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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

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Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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

My Dear Friends,

"The March wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, what will the robin do then, poor thing! He will fly to the barn, to keep himself warm, and hide his head under his wing, poor thing! And hide his head under his wing!"

No, I haven't seen a robin yet but it won't be long now. Only a few more weeks until the martins will be back to the martin house. They are noisy birds but so much company for me. When I work here in my office, I can hear them so plainly. Howard will have to make us a new martin house when he comes back from the war. He is in a Service Company and helps handle the mail that is landed at his base on the Philippines. He wrote that the sacks of incoming mail were stacked high and the pouring rains were rather hard on them. Before next Christmas he is going to write me how to wrap a package. I'll pass on the information. We all hope our boys will be home before then, don't we? When I wrote you last, our two boys were able to visit each other on the island, but not anymore. Wayne wrote he has taken another boat trip and it was really rough. He said, in part, "Just a note to let you know I am alive. During the last two weeks I have had my doubts as to just how long I could say that. Regulations prevent my telling much about it but never in my life have I been so frightened. I realize now how much prayer can help one. I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't had the knowledge God was taking care of me." Since then we have had another letter in which he said he heard some school children singing, "God Bless America" and they sang like they really meant it.

Well, I knew it would happen! All three of my girls are in San Francisco now but are not fortunate enough to live in the same house. Margery lives with Dorothy, though, and they are not far from Lucile. A lady, whom Lucile knew, had this furnished house for rent. There are seven rooms, I believe, a nice fenced in yard for Kristin to play in, a garage and a victory garden, to say nothing of the flowers around the place. Margery writes, "The house is on top of a hill. Only one hundred twelve steps to climb to get to it. I worked hard getting it all cleaned and homelike

before Dorothy got here. You should have seen me lug a studio couch downstairs, alone too. I have my books in the bookcase, flowers in the vases, a bowl of fruit on the table. It is really beginning to feel like a home."

Well, I'm afraid those one hundred twelve steps will keep me from visiting them while they are in that house. We won't be going to California until after the war, anyhow. Maybe they will come home for a visit so we won't have to make the trip then. I am surely getting anxious to see my little granddaughters.

Edith Hansen and her family are nicely located in a little white cottage about four blocks from us. She has a microphone installed which will be nice for her, for it is a mile to the studio. She lives a block south of my sister, Helen Fischer. Some of you know where she lives. Her husband is home from the hospital, and is feeling much better now. In the April magazine we hope to have a picture of me having a cup of coffee with her, in her home.

My children have a hard time keeping secrets. Radio friends tell me news about them that they keep from me. A lady wrote me that a friend of hers in Missouri had a son who was a weather forecaster at Wichita, Kansas, weather office. It seems our Donald was in Wichita and expected to fly back to Colorado Springs where he is stationed. The plane he was going to take was late so the Wichita, Kansas, weather man gave Don a railroad ticket he had not been able to use and he went on the train. Due to a storm, the plane was wrecked and all on board were killed. When I wrote to Don about it he said the story was true. Two of his good friends were killed in the accident.

March brings several birthdays in our family circle. Wayne will be 26 March 9th; Howard, 36, March 20th; Mart's sister Ruth has a birthday the same day. My sister Helen Fischer will be 69 on March 13th. My mother's birthday was March 25th.

I was happy so many of you wrote to me after you received your February magazine. I will appreciate hearing from you every month. Sit down and answer this letter. Tell me about your family news and what you are doing.

Sincerely, your friend,

—Leanna.

JUST VISITING

The desire to be friendly and neighborly is just as natural as the breath of life yet many people fight against it. Why, I wonder?

You don't have to get out and wave a flag to be patriotic. It is the sum of these three well known virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity. Faith in our country, Hope in its future, and Charity toward all.

Some people these days are complaining of their trials and hardships. Thank God, there are not many. If we do not endure some trials, sacrifice something, how can we face those in the service when they come home wounded in body and spirit? Be glad for all opportunities for service. We are all soldiers on the home front and must sacrifice too.

Homemaking is our job although it may seem we are not doing enough for the war effort. After all to protect homes and all they stand for, are the chief reasons our boys are fighting. Our privilege was won at a great sacrifice and we should constantly give prayerful thanks for the homely, daily tasks that are ours.

Can you scrape out one bite of edible food without thinking of the thousand of hungry people in war torn Europe? Plan to use left overs. Pride yourself on an empty garbage can.

Our thoughts are with you mothers who have sons in prison camps. We hope they may all be liberated and return safely home.

Much has been written about what can be done for the boys who return home. It seems to me it is up to each local community to take a special interest in their own boys and their needs. If you can help in any way, let those in charge of the rehabilitation program know it.

Life is full of beginnings. We are always going on into the future. —Some dread a new road, have lost all interest in new paths and life's surprises. Maybe that is a sign they are growing old. They cling to old tasks, old customs, old ways of doing things. They are afraid of the future. Don't let yourself get into that kind of a rut. You will "stick in the mud and die there."

ROOM BLESSING

God bless this quiet room
A peaceful shrine,
My place of rendezvous
With Christ divine.
Here I can come alone
To rest and pray,
And all that sense has known
Just slips away.
In blessed reverie
I find release,
There in my quiet room
God gives me peace.

—Ralph O'Day.

Come into the Garden

BEGONIAS AND AFRICAN VIOLETS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

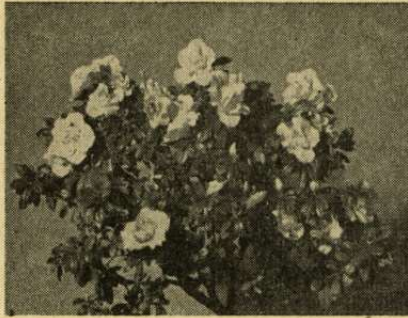
It should not be difficult to choose one of these two types of plants for any home. If you have a warm house, you may grow African Violets successfully. Begonias do better in cooler atmospheres. Both need their leaves sprayed once in a while with tepid water. As far as my experience goes, the Begonia has no troublesome pests—African Violets are subject to mealy bugs, especially if grown in the same window as Coleus which seems to be especially susceptible to them. The African Violet may be grown in a container which has no drainage hole provided plenty of pebbles are put in the bottom of the pot. Begonias do not seem to like this treatment. Neither can stand being constantly over watered; especial care must be taken with African Violets in leak-proof containers.

Leaves of both of these plants, that is certain kinds of Begonias such as those having the Rex strain may be started by the same methods—in moist sand or part sand and soil with a glass over the leaf or in a small terrarium such as a large mouthed glass jar, or in a glass of water in a sunny window. In the case of the African Violet when potting after roots have formed, place in a terrarium.

The terrarium method is a very easy one to use when propagating leaves, as once established it takes little care. The leaves get just the right amount of water from the dampened sandy soil in which they are placed, and beside being in a warm humid atmosphere, protected from the hot dry air of the room, they have the added comfort of the sun's rays shining through their glass house. This may be a fish bowl; an empty candy or tobacco jar; or even as simple as a drinking glass covered with a glass fruit jar cover. These leaves may also be started very easily in a glass of water in a sunny window. However, after having formed their roots, if they are planted in small jars of soil, they will thrive better if a glass tumbler is turned over them until the young plants start to grow. If the stem should be broken from the Violet leaf, and the leaf is inserted directly into the soil, new plants will quickly form around it, given the proper propagating conditions.

Begonias seldom look their best in winter. It requires patience to carry them over, especially when they have bloomed profusely all summer only to present a sad and bedraggled look during the winter. New cuttings are a wise choice in case the old plant does not pull out of its transplanting sulks.

Certain varieties of Begonias, such as those having the Rex strain, and all types of the African Violets are readily started from leaf cuttings.



Azalea Bloom

CARE OF AZALEAS

By Jessie Bondy Wright

Treasure the Azalea which you receive for it is one of the few "gift plants" which may easily be made to thrive in your home and grow in size and beauty for years to come.

It is of the Rhododendron family, and that word in Greek means Tree Rose. But though it looks much like a rose it is not related and requires different treatment entirely. Its two absolute requirements are cool air and acid soil. Place it at once in a sunny window where temperature is never above 70 degrees and much cooler at night. Spray the leaves frequently. Never let the soil get bone dry but never let water stand in the saucer. After the plant is through blooming, trim unshapely branches and keep it growing vigorously. In the spring place it outdoors in a half shady place. You can sink the pot in soil. Spray with clear water in early morning. Water with liquid fertilizer once a month. Vigorous growth now means lots of bloom in January. It will come to you in soil acid enough to last a year, but the second year you should give it in liquid form, two tablespoons of aluminum sulphate or the more refined powdered alum which you get at the drug store. It indicates hunger for acidity by having all its leaves begin to turn yellow. Do not worry about individual yellow leaves.

About once in two years it will need moving to a larger pot. Do this in early spring disturbing as little as possible. Add soil made up mostly of peat and leaf mold with a little sand and garden soil. In the fall its buds are made and it needs a little rest so put it in a light, cool room and water very little until early December when it will begin to grow rapidly.

My plant is now seven years old. Most of its flowers are white with large splashes of salmon pink but each year it has three or four blooms of deep cerise. There are hardy Azaleas also but the ones that are sold in the green houses are semi-tropicals, most of them are from Turkey.

MAKING THE HOME PATIENT COMFORTABLE

Those of you who have had the opportunity to attend home nursing classes will be able to serve better not only your community but also your families. To some, nursing is a special gift, others find it takes hours of training to be efficient.

By a special aptitude for nursing, I mean that one may be endowed with a gentle touch, a quiet manner, a cheerful disposition, and an abundance of patience. Although not endowed with all these qualities, one may acquire them if there is a love of service and a willingness to learn.

A nurse who is thoughtful of little things is the one who has a contented patient. A sick person is apt to be impatient, to want requests filled quickly. A drink of water, a blind lowered, a pillow turned over, a blanket straightened are only little requests but they all help to make a sick person more comfortable.

Unnecessary noise is apt to disturb a patient, especially if he is nervous or sleeps poorly. Never allow doors to be slammed or loud talking in the room or hall; muffle the telephone and the door bell. When visitors call, keep the conversation cheerful and if possible steer it away from the patient. Watch for signs of weariness and never let a visitor stay too long.

One thing indispensable in a sick room is small pillows. Have several of them and plenty of clean pillow cases. Bend the knees and place a pillow under them if the patient lies on his back. When he is turned on his side, place a pillow behind his back for support. Also one between the knees gives added comfort.

A good skin rubbing is restful to the patient. Your hands should be warm and smooth and the touch firm. Fluttery hands make one nervous. Give the patient a bath and an alcohol rub and he will go to sleep more readily at night.

Too much cannot be said about cleanliness in the sick room. A clean patient in clean nightgown, a clean bed, a clean room, and a clean nurse. Add to this a plant in bloom on the window sill, a few well chosen pictures on the wall and all these will hasten a patient's recovery.

As you read this many of you are saying, "But Leanna, with all the house work to do and children to care for, not much time is left to spend in a sick room." That is true, but let part of the house work go, if necessary. Snatch and make use of the minutes when the children are happily playing to do the necessary tasks of a "home nurse." Let the children who are old enough "play nurse." When I was in bed at home for several months, Margery wanted a little nurse's cap and apron, so that she could help care for me and although she was only about nine years old she was lots of help. Even younger children may be given little duties in the sick room.

—Leanna.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER TWENTY

One of the things that I enjoyed the most about having a baby in the house was the fact that so many people called to see her. I really thought that Dorothy was my baby, so it gave me a great thrill to show her off, and I insisted upon showing everyone her pretty clothes that were kept in a small wicker chest. Incidentally, this chest is still in the family, and is still known as Dorothy's particular property. When both of us were at home last year we kept Kristin's and Juliana's clothes in it, and once we glanced at each other as we bent over to take out pink sweaters and said that we wondered if our grandchildren's clothes would be kept in it!

When Dorothy was only a few weeks old we had one of the most severe windstorms that Shenandoah ever experienced. It was really a tornado, and it struck us about five o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. I remember all of this very well for the simple fact that when we started to run to the cyclone cave Dad discovered that the door was locked and the key was missing from its hook.

Where was the key? Well, believe it or not, but I knew exactly where the key was. It was in Fischer's mail box! Why I should have remembered where we had taken the key is more than I know, but at any rate I went tearing across the street for it, and sure enough—it was in the mail box!

I got back across the street with it just before the storm hit us, and I can still remember sitting in the cave listening to the trees snap outside while Dad told us that he never again wanted us to take that key off of the hook, or stuff the ventilator pipe with old twigs and grass! Howard and I had never really understood the purpose of the cave until that afternoon.

Incidentally, I might mention in passing that the Fischers never paid any attention to storms, and that we always thought they missed a great deal. Certainly the Fischer girls thought so, for it was the ambition of their lives to be at our house when a bad storm came up and we had to go to the cellar. For sheer excitement there was nothing to compare with sitting in the southwest corner of the basement and waiting for the worst. The house *might* cave in on us, and we *might* be crushed, but at least we wouldn't be blown into the next county!

That next Christmas we had company from New York. Aunt Jessie Field (she was not yet Aunt Jessie Shambaugh) came to visit all of her family on a brief vacation from her work as national secretary of the YWCA. She brought Howard an Indian suit because he had promised to stop sucking his thumb, (if Howard is in a fox-hole in the Philippines when he reads this he is going to get a good laugh), and she brought me a beautiful doll with curly hair and eyes that

opened and shut. Oh yes, and she brought Dorothy a lovely white wool coat and bonnet lined with silk and delicately embroidered. I was proud of Dorothy's clothes, you know, and I considered this a great addition.

The following summer we had company from California. Aunt Sue Conrad came with her three little girls, Frances, Mary, and Margery, and they spent several weeks with us and with the Fischers. In pictures taken during that time I notice that Mother, Aunt Helen, and Aunt Sue all look quite thin and anxious around the eyes! It must have been a strenuous summer, to say the least.

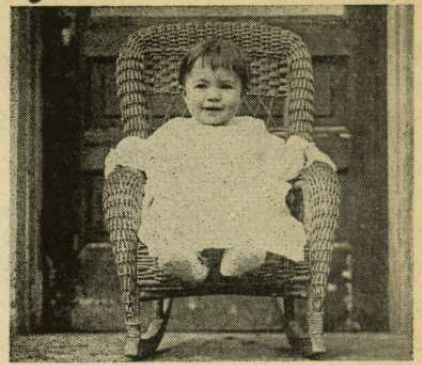
It was just before school started, when Howard and I were to enter the first grade that something happened which illustrates the kind of patience Mother had in her relationship with us.

The thing that I enjoyed above all was taking Dorothy for a ride in her carriage, and Mother never once suggested that I was too young to be trusted with such responsibility. Furthermore, she always got out the nicest coat and bonnet and carriage robe even though I only walked back and forth on the walk in front of our house. She respected the fact that I was proud of Dorothy and always wanted her to appear at the best possible advantage.

On this particular afternoon Mary Fischer came across the street to join me in giving Dorothy her ride, and for quite a long time we pushed her carriage contentedly up and down in front of our house. I don't know what suddenly made us decide to cross the street, something that we had never dreamed of doing before. I don't know if we saw someone on the other side who "needed to see Dorothy" or if we just decided that we tired of the familiar stretch. At any rate, we decided to cross the street, and since Summit Avenue had not yet been paved and a heavy rain earlier in the day had left it a miserable stretch of deep muddy ruts, we had a struggle in getting the carriage wheels to turn.

It was when we reached the middle of the street that the wheels refused to budge at all, and almost simultaneously the entire carriage collapsed. It was one of those metal carriages that *would* collapse at the right time, only having a baby inside and being square in the middle of a muddy street wasn't the right time. And Mary and I certainly knew this, young as we were. We began shrieking for help at the top of our lungs, and in less time than it takes to write this, front doors had been flung open all up and down the street.

Mother reached us first, of course, and she calmly rescued Dorothy who was entirely unhurt but shrieking her head off on general principles. Then she got the carriage back to the curbing and called to the neighbors that everything was "all right." This done, she took us in the house and washed our faces and cleaned our shoes. Did she give us the scolding of our lives and tell us that never, *never* again



Dorothy Driftmier, ten months old.

were we to take that little baby out riding because we couldn't be trusted at all, not at all? She did not. She made us feel that our intentions were the best in the world, and that we just simply had made an error in judgment in trying to cross a muddy street. Dear Mother! Who else would have been so considerate of the feelings of a proud five-year old?

That winter we had several sharp bouts of illness. Both Howard and I had infected ears that finally had to be lanced, and Dad was very sick for a couple of weeks with something that the grown-ups called "the grippe". This was confusing to us for we thought that gripes were something to hold clothes when one traveled on the train, and if this were true, how could you be sick with "the grippe" unless you had eaten one? I remember going into the closet to look at Dad's brown leather grip and trying to figure this one out.

In the spring something exciting happened—we moved to a new house. The house across the street from Fischers where we had lived since Mother and Dad were married was getting too small for us, so when Dad had an opportunity to rent a much larger house three blocks up the street, he took it.

This is the house that we live in today. We were to be gone from it for nine years, between 1917 and 1926, to be exact, but in 1926 we returned to it and have been there ever since. We think of it as the family home. However, so many, many things have been done to it that it is almost unrecognizable for the house that we moved into, in the spring of 1916.

Only a short time after we were settled in the new house, Grandmother and Grandfather Field came to visit from California. This was to be Grandmother's last trip to see her children and grandchildren, and I am glad that she could see Howard and me for she must have wondered many times what kind of children her daughter had acquired when she married. I am glad too that she did not find us wanting, and that when she returned to California she wrote a letter, now yellow and faded, in which she said that we were good, thoughtful children!

(Continued in April Issue)

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTION AND ANSWERS

QUES: "My husband has deserted me, Leanna, and left me with our little baby to support. His family says that he is getting a divorce in another state, and that he is justified in doing this because I helped my parents too much. They were in a bad automobile accident and almost died—I helped them through that time. Can you give me an idea as to how I can go about supporting myself?"—Oklahoma.

ANS: My dear friend, I think that the first thing for you to do is to find out what legal rights you have. You need expert legal counsel at once. Find out where your husband is, find out if he can get a divorce, and find out what your child's rights are. This must be done before you start about supporting yourself and the baby over a long period of time. And as to how you should do this . . . without knowing something about your abilities and background I'm afraid that I wouldn't be able to give you sensible advice.

QUES: "Since my husband has been overseas my little girl and I have lived with my parents. At times I find life almost unbearable because of my mother's never-ending fussing at me. Nothing is ever right, and from morning until night it is just one long criticism. I am blue and nervous and worried half-to-death over my husband for he has been wounded once, and the last I heard he was on German soil. Do you think I should take the money that we've saved and buy a house so that I can live alone, or that I should rent something in another town?"—Missouri.

ANS: Without knowing more it is so hard to say flatly "yes" or "no".

Since things have gotten to such a bad pass why don't you talk to your mother with great frankness and ask her if both of you can't turn over a new leaf? You will try harder not to show your anxiety, and she will bear in mind the fact that you have much to worry about. Try this before you give up and move away. I hate so badly to see bitter breaks between parents and children that I can think of it only as a last desperate and final resort.

QUES: "Sometime will you write something about mothers who make life miserable for their boys who will go into the army as soon as they are old enough? I love my mother dearly, but she makes me feel terrible all of the time with her weeping and constant advice to us to be careful when we're in the army. My brother is only fourteen and she is already working on him. We don't want to make our mothers worry, but we can't help the fact that we'll be taken into the army and there is no sense

in spoiling our remaining time at home."—Nebraska.

ANS: This letter from a high-school boy has a message in it for every mother in the country. Have you been guilty of crying in front of your boy, urging him to be careful (as though any boy could guarantee that it would do him any good to be "careful"), and making him feel that he is living under a dark cloud of worry? If you have, don't be surprised if he doesn't act too badly about leaving home. We may feel heartbroken at the thought of our young boys going into such dreadful circumstances, but it is up to us as good mothers to turn a cheerful, happy face to them.

QUES: "What is your stand on home-work, Leanna? Our three children come lugging home books every night and insist that they have to get work prepared even though it takes them from seven until 9:30. I've talked to other mothers who have the same problem, so I don't think that it's just my children who don't get their work done during the day as they should. Do you think that we should make some tactful suggestions to the teacher or superintendent?"—Missouri.

ANS: I don't think that children should be forever grubbing away with home-work as so many, many of them do these days. I can't remember that it was necessary in times gone by, and somehow we always managed to learn what should be learned. I think that a group discussion with the superintendent should be arranged. Perhaps he doesn't realize that the situation exists throughout his entire school system.

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

QUES. "What is the acid that will brighten windows on the outside and remove rust from the screen "

ANS. "The name is muriatic acid. It comes in crystal form. It takes very little. Dissolve 1 teaspoon in 1 pint of water. Use with care for it burns like lye. Dip a swab in it and paint the glass with the acid solution. Let stand 15 minutes, then rinse off. The swab may be fastened to one end of a yard stick. Be careful, don't get burned."



Lt. Wayne Driftmier, our son in the South Pacific. He has been in the service for over three years.

A MOTHER'S HEART IN UNIFORM

No mother's son has ever gone
Alone to meet the foe;
Her loving heart companions him
Wherever he may go.

Among a million marching feet,
He walks as one apart;
Above their heavy tread he feels
The pulse beat of her heart.

No soldier ever stands alone—
Alone no one has died.
A mother's heart in uniform
Is always by his side!
—Mary Ann Short.

THEY SOFTLY WALK

(BY HUGH ROBERT ORR)

They are not gone who pass
Beyond the clasp of hand,
Out of the strong embrace.

They are but come so close
We need not grope with hands
Nor look to see nor try
To catch the sound of feet.

They have put off their shoes
Softly to walk by day
Within our thoughts, to tread
At night our dream-led paths
Of sleep.

They are not lost who find
The sunset gate, the goal
Of all their faithful years.

Not lost are they who reach
The summit of their climb.
The peak above the clouds,
The storms.

They are not lost
Who find the light of sun
And stars and God.
—Sent by Joyce O. Peterson.



GINGERBREAD

The story of gingerbread comes up through the pages of history. First, we read of it in Greece, then in France where King Louis XII liked it so well he organized gingerbread clubs. Henry IV introduced it to England. He called it "cake-bread." From England it came to America. The mother of George Washington was noted for her gingerbread. This recipe is now the property of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Then gingerbread must be 800 years old. Since we still love it, it must "have something."

SUGARLESS GINGER BREAD

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 2 eggs

Cream shortening and molasses, add the eggs beaten light. Sift dry ingredients together except the soda and beat in gradually, dissolve soda in hot water and stir in last. Beat well. Bake in shallow pan and top with 1 package of Philadelphia cream cheese and 1/4 cup orange marmalade.

SYRUP PUMPKIN PIE

- 2 cups pumpkin
- 1 cup syrup
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon ginger
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 3 eggs
- 3 cups rich milk (scalded)

Mix pumpkin and other ingredients, add eggs one at a time. Add hot milk. Pour into pie crusts and bake.

COFFEE PUDDING

- 1 cup cold coffee
- 1 tablespoon lard
- 1 cup dark syrup
- Pinch salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Flour to make soft dough. Raisins or nuts may be added. Steam in covered container for three hours. Serve hot or cold with cream or without.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

BEST MOLASSES DOUGHNUTS

Sift together, 5 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, and 1 teaspoon of cinnamon. Mix 1 cup molasses, 1 cup sour milk, 1 beaten egg, and 2 tablespoons melted shortening. Add dry ingredients to liquid ingredients and mix thoroughly. Fry in deep fat. If doughnuts are let stand 1 hour before cutting and frying they are easier to handle.

"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

"Was glad you let me know my Kitchen-Klatter had expired for I certainly would be lost without it. It is just another bright "ray of cheer" and I feel I know you and your family as if you lived across the field from us."
—Mrs. S. M. P., Maxwell, Iowa.

SPICE DROPS

Yolk of 3 eggs, 1/2 cup butter, 1 cup molasses, 1/2 cup sweet milk, 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder. Spices to use are nutmeg, cloves, and cinnamon and 1 teaspoon lemon extract. Drop on tins lined with wax paper. Bake quickly.

PEANUT BUTTER MOLASSES COOKIES

Cream 1/4 cup shortening with 1/4 cup sugar and 1/2 cup peanut butter or krunch. Add 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon soda, 1/4 cup milk, 3/4 cup molasses. Drop from spoon on greased tin and bake 350 degrees oven. Makes two dozen.

MAGIC SUGARLESS COOKIES

1 1/3 cups Eagle Brand milk
1/2 cup peanut butter
Cream together and add any one of ingredients below:

- 2 cups raisins
- 2 cups corn flakes
- 1 cup chopped nutmeats
- 2 cups dates chopped

Drop by spoonful on greased baking sheet. Moderate oven 375 degrees, 15 minutes or until brown. Remove from pan at once.

WHITE LOAF OR CUP CAKES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup white syrup
- 1/3 cup milk
- 2 cups cake flour
- 3 egg whites
- 2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/4 teaspoon almond extract

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually. Sift dry ingredients together, mix flavorings with milk and add alternately with dry ingredients to sugar mix. Add syrup. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in cup cakes or layer cakes for 20 minutes at 375 degrees for cup cakes, cake, 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

HONEY SHAMROCK COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1/4 cup bran cereal
- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon cloves
- 1/4 teaspoon allspice

Method. Combine honey and shortening and boil just 1 minute. Cool. Crush cereal slightly. Sift flour, soda, and spices together. Stir in cereal. Beat the cooled honey mixture into the dry ingredients. Mix well, cover and chill for 1 hour. Roll portions of the chilled dough out onto a slightly floured board. Cut cookies very thin. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, 5 to 8 minutes.

ANGEL FOOD CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups light corn syrup
- 5 egg whites
- 5 egg yolks
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Boil syrup until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Beat egg whites stiff but not dry. Pour syrup over them slowly. Continue beating. Add the lemon juice and vanilla. Beat this mixture until it holds its shape. Fold in egg yolk. Beat until thick and lemon colored. Fold in sifted ingredients. Bake in large ungreased tube pan in a slow oven, 300 degrees until browned well. About 60 minutes. Invert until cake loosens.

SUGARLESS ICING FOR ANGEL FOOD CAKE

- 1 egg white
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Vanilla

Combine all ingredients in top of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thick enough to stand in peaks. Spread on cake.

ICE CREAM

- 1 egg beaten

Add one cup heavy cream and two cups milk and 3/4 cup sugar, brown is better if one has it. Then 1 cup crushed graham crackers, 1 teaspoon vanilla, put in tray and freeze, stirring several times while freezing. Better double this or triple it when you make it. Do not cook. Part brown sirup can be used.

SUGARLESS SPICE CAKE

- 3 eggs
- 1 cup light or dark syrup
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon allspice

1 cup raisins or nut meats may be added. Beat eggs well, add syrup and beat again. Add soda to cream and add to first part. Add flour, salt, allspice, sugar, which have been sifted together. Beat well. Bake in loaf pan in moderate oven 30 minutes. A chocolate cake may be made by omitting the allspice and adding 3 tablespoons cocoa.

REMEDY FOR WHOOPING COUGH

- 1 lemon, rind and all
- Honey from 1 pound comb, squeezed out
- 1 pint flax seed, whole seeds
- 1 quart water

Put in a granite pan on back of stove and simmer 4 hours. Do not boil. Strain through thin cloth. Give 1 teaspoon every 3 or 4 hours or after fit of coughing.—Mrs. T. J. Reith, Grant City, Mo.



Broadcasting the Kitchen-Klatter Program over KMA. You will find me here at my desk every day at 1:30 P. M.

COOKING HELPS

"When making soft pies be sure to cool the filling before putting it in the baked crust. Some may say it will not be smooth and nice. What is the difference after the whipped cream or frosting is put on? By cooling the filling first, you will have a nice crisp crust."—Cumberland, Iowa.

"Quick Jelly Icing, 1 egg white, 1/2 cup grape jelly, (raspberry or blackberry) what ever kind you have. Put in pan over hot water, beat with rotary beater until jelly is dissolved, remove from hot water and keep beating until stiff enough so it will stand in peaks."—Mrs. B. N., Winchester, Kansas.

"I have found out if you mix all your cream of tomato soup up cold, then beat it, doesn't curdle for me. I also grease my potatoes before putting in oven to bake."—Mrs. J. H. Jolley, Iowa.

"When I sift flour for cakes and so forth, I always use a strong piece of wax paper instead of a bowl or pan."—Mrs. W. S. Lansaster, Kansas.

"In a custard pie calling for several eggs, use 1/2 tablespoon of cornstarch for each egg omitted. Saves eggs when they are high priced."—Mrs. L. E. D., Fairfield, Iowa.

"Try adding some ground or chopped raw potato to hamburger mixture. It helps bind it together as well as making it go farther. Also add some onion. Left over mashed potato may be used but the raw gives it more flavor."—Mrs. J. B., Omaha, Nebraska.

"When preparing steak for dinner, after giving it a good pounding, beat up two eggs and dip meat in the egg and next dip in cracker crumbs and fry in hot fat. We sure enjoy our meat from the locker fixed that way."—Mrs. L. R. Tama, Iowa.

"When mixing flour for gravy or sauces, always use warm water or liquid for mixing. The result is smooth gravy."—Mrs. K. E. B., Hiawatha, Kansas.

"When poaching eggs, if you'll grease the pan or butter it before adding the water, they won't stick so badly."—Mrs. I. G., Lamoni, Iowa.

"Did you know if you wrap potatoes you are going to bake in waxed paper, bread wrappers will do, they are better than baked the other way."—Mrs. F. E. S., Pleasantville, Iowa.

MOTHER'S COOKY JAR

By Laura Emily Mau

My mother has a cooky jar,
With cookies on the shelf,
And when I'm good she always says
That I may help myself.

I try to be as good each day
As I know how to be,
To help myself to cookies that
Mother has made for me.

It pleases Mother to see how
Polite that I can be,
Because I never help myself
To more than two or three.

HONEY CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 2 cups cake flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/4 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup honey
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 2 squares unsweetened Chocolate, melted
- 3/4 cup milk

1. Sift, then measure flour. Sift three times with salt and baking soda.

2. Cream shortening, add honey gradually, creaming thoroughly.

3. Slowly add eggs, beating after each addition. Add chocolate that has been melted and cooled. Blend thoroughly.

4. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING

- 2 cups hot mashed sweet potatoes
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup sugar or corn syrup
- 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/4 teaspoon allspice
- 2 eggs (yolks and whites beaten separately)
- 1/2 cup milk

Add the fat, salt, sugar or syrup, and spices to the hot mashed potatoes. Add the beaten egg yolks and milk. Beat well. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake about thirty minutes in a slow oven until the pudding sets.

A substitute for the spices in this recipe may be one-half an orange, chopped rind and pulp.

CHEESE OMELET

- 1/2 cup finely cut bacon
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 cup water
- Pepper to season
- 6 eggs
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/8 teaspoon paprika
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 6 slices bacon broiled

Beat eggs slightly and mix with milk, salt, paprika and pepper. Cook the diced bacon in hot frying pan until brown. Pour in the egg mixture and cook slowly until firm. Spread the cheese over the omelet and place in a hot oven for two minutes, fold, turn out on a hot platter and garnish with broiled bacon. Serve at once.



Practical Poultry POINTERS

When I was a child I used to think it was just wonderful to hear people say, "I remember about thirty years ago or maybe even forty years ago" and now I can say it too, and there is really nothing wonderful about it at all.

I was just reviewing my first flock of chickens that I had thirty-seven years ago this spring. I have had many, many flocks since, but I guess because that was the first one, I remember it the best. There were exactly five dozen hens. One dozen Barred Rocks were given to us for a wedding present. Three dozen more were purchased by my husband at a sale and were also supposed to be Barred Rocks but when we took them from the coops we found several black ones and some that were barred, but of Leghorn build. As a Barred Rock lays a large brown egg and we found white shelled eggs, I always thought they had some Leghorn blood in them. Then the last dozen we secured from a man for some apples and potatoes from our cellar. We had a whole bin full of potatoes and as it was spring, we disposed of them for whatever we could get. Also had several barrels of the old fashioned Genetain apples. Well, this dozen hens were of every kind and color and I remember very distinctly one that was just about the color of a Maltese cat and was as wild as a deer. She would fly to a tree in the orchard to roost and I doubt if we ever got an egg from her, unless she laid them in a bird nest. I don't believe she even went near any kind of nest. We tried to catch her several times at night and were going to sell her before cold weather set in, but we never succeeded. She finally disappeared from her perch in the apple tree. Some coon or opossum probably had a feast, although I'll guarantee it earned it before it got it.

By this time I know many of you are getting your baby chicks. Be prepared for them before you bring them home. Have your stoves in running order and your brooder houses thoroughly cleaned and sprayed. It only takes a very few mites to make a whole hoard of them in a short time. Spraying with a good disinfectant also helps to dispose of any germs that may be left from a previous flock. I think I will use ground cobs again this spring. They are more satisfactory than straw or any other kind of commercial litter and no doubt many of them are fine but I always try to use what I have at hand.

Hatcheries are beginning to make surveys of the chick demands for the coming season and are as puzzled as their customers about the chicken and egg situation. One man telegraphed a local hatchery for twenty cockerels and as it is so late in the season they had quite a time finding them.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Leanna wrote the other day and said, "People ask about you. Write a personal letter." So let's just visit this time. It is four months since I left the Kitchen-Klatter office and came with Mr. Hayzlett to California. I don't mind saying that it was a wrench in more ways than one. I had helped with Kitchen-Klatter for years and I loved the work and loved working with Leanna. Then too, our two daughters are in Iowa and we hated to leave them and the grandchildren, and the many friends we had there. But we were needed here, and one can be happy anywhere if they make up their mind to it.

Time fairly flies here. There are so many things to do and see. The mild California weather keeps me all upset. It feels like April, but the calendar insists it is only January, and I like it. The biggest thrill I have had was being set down in the middle of an orange grove with instructions to pick all I wanted. Oranges really are good when you get them right from the trees—sweeter and juicier than any I ever tasted before. Another thrill came the day we went to Griffith Park. It is a huge park on top of a mountain and you get the most wonderful view for miles in every direction.

We knew very few people here when we came but have met some lovely folks, and we have been fortunate in living close enough to visit often with Dorothy Driftmier Johnson. She and Kristin were our first callers, and hardly a week passes but we are at her house or she at ours. I wish you could know Kristin. She is a darling. We were sorry to miss seeing Lucile and Julianna. They left for San Francisco just before we arrived.

One of our boys, and his wife, were here early this month. He is in the Coast Guard, and was home on furlough. Two of our boys are in France—or Germany. They travel so fast over there that we never are quite sure where they are. At last report, they were well. Our youngest boy, Gordon, is stationed on Long Island. Isn't it amazing how families get spread all over the globe these days! One learns a lot of geography from their letters, but we will be mighty happy when they all come home to stay.

Since I am not working, I have had time to do a little Red Cross work and right now I am much interested in the lap robes I told you about last month. There are a number of hospitals near here and wounded soldiers are being brought in all the time. Every soldier, as soon as he is able to be in a wheel chair needs one of these lap robes. Look in your February Kitchen-Klatter for instructions about making a robe. Write to me if you are not sure what to do. I'd like to hear from you anyway.



OVER THE FENCE

Congratulations to these Kitchen-Klatter friends who have celebrated their Golden Weddings recently:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gunnar, Oskaaloosa, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Ginther, Gorham, Kansas.

Mrs. J. E. Stinnette, Wauneta, Nebraska, writes that their two sons recently met in the Philippines. They had not seen each other for over three years.

Mrs. Delia Dudevior, Baton Rouge 5, Louisiana, wishes to thank all of you who sent her cards and letters. She is not able to write personal letters of thanks.

Yes, the stork is hovering over the KMA towers, ready to deliver three precious bundle, in three different homes. He hasn't much longer to wait!

Normal Paulson lives alone and like it, he says, but maybe he hasn't met the right girl yet. Only qualifications are that she has to be able to make good catsup. Send in your sample, girls.

Frank Field has finally had word from their son Johnnie. He was still in New Guinea, waiting for transportation home, for his furlough. I hope by the time you read this, he will have arrived.

As Mrs. Ruth Thomas, Marysville, Kansas, says it is a shame our government has to beg us to save old grease and fat for the war effort, when our boys are giving their fresh young bodies for our safety here.

Do you have a flower called the California Rose Vine? Mrs. Ed Talbot, Pleasanton, Nebraska, would like to have a start of it.

Mrs. Amelia Ullsperger, Cook, Nebraska, has a little granddaughter, Constance Leanna. They call her Connie Lee. That is one nick name that I think sounds all right.

Mrs. Elsie Wood, Norwalk, Iowa, has a family of six girls and three boys which is represented by five in the service. These include the army, navy, coast guard, and marines. Others are in essential industry.

Is your last name "Warren?" If so, Mrs. Irma Warren, 782 East 154th Street, Cleveland 10, Ohio, would like to correspond with you. Also write, if your birth date is March 29th.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

My, oh my, the ups and downs that we have had since I last wrote! If I went into them in detail it would really put Job's trials to shame, so I will only tell you that we've all been sick, really sick with a vicious type of flu, and that when we were all at our worst with temperatures hanging between 103 and 104 we received word that the owner of our house was returning and that we would have to move. I can assure anyone that this combination of trouble is really something.

Well, at least I can sigh wearily and tell you that the worst is over. We are all getting back on our feet, slowly, to be sure, but at least on our feet, and last night a long-distance telephone call brought word that the owner's plans have changed and we do not have to move. We had two weeks to think about our desperate situation, so it came as almost an anti-climax to hear that we don't have to leave. If property weren't so outrageously priced we would buy a house now to avoid these blows that definitely age you, but it would be throwing money away to put it into a house these days. In one spasm of despair we went to look at a house that no one in his right mind could evaluate at more than \$5,000 in normal times, and the owner was asking \$9500. That gives you an idea.

Yet incredible as it seems, we have found a completely furnished house for Margery, Dorothy and Kristin. From my viewpoint it has one serious drawback and that is the fact that it is up at least sixty or seventy steps from the street (in other words, it is built practically on the side of a cliff), but the girls are able to handle that part, and it is nothing short of miraculous that we found anything for them. Perhaps you will be interested in knowing that that this house belongs to Jack London's daughter, and I understand that some of the things he collected on his trips to the South Sea Islands are in it.

In the last issue of Kitchen-Klatter I read about the woman in Neola, Iowa, who wanted a pattern that appeared in a magazine published in 1915, and this gave me heart to ask you friends if by any remote chance any of you have saved some of the lovely Good Housekeeping patterns for children's clothes that appeared between 1921 and 1925 or 1926? I still remember how unusual those patterns were, and I made a dress for Margery out of one when she was five or six years old. I'd like to have any of them, size two or even size four, and if the transfers were saved, I could go over them with carbon paper and a pencil. Now do you suppose in our big circle of friends there is someone who can go to the attic and find what I want? I'm going to be really eager to see if the mail brings me what I want so badly.

If you haven't already guessed, I can tell you that I've found the first genuine hobby of my life—sewing for

Juliana. Probably it isn't just happenstance that this is so, for making clothes for Dorothy, Margery, and me was always mother's hobby. There is nothing that gives me as much pleasure as sitting down to make something for Juliana—even bibs and sleepers—and I'm always on the lookout for nice material or a new pattern.

Margery drops in to see us frequently and to give us reports on how her work is progressing. It seems that once a week, if the weather permits, she takes her little first-graders to the park, and she has promised them that soon she will have her niece come to school and go with them. I wonder what Juliana will think when she finds herself in such circumstances? Margery has warned me that she wants her to look extra-special nice, so today I went shopping for a yellow hair-ribbon just the color of her new dress that Dorothy smocked, and I've guaranteed that her white shoes will be really white. (That's more than I can say for them the bulk of the time.)

Last night when I got home from the office there was such a good long letter waiting for me from Howard. I wonder if most of you feel as I do—that it is so utterly unreal to have our loved ones on strange islands in the Pacific, or at points in Europe that we wouldn't know how to start finding on the map? Frankly, I just can't get worked up about anything but the end of this war. The only thing in the whole world that I really want is to see all of our boys safely home again. If prayers and wishes could make this come to pass we know that they would be home right now.

In closing I will tell you that Juliana is now at the pack-rat stage. Goodness, I just can't find a thing these days! Our good brush has been gone for a week, and Russell's keys have been among the missing a dozen times, and one of her shoes, and some papers that I know I put out of her reach . . . well, she'll soon outgrow this habit. Mother says children go through different stages very rapidly, and not to worry.

Spring will be here before long, and that's something to be thankful for!

Always your friend . . .
—Lucile.



Juliana Verness, will be two years old, Feb. 25th.

HOW NOT TO GET TO SLEEP

By Lois V. Shull

The street light vies with the moon—cooling breezes sweep through open windows. It has been the first hot day of the season. I hear the chimes toll out the hour—it is midnight. An hour since I came to bed.

A car goes by—on its sleepy way home—another whizzes past—filled with energetic life. A boy dressed in his best suit pedals his bicycle decorously—smoking a cigaret—perhaps dreaming of “her.”

A car draws up to a house across the street, purrs quietly a few minutes, then shuts its eyes and waits patiently while good-nights are said on a shady porch. The young man wakens the car and it lights the street brightly as it rushes quietly away. The path of the young lady can be followed—the front door having closed as the hall light brightens the windows leading up—then are suddenly darkened as a front eye upstairs sleepily opens.

It is 12:30. I punch my pillow—turn restlessly about and decide to pull up the sheet. In a few minutes it seems too warm. I wonder just when the breeze died down—throw back the sheet—turn my pillow—forcibly close my staring eyes.

If I don't go to sleep pretty soon I'll be all worn out tomorrow—but still I heard once that lying quietly was as restful as sleep—nearly—well, let's see—if I get to sleep in half an hour, say, how long will I have to sleep—three hours?—yes, about that. I'll take a nap tomorrow afternoon—if I find time—and feel sleepy. Queer how perfectly rested I feel right now—deliberately get up—walk about—get a drink—see, I'm not tired—it's a pleasant moonlight night—well, yes, I'd just as soon go back and lie down. I'm not very tired—but—why! I yawned. Fine! I'll be asleep in no time. My eyes drop shut easily—I'm drifting quietly along—my thoughts are jumbled—

What was that! I'm wide awake again—I definitely heard something—I hold my breath—what could have made that thumping noise? Maybe a car door—no, it was in the house—oh! my baby—I rush in his room—he's sleeping peacefully and hasn't fallen out of his bed. I go back to my room. Wearily I settle myself—but can't drift this time. I keep wondering what that noise was—the clock says 3:15—I resolve to forget the noise—I shan't even open my eyes if a car stops outside—they are fewer all the time now—but say, could that noise have been downstairs—surely we put the cat out—I guess I'd smell smoke if the house was on fire—my husband would never waken—we'd all be burned—or at least trapped upstairs—maybe I should take another look around—well, I'll listen a few minutes more, and then go see—

“Mother, what day is this?”

I open my eyes with a start! The clock says 6:30.

“It's Sunday,” I say wearily, “go back to sleep awhile.”

I know he won't. I get up and start to dress. Another day is here.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THUMPER

By Maxine Sickels

Do you remember where we left Thumper, the big white rabbit? We left him at the end of a hedge row so mad that he was thumping the ground with both back feet. He was saying, I'll go home.

But like a great many things "Going Home" was easier said than done. He hopped along a little way saying hoppety, "I will" hoppety, "go home". Then he decided he would look around.

He stood up straight on his hind legs. He looked this way and that way with his big pink eyes. He twinkled his pink nose and smelled as hard as he could. He stiffened his pink ears and listened.

He could not see the little white house. He could not smell the good alfalfa hay and carrots and corn. He could not hear little Lynn calling him to come home.

All that he could see was snow. All that he could smell was cold. All that he could hear was the North Wind blowing among the trees.

He squatted down in a little round white ball. He thought and thought and thought. He thought, "I will run as hard as I can." And he did.

He ran lipperty, lipperty, lipperty. He ran hoppity, hoppity, hoppity. He was tired. He ran hop - - hop - - hop, through the snow.

He was so tired that he stopped. He sat still in a little round white hump and his heart went patter, patter, patter. But he was still lost. When he was a little rested he went on, slower this time.

Ahead of him in an old oak tree he saw a hoot owl. A hoot owl is a big fierce gray bird that loves to eat rabbits. Thumper did not know that. He stopped under the tree and said in his nice rabbit voice, "Please, could you tell me the way back to my house?"

"Who? who? who?" said the old owl.

"I am Thumper, the white rabbit," he answered.

At that the old owl said "Who? Who?" again and looked around with such a hungry gleam in his eyes that Thumper froze, yes, simply froze into a little round white hump that matched the humps of snow all around him so well that even the keen eyes of an old owl could not find him.

When Thumper was so cold that he thought he could not sit still another minute, the old owl gave up (He was looking for a gray rabbit) and flew away.

Thumper hopped on and on growing more and more discouraged. At

last on the edge of a brush pile, he met little Mrs. Meadow Mouse. She said, "Hello" in such a friendly voice that Thumper stopped to say, "Hello" although he thought to himself that she was too small to know much.

"Do you know where there is a little boy who is looking for a white rabbit that is lost?" he asked hopefully.

"No I do not," said Mrs. Meadow Mouse. "But would you like to come in and get warm?"

"Me? Come into your tiny house?" exclaimed Thumper. "I couldn't even get my ears in."

The idea tickled him so that he laughed and laughed until he felt almost as warm as if he had gone in.

Mrs. Meadow Mouse looked at his great ears and laughed too.

"Thank you," said Thumper. "I feel much better. I am sure I will find the way home now".

But will he?

(Continued in April)

SURPRISE EASTER BUNNY

Lois Neff

To make this bunny, select two paper bags. One a size larger than the other. The larger is for the body and the smaller for the head. Lightly crush some newspaper and place in the body bag. See if the bag sits alone. Cut long legs from brown wrapping paper and paste or sew them to the bottom of the bag. Cut the arms an inch or more shorter than the length of the body bag, from the wrapping paper. Sew them to the body bag an inch or two from the top. Paste a cotton tail on the back of the body. Stuff the head bag with lightly crushed paper. Cut long ears from brown construction paper. Insert them in two slits made in the bottom of the bag. Sew them in place so that they will remain erect.

Now it's time to draw the rabbit's face. Gather the top together and place inside the body bag. Tie together. Tie a ribbon around the neck. Instead of paper you may place pretty colored eggs or candy eggs in the body bag as a surprise for your friends.

Remove by making a slit in the back. Then place the hand in the slit and play ventriloquist.

ASK DAD THIS ONE

A man will cut a board in two for fifty cents. If you want it cut in four pieces what will he charge you? Oh, did you say \$2.00? I'm sorry, you guessed wrong. It would take only three cuts so he would charge \$1.50.

FUN WITH COINS

Lay a nickle on the palm of your hand and extend your fingers so your hand is flat. Then tell anyone to take a clothes brush and see if he can brush the coin off.

Place a coin on the upturned bottom of a drinking glass. By blowing on it you can make the coin rise on its edge and spin around.

Lay a coin on the table and with two pins, a point to each side opposite each other, pick it up. By blowing on the coin you can make it spin around.

Balance a square card on top of which is a dime, on the tip of your index finger. You can get the card out from under the dime without it falling off your finger if you give the card a sharp snap with the fingers of the other hand.

Put a glass tumbler on two half dollars with a dime between them. Have a cloth on the table. To get the dime out without touching it, scratch the cloth an inch from the glass, using your finger nail and scratching in the direction you wish the dime to move. It will slowly come out from under the glass.

TONGUE TWISTERS

Vera bastes vests and waists. Seven sick slimy snakes sliding slowly southward.

Two toads totally tired tried to trot to Tedberry.

Sweet silly Susan sewed six split skirts.

Flesh of fresh flying fish.

GUESS THESE

1. What turns without moving. Sour milk.

2. What nut has no shell? Doughnut.

3. What does mother look for but hopes she will not find? A hole in your stocking.

4. What is smaller than an ant's mouth? It's tongue.

5. What word is pronounced wrong by your teacher? Wrong.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY

March 17th has long been a date set aside for a really jolly party, for the Irish are known for their informal good times. If possible to obtain it, write the invitations on pale green paper, with a darker green ink. As the guests arrive, pin on them an Irish name, by which they will be known during the evening. If your friends are the type who enjoy dressing in costume, include this request on your invitation.

Elaborate decorations are not necessary or in good taste during war times but your table bouquet and refreshments may suggest green, the Emerald Isle. Tiny Irish flags or a bit of green paper pasted on a tooth pick may be used as favors, or if gum drops are available make a pig, using a large gumdrop for the body, small ones for the feet, half a candy for a head and a curly tail of a wire pipe stem cleaner. Put the pieces together with tooth picks. If you are fortunate you may be able to get some real shamrock to use as favors. Another suggestion for favors is corn cob pipes or pipes made by sticking a large gum drop on the end of a meat screw. Tie a bow of paper ribbon on the handle.

SNAKES ST. PATRICK DROVE OUT OF IRELAND

1. Worn in the winter by women? Boa.
2. Worn the year around? Garter.
3. Baby plays with this one? Rattle.
4. An Indian wears one? Moccasin.
5. A fast horse? Racer.
6. Term used in the South in 1865? Copperhead.

USE LETTERS IN ST. PATRICK

1. To pluck. Pick.
2. A rodent. Rat.
3. Sour. Tart.
4. A preposition. At.
5. A kind of fish. Cat.
6. Set of tools. Kit.
7. A little drink. Sip.
8. Head covering. Cap.
9. Two wheeled wagon. Cart.
10. Ill. Sick.
11. To begin. Start.
12. Noah's vessel. Ark.

REFRESHMENT SUGGESTION

Lettuce sandwiches, green peppers stuffed with cottage cheese, sliced olives and pickles, green ice cream, cakes with green icing, green candies, green tinted fruit drink or a good cup of coffee.

"I have enjoyed a year of your magazine now. You have received several orders from our Farm Bureau Women's club members who have become acquainted with your Kitchen-Klatter by seeing mine at some of our monthly meetings. I am so glad, as I do believe there is so much good in every number."—Mrs. H. D. Emmetsburg, Iowa.

"Little Ads"

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

FREE. 8x10 Studio Portrait of the popular radio entertainer, Steve Wooden, included with each 50¢ order for his new collection of original songs with words, music and guitar chords. Remember 50¢ brings you the large picture and the "Round-up of Original Songs". Order from Steve Wooden, Box 186, Shenandoah, Iowa.

FANCY HOME MADE kitchen aprons, bibs, holders, crocheted pincushions, buffet sets. For particulars, write Elsie Wood, Crete, Nebraska.

CROCHETED EDGING for pillow case, tinted edge or all white, width 1½ inches, \$1.00 per pair. Mrs. Pearl Moore, Purdin, Mo.

HAND KNITTED DOILIES up to 12 inches, \$1.00. Emma Walz, Mooresville, Mo.

SAVE YOUR CLOTHESPINS. Clever clothespin bags, made of good print, resembling little girl's dress, \$1.25. Mrs. Harry Copenhaver, Plainfield, Iowa.

PRETTY EASTER REMEMBRANCES. Crocheted cross bookmark for your Bible or prayer book, 25¢. Mrs. Harry Copenhaver, Plainfield, Iowa.

PRETTY COLORED POST CARD of Utah's Great White Throne, Devil's Slide, Natural Bridge, Rock Formations, Desert Scenes. Five. 10¢; Fifteen, 25¢; postpaid. Helen Eaton, Shenandoah, Iowa.

CROCHETING. Roses, stars, wheels, 50¢ each; Crocheted baskets with embroidery pattern, 75¢, all for pillow cases; doily or buffet sets, \$2.50 to \$9.00; Chair Sets, \$5.00 to \$10.00; Serving Aprons, \$5.00; Hot Pads, 25¢. State colors. Mrs. M. A. Beecher, Munden, Kansas.

FANCY KNITTED DOILIES in various sizes and patterns. Priced from 75¢ to \$2.00. Mrs. Henry Buhrman, Reinbeck, Iowa.

KNITTED DOILIES approximately 15 inches, \$1.00; 11 inches, 75¢; 9 inches, 50¢; white. Mrs. Anine Langland, Harlan, Iowa.

WILL EXCHANGE a novelty set of either cup cake or elephant shakers for a 25¢ war stamp and 10¢ postage. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State, Barberton, Ohio.

HOMEMADE PRINT BUNNIES, jointed, 14 inches high, \$1.50; crocheted toeless baby shoes, \$1.00. Esther Davis, 2954 Apple Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

ONE CROCHETED SERVICE FLAG LAPEL ORNAMENT, 1 star, 50¢; extra stars, 5¢ each. Vera Lachelt, Janesville, Minnesota.

BLEACHED FEED AND SEED SACKS, 21 first quality bundles of 4 each, \$1.10; 6 bundles second of 6 each, \$1.10. Wine crush resistant velvet dress, 40, 6 gore skirt, zipper placket, worn little, \$12.00. Ladies flat heeled all leather brown oxfords, 8AA, worn once, \$5.00. Mrs. Helen Hardtke, Winnebago, Minnesota.

CROCHETED PANTIE POT HOLDERS, 25¢ each. Also all kind embroidered fancy work, send for list. Mrs. John Brenner, Woodward, Oklahoma.

CLOTHES PIN BAG that resembles little girls pinafore. Made of good print and muslin. Comes with hanger, \$1.00 each. Bessie Schollmeyer, 1328 Marshall Street, Boone, Iowa.

CROCHETED hat pin cushions, state color, \$1.00; large size pineapple pattern chair back set, white or ecru, \$3.00. Mrs. M. C. Guenther, 3226 North Kenmore, Chicago 13, Illinois.

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

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.

FIFTEEN BEAUTIFUL GREETING CARDS for everyday occasions. A \$2.50 value for only \$1.00. Everyday Gift Wrap assortment, \$1.00. Mrs. Lena Boden, Adams, Nebraska.



Crochet work is the favorite of so many. Now with less work to be done outdoors, there will be spare minutes for bits of crocheting. The Diamond Trail crochet bedspread, knitted laces, lacy apron of crochet, a crocheted circle half hat and bag to match, a small nut cup and candy basket, the Rose and Tulip quilt block in crochet, a shoulderette that can be knit or crochet, a rug that can be worked up quickly, a lovely wreath vanity set, a harness for young tots, knitted caps, socks, and mittens in the new spiral stitch, and a group of small speedily crocheted items that have any number of uses . . . all of this comes in one complete group together. Perhaps those directions you can't use will be passed on to a neighbor to borrow, so the 50c for C9735 will be a budget price for the use you can get from it.—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For Subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

HOBBIES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

By Mrs. Elv Espe

A hobby is one of those rare things which can be enjoyed by people in all walks of life, young and old, rich and poor and the common man along with the famous, and although they were not then known by any name, hobbies seem to date back even as far as King Solomon's time. Wives seemed to be his hobby for we are told he had a thousand.

However in our day, the fellow who tries to follow King Solomon's hobby, seldom gets more than three or four in his "collection" until the police catch up with him!

Paul Revere of Lexington fame and one of the finest of America's silversmiths was noted for his collection of handsome silver and gold thimbles. Thimbles were invented by a Dutchman and were first brought to England in 1695, they were then worn on the thumb and were called Thumbells, after this thimbles, then thimbles, a very natural transition. The early thimble was made of brass or iron, later they were made of gold, silver, horn, glass, or even mother-of-pearl. Most Americans are familiar with the famous midnight ride of Paul Revere, perhaps fewer know the ride was finished on foot, or that he was a dentist by trade. He was quite a family man also being father to 16 children. His old home still stands in North Square, Boston, crowded by the city.

George Washington's hobby evidently was swords, since he had a very large collection, enough in fact to stock a small armory if he had so desired. Some of the swords were of rare beauty and princely value and many of them were gifts from kings and nations, from societies and individuals all over the world. Washington was not only beloved and idolized by his own countrymen, but won the respect and admiration of most of the other nations of the world.

(Continued in April)

Will exchange salt and pepper shakers.—Rosa Ruckle, LeRoy, Kans.

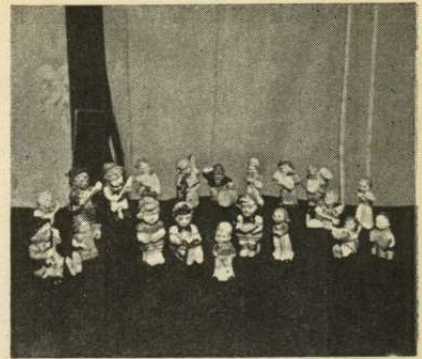
Collects shakers and miniature animals.—Mrs. C. O. Wulfkuehle, 1128 Harrison, Topeka, Kansas.

Will exchange crocheted holders.—Miss Lillie Petersen, Route 3, Box 42, Audubon, Iowa.

Will exchange pot holders of any kind and hankies.—Mrs. Frank Maurer, 3360½ Fairmont Blvd., Riverside, California.

Will exchange hankies, view cards, buttons, or small animal figurines for perfume. Will also exchange quilt pieces.—Mrs. Clifford McGraw, Smith Avenue, Route 1, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Has novelty pitchers that she would like to exchange for feed or flour sacks, tea towels, walnut meats, or aprons.—Mrs. John Heman, Dedham, Iowa.



"The Shaker Band" presented by Waldo Harrington, Tecumseh, Nebraska.

Collects pencils.—Mrs. Garret Greenfield, Route 1, Shelby, Iowa.

Will exchange something of same value for vases. Would especially like one from Nevada, West Virginia, Rhode Island, and Maine.—Mrs. Elsie Hunt, 601 So. 6th St., Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Will exchange something of same value for pitchers and hankies.—Mrs. W. H. Wright, 1614 Drake Avenue, Centerville, Iowa.

Will exchange shakers. Write first.—Mrs. Elmer K. Young, Grand Junction, Iowa.

Would like view cards.—Mrs. Drew Bute, Jackson, Minnesota.

A shut-in would like soaps. Pretty ones in particular.—Mrs. Greeley Asbury, Waterbury, Nebraska.

Will exchange pot holders.—Mrs. Leonard Pletcher, Route 2, Dexter, Minnesota.

Will exchange shakers. Will also make doilies and holders in exchange.—Mrs. G. E. Benson, Route 2, Austin, Minnesota.

Collection of old china and glassware. Will exchange for your hobby.—Mrs. W. E. Miller, 1014 Milton St., Madison, Wisconsin.

Antique collector. Would like to hear from anyone interested in that line.—Mrs. Rosalee Saylor, 625 Emery Street, Longmont, Colorado.

Will exchange view cards and miniature dogs.—Dorothy A. Stevenson, Route 3, Nevada, Iowa.

Will exchange crocheted novelties and pot holders.—Mrs. Carl Abbas, Sumner, Iowa.

Will exchange your hobby for pot holders and washcloths. Write.—Miss Anne Pabian, Morse Bluff, Nebraska.

Will exchange pot holders and shakers. Write.—Mrs. Milford W. Schuler, Morse Bluff, Nebraska.

The papers a year or so ago showed an Altar Lace pattern, No. 1270, showing the Christ head in medallion over the Cross, with roses to fill the spaces of filet. If you have this pattern, please write to Lois Druke, 8038 Floral Ave., Skokie, Ill. She is anxious to obtain it.

Will exchange a well-made quilt top for an old fashioned china doll. Please write. Describe.—Mrs. J. H. Parks, 605 Sheldon Street, Creston, Iowa.

NOTE—If your hobby isn't printed this time, look for it next month. Not room for all received.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

A NEW KIND OF A BAKE SALE

Bake sales down town certainly have their advantages, as we have discussed elsewhere, but there is another variety of bake sale that surely should appeal to all of us who are still able to remember vividly the work involved in the last sale that was held in a store window on Main street.

At some meeting of your organization announce that at the next meeting everyone is to bring a donation of food. These articles are placed on a table in the dining room, with the price plainly marked on them. At the conclusion of your meeting invite everyone into the dining room and tell them that they may purchase something for their supper.

During the winter that we tried this plan I can remember buying such varied things as meat loaves, sandwiches, salads, pies, and cakes. I enjoyed everything concerned with this type of bake sale too. It wasn't a lot of work to prepare a dish, it didn't break my food budget to buy what appealed to me, and it was really a pleasure to know that I could take home something for my family's supper. You know how it is to sit at a meeting until five o'clock and after. During the last twenty minutes or so your mind is on your hungry family, and you realize that you'll have to dash home and get a meal on in less time than you think it can possibly be done. This is when you thoroughly appreciate the opportunity to go into the dining room and pick up an appetizing dish.

One last thing should be said about the new kind of bake sale. Everyone, almost without exception, is noted for some certain dish that she makes surpassingly well. We have women in our Aid who are famous locally for their angel food cakes, baked beans, strawberry preserves, devil's food cake, etc. Now in all probability they'd give these recipes gladly, and they may even be embarrassed at the idea of charging anything for them. But over-rule their modesty in this manner and ask that they copy their recipe and include it with their donation. Ask 15 cents more for the recipe when the dish is purchased.