars and cover with boiling spiced vinegar. For the vinegar use 1/2 gallon vinegar, 2 tablespoons grated horseradish, 1 bay leaf, 1 small red pepper pod, 1 teaspoon black pepper corn, 1 teaspoon whole all-spice.

CHILI CON CARNE

- 3/4 pound suet
- 2 cups chopped onions
- 1 tablespoon chopped garlic
- 5 pounds coarsely ground meat
- 2 tablespoons salt
- 1 pod hot pepper
- 1 teaspoon comino seed
- 6 cups boiling water
- 1 cup chili pepper or powder.

Melt suet, add onion and garlic and cook till deep yellow. Add meat. Sear until gray. Add other ingredients. Boil 20 minutes. If too thick add more water. Pack into hot jars. Process 60 minutes at 15 pounds or 3 1/2 hours in hot water bath. Tomato juice may be substituted for all or part of water. Comino seed and garlic may be omitted and amount of chili reduced to taste.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

JUICY UNSMOKED CANNED SAUSAGE OR WORST

Put 1 gallon water into large kettle, add 1 cup salt, 1 cup white sugar, let boil an instant and add stuffed sausage, (small casings), so water will cover it. Boil 20 minutes after starting to boil. Pack into sterilized jar, cover with liquid and seal at once. Store in cool place.

CANNED BEEFSTEAK

- 1 gallon of water
- 2 cups salt
- 1 cup white sugar

Boil until well dissolved. Put 1 cup of this liquid in each of 8 quart jars. Pack steak into jars till full then seal. Boil 1 hour. Tighten jars again.

When you open the meat, dip pieces in flour and fry in hot fat. Use the liquid in the gravy.

BOLOGNA

- 50 pounds meat (Beef and pork.

Use more beef than pork.)

- 4 tablespoons coriander
- 2 tablespoons black pepper
- 2 tablespoons mace or 1 tablespoon nutmeg

- 4 large onions chopped fine
- 8 pounds cold water
- 5 pounds oatmeal
- 1 pound smoked salt

Mix ground meat, onions, salt, spices, and water. Stuff in casings. Tie casings at each end. Cook long links for 1 hour in hot water just below boiling point. (Don't boil as casings will burst.) Cut in pieces 3 or 4 inches long. Pack in jars, cover with the following brine and process 1/2 hour in hot water bath. Brine—1 1/2 cups smoke salt to 1 gallon boiling water. Use water you boiled the meat in to fill the last jars. When ready to eat remove meat from jar and cover with boiling water and

PUDDING MIX COOKIES

- 2 packages pudding prepared (any flavor)
- 1 to 1 1/2 cups all purpose flour

- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 egg

- 1 cup medium heavy sour cream

Mix in order given, drop on cookie sheet and bake.

LIVER PASTE

- 3 pounds liver
- 1 pound fat pork
- 1/4 pound butter or other fat
- 1/4 pound flour
- 2 tablespoons salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 onion, ground
- 3 eggs
- Milk

Place liver in boiling water for a few minutes, not more than five minutes. Take out and grind very fine. Grind fat pork very fine and fry it very slowly with the onion. Mix butter and flour in a large skillet and add enough milk to make a sauce. Now add pork and liver and rub it all through a colander. Add salt, pepper, ground cloves, 3 beaten egg yolks, and fold in the beaten egg whites. Put in pint jars, adjust the lids and process 70 minutes at 15 pounds pressure or 3 hours in hot water bath.

HAMBURG ROLLS

- 1 pound hamburger
- 1 tablespoon rice
- 1 quart water
- Three small onions
- 1 pound sausage
- 2 eggs

- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 cup chopped celery

Mix the hamburger, sausage, rice, and beaten eggs, seasoning to taste. Heat the quart of water to boiling, add the tomato soup. Shape the meat into balls and drop into hot liquid. Add the three onions, left whole, and the coarsely chopped celery. A dash of Worcestershire sauce may be added. Cook in a tightly covered pan for from two to three hours. The liquid may need thickening before serving.

BAKED HOMINY WITH EGGS

- 1 can hominy
- 1 cup white sauce
- 4 eggs
- Grated cheese

Drain hominy thoroughly. Pour into a large buttered baking pan or casserole. Make four or five hollows in the hominy with a spoon, and drop eggs into the hollows. Cover the whole with the white sauce, then sprinkle with grated cheese and seasonings to taste.

HONEY CORN FLAKE MUFFINS

- 1 1/2 cups corn flakes
- 1 1/2 cups graham flour
- 2 cups white flour
- 1 tablespoonful shortening
- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup hominy
- 5 teaspoonfuls baking powder

Mix melted shortening with honey, add to one egg beaten lightly, then add milk. Stir in the dry ingredients which have been thoroughly mixed. Bake in well-greased muffin tins for thirty minutes. (Will make 32 muffins.)

PRUNE HONEY PUDDING

- 1 1/2 cups prunes
- 2 cups bread crumbs
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 cups sweet milk
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Grated rind of half a lemon
- 3 tablespoons shortening
- 1/4 cup honey

Wash and cover the prunes with warm water. Let them stand for 30 minutes in a warm place. Drain, remove the pits and cut the pulp into small pieces. Mix with bread crumbs, flour, salt, baking powder and spices, then stir in the honey and milk. Add the melted shortening and pour into a buttered mold. Cover with a tight lid and steam for 2 1/2 hours. A pound coffee tin is a splendid container for this pudding. Serve with hard sauce.

GUM DROP BARS

- 4 eggs
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon water
- 2 cups flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 cup nut meats
- 1 cup gum drops

Beat eggs. Add sugar and water and beat again. Sift flour with salt and cinnamon. Reserve about a fourth of the flour to sprinkle on the gum drops and nuts. Add the remaining to the egg-sugar mixture. Fold in the flour-dredged candy and nuts. Spread thin in a greased shallow pan (8 by 12 inches). Bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees) for 30 minutes. Cut while warm and roll in confectioners' sugar. Makes 2 dozen 2-inch squares.

BAKED ONIONS WITH TOMATO SAUCE

- 1 quart canned tomatoes
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 6 medium sized onions
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 cloves
- 2 tablespoons flour
- Pepper

Cook the tomatoes with the seasonings for 10 minutes. Blend the flour and melted fat. Add some of the tomatoes to this. Mix well and stir into the tomatoes. Skin and cut the onions into halves and put them in a large baking dish. Strain the tomato sauce over them. Add more salt if needed. Cover and bake until the onions are tender, about an hour.

PEANUT CLUSTERS

- 1/2 pound sweet chocolate
- 3 cups roasted peanuts

Cut the chocolate up in small pieces and melt in the double boiler. Drop the prepared peanuts into the chocolate and stir until they are well coated. Drop by spoon on waxed paper.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KINKS

Wellman, Iowa.

"I heard you tell about making Angel Food Cake using baking powder in it. I tried it to see how it works. Am glad to tell you it works fine. I used less cream of tartar and a little baking powder and it raised very high."—Mrs. M. S. Y.

Weeping Water, Nebraska.

"Cut lard in strips and put through the food grinder. Render slowly, adding 4 teaspoons of soda and 3 tablespoons of salt to six gallons of lard. Strain through a cloth into a stone jar."—Mrs. C. H.

Oxford, Iowa.

"Stale lard may be freshened by adding cracklings of freshly rendered lard to the old lard and bringing it to a sizzling heat. Add a handful of salt, stir well and strain. The cracklings gather all the strong taste."—Mrs. H. G.

Battle Creek, Iowa.

"Always strain the gravy when you are having rabbit or pheasant. There may be danger of bone splinters or small pieces of lead."—Mrs. N. P. S.

Strawn, Kansas.

"When using baker's bread, take out the end piece or heel and replace this when you have used the desired amount of slices. This will keep the bread soft and fresh. You may use the end pieces in puddings or soups."—A Kitchen-Klatter Sister.

Galesville, Wisconsin.

"When baking an Angel Food Cake try using 1/2 cup of white syrup, instead of that much sugar"—Mrs. S. H.

Hope, Kansas.

"Softened the oleo till it can be whipped with a Dover egg beater. Add 1 egg and beat well until mixed smooth. Then add one cup of lukewarm milk or cream. Beat again until smooth."—Mrs. S. S. M.

Powell, Nebraska.

"When making bread pudding add about half as many graham cracker crumbs as bread crumbs. This gives a grand flavor and lessens the amount of sweetening needed."—Mrs. F. W.

Crete, Nebraska.

"When baking ham, take an ordinary grocery bag, place ham in it and pinch the top of the bag together. Place in a roaster and bake in a slow oven. 300 degrees."—Mrs. L. N.

Clarence, Missouri.

"When making sweet rolls try spreading the rolled out dough with peanut butter instead of spice and sugar. Our children love it fixed this way. Also nut meats for cake may be rolled with the rolling pin. This liberates the oils and allows them to permeate."—Mrs. V. W.

Are you able to work happily with other people? If not, why not? Maybe you think you know the only good way to do things or you feel someone is looking down on you. Ten to one the trouble is with you and not the other person.

DON'T SKIMP ON BREAKFAST

Many of us spend more time planning dinners and suppers than we spend on breakfasts. They are a sort of a haphazard affair. This should not be the case for we have been without food for about twelve hours and have the hardest part of our days work before us. Don't skimp the first meal of the day. Have plenty prepared and get the family out of bed early enough that they won't need to eat in a hurry. Vary the menus. Fill them full of surprises. Have pleasant conversation. Make it a meal to be looked forward to, by the whole family. If you do this, you will not have to call them more than once. (I hope.)

A GOOD FIRE EXTINGUISHER

How many housewives know that they have in their kitchen one of the best fire extinguishers available? Not many, we venture. All housewives should know the value of common bicarbonate of soda as a fire killing agent. At the rate of four ounces to a gallon of water, it forms a chemical extinguisher equal to the use of 80 gallons of plain water. The mixture will not harm varnish, paint or clothing. A bucket full of bicarbonate of soda water and a tin cup may save life and home. And what is bicarbonate of soda? Why, nothing more than what is generally known as saleratus or baking soda.—Mrs. Mary S. Liff, Ashland, Ore.

"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

A good many years ago an old gentleman who did odd jobs around the neighborhood worked for my husband and on Mondays he would often remark, "Well, today is Monday, tomorrow is Tuesday, and the next day Wednesday, half the week gone and nothing done yet." That is the way I feel about it as it seems I always think that maybe next week or next month I will have more time for some of the things I have been neglecting, but each day seems as full as the one before and things remain undone for another day or week or month.

This year my chicken-houses were given a thorough cleaning, and treatment for lice and mites that was guaranteed for one year. It is too soon to say what the results will be but I felt that if one application would last for one year, a lot of time and energy would be saved.

Egg markets are still unsettled and to date the government has not worked out any definite program.

In 1934 the Government bought piggy sows in order to head off an oversupply of pigs. It was cheaper to buy the sows than to wait and take the pigs off the market later. Will the Food Administration try a similar plan with hens? There are enough hens and pullets on the farms to throw a big load of eggs on the market next year. Would it be a good business proposition for the Government to buy up millions of hens this winter, pay a bonus for early sales and send these hens to the army and navy and in that way head off this overproduction of eggs later? Buying on that plan might head off an egg-buying program next spring and summer that would cost twice as much. I have talked to a number of different flock owners and each seems reluctant to part with any of their hens just when they are almost at their peak of production.

Several friends have even gone to the trouble and expense of enlarging and improving their flocks and equipment. Speaking of equipment, it isn't too early to be checking up on what you have and what you will need. I recently was talking to an implement dealer who remarked that if people would only begin a little earlier in the season to see what they were going to need in the way of new parts it would be so much more satisfactory for all concerned. Of course, there are always parts that break or may develop leaks that are unforeseen but worn or faulty parts can be detected in a check-up. Brooder houses can be moved and put in position and repaired if necessary and all heating equipment thoroughly gone over so as to be ready when the first chicks arrive.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

For a long time we have concentrated on spreading cheer to individual shut-ins, and from all reports we have made many happy times for them. Now comes an opportunity for helping in a different way.

Recently a call has come for a large number of wheel chair robes to be used in the hospitals where our wounded soldiers are receiving treatment. These robes are to be 60 by 70 inches in size, or approximately that. They can be pieced or crocheted or knitted. Many of you have pieces that you could make up. Any pattern you care to use is all right. Put them together just like you would a quilt, using a thin inner lining, such as outing flannel or an old blanket, and either quilt or tie it and bind the edges. Wool pieces, with an outing flannel lining, would need no inner lining.

No one person would be likely to have enough yarn on hand to knit or crochet a whole robe, but most everyone has enough for at least one block or maybe a dozen or so, or would be willing to buy some. So here is what we can do—if you knit, make your yarn into plain knitted blocks six inches square. No matter what color they are. If you haven't enough of one color for a block, make a striped block of several colors. Regular 4-ply sweater yarn is best but lighter weight yarn can be knitted double to make blocks. The knitted blocks are really best as they make a smoother robe, not so apt to catch on things, but if you prefer to crochet the blocks here are directions: using 4-ply yarn, any color, chain 5 and join for ring. 1st row—Crochet 4 shells in ring as follows; ch 3, 3tr, ch 2, 4 tr; ch 2, 4 tr; ch 2, 4 tr, ch 2, join in top of 3 chain, turn. 2nd row—ch 3, 3tr, ch 2, 4 tr in 1st space; *ch 2, 4 tr, ch 2, 4 tr in next space; repeat from *, making 8 shells around; 2 ch, join to top of 2 chain. Break yarn. 3rd row—join black yarn in a side space; ch 3, 2 tr in same space; ch 2; 4 tr, ch 1, 4 tr in corner space; ch 2, 3 tr in side space. Repeat around block, ch 2, join with sl st in top st of ch 3. Fasten yarn securely every time you change colors and at finish of block. The two center rows can be different colors or both the same color, but final row must be black. If you do not have or cannot get the black yarn, make the first two rows and send to me and I will get someone else to do the black row. The blocks measure 4½ inches when finished. If yours are not quite that large, you can crochet a row of singles around the edge in black.

Perhaps you have a 4-inch frame for weaving. You can weave some blocks on that. I have some already started that way that we can use.

Now let's all get together on this and see how much we can do. Get your neighbors interested and see if you cannot make a complete robe right there. If you can't do that, then make as many blocks as you



OVER THE FENCE

Emma Frady, Route 1, Clermont, Georgia, is a shut-in who would enjoy cards and letters.

Here is an original idea. Mrs. W. M. Becraft, of Memphis, Missouri, has a good idea for displaying service stars. She hadn't been able to get a service flag with six stars in it so she made a service bouquet. She put three blue stars and three silver stars on wires and put them in a flower vase.

Congratulations go to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Utz of Sedgwick, Kansas. They celebrated their Golden Wedding on December 24th.

Mrs. Mable McFarland, musical director at KMA enjoyed having her daughter Phyllis Ann home for the holidays. Phyllis goes to Cottey College at Nevada, Missouri.

Julia Ferguson, daughter of Mrs. Lina Ferguson, Flower Lady at KMA, has been chosen by the Senior Class and faculty of the Shenandoah High School as a candidate for the D. A. R. citizenship award. The award is made for dependability, leadership, service, and patriotism.

My niece Lettie Field, Y 3/C, who is in the Waves, has been transferred from Washington, D. C., to Arlington Farms, Virginia.

Lt. Max I. Hall, son of Mrs. Roy R. Hall, Lamoni, Iowa, wrote from the Dutch East Indies that he met our son Wayne at O. C. S. in Australia. They shared the same tent. Max said it was almost like meeting an old friend for he has listened to the Kitchen-Klatter Program before he went into the army.

Good Neighbors—Cont'd
can and send them to me. I'd like several of you to volunteer to set these blocks together into robes.

If you can't knit or crochet, but have yarn or would buy some, tell me about it. And if you can do the work but haven't the yarn, let me know. I feel sure that among all the Kitchen-Klatter Good Neighbors we should be able to make a lot of these robes. Every soldier in the hospital needs one—and perhaps the very one you make will cover your own boy or your neighbor's boy. Send the blocks or the finished robes to me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. I will see that they are delivered to the hospitals.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Well, guess what? Tonight I've been sitting here letting down the hems of Juliana's dresses. Do you remember when your little girl began to grow tall and you had to let down the first hems? I don't think that I will forget this because it has given me such mingled feelings. I'm happy to see her growing and developing, but there is a pang for those days when the little yellow broadcloth first went on and Mother said that it made her look like a daffodil. Most of these dresses are ones that I made when I was at home last year and telling you about my sewing from time to time on Mother's program. Now over a year has passed and my baby is a little girl who needs a whole new wardrobe, for letting down hems can't postpone the day when the buttons and buttonholes won't meet each other across her back.

I am so busy these days that I don't know if I am coming or going, to use the old banal phrase. I've never worked harder, but I've never been happier, so I don't begrudge any of the hours that simply can't be stretched to include reading and handwork and listening to music. At that, however, I've accomplished more than I did when I was at home all of the time. This past month I made a lovely little dress for Kristin, it has a cross-stitched white batiste blouse and a turquoise wool jumper over it, put together a yellow dress for Juliana that Dorothy smocked beautifully, made three pairs of sleepers (I even put the feet in!) and a half-dozen quilted bibs. Now that isn't so bad, is it?

I believe that the worst part of the day is getting home from the office in late afternoon. San Francisco's streetcars are worn out and crowded beyond all description, so on many nights I have to let four or five Number 31's pass me before I can even squeeze on to the bottom step with nothing to hang on to but the person in front of me. Then at least three times a week the streetcar breaks down completely. One night last week I was over two hours making a trip that usually takes twenty minutes. That old streetcar blew its fuses four different times, and finally gave up the ghost completely. This meant waiting for the wrecker so that the single track could be cleared, and then transferring to another car. People ride on the outside of the car hanging on to any scrap of wire, and as a last note on transportation difficulties I will tell you that once someone knocked off my glasses and I couldn't move my arms enough to pick them up. My!

I guess that Marge will start teaching at the Presidio Hills Nursery School the first of the year. This is the school where I intend to enter Juliana when she is two. We are angling now for a place for her to stay, and I'd find it almost as simple to go out and raise a million dollars tonight, I'm sure. Juliana loves her

Aunt Margery, and says her name very clearly.

Even though Christmas is only a memory now I must tell you that for two weeks after the 25th, Juliana awakened us every morning by saying, "Up! Up! Santa Claus come." Poor child, she seemed to have the idea that every morning she would awaken to a fine new collection of toys, and that there was no reason why Santa shouldn't arrive daily. It's things like this that make me realize how confusing a place the world must be to a little child. And I must admit right here that even as an adult I find it mighty confusing. Imagine, for instance, Howard and Wayne meeting each other on an island in the Philippines. When you consider that they last met at home in Shenandoah it seems wildly confusing that they should be reunited in the far Pacific.

All of our furniture is with us again and so we feel really settled at last. Now if only our absentee landlord doesn't decide to sell the house we will be set! I don't dare think about this terrible possibility, for if it did happen I don't believe that there would be anything to do but return to Shenandoah. Yesterday I saw a pathetic advertisement in the paper. It read: "Our three-months-old baby has never been able to leave the hospital for we have no home for him. Must he grow up there? Please call . . ." Imagine that!

The clock says twelve, and I know that Juliana will be calling to me at 6:30, so this must be all.

Goodnight, and good wishes . . .

—Lucile.

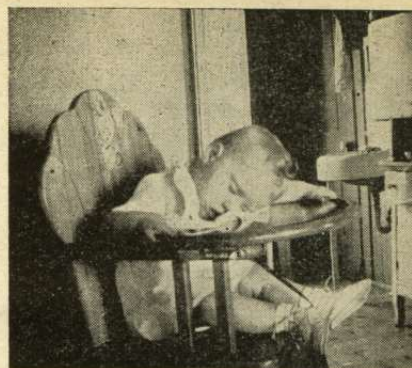
CHILDHOOD DISEASES

What mother is not concerned with communicable diseases, especially after the child starts to school. It is the duty of every parent to watch carefully for the first symptoms of these childhood diseases and isolate the patient until all danger of contagion is past.

Communicable diseases are born in the air (contagious) or passed from person to person (infectious.) Diphtheria, whooping cough, measles, and the different types of colds are among this list. Your child may be strong and robust and come through a siege of illness with few bad results but his little playmate who caught the disease from him may die.

Right now there are quite a few cases of diphtheria in the middlewest. Babies are less subject to diphtheria than the older child. This disease is carried by a germ from the throat of a person just recovering from the sickness. It usually begins with hoarseness, fever, and sore throat. Diphtheria may be carried in raw milk to well people, and after several days develop into a virulent throat disease. The cure is by injections as soon as the condition of the throat shows the presence of this disease. Diphtheria can be prevented by injection of toxoid even when a child is still in infancy.

The best time is when a child is



Susie Meeker, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Meeker, Union, Iowa.

six months old. The cost of this treatment is less than you would pay for one doctor's call if the child had diphtheria. No mother would allow carelessness to prevent her from saving a child if a wild animal were about to attack it. A wild animal is not as dangerous as diphtheria. Take your young child to the doctor now, for the use of toxin anti-toxin at an early age is more apt to result in immunity than when given later.

Many lives are saved by this method. I know some people refused to take the advice of their doctor and have this done and much suffering and sorrow resulted. Diphtheria is a dangerous disease with many serious complications following it, at times.

Whooping cough is often fatal in the case of very young babies. The cough hangs on for many weeks. Give the child plenty of fresh air. Do not keep them in a hot room. Feed them small quantities of food often and keep them as quiet as possible. Good care is three-fourths of the battle.

Measles is also worse for very small children than for older ones. The germs enter through the nose and throat. Ten to fourteen days is the usual time for development. Early symptoms may be general lassitude, coughing, running of the nose, and a fever. Keep the child warm and quiet. It may be two weeks before the body becomes red all over with the breaking out of the measles. Serious results follow if the child takes a cold while having the disease. The combination is often fatal. Keep people with contagious colds away from the patient. Follow the doctors' advice to prevent the serious effects which show up afterwards, as bad eyes and ear infections. Many mothers make the mistake of sending a child back to school too soon. He is better off at home, growing strong.

You have all heard mothers say, "Yes, come on over and bring Susie. The sooner our baby has the measles (or what ever Susie has) the better." This is the wrong attitude, for the fewer contagious diseases a child has, the more apt he will be to develop into a strong, healthy person. If there are communicable diseases in your community, have your children stay in their own yard for awhile. Keep them out of crowds as much as possible.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THUMPER RUNS AWAY

By Maxine Sickels

Did you ever see two pink ears and two pink eyes hopping over a snow-bank? I did. Of course, they belonged to Thumper our big white rabbit. He was white and the snow was white so it looked as if the pink eyes and pink ears were hopping along alone.

He was tired of being shut up in his pen where he has to stay when we are all at school. So when I walked by he put his paws up on the wire and said, "Please put me out of here. I want to play in the snow. I want to jump high and run fast. This pen is too little." I lifted him up and put him outside in the snow.

He hopped and jumped and ran away. When it was bedtime I could not find him. When it was morning he was still gone. When we came home from school that night, Thumper came hopping around the corner of the house and put his paws up on the outside of his pen. He was asking to be put back inside. This is the story he told me.

"When you helped me out in the soft cold snow, I thought it was lots of fun. I jumped high in the air. I hopped as fast as I could. I played in the snow and looked at the tracks I was making. I even slipped under the yard fence and ran down the smooth road as fast as I could run."

I was having so much fun that I did not notice how far I had gone until I came to that brush pile at the end of the hedge that grows in the pasture. There I met Little Gray Bunny Rabbit. He was playing in the snow too so we played together. Two rabbits have two times as many feet as one rabbit. They can make

two times as many tracks in the new white snow. They can have two times as much fun too.

We played together until I began to get hungry.

I asked Little Gray Bunny Rabbit, "Where can I find some alfalfa hay? I am hungry."

He picked up his heels and laughed at me. He said, "There isn't any hay out here."

I said, "Then I could eat a carrot or a piece of cabbage."

He only kicked his heels higher and laughed harder. "There isn't any cabbage, nor any carrots," he said.

"I could eat an ear of corn, then" I said, for I was very hungry.

"Perhaps you could but you will have to hop over to the other side of the pasture to the cornfield and dig one out of the snow," said Little Gray Bunny.

"Oh dear! What do you eat?" I asked.

"Oh, I eat the bark off those trees and dig up some grass when I get hungry, but I'm not hungry," he said.

"Well, I'm hungry and I'm going home! But when I started hopping, I had forgotten which way to go."

(Next Month—"How Thumper Got Home")

RIDDLES

How can you carry water in a sieve? Answer. Freeze it.

What would happen to a potato if you left it in water all day? Answer. It would get wet.

When is a nut a joke? Answer. You crack it.

Why is a horse like a lollipop? Answer. The more you lick it the faster it goes.

What man has the largest family in the world? Answer. George Washington. He was the father of our country.

THE GIANT IN THE WELL

A giant lives in Grandma's well,
He really does, for I can tell.
He hates to let the bucket go,
And that is why the wheel squeaks so.
When I throw pebbles down there, he
Makes ugly faces back at me.
But when I only look down in
An smile, he looks up with a grin,
And it is funny, too, to see,
He has a tooth out, just like me.

—Marie Wilsman.

FORGIVE ME, GOD

Forgive me, God,
For things I do
That are not kind and good.
Forgive me, God,
And help me try
To do the things I should.

—Elizabeth Mc E. Shields.



Our latest picture of Kristin Johnson, our youngest granddaughter, who lives in Hollywood, California.

A LETTER FROM DALE

"So many folks wanted to know all about me so I'll write a few lines. I am seven years old and am in the first grade. I have four brothers. They are Jerry 11, James 9, Ronald 5, and Roger 2 years. We live on the farm.

I was in bed a month the 21st of November and the doctor said would no doubt be here at least two months yet so you see I will have a long time to enjoy all the nice cards and gifts. However, my burns are healing just as fast as can be expected. They are third degree burns so will take a long, long time before they are healed completely. I sure do like my doctor. His name is Dr. R. Bennett, Corwith, Iowa. My mother and daddy dress my burns every other time now.

I want you and everyone to know this was the biggest birthday celebration I have ever had. I had three lovely cakes and my grandparents all four helped me celebrate my birthday besides several cousins and aunts. In fact, some of them brought over a birthday supper and I had a lovely time.

I must close now and thank you and everyone again for everything.

Love, your friend,
Dale Nielsen.



Mack and Lynn Sickels holding "Thumper" the rabbit, and the cat.



OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For Subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

Will exchange your hobby for pot holders.—Mrs. H. K. Larson, Route 2, Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Will exchange view cards, salt shakers, and vases. Would like to hear from different states.—Miss Colleen Barnes, Route 3, Lawrence, Kansas.

Will exchange vases. Would like hobby friends especially from the east or south.—Mrs. E. A. White, Agra, Kansas.

Will exchange salt and pepper shakers.—Mrs. Ray Ingwersen, Springfield, Nebraska.

Will exchange elephants.—Sammy Wiegert, Palmer, Iowa.

Collector of vases.—Mrs. Harry Bennett, 310 Center Street, Marionville, Missouri.

Would like cruets and jugs of all kinds.—Mrs. Ernest Raine, Sibley, Ia.

Will exchange quilt patterns for pot holder patterns.—Mrs. W. C. Higgins, South English, Iowa.

Collects sleigh bells.—Mrs. Robert Campbell, Route 1, Centerville, Iowa.

Would like vases. Has over 200. Would like especially ones about three inches tall and very colorful.—Mrs. Arthur Hutchison, Summerfield, Kansas.

"In the fall of 1942, I started a new hobby, namely, miniature windmills, wooden shoes, and small articles with Dutch designs on them. This was of special interest to me as it reminded me of the country where I came from eighteen years ago. My smallest wooden shoes are one inch and largest are fourteen inches. The smallest mill is two inches and the largest twenty inches. I often have been surprised when I received articles that I had never seen before. I had some disappointments, because not everybody is sincere in her exchange. But never-the-less, I have enjoyed meeting many nice friends through the hobby club.—Mrs. H. R. Dykstra, Sibley, Iowa. (Note: Please don't join our hobby club unless you intend to "play fair". Report to me the names of those who are not honest in their exchanges, please.)—Leanna.

Will exchange souvenirs. Also would like recipes and poems.—Esther Williams, Box 430, North Las Vegas, Nevada.

Will exchange handkerchiefs. Mrs. W. H. Wolff, Route 2, Northwood, Iowa.

Will exchange crocheted doilies, pot holders, and patterns for aprons, pot holders, tea towels, hot dish mats and view cards for printed and bleached feed sacks.—Mrs. Kermit Chapman, 1239 William Street, Baltimore 30, Maryland.

Mrs. W. R. Mehaffey, Waynesville, North Carolina, Route 2, does not wish to make any more exchanges but if you will send money to cover cost and postage she will send your hobby to you if she can buy one.

"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.

LAYETTES made to order: Diapers, \$3.50 per dozen; Komonas, 60¢; Nainsook Dresses, \$1.75. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

THREE PIECE CHAIR SET, \$1.85; three piece buffet set, \$1.85; three piece vanity set, \$1.85; 12-inch dolly, 75¢; 18-inch dolly, \$1.00. All embroidered and hem-stitched with crochet edge. Embroidered dish towels, 50¢ each, large size; 9-inch dolly, cross stitch, 50¢; patriotic holders, 50¢. Helen Chuldt, Poynette, Wisconsin.

SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT in crocheted baby sweaters and booties. Sweaters, \$2.50; booties, 50¢ per pair. Pink or blue. Mrs. J. W. Bowers, Munden, Kansas.

NOVELTY CHOPPING BLOCK with Axe, salt and pepper shakers. 35¢ plus 5¢ postage and packing. Wauneta Slaughter, Silver City, Iowa.

HOMEMADE DOLLS, fully dressed, \$3.00. Mrs. Emery Barclay, Madrid, Iowa.

FOR SALE. Crocheted tablecloth size 60x76. Cream color, \$25.00. Crocheted hat pin-cushions, all colors, 50¢. Mrs. Ed Beck, Wilber, Nebraska.

WAFFLE WEAVE DOILIES up to 12 inches, 75¢; Scarfs up to 36 inches, \$1.00; over 36 inches, \$1.50; 54x54 inch table covers, \$2.50; crocheted doilies up to 9 inches, 75¢; quilt tops pieced, \$3.00. Mrs. Mike Otten, Little Sioux, Iowa.

CROCHETED NOVELTY HAT AND PURSE PINS, 50¢; panty pot holders, his, her's, and skirt, \$1.50 set; state color, postpaid. Mrs. Lula Wright, 3972 Seward, Omaha 3, Nebraska.

GUARANTEED ONE DOLLAR VALUE surprise package postpaid, 35¢. Two sets wooden shakers, \$1.10. Month February only. Jake McKinney, Dublin, Texas.

MAIL QUILT TOPS, and linings for special lock-stitch quilting. Prices estimated by size. Maude Reed's Quilting Service, Victoria, Illinois.

TREASURE those little baby shoes. Have them mounted and gilded for keep sakes. \$1.10. Mrs. C. C. Langseth, Route 3, Worthington, Minnesota.

YARN PEKINGESE DOGS, \$2.50; knit dolls, \$1.25; Cloth dogs, \$2.00; washable dogs, \$2.50. Postpaid. Mrs. Raymond Linebaugh, Rt. 2, Maryville, Missouri.

HAND CROCHETED WOOL FASCINATORS, 40 inches in length, all colors. \$2.25. Mrs. W. J. Rosenbaum, 915 Virginia Street, Sioux City 19, Iowa.

CLOTHES FOR INFANTS AND TODDLERS. Silk dress for Easter, \$5.00. Order early. Mother and daughter Valentine apron sets, \$2.50. Pinafore or sun suit, \$2.00. Cotton dress, \$2.50. Slips, nightshirts and kimonos. Write for prices. Laura Mitchell, 712½ S. Locust, Grand Island, Nebraska.

Novelty shakers, pot holders, tea towels, and feed sacks are the hobbies of Mrs. L. S. Booe, White Cloud, Kansas. She does not have feed sacks to sell as some thought from the way her request was printed in the December issue.

FOR SALE—A beautiful quilt, Yo Yo pattern, diamond design, size 74x86, made of pre-war prints. Mrs. A. J. Stewarts, Flan-dreau, South Dakota.

MACHINE QUILTING. Cotton or wool batts furnished at market price. Write for price list. Mrs. Z. B. Baughn, Box 320, Centralia, Kansas.

CROCHETED BEANIE HATS of woolen yarn, assorted colors, \$1.00. In cotton, \$.60 each. Mrs. M. J. Teigland, Box 101, Elmore, Minnesota.

WHITE CROCHETED DOILIES, size 8 to 12 inches, \$1.00 each. Mrs. L. K. Chapman, 1238 William Street, Baltimore 30, Maryland.

CROCHETED DOILIES, 12 inches in diameter, white with colored pansy border. Price \$1.00. Mrs. Mary Henson, Greenbush, Illinois.

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 Eighth 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 comics. It's heroes are real, men and women your children should know and admire. An ideal birthday gift. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS on 500 gummed labels. Use on stationary and envelopes. Nice for gifts. Price 25¢. Gertrude Hayzlett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.



DOVE OF PEACE QUILT

A quilt depicting the peace towards which we are all working is one which many may wish to make. The White Dove of Peace is watching over the four corners, or directions, to guard the eventual peace. Each dove is in a group of flowers representing strength, heart's-ease, and love of our neighbors. Either white applique or white embroidery on a pale blue background would be lovely for this quilt. The complete pattern, C9658, 50c, gives the transfer for the five doves, the flowers, quilting for the entire quilt, and complete directions.—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Miss Josie Pfannebecker
Rt 1 Bx 136
Sigourney Iowa

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AID SOCIETY HELPS

A BIBLE

"Mother, I've found an old dusty thing.

High on the shelf. Just look!"

"Why, that's a Bible, Tommy dear;
Be careful—that's God's Book!"

"God's Book!" the child exclaimed.

"Then, Mother, before we lose it
We'd better send it back to God,
For, you know, we never use it."

GALLOPING LUNCHEES

I don't know where the name "galloping lunches" was first given to this plan, and I'm not sure just why it was given unless anyone's wits would gallop off for a few seconds when confronted with this situation.

Anyone in the Aid can invite five or six women to go to an Aid member's house and surprise her. Of course all Aid members are warned and are on the lookout, for no one knows when the lightning may strike. The woman to whose home they go must serve a lunch of some kind, and this is where a lot of merriment comes in for I've been to lunches where we had a combination of breakfast food and soup! There is only one iron-clad rule: the hostess isn't permitted to slip out the back door and buy anything. If she has only crackers and water in the house, then her guests will eat crackers and water. No one has ever been embarrassed and this is because only good spirits involved. Everyone takes an equal chance, and no one really cares what is served.

Ten cents is dropped into a bowl when the guests leave, and this sum is turned into the Treasury. Should this plan be continued over four or five months, it is plain to be seen that a tidy sum of money can be realized.

St. Joseph, Mo.—"The first meeting of the year, I passed around papers and asked each member to write what she would like to do in the Aid in 1943. They were not to sign their names. It was a big success. With these suggestions, the year's work was planned."

Some aid societies are collecting paper, grease or metals of all kinds and selling it to the proper agencies. The money obtained is given to the church.

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE LOST A LOVED ONE

In the December number of "The Women" I found the following article written by Mrs. Raymond Clapper. Her husband, the famous war correspondent, was killed in this war. Knowing that many of you are being called upon to face the same tragedy, I have the permission of the editor of "The Woman" to reprint the following:

MATCH HIS GALLANTRY

"How does one go on living after the war has claimed a beloved husband? You don't really live again for a long time. Beauty hurts you. Even love and tenderness, start a train of memory.

But eventually you have to face the stark reality. You have to realize that he is gone from this earth never to return. Accept it and begin at once to set your house in order. If you have worked before, you can get your job back again, if you will freshen up your mind and your skill. If you have never worked, use some of your insurance money to get some training. Be thankful you can work. It will truly be your salvation.

Don't hide yourself away from your friends. Don't wear dreary clothes. Have your hair done as you used to do for him; it is a swell morale builder. When you are especially distressed carry that handkerchief he gave you, or sprinkle a touch of the perfume he brought you from Bermuda. Whisper to yourself, "Courage." Soon you'll find courage coming without the urging.

Above all, take that walk in the woods you loved so together. Take it alone; weep over it, but never give it up. Go to that beach where you swam often together, and let nature's soothing wonders revive your soul.

Know in your heart that your husband's greatness stemmed from your love which you must never betray by weakness, by whining. Remember he left work undone which you must finish; he left children whose welfare you must assure in a double capacity now.

Finally, if you can believe that he has gone on toward greater growth, then you must grow, too, in the years left to you on earth so that when the reunion comes you will be fitter to take your place again by his side."

A WAR MOTHER'S PRAYER

Dear Lord, if this must be my lot.

To only stand and wait,
My heart a tomb of emptiness
Beside my garden gate.

Days so filled with loneliness
Night of startled waking,

How can I bear this weight of grief.
Or keep my heart from breaking?

Dear God, hold fast my hand, lest I
In anguish turn away

Help me to bear each blow that falls.
And give me faith to pray.

—Anon.

Buy More War Bonds!



Adria Loseke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Loseke, Richland, Nebraska.

SAINT VALENTINE

The origin of Valentine's Day concerns a priest who lived many centuries ago. He was supposed to have the power to make the course of love run smoothly. He was so gentle and sweet that all the people loved him. The Emperor became jealous and had him beheaded. The people celebrated his birthday by giving candy and flowers. Valentine letters expressing love were often sent. This accounts for the sending of valentines as we see them today.

U. S. A. QUIZ

Fill in the missing letters:

1. Ten hundred, ____ USA ____
2. Hair on the upper lip.
____ US ____ A ____
3. A day of the week.
____ U ____ S ____ A ____
4. Total or general.
U ____ SA ____
5. Forgivable. ____ USA ____
6. Rare or out of the ordinary.
____ US ____ A ____
7. The beating of the heart.
____ U ____ SA ____
8. A campaign to reform.
____ USA ____
9. Very eager and glad.
____ US ____ A ____
10. A servant. ____ US ____ A ____
11. Able to be bought.
____ U ____ SA ____
12. Famous for band music. ____ USA ____
13. A man in commerce.
____ US ____ A ____

Answers:

1. Thousand.
2. Moustache.
3. Thursday.
4. Universal.
5. Excusable.
6. Unusual.
7. Pulsation.
8. Crusade.
9. Enthusiatic.
10. Housemaid.
11. Purchasable.
12. Sousa.
13. Businessman.