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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

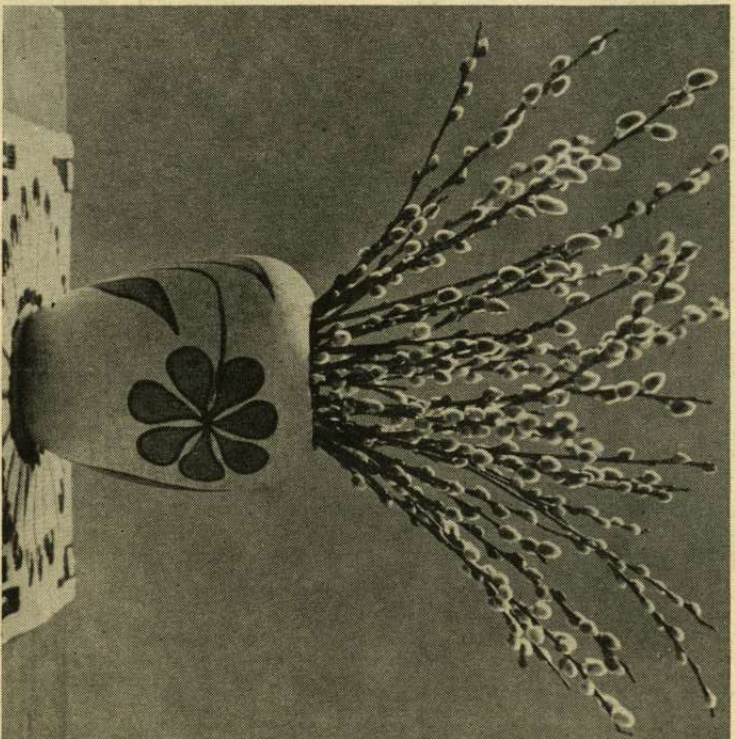
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Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

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Shenandoah, Iowa

My Dear Friend,

March, and another spring! This past winter has passed very quickly for me. It seems that the older I get, the faster time flies. I am always a jump or two behind schedule on the things I plan to do each day. I don't want to ever be so busy, I don't have time to visit with my friends. It always makes me feel badly when some one says, "I have wanted to come and see you, but know you are too busy to take time to talk to me." I am never that busy.

It is surely wonderful to have a real family around us again, for we did get rather lonely at times, when they were all so far away. The first to come home was Wayne. He is now at the University of Iowa, completing his college work. Then Howard came back from the Pacific Islands. I don't believe I ever saw anyone happier to be home again than he is. He will probably stay in Shenandoah for a while at least.

Don was the next to be discharged. He was in the army for almost four years. His service was all in the United States. First to Waco, Texas, then to Grand Rapids, Michigan; Chantrelle Field, Illinois; Camp Peterson, Colorado; Pueblo, Colorado; Herrington, Kansas; and El Paso, Texas. He was discharged in Colorado.

I wonder if all boys had as hard a time buying civilian clothes as ours did. They couldn't wear the ones they had left at home, and had to buy all new things.

I had told you of Dorothy and Frank coming back to Iowa to live, but kept the secret of Lucile's arrival pretty well, didn't I? We thought it would be fun to surprise our radio audience, and I imagine you were surprised when you heard her voice. As time goes on, I find I really need one of my daughters nearby. When Lucile was home last fall, she decided that if Russell was willing, they would come back and locate in Shenandoah. Of course, we were happy at her decision. She can be a big help to me in my radio work, and editing this magazine, work that she thoroughly enjoys, and Russell will find plenty to do in his profession—photography.

They bought a house just across the alley from us on Clarinda Avenue and at last little Juliana can have a play house under the weeping willow tree in Grandfather's yard.

We are happy we can see Dorothy and Frank and Kristin often, too. We expect Margery to make us a visit

this summer and hope her husband, whom we have never met, can come too. Now, if Frederick has a furlough this spring, we might have all seven of our children at home for the first time in many, many years.

As many of you know, I have been on the radio twenty years this spring. If we had not returned from California in 1925, there would not have been a Kitchen-Klatter program or magazine, and if Lucile had not had the trouble with her leg, we would probably still be living on the west coast. It is odd, isn't it, how things like that can change the whole course of our life. I have always tried to believe that whatever happens, is God's plan for us, although we can't always understand why things should happen as they do.

I know busy days are ahead for you, but please take time to write me once in awhile. Send in your renewals for Kitchen-Klatter promptly, please, so we can keep your name in our files. With Lucile to help me, Kitchen-Klatter will be more interesting and helpful than ever before.

Sincerely,

Leanna.

### MOVING DAY!

There are few jobs in this world that we women dislike more than tearing up a house and moving into a new one. Children get a big thrill out of it and consider it a wonderful lark, but they're the only ones who regard it in this light. For the rest of us it's just a big chore to get through as painlessly as possible.

Time is a big factor in making it painless, and in most cases we have at least a month's warning before we clear out of a house. This means that if we begin our work as soon as we know definitely that we're leaving at a given date, the job will be done more efficiently and with less exhaustion.

The contents of the attic or any space that has been used for storage, should be gone over first. Don't haul all kinds of things with you that haven't been used for years and probably will never be used again, but at the same time don't make the mistake of discarding good, solid furniture just because it's old-fashioned. And don't sort and burn old letters and papers without thinking twice. Personally, I think that far too many old family papers are done away with in the heat of moving, and I've known many a

person who bitterly regretted it in later years.

All linens, bedding and clothing that aren't actually in use can be packed in cartons and labeled. Don't forget to label them either since it takes only a moment and will save much fruitless scrambling later. All food staples that won't be needed can be packed also. Keep your meals simple the last week and you'll be surprised at the staples and kitchen equipment that can be packed in advance. All china that isn't absolutely necessary for the daily three meals can be packed also.

If you've tackled each different collection of your belongings in ample time, the last two days should find you with everything ready to go except the furniture, and the household things that you need right up to the last moment. I've moved a good many times in my life, and I always made it a practice to roll up the rugs the day before we moved, and place the furniture in the middle of the room. This gave me time to go over the floors and wipe down the walls.

The first thing in the morning of moving day we took down beds, and packed bedding. This way the movers could go right to work even though they arrived at eight o'clock. It's irritating to them and will cost you more if they have to wait while you tear down beds. A big carton was ready in the kitchen for all dishes and things used in the last meal. As each room was emptied, I hurried in and gave the floor a good sweeping, and the last thing I ever did in a house was wipe-up the kitchen floor.

If you are moving into a house that has been empty (and I mean by "empty" a house where the furniture that's leaving doesn't meet your furniture going in) you'll probably have had a little time to go over and do the work that probably needs to be done. In these days when very few houses stand empty for more than twenty-four hours you'll just have to trust and hope that the place won't be left in bad condition. It means everything in the world to move into a clean, fresh house. That's why all of us really want to leave our past homes in good condition. We know what it means to a tired woman with possibly two or three small children underfoot. When it's all said and done,



Don Hansen, Naval Hospital, Corona, California, thanks you for your cards and letters. Don is gaining in strength every day and we all hope he can soon say goodbye to the bed and be up in a chair.



# Come into the Garden

## PREPARATION FOR SPRING

*Mrs. R. J. Duncomb*

March is a month of action. The plans we laid during the winter now take shape. Many of our seeds have already been purchased, the remainder should be immediately. Early vegetables and flower seeds may be sown in small flats or pans in the house, and if a garden plan of some sort has not been drawn up, by all means do it now. Do try some new vegetable in the garden this year, many chances are that someone will enjoy it. Our boys are coming home fast and will relish food fresh from our gardens. Give a little thought to what they will like.

March is a windy month, it cleans house with vigor, sweeping it clear of winter rubbish with its strong brooms which grind to bits the winter's rubbish leaving the ground cleansed for the sweet warm rains of spring. To many, this is the hardest month of the winter to endure, but not to me. I welcome it as the first month of spring, a month of earnest and needful preparation for the lovelier months which follow in its wake.

There are so many tasks for gardeners to do in March, so many walks to take in the garden on nice days—rare as they may be, to assure ones self that no plants have been heaved up by the repeated thawing and freezing that Nature uses to condition the ground. Bare spots must often be recovered with mulch, spread lightly, lest the winds and spring sun burn and destroy last fall's seedlings. The plants which are heaving out must gently be pressed back into the ground.

Along at the end of the month or even before, the children will be bringing in what they call "tree bouquets" for mother to put into water. The buds will soon open giving a very visible token of the approach of spring. Encourage children to love Nature and to look around for all the many wonders of our good earth.

We can now begin to sow the seeds which need to be started early. Tree or shrub seed may be planted early in the month, set out of doors to freeze and then brought inside to germinate. I have a ginkgo tree now in its third year which I started in this way. So far the winters have not harmed it in the least. I like to start a pinch of various rare seeds in halves of butter boxes nearly full of sterilized soil. An empty peach-crate will conveniently hold a number of these small boxes, whose contents can germinate inside and be removed individually into sunny windows. The plant boxes are so easily set out in the garden after removing the bottom of the box to give the roots a chance to strike deep into the garden soil.

When ordering seeds, always read their description over carefully. Usually a wealth of information is given in the catalog, which helps greatly in deciding just what varieties to order.

The number of days in which certain vegetables reach maturity is a very important factor; this being especially true in the case of peas and tomatoes. Don't forget to make either a hot-bed or a cold-frame if you want to be sure of having your own plants. It is very convenient to have them at hand just when you want to set them out.

Annual poppy seed must be sown early, even on snow. Have a lot of them this year, they are so cheerful, and very lovely even if they only last a day. To-morrow there will be another bloom to take the place of the one gone. Sweetpeas must also be planted early if they are to get a good start before very hot weather. The best row I ever saw was planted in the garden exactly as the garden peas were and were given the same care. They had good ground but not extra attention except for a support to climb on. Perhaps we coddle them too much. It is worth a trial at least.

Let us garden with pleasure this season, and we will find health, happiness and also a great deal of profit in doing so.

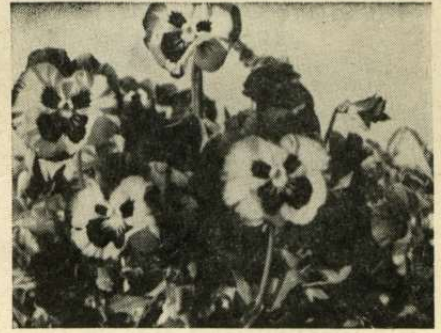
## FLORA OF "THE STICKS"

*By Olga Rolf Tiemann*

When Mother Nature made the calendar she had odds and ends left over—parts of rainy April days she did not need, growing May weather, hot July hours, some flakes of snow, or perhaps an entire blizzard! hoar frost, icicles, bits of clouds and sunshine—not enough of any one of them for an entire day but by piecing them together and having the wind give it all a mighty twirl, she had enough for another month and, thrifty soul that she was, she put it in the year and called it March.

A warm, coaxing breeze from the south, left over from May, brought the birds to "The Sticks" this gay March morning. The cheery chirping of the robin was a welcome sound to Flora's ears. He had commenced his song before dawn sitting atop the highest branch of the Cedar Tree. It gave her that splendid feeling that the day was going to be exactly right. The cardinal dashed about in his brilliant coat; the blue jay screamed his song in the distance and then, through the kitchen window, Flora saw a flash of blue as he took his turn in the Willow Tree. The twittering of the sparrows filled in any lull—an over-zealous homemaker was even hunting feathers to line a nest.

There was sweeping and dusting to be done but temptation was too great—the outside world was clamoring for attention. With a conscience that should have felt much more guilty, Flora left the broom and the dust to console each other while she walked the garden paths soaking in health-laden sunshine. Tree buds were swelling visibly; stubby Iris swords green as grass were pushing through the soil. A few rhizomes set late last summer had heaved out. Flora carefully firmed the earth about them



A Pansy for Your Thoughts.

with her foot. The Hardy Verbenas needed little more encouragement and the Blue Flax was hardly waiting for the last snow drifts to melt, so anxious was it to compete in blueness with the sky.

Oh, joy! Pansies were budded and about ready to open! They would be blooming for Mother's birthday in late March. Mother frowned when money was spent for a gift for her but 'twas always safe to bring a box of Pansy plants from the garden.

## FLOWER FACES

All the little flowers that spring up from the sod

Have such a lovely habit of looking up to God.

I think that is the reason that thru all dust and heat

They can always manage to keep their faces sweet.

—Alice Hoffman.



## STATE FLOWER PARADE

Here we are! The state flower of every single state, in your favorite, easy to follow, hot iron transfer. Just the thing you will love for pick up work. You'll be surprised how fast these blocks are completed. You can imagine you're taking a visit to each state. Before you know it you'll be able to proudly display this distinctive quilt at the bazaar or show it to your admiring friends. Every state design with complete instructions and color suggestions as C9901, only 50¢.

Order From Leanna Driftmiller  
Shenandoah, Iowa



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

In September Howard returned from Wagon Mound, New Mexico, where he had been visiting Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert Rope, and we were all together again. Starting to school that fall was a strange and new experience for all of us. Margery and Donald were the only ones not affected since they were still at home with Mother all day, but Dorothy, Frederick and Wayne all walked over a mile to attend a grade school in Monterey Park, while Howard and I walked three blocks and then picked up a bus that took us to the Alhambra High School where we were both sophomores. It was our first experience with a big city high school where there are a number of large buildings for various classes, and at first we thought we'd never find our way around from building to building. Every noon I ate my lunch in the gardens that surrounded the Alhambra Public Library directly across the street from the high school, and then spent the rest of my lunch hour reading. I didn't know how to go about getting acquainted with someone among those twelve-hundred students and regretted that I hadn't grown up in the city so that I would have old friends. I didn't realize then that if you just moved from one section to another of a city you might as well have moved two-thousand miles so far as getting acquainted was concerned.

But I didn't have long to think about all of this, for by the middle of October I had developed a serious limp and was in pain all of the time. The knee that I had injured when I fell in Clarinda in May was beginning to give me great trouble and since August we had been going to different doctors to see what could be causing the permanent pain. There was no outward evidence that anything was wrong, but I was finding it increasingly difficult to walk and my leg never ceased aching. By the middle of October I was going up and down the staircases at school after the others had passed to be sure that no one would jostle into me, and I was afraid to ride on the school bus for fear someone would bump into my knee. I could scarcely keep up with my daily routine, and finally matters reached such a pass that I was taken to another doctor who was reputed to be very competent.

In every family there comes a time when trouble seems to descend so heavily that for a spell it blankets out the fact that there actually have been long months, or even years, when this particular circle of people wasn't confronted with great anxieties and burdens. Such a time came to us in the winter months of 1924. During the lowest ebb of those hard weeks it was difficult for us to believe that we had ever known a time when we were free from pressing worries.

As I told you last month, we were living then in the nice, rambling brown house in Monterey Park, Dad

was commuting into his offices in Los Angeles, every day, and five of us were in school. I was finding it more and more difficult to keep up with my school routine, and by the end of October my right leg was giving me so much trouble that I could no longer keep going. We had made the dreary rounds of doctors' offices for several months and heard diagnoses that ranged from "infected-tonsils—poison settling in the knee" to the reassuring "it's all in her mind." The latter verdict made us all feel better, for if it were only something in my mind it could very promptly be gotten out of my mind! Yet all of the concentration in the world on getting it out of my mind didn't seem to improve matters the least bit, nor did any medicine or treatment bring good results.

Thanksgiving rolled around bringing the Conrads from Redlands to have a big dinner with us, and to the Driftmiers it didn't seem like Thanksgiving at all with the doors standing wide open, a hot sun shining outside, and palm trees waving in the afternoon breeze. We'd been brought upon the old poem about "Over the river and through the woods" with its snow and sleighs, and that was our idea of Thanksgiving. It would have been the crowning blow to eat our Thanksgiving dinner in the form of a picnic at the beach as many people did.

By the second week in December, Mother and Dad were so dissatisfied with the doctor then in charge of my perplexing case, that they insisted he refer them to a bone specialist without delay. This was done, and on a foggy morning we drove in to the big medical building in Los Angeles to consult the specialist. At the end of two hours I was sent into the outer waiting room while Mother and Dad were called into his office, and to this day I wonder how they managed to come out of there smiling and cheerful for they had had a bad shock. The specialist's verdict was grim no matter how you look at it; he had told them that I was suffering from what he suspected was the most deadly of all bone diseases, and that the only faint chance of saving my life was to amputate the leg immediately. This isn't what I heard, of course. I was simply told, and very convincingly, that there was a slight bone infection that could be remedied by a simple operation. This version of the trouble came as such a blow to me that I doubt very much if I would have survived had I known what I was actually facing.

News like this wasn't to be taken lying down, so to speak, and for the next few days we made the rounds of other specialists. They confirmed the opinion that had already been given. But when it was all said and done, Mother and Dad could hardly believe that this was the final judgment, and their thoughts turned towards Dr. Arthur Steindler of Iowa City. Now there was a man who knew precisely what was what; with his opinion they could rest in the knowledge that no stone had been unturned, that whatever was to happen could in no human way be avoided. After very lit-



The new home. Ted and Wayne.

tle discussion it was decided that Dad would take me to Iowa City at once, and thus it happened that on the late afternoon of a December day we left together from the Pasadena station.

I've made the trip from Omaha to points in California a good many times since that day, but I will never forget how strange it seemed to be completely alone in the Pullman car and to go from warm, beautiful days back into snow and ice. We spent only one or two days in Clarinda, and then went on to Iowa City accompanied by Aunt Erna Driftmier. At last the object of our long trip was achieved and we saw Dr. Steindler and all of his associates. Their opinions agreed with all of the opinions that had been given in Los Angeles, and as a consequence the operation was performed several days before Christmas at the University hospital.

On Christmas morning I was feeling well enough to open the many, many cards and letters that had arrived, and the many gifts too. Everyone remembered me, it seemed, and all of those wonderful expressions of sympathy did much to lighten my spirits. Then too, the three of us, Aunt Erna, Dad and I, were greatly surprised and pleased to look up and see Uncle Bert Driftmier standing in the door. He

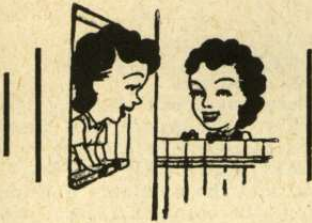
had made the trip to be with us over Christmas because he thought that we might need cheering up. And he was right—it helped a great deal to have someone else from home. When Aunt Erna had to return to her work as a teacher in January, Aunt Clara Otte came to be with me since Dad had to return to Shenandoah and they didn't want me to be alone.

All of this time Mother and the rest of the children were alone in Monterey Park. And it wasn't until later that I learned Mother had put in a very hard time when the arrival of a telegram might mean the worst possible news from three different sources. Not only was I in a grave condition in Iowa City, but Aunt Jessie Shambaugh was at death's door with pneumonia, and Grandfather Driftmier had suffered a stroke of apoplexy and was in a very critical condition. I didn't know all of this at the time, but everyone else was acutely aware of the fact that trouble with capital letters had hit our family.

By the end of January, 1925, I was able to leave the hospital in Iowa City and return to Aunt Helen Fischer's home in Shenandoah.

(Continued in April issue)





## OVER THE FENCE

Mrs. Garner Watts, Van Meter, Iowa, would like to hear from someone who has a used zipper school bag for sale. Write and state price.

We are all hoping that when Tim George is released from the Navy he will come back to KMA.

Perhaps you have heard before now that any beautiful cards you have may be sent to "Save the Children Workroom, 8 Washington Place, New York 3, New York.

Do you have a pattern for house slippers or moccasins? If so, Mrs. Rollie Ledford, Worthington, Mo., would like to have it.

"Don't worry about your change of radio time. Bees always find the honey," writes Elizabeth Wineland, Chariton, Iowa.

A little box came in my mail the other day. It was filled with 1919 pennies, one hundred of them to pay for a years subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. It came from Mrs. Hazel Benner, Maitland, Mo. I believe she wrote that they were married in 1919 and had made a hobby of saving pennies dated, "1919."

Dorothy and Frank have been saving pennies. When they had a quart filled, they had a little fun seeing who could come the closest to guessing the amount of money in the jar. Lucile won, missing it by only twelve cents. As I remember it, there was about \$12.50 in the jar.

Will those of you named, "Made-line", write to Madelyn Elchner, Storden, Minnesota. She does not think many people have that name. Maybe she is mistaken!

Mrs. A. N. Gilliam, Des Moines, Iowa, has twenty-seven grandchildren. That's wonderful. I wish I had that many grandchildren. Grandchildren surely add joy and interest to our lives.

Mrs. A. J. Mills, 611 W. Cherry St., Cherokee, Iowa, would like to hear from someone who has a "Mother-in-Laws Tongue" plant, to sell.

News comes to us of the death of one of our most loyal friends, Mrs. May Horton of Nauvoo, Ill. She will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

## COOKING HELPS

"I have wonderful success with potatoe chips by slicing the potatoes thin and then soaking them in vinegar water for about an hour (2 Tbls. of vinegar to a cup of water). After drying them on a cloth I fry them in hot fat, and drain on brown paper."—Mrs. Arthur Throckmorton, Ravenwood, Mo.

"Many recipes for white cake call for milk, but I've discovered that if cold water is used the cake will be whiter and less tough."—Mrs. Louis C. Suhr, Manning, Iowa.

"Poached eggs generally mean a very sticky pan to clean, so I've gotten around this by lining the kettle with wax paper. Then I put in the salt, pour boiling water in, and drop the eggs in. It saves much time when it comes to washing the pots and pans."—Mrs. Karl Neilsen, Brayton, Iowa.

"When I buy a new package of raisins I empty the whole package into a small colander which has been placed in a pan. Then I pour hot water over them and allow to stand for about one minute, cool the water and wash well. Lift the colander out and repeat with warm water, and lastly rinse with cold water. Pour them into a dry shallow pan to dry after water has been squeezed out of them gently. Then pour them into a glass jar with a tight lid and they will keep indefinitely and never become wormy."—Mrs. Homer L. Foland, Grand River, Iowa.

"Skillets that stick and cause trouble can be remedied by scoring well, then rubbing salt into it as hard as possible, rinsing, and drying thoroughly."—Mrs. Floyd Laizure, Manhattan, Kansas.

"When stippling floors, take as many broom sticks as you plan to use colors, and tack a small piece of sponge on the end of each stick. Then trim off with scissors until you get the size you want. Put paint in a shallow dish and dip the sponge in it. If broom sticks are cut the length of a cane it will save you a great deal of back ache."—Mrs. Bertha Schreiman, Waverly, Iowa.

"We've just finished removing a great deal of varnish by using the following method. Mix together 1 quart of water, 1 cup of sal soda, 1 cup of electrene (a washing powder). Bring to a boil, add corn starch to make a thick paste and apply to the surface while hot. Let set a little while, then remove with a steel brush and wash off with warm water. It isn't hard on the hands."—Mrs. Jens Sorensen, Harlan, Iowa.

"I dressed two wild ducks by picking off the feathers and down, singing them over the gas burner, and then using a steel chore ball to finish. The down and pin feathers came off very easily. I have used this method for years when dressing chickens."—Mrs. E. O. Jeffery, Stromsburg, Nebr.



## FAMILY FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

Sure, and let's plan a bit of a "Blarney Party", begorra! In green ink, pen this note to your pals. "Sure, 'tis your sweet self I'm askin' to my house on March 17 at 8 o'clock, a wearin' a bit o' green and with lots o' blarney on the tip o' your tongue."

As your guests arrive, give each one a slip of paper on which the name of an Irish song (The Wearing of the Green, Irish Washer Woman, etc.) is written; also a sheet of paper and a crayon, with instructions to draw an illustration of the song title. When all are finished, gather up drawings, pin them on the wall, number them, then have guests write down what they think is the correct song title for each numbered drawing. The person with the most correct titles wins. Give the winner a dozen green paper shamrocks, announcing that shamrocks will be given the winner of each game and a prize will be given to the one with the most shamrocks at the close of the evening.

Now, place the blarney stone (nice, well scrubbed, smooth stone) on a table. Have boys' names in one dish and girls' names in another. Let each guest draw the name of the opposite sex. Each one in turn, will kiss the blarney stone, then go stand in front of person whose name he drew and pay him or her the 'blarniest' compliment he can think up. Guests may decide the winner.

Each boy will take the girl he complimented as his partner for the rest of the games and for supper.

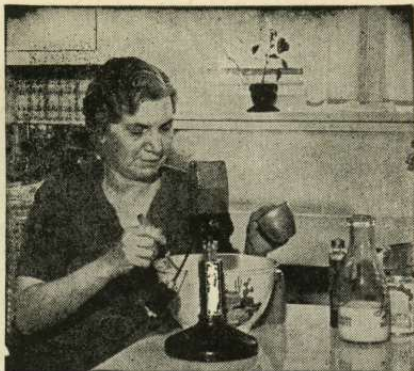
Seat each couple and give the boys a needle and thread, and the girls a piece of green paper and a pair of scissors. As fast as the girls can cut shamrocks, the boys string them. The couple having the most strung in a given time, 3 to 5 minutes, wins. They divide the prize.

Give each couple a sheet of paper and a pencil. The boys write the first two lines of a verse, fold the paper down so his partner can't see what he's written, tells her his last word so she can complete last two lines to rhyme. Have verses read to be judged by guests.

Delicious refreshments would be chicken and parsley—sandwiches, a pickle, a bavarian sponge dessert tinted a delicate green, white iced cup cakes decorated with shamrocks, and cocoa. Use green gumdrops to cut shamrocks for favors, or tie nut cups with green ribbon bows.

A beautiful "Irish Tree" for decoration is made by tying shamrocks to a silvered tree branch placed in a flower pot.





### CHICKEN BALLS

Cut uncooked meat from one chicken breast. Grind in meat grinder, and then run 3 white crackers through the grinder. To this mixture add 2 eggs, salt and pepper, pinch of sage if desired, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 cup sour cream. Mix, and dip by spoonful, drop into boiling chicken broth and cook for 2 or 3 hours. This is an unusual and delicious recipe that has been handed down in our family for many years.—Mrs. G. S. Iverson, Marshalltown, Ia.

### CHOP SUEY

1 lb. pork  
2 cups celery  
1 lb. veal  
1 cup onions  
Salt and pepper to taste  
Cut meat into small squares and brown in fat. Add celery and cover closely. Let cook slowly until celery becomes tender. Then add onions. When tender add 2 tablespoons molasses or brown sugar and a little water. Watch carefully for its burns easily. Serve with steamed rice. If veal is not available, beef will do nicely.—Mrs. C. O. Chambers, Decatur, Ia.

### WALNUT VEGETABLE LOAF

1 cup of peas  
1 cup mashed carrots  
1/2 cup chopped nut meats  
3 tablespoons minced onion  
1 cup soft bread crumbs  
1 cup milk  
1 tablespoon melted fat (butter or fryings)  
2 beaten eggs  
Salt to taste  
2 cups of tomato sauce  
Mix in order given, omitting tomato sauce and pour over the loaf last. Bake in a moderate oven.—Mrs. Dillard Meadows, Maitland, Mo.

### HAMBURGER FLUFF

1 pound hamburger  
1 cup uncooked rice  
2 cups canned tomatoes  
2 cups water  
1 large onion, diced  
Salt, pepper to taste  
Mix the ingredients, bake about 2 hours and stir occasionally. This may seem like a lot of liquid but the rice absorbs it as it cooks.—Maxine Sellers, Chariton, Iowa.

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

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### OLD-FASHIONED EGG BUTTER (Fine spread for waffles or muffins)

1 quart of clear sorghum (not the thin black kind)  
6 eggs  
1/8 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoon allspice  
1/2 tsp. nutmeg  
Place heavy sauce pan on fire with the sorghum and bring to the slow bubble stage. (Mother used a heavy iron skillet.) Remove from fire and beat in the eggs and spices that have been thoroughly beaten together. Place on slow fire and bring to a slow simmer.—Mrs. Ralph Baker, Williamstown, Kansas.

### PINEAPPLE MUFFINS

1/2 cup shortening  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
3/4 cup of milk  
1/4 cup sugar  
1 egg well beaten  
2 cups sifted flour  
4 level teaspoons (triple-acting) powder  
1/2 cup well drained crushed pineapple  
Bake twenty-five minutes in moderate oven.—Mrs. L. A. Bloomgren, Oxford, Nebraska.

### DATE PUDDING

1 1/2 tablespoon sugar  
1 scant tablespoon shortening  
1/2 scant teaspoon vanilla  
1/2 cup flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 cup of chopped dates  
1/4 cup of chopped nut meats  
1 egg  
1/2 cup milk  
Pinch of salt  
Combine above ingredients and bake in slow oven.

### FLUFFY WHITE CAKE

1/2 cup butter; cream well; 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 1/2 cups white corn syrup added gradually, beating well. Sift 2 1/4 cups cake flour and 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder. Add alternately to above mixture with 1/2 cup milk.  
Beat whites of 4 eggs and add last. 1/2 cup black walnut meats can be added before egg whites if desired. Marshmallow cream can be used for icing; thus saving sugar.—Mrs. Ray Robinson, Elmo, Mo.

### SOAP

1 can lye  
2 quarts grease  
1/2 cup ammonia  
2 tablespoons borax  
To make, heat grease, add lye that has been dissolved in 1 quart of cold water over night. Stir for 15 or 20 minutes. Add the ammonia and borax. Dissolve the borax in 1/2 cup warm water. Stir until thick. The grease can be quite warm. Mark the pieces as soon as it is cold enough. It gets hard fast.—Mrs. Ottman, Albert City, Iowa.

### ALMOND JAM BARS

1/2 cup butter or other shortening  
1/2 teaspoon almond extract  
1/2 cup corn syrup  
1 1/2 cup sifted flour  
1 1/2 teaspoon baking powder  
1 egg  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/4 teaspoon cloves  
1 to 1 1/2 cup jam  
Cream together shortening and almond extract. Add syrup gradually, mixing well. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, cinnamon and cloves. Add flour to shortening and mix until crumbly (mix with fingers.) Add beaten egg. Mix until well blended. Spread half the dough in bottom of greased 7" by 12" pan. Spread jam over dough. Cover with remaining dough. Bake in moderately hot oven (400 degree F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Cut in bars. Makes about 2 1/2 dozen.—Mrs. Eugene Kurtz, Osborne, Kansas.

### CARROT RAISIN SALAD

Put through the medium knife of the food chopper:  
4 medium carrots  
1/4 cup seedless raisins  
1/2 cup finely cut celery  
Mix with dressing and serve on a lettuce leaf.

#### Dressing:

1/4 cup peanut butter  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
Pepper  
Blend in gradually 1/4 cup condensed milk. Stir in 2 tablespoons vinegar. Mix thoroughly and chill.—Mabel Nair Brown, Lohrville, Iowa.

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## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "For quite some time my husband and I and our four children have been living with my husband's parents, and now I think we should have a home of our own as we never have really agreed on things, and although I haven't been well since my baby was born I am expected to take care of his mother. There are good places she could stay and get fine treatment, and since no one else will help in this capacity I think that a home of our home would answer the problem. What do you think?"—*Ia.*

**ANS:** If circumstances make it humanly possible I certainly think that every couple with four children (or even one child, for that matter) should have a home of their own. If you don't really agree on things there must be considerable tension in the house, and it is very hard on children to grow up surrounded by antagonistic feelings. I don't know what all of the circumstances are in your case, but it does seem to me that you are justified in longing for your own home.

**QUES:** "My husband and I have been married for seven years and I can honestly say that we've had trouble over only one thing, but it is a big thing. He is the oldest child in his family and the only son, so after his father's death he helped his mother a great deal financially, and also his two sisters who are eighteen and twenty. I don't object to having him give his mother money for essential things, and until the girls were through high school it seemed only right for him to help them, but they spend money so extravagantly and then turn to him for aid in meeting unnecessary bills. I think that he should give them a flat sum and tell them that he won't pay a cent beyond this, for we need many things too and I've often gone without a new dress so that one of the girls could have it. I'm tempted to make a real issue of this in 1946 and wonder if you think that I would be doing right?"—*N. M.*

**ANS:** If black is black and white is white, you would be doing right, but I'm very much afraid of such issues. It's obvious that your husband doesn't share your feelings or he would have taken the sensible course that you pointed out long ago. See if you can't work him around to feeling that it is his own decision, and try to avoid a big scene over it. I know that you must feel chronically exasperated over this and that it colors almost everything at times, but since you state that it's the only trouble you have and are very happy otherwise, do make every effort to maneuver your way around this without violent feelings.

**QUES:** "I'm wondering what to do about a situation that is making me completely miserable. We have one daughter, fifteen, but in April I expect another baby, and my daughter's attitude is really dreadful. Since I

told her about the coming baby she has sulked, pouted, refused to take any interest in it, and gotten very impudent and defiant towards both of us. We've tried everything imaginable to get her to feel happy about it, but we've met with no success at all. I wish that I could think of something that would change her viewpoint before April."—*Kans.*

**ANS:** Obviously your daughter is jealous and fearful of being less important to you now that there will be a new baby in the family. May I suggest that you stop trying to interest her or in any way placating her? Stop discussing the coming baby, don't ask her to display any interest in your preparations for it, and try to fall back into the pattern of your family life as it was before this happened. If you can afford to do so, send her away for six weeks or so this coming summer, either to a girl's camp or to a distant relative. I believe you'll find that once the baby is here she will take a different attitude towards it, but if she doesn't, don't show your hurt feelings and regret. In time, I feel certain that she will come to love this new baby.

**QUES:** "I don't know that anyone has ever asked you such a question, Leanna, but here is a problem that we'd like your opinion on. In March our parents will celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary, and we six children who live near them want to have a big open-house and present them with a substantial gift. Now our problem is this: we have a sister who lives in Maine, and she hasn't been home for over eighteen years. They've had a hard struggle and we know that she can't afford to come for a visit. None of us have much money, but if we pooled our funds we could send for her, although this means not giving our parents anything of value. Some of us think that we should go right ahead with our plans, and others think that we should send for her. What do you think?"—*Nebr.*

**ANS:** I'd send for her, and no two ways about it. I'm sure that your parents would much prefer seeing a daughter who has been absent for over eighteen years to anything that you could give them.

### ALLOWANCES

"Here is how I judge the amount of allowance to give my children each week. I made a chart for each child and on it I mark each job they do, such as wash dishes, wipe dishes, dust floors, etc. One cent is marked after that task on the chart. At the end of the week, the children add up their tasks and are paid accordingly. For each piece of clothing they do not pick up and put away, I deduct one cent and they really try to keep their rooms looking neat."—*Mrs. P.*

## THE SCHOOL LUNCH

By Mrs. Eli Espe

When children reach high school age, the majority of them refuse to be bothered with any kind of lunch box or bucket and request that their lunches be packed in paper bags. It is, of course, more difficult to pack a substantial appetizing lunch in a paper bag; however, one can still include a heavy wax paper cup which can be discarded along with the bag and which may contain many appetizing foods, such as potatoes salad, baked beans, vegetable salad, stewed fruit, and mixed raw fruits, various kinds of puddings, gelatin desserts, fruit salads and many others.

When possible use two paper bags, one inside the other. This makes it stronger and the food does not dry out so easily. Either fold the top down neatly, as the grocer does, and fasten with a paper clip, or tie securely with string. Always write the child's name on the bag, not only to insure him getting the right lunch, but to make sure he gets one, period!

I remember a youngster coming home ravenously hungry one evening, announcing he had had no lunch. It seems that in the pell mell rush to the room where the lunches were kept, when his turn came to grab a lunch, there was none left to grab! And how there happened to be one less lunch than there was children was never explained!

Sandwiches are the main part, as a rule, of the school lunch. For a change, prepare some ribbon, rolled or club sandwiches. For ribbon sandwiches, the bread is sliced lengthwise, alternating light and dark bread, using three to five slices. Choose fillings as desired, but the combinations should be pleasing. Place one buttered slice on top of the other with filling between each slice, wrap in damp cloth and chill. Slice in one-half inch slices when ready to serve.

Rolled sandwiches are made by slicing bread length-wise of loaf in one-half inch slices. Remove crusts and spread with butter and any desired filling. A broiled sausage, a row of stuffed olives, a small pickle or carrot may be used to start the roll.

Small individual rolled sandwiches which are especially nice for the school lunch are made by using one slice of fresh bread for each sandwich.

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# Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda C. Wiles

As I predicted in the last issue of Kitchen-Klatter, eggs have taken a tumble in price and many hens are being placed on the market. Optimists that we farmers are, we are beginning all over again—and put in hours looking over chick prices and listening to poultry programs being broadcast, hoping again that next year we will be better favored with some sort of government support.

Hatcheries are very busy and again we wait our turn to have our cases of eggs emptied. Last week one of the hatchery men told me how much time could be saved by placing all eggs in the fillers with the small end down. I was surprised when he mentioned this as I supposed every one did that, without being reminded. He then opened several cases and soon found one that was not filled correctly. By placing the small end down, the membrane that forms the air cell in the egg, does not bear the weight of the contents of the egg and is not stretched out of shape.

Be sure you are ready for your chicks before you bring them to their new home. Have your brooder stove going and all equipment clean and in place. I think this year I will try spraying my brooder-house with the new chemical D.D.T. I am going to get some more information on the subject, before I try it, but if it does all that is claimed, it will make it much easier to control mites, lice, and even germ diseases. If any of you have had any experience with it, I would like to hear from you.

I believe this year I will try wood shavings and saw dust for my brooder house litter. I usually have ground cobs and like them very much as litter but the only cobs that I have that would do to grind, are some I got from a neighbor and have a good many cockle-burs in them and I could never allow such litter to be hauled to the fields as that is one thing I cannot tolerate—obnoxious weeds on this farm. My husband was always pulling, hoeing and cutting out any weed that has a tendency to become a pest.

I received two letters this past week wanting to know among other things, if I was still on the farm. Yes, I am trying it again for another year. I have several friends that have always lived on a farm and when their husbands passed away, they gave up their homes and went to town to live. They are not content and wish for their old homes. As long as I am physically able, I intend to continue here. Lonely? Yes, but it will be lonely wherever you are. You have to keep busy and live one day at a time.

"Plan more work than you can do—  
Then do it.

Bite off more than you can chew—  
Then chew it.

Hitch your wagon to a star,

Keep your seat, and there you are!"

—Anon.



Home-made soap. Mrs. Blanche Poduska,  
Marshalltown, Iowa.

## OUR HOBBY CLUB

My hobby is collecting all different kinds of match folders. Also want penpals.—Miss Edna M. Arp, 76th West 11th Street, Fremont, Nebraska.

I collect postmarks, view cards, old U. S. Stamps, old Christmas seals. The children want old Christmas stickers or seals.—Mrs. Fred Fink, Delmont, South Dakota.

I am interested in embroidery patterns, recipes, and poems.—Mrs. C. O. Chambers, Route 2, Decatur, Iowa.

I would like view cards, pencils, and love all kinds of antiques. Would like penpals whose names are Alvina.—Mrs. Fred C. Dierks, Sioux Center, Iowa.

I have nice print aprons, crocheted pot holders, and pansy doilies to exchange for old toothpick holders, mustache cups, and saucers or old teapots.—Helen Shick, Jefferson, Iowa.

I would like to correspond with others interested in making hats or any hat ideas.—Mrs. E. O. Reames, 2341 South East 6th, Des Moines 15, Iowa.

My hobby is recipes. I have 975 recipes so far and am only fourteen years old.—Miss Virginia Hagar, 419 North 18th St., Nebraska City, Nebr.

Will exchange shakers and handkerchiefs.—Mrs. Elmer Whitford, Allen, Nebraska.

Will exchange round crocheted rugs for small fancy cups and saucers or an old walnut clock shelf. Would also buy same.—Mrs. C. E. Snyder, 605 Sheldon Street, Creston, Iowa.

I'm looking for an old fashioned kerosene lamp. (Parlor lamp). Would like large shade and large base. Will pay cash or any equal exchange.—Mrs. Theo. P. Kein, Como, Station, Route 3, South Owasso Blvd., St. Paul 8, Minn.

Send yearly subscription to Kitchen-Klatter Price \$1.00 yr.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Every now and then a letter comes from someone who would like to write to shutins but doesn't know how to start. I'll admit it does seem hard to write the first time, but it really isn't. A pretty card will turn the trick. If you know the date, send a birthday card. Failing that, the calendar is full of days that you can press into service: Valentine Day in February, Saint Patrick's Day in March, Easter, Maybasket day and so on. Whatever day you choose, select an interesting card and on it write a short letter. Say you saw the person's name in the Good Neighbor list. That is all you need by way of introduction. Then tell who you are and a little about yourself and your family and ask them to tell you about themselves. I have found that a stamped, self-addressed envelope is a nice thing to send with that first letter. You won't always get an answer but you can be sure you have given a shutin something new to think about for a while, which is what you meant to do; and if you get an answer, you have the start of what may work into a grand friendship.

Here are some folks to practice on: Mr. and Mrs. Otto Rupcke, Box 64, Sturgeon Bay, Wisc., are elderly folk living alone, and he has a broken leg. His hobbies are view cards and stamps so you might enclose an addition to his collection with your card. Rosa Mae Rinard, County Hospital, Adel, Iowa, is a lifetime invalid from paralysis. She cannot use her hands or arms, and is not able to walk, but likes to read. Perhaps you have a book for her. Her birthday is March 6, (1908).

Mrs. Ada F. Hill, 38 Chandler St., Somerville, Mass., will like to hear from you. She has been a sufferer from arthritis for many years. Sits in a wheel chair all the time. Her husband cared for her till recently when he took sick himself and now both are in a rest home, but not together. Her birthday is March 24 (1881) and her hobby is collecting church view cards. Mrs. Frances Wood, 80 Bedford Ave., East Hartford 8, Conn., also collects view cards, especially of postoffices. Another life-time shutin who is trying to fill her place in the world is Mrs. Thelma Hansen, Concord, Nebraska. If you need any magazines, do ask her for prices. She sells other things, too, and will be glad to tell you about them.

Don't forget the wheel chair robes for our wounded soldiers and the U.S.O. scrapbooks for them. Look in your last Kitchen-Klatter for information about them or write me. You will find my address in the Little Ad Column. Also remember that if you have any stamps suitable for collections, they are much needed in the Veterans Hospitals. Dr. A. W. Action, 627 N Sierra Bonita Ave., Los Angeles 36, Calif., is chairman of the Stamps for Servicemen Committee. Send him all you have, even if it is only a few. He tells me several nice packages have come from Kitchen-Klatter readers already, but they need an endless amount.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

A minute or so ago when I took my typewriter out of its case Juliana wandered into the kitchen, gave me a dangerously angelic smile and said, "Isn't it nice that no one is talking about going to bed?" This new approach to the burning question of bedtime gave me such a surprise that I found myself smiling right back and saying, "Yes, it certainly is nice, isn't it?" So that's the way she got a fifteen minute reprieve tonight, and the next time I'll try and be on my guard for she's sure to spring it a second time since it worked so well tonight.

Have any of you friends ever had a child, or ever heard of a child, for that matter, who went promptly to bed without a single backward glance or request? I've never heard of such a child, I'm sure. Juliana's at the age where she thinks it's downright terrible to be anywhere but up and tearing around, and she can think of a million and one excuses for delaying the inevitable moment of starting to unlace shoes. A hard one to get around is the one that begins: "Well, you want me to go to work and pick up my toys, don't you, and how can I go to bed this minute if there's all of this work to do?" Goodness!

Mother suggests that I write a little something about my never-to-be forgotten experience in Red Oak, Iowa, when I was on my road to Shenandoah from Chicago just before Thanksgiving of last year. To tell you the truth, every detail of that experience is still so vividly imprinted on my mind that I wouldn't find it hard to start at the exact moment we boarded the train in Chicago and supply every detail between that moment and the moment we finally got off the train in Red Oak.

I won't do exactly that, but I will tell you that Juliana and I got on the train about 9:00 in the evening (this was in the Chicago station) and that I was nervous about getting off all right in Red Oak since it's a small place for a fast train to be stopping. They assured me that they would stop all right, and that they'd call me thirty-minutes before we reached Red Oak so that I could be completely dressed. Just to make doubly certain, however, I hunted down the porter and he actually wrote a slip, a big white slip, and pinned it on the curtains of my berth.

"We don't stop there long," he said sternly, "so the minute I call you why you get right up and dress." I promised him that I'd be only too happy to do this.

In spite of all this I couldn't throw off an uneasy feeling about not getting off that train in Red Oak, and I knew that I simply had to get off for Don would have driven there to get me, and imagine landing in Omaha when your brother had gotten out of bed at 4:30 to drive twenty-seven miles for you! I didn't rest a bit well that night, and I must have dosed off into my first really sound sleep just before I felt the porter shaking me violently and saying loudly, "Lady!



Juliana and Kristin. The Christmas Dolls.

Lady! I've made a mistake—I forgot to call you and we're in Red Oak right now!"

I roused up instantly, terribly conscious of the fact that we were indeed standing still. Juliana also awakened instantly, and with one wild jump I grabbed for her and put her out in the aisle. She had on nothing but her pajamas, and in view of the fact that we might be starting on at any second I couldn't even take time to put her coat on. She staggered down the aisle toward the door while I swept up everything we'd taken off the night before, plus coats, hats, and all of the rest of the collection. I should tell you right here that I didn't have time to dress either! I had a coat that zipped from the neck to the bottom, and I simply threw that on, zipped it up, and started out after Juliana.

Now as a rule there isn't anyone around the Red Oak station to speak of, but since it was the day before Thanksgiving and many people were traveling, that platform was simply crowded. Here it was, dark as pitch, bitterly cold, a strong wind blowing, and all of those big arc lights blazing down so that everyone could see this child being rushed off in her pajamas, and this woman hurrying along with her hair standing wildly all over her head. (My hair is the wildest hair ever noticed on land or sea when I first get up in the morning.)

As we got off of the train with the porter telling us to hurry, hurry, I heard someone say, "Guess they forgot to wake them up," and it seemed to me a very obvious comment! We hurried into the station, and it wasn't until we got in there that I looked over the pile of clothing in my arms and discovered that I'd left my good wool dress on a hanger in the berth. By this time the train was beginning to move away, so I dashed to the door and shrieked, "My dress! My dress!" Fortunately the porter heard me, and a split-second later it came hurtling through the air. So, there I was with my dress recovered, and the train gone, and Juliana looking at me anxiously and saying, "We got off in a hurry, didn't we?"

My only real regret about the entire affair was that Don didn't witness it. He had gone down to have a cup of coffee, and by the time he reached the station we had our clothes on and were sitting on the bench looking quite civilized. It would have appeal-

ed to his sense of humor to see us get off of that big train in such a condition.

On the train trip that we have just taken there were no such complications. As many of you know, after six years in California, Russell, Juliana and I have returned to Shenandoah to live. Did this surprise you or have you had a sort of a hunch about it? The only thing about it that surprises me is the fact that it came at this time. We have long said that after the war was over we wanted to return to the middlewest, but like countless other people we didn't quite expect the war to end so abruptly, and we had expected to be residents of California for another year or so.

Probably you have often noticed an undertone of longing for the middlewest in these visits with you. Well, I will confess that although I truly enjoyed California for many, many reasons, there had always been a sort of homesick feeling for the things that I associate with Iowa. This feeling has grown keener since Juliana arrived and we realized that a childhood spent in a city apartment or a house crammed between other houses, plus only the park for companionship, couldn't begin to compare with the childhood that she would know in Shenandoah where she could be part of a neighborhood crowd. I have visualized the playhouse under the weeping willow tree in Grandfather Driftmier's yard, and the pleasure of sitting down to Sunday dinner with Grandfather and Grandmother at our own table. Children who grow up far away from their grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins, really miss a great deal, I think.

I will tell you more about our plans next month. As in any major move, there were countless details to take care of, and of course there was the big job of getting our household goods crated and started on the road. Dorothy was busy packing too, for she and Frank and Kristin left almost the same day that we did. Our little girls won't be separated for long spells after all—that's something Dorothy and I have always dreaded. Kristin can come down from the farm to visit us, and later on, Juliana can go up there and visit.

Yes, we are glad to be in Iowa. Next month I'll write you about our new home. As ever,

—Lucile.

## TWO YEARS OLD

By Nancy Moore Kelsey

He finds a pencil and marks on the walls,  
He climbs on the piano, and then he falls  
He eats the garbage and plays in the ink  
He spills the milk he declines to drink.  
He crawls in the coal bin and plays it's bed,  
He refuses to bathe and cries instead,  
In short, he wishes to do what he wishes,  
He breaks your heart as well as your dishes.  
But all is forgiven, all is bliss,  
When he comes and gives you a big wet kiss.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE STORY OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY

By Maxine Sickels

If you are Irish, if you have even the tiniest bit of Irish blood in your veins or if you just have an Irish friend, you will celebrate St. Patrick's Day when March 17 arrives. If you have none of these, you will want to celebrate it anyway as an excuse for a good time.

Bring out your green and white crepe paper. Bring on your laugh- ingest, rollickingest games. Bring on your old familiar songs.

For refreshments feature a sack lunch in honor of all the Irishmen who carried their dinner pails as they helped build America.

But why St. Patrick's day I hear you asking. That is a story so old, so mixed up with fact and fictions that I cannot promise you that this is a true story. I can only promise you that he was a real man, born over 1,500 years ago in Scotland. At the age of sixteen, he was captured by pirates from Ireland and was put to work as a herd boy for an Irish chief.

In the years that he worked there, far from home and friends he became a Christian. When he was grown, he ran away to France and joined a religious order.

Now comes the strange part of his story. When he had learned enough about God that he thought he could teach other people, he returned to Ireland. There he spent about thirty years teaching the people the things he had learned. He must have been a wonderful teacher for in his own little book that he left, he told of starting over 300 churches and teaching over 12,000 people.

There are many stories about St. Patrick. One story says he charmed the snakes with his music so they followed him into the sea and were drowned.

One says that the little bell he used to call people to services is still in Ireland.

Like all old old stories, some people say these are true and some say they cannot be proved.

It doesn't matter. There was a St. Patrick. March is a long month short on holidays and March 17 is a good excuse for a happy time.

I hope you have one.

### NIGHT

Night is like a lovely blanket  
Used to cover up the day:  
And, lest there be too much darkness  
Stars light up the milky way.

Night is like a song at evening  
That can lull a child to rest  
Or like prayers deep and heartfelt  
Souls find comfort and are blest.

—Emma D. Babcock.

### VERSES FOR HIDDEN GIFTS

The next time you have a birthday at your house and want to surprise a member of the family with his gifts, try hiding them in the places that these little verses suggest. It is fun to write these on little slips of paper and put them under the dishes at the table, or even in different places around the dining room or living room.

In the broom closet,  
Behind the door,  
Rests a package  
On the floor.

You're tired, we know,  
But not through yet,  
Look under the dresser  
And see what you get.

In the bedroom  
Under the chair  
Is a small package—  
But handle with CARE!!

Unless you are  
Blind as a bat  
You'll find a gift  
Where you keep your hat.

I'm hiding somewhere  
In the hall,  
Please come and get me  
Before I fall.

### KINGS

(To be answered by words ending in king)

A good exercise?—Walking.  
The most powerful king on earth?—Working.  
The laziest?—Shirking.  
The one near fire?—Smoking.  
The wittiest?—Joking.  
The quietest?—Thinking.  
The thirstiest?—Drinking.  
The slyest?—Winking.  
The noisiest?—Talking.  
The most destructive?—Breaking.  
The one that's out for fun?—Sky-larking.  
The one who knows his doughnuts and coffee?—Dunking.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,  
"To make the dark world bright;  
My silver beams cannot travel far  
Through the folding gloom of night.  
But I'm a true part of God's great plan,  
And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."  
—Anon.

I am a little girl twelve years old.  
I would like penpals.—Mary Jane Harman, Route 3, Milan, Missouri.

I would like penpals near by own age. I'm eleven years old and my birthday is May 20th and am in the seventh grade. —Joyce Helen Ryan, Merna, Nebraska.



Carroll Brown, Lohrville, Iowa, takes over the cultivator after school.

### KNOW YOUR STATE Iowa

Flower—Wild Rose.  
Nickname—Hawkeye State.  
Area—56,147 square miles.  
Capitol—Des Moines, Iowa.  
Largest City—Des Moines, Iowa.  
Bird—Eastern Goldfinch.  
Motto—"Our Liberties We Prize,  
Our Rights We Maintain".

### TONGUE TWISTERS

Sixty-six slick sick chicks.  
Tie twisted twine to three tiny tree twigs.  
An old cold scold sold a school coal scuttle.





## BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

The home in which you live is an expression of the real *you*. In it is reflected your personality. It may be only two rooms—or even one—but between those four walls your days are spent.

If you love order and beauty, this is expressed in the arrangement of your furniture and the colors you use. Perhaps you must eat and sleep in the same room. If so, it should not look like a bed room or a dining room, for really it is a living room. For sleeping, there may be a couch or fold-away bed; for eating a table that can be used as a desk or reading table.

When living in a small apartment, one must be orderly. Have a place for everything and keep everything in its place.

## YOUR CHILDREN

"Leanna, please tell young mothers how important their job of molding the lives of their little children is. So many times these mothers think only of how they can manage their work and not enough about how their children's lives are being affected every day. Take time to teach the youngsters courtesy, table manners, good grooming, the value of money, and honest daily work. It is also important that they learn how to get along with outsiders, either children or adults. This training can never be taken from them and will make such a difference in their lives."—A mother of five.

Homemaker Hubbard climbed up in her cupboard  
To look for a can of peas  
She fell off a chair, (no step-ladder was there)  
The chair wasn't damaged—but she's.

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## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 5¢ per word, \$1.00 minimum charge, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 10th of the month preceding date of issue.

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**HANDMADE CRYSTALLINE BROOCHES** for dress or coat. Safety-lock pin. Durable. Sparkling colors, \$2.00 value. Satisfied customers, \$1.30. Several, \$1.20. Orchid corsage offer in December issue good indefinitely. Freda Poeserlin, 1700 E. Court, Beatrice, Nebraska.

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**FOR SPRING DELIVERY.** African violets—White Lady, \$1.00; Triby, \$1.00; Supreme, \$1.00; Pink Beauty, 75¢; Blue Girl, 75¢; Blue Boy, 75¢; Ionantha, 75¢. Add 30¢ for postage and packing on one plant, 25¢ of the cost of the plants for more than one. Ixora Coccinea, \$1.00 post-paid. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**FENS 4 PAIN.** Used by reputable physicians 14 years. Safe, speedy relief from pain. Effective in arthritis, headaches, etc. Money back guarantee. Introductory offer, box of 24 tablets, 20¢. Limited time only. Regular price, 35¢. FENS PHARMACAL COMPANY, 532 N. Jackson Street, Jackson, Michigan.

**LADIES COVERALL PRINT APRONS**, \$1.50; waistband style, \$1.25. Well made. May Stringer, 712 1st Avenue West, Newton, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Feed sacks, washed, ironed, and bleached, 30¢ each. Mrs. Ernest Kuether, Wells, Minnesota.

**1946 HEALTH BOOKLET** (by a nurse). Suggestions for persons who find it hard to reduce. Gas forming foods. Nervous and Anemic. Allergy (food sensitiveness) cause and relief. 30 health questions answered. Vitamin importance and dangerous ONE. Cooking suggestions, etc.—35¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

**EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES**, 36 inch. Some with crocheted motif. All have colored crocheted edge, \$3.00. Mrs. Ernest Marcum, Center, Kentucky.

**POT HOLDERS** and Hot Mats, woven from Jersey loops. Will mail for 25¢ or exchange for other holders or tea towels. Mrs. Robert C. Bear, Milbank, South Dakota.

**FOR SALE:** I will continue to make these pieces for rest of the year. 15 inch doily, \$1.50; 16 inch swirl doily, \$2.00; end table, 19 by 12, \$1.25; buffet set, \$2.50; vanity set, \$2.50. These are all in white and may vary in size as to size of thread used. Fancy pillow cases of good material, post-paid, \$4.25. Emma M. Stein, Dysart, Ia.

**GREETING CARDS.** 16 All Occasion, \$1.00; 16 Birthday, \$1.00; 14 Sympathy, \$1.00; 14 Easter, \$1.00; 16 Get-Well, \$1.00; 24 designed Personal Notes, \$1.00. Mrs. Lena Boden, Adams, Nebraska.

**ORGANDY APRONS** with applique fruit or flowers in hem, \$2.00. Crocheted basket and holders, \$1.75; pinafore clothes pin bag and hanger, \$1.00. Bessie Schollmeyer, 1323 Marshall, Boone, Iowa.

**YOUR HANDWRITING TELLS.** Health, happiness, wealth. Write me on unruled paper, enclosing a self addressed stamped envelope, sex, complexion, birthdate, \$1.00. I know you will like this most unusual analysis for your personal benefit. Myrtle McKenney, 904 Norfolk, Norfolk, Nebr.

**FOR SALE:** Beautiful assortments, all occasions, all birthday, get-well, or Easter folders and envelopes. With or without scripture, 10 cards, 55¢ or 15 DeLuxe cards, \$1.00. Merle Walter, Franklin, Nebraska.

**MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS.** Send me your magazine subscriptions. They will have my prompt attention. My physical handicap does not permit me to work outside my home so I will appreciate your orders. Miss Helen Kerns, 4721 Larimore Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

**DOLL CLOTHES.** Made for less if material is sent. Crocheted panties for dolls. Other crocheted articles. Yarn dolls with crocheted clothes. Write, Marie Fogel, Brooklyn, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Crocheted Bedspread, \$15.00. Wash in machine, needs no ironing. Coats white thread. Mrs. Charley Weilandt, New Ulm, Minnesota.

**WANTED:** Orders for patchwork. Pot holders, price 15¢ postpaid. Crocheted ones at 40¢ postpaid. Neat work. Miss Mary C. Lutyn, Tipton, Kansas.

**CUSTOM WEAVING, RAG RUGS.** For Sale, aprons, laundry bags, collars. Write, Ellen Olsen, 527 So. 21st, Lincoln 8, Nebr.

**PRINT APRONS FOR SALE.** Any style, \$1.25. Also aprons made to order. Make a lunch cloth from 1 yard muslin, 1 mans Bandanna handkerchief. Send 25¢ in coin, for pattern and instructions. Nadine Hughes, General Delivery, Marshall, Mo.

**FOR SALE:** Pinafores, \$1.35; sunsuits, 75¢; in assorted prints, blue, red, yellow, pink, rick rack trim, size 2. Mrs. Zelma Mahalic, Chariton, Iowa.

**PRINT APRONS, \$1.00.** Towels of all kinds. Orders taken for quilting and embroidery. Mrs. L. Stanek, Scribner, Nebraska.

**KNOW YOURSELF AND YOUR FRIENDS.** Send one dollar and any handwriting for character analysis to Karin, Box 144, Jefferson, Iowa.

"Am enclosing money for my subscription to Kitchen-Klatter which I couldn't do without. I have used the contests at our club, and read it from cover to cover."—Mrs. Gertrude Lutz, Eagle Grove, Iowa.



Mrs Louisa Pickell  
Rt 1  
Madrid Iowa 2



## AID SOCIETY HELPS

This month I want to eliminate suggestions for Aid activities, particularly money-making activities, and suggest, instead, that each and every one of us take stock of the church to which we belong. March is a good time in which to do this for it's just about now that most big neighborhood changes take place. In our part of the country it seems that March is more like the first of the year than January.

If there is one thing that stands out today it's the fact that most people are troubled and afraid. In every mind there is a watchful uneasiness, not at all the sort of feeling that might be expected from a people who have just won a bitterly-fought war. It was partly the price we paid for this victory that has left us worried and uncertain, but even more than this is the feeling that we're living in dangerous times when all of the old, familiar things seem likely to slip away at any moment.

There have been a thousand and one courses of action suggested for dealing with the dangers in which we find ourselves, but to my way of thinking, the only true, unfaltering hope is to build our churches into great strongholds of Christian truth and charity. I think that our salvation lies in this path, and only in this path. No other force can change the currents in which we are now helplessly floundering.

If the Church is to do this great task that lies before us it must be a Church in which every person does his part. There cannot be dissension and hard feelings; every problem that arises must be settled promptly to the satisfaction of the majority, for there is no strength and time to waste on disgruntled feelings.

If you have a well-organized women's group in your church you have the foundation for the most valuable work that can be accomplished. If you haven't such a group, take steps at once to organize one, and while you are organizing, be sure that you approach every single woman in your neighborhood. I think that too often we're held back by wondering if a new woman in our community wants to go to "our church"; we need broad minds these days, and the realization that "our church" is every church that stands for the forces of good.

Have we given our young people a

place where they can take part in good, clean-minded activities without the fear of criticism? Have we made it our business to see that every child in the community attends church some place, and if he doesn't attend because of shabby clothing, have we made it possible for him to attend without hurting his pride and feelings? Have we put our force behind necessary and worth-while projects in the neighborhood and town? Have we put all of our strength behind the pastor and made him feel that we're backing him in his work at all times?

These are just a few of the questions that we should ask ourselves right now. I am convinced that never before have there been such great opportunities for us to declare by our actions that we believe ourselves to be capable of changing the world. It's the work of every member of every church that will bring about the change. And it will provide the answer to the terrible question that has been asked again and again these last few years: "Where is the conscience of mankind?" It is up to those of us who believe in the Christian life to answer this in such a way that it need never be asked again.

## A "TAX" PARTY

During this particular time most of us have been struggling with all of the complicated tax problems that beset us these days, so it would probably come as a relief to people to have the situation made light of and given an amusing twist by attending, or giving, a Tax party. There's nothing as comforting as knowing we're all in the same boat with one common problem, and this gives us an excuse for a really original evening.

Take time to prepare written invitations for this party. Use the same type of paper that official documents are written on (large sheets, thin paper) and get ahold of red sealing wax for the envelope. Address your guests by a title such as: "Secretary of Agriculture, Fred Smith" or "Madame Congresswoman, Frances Miller". The invitation could read as follows:

"It has been reported to this Bureau that you are delinquent in the payment of taxes to perpetuate good will and joy in the Executive Mansion of" (name of host here). "Further penalties and assessments may be avoided by presenting yourself in person at the aforesaid mansion on March—" (correct date here) Admission granted by payment of twenty-one grains of corn and one cast-off sock, payable to the Secretary of the Treasury. Fellow citizens arriving after 8:00 P.M. will be subject to fines stipulated by the Treasurer. No appeals will be entertained."

Signed by host and hostess.

The Secretary of the Treasury should stand at the door and take the admission. Late-comers may be assessed such penalties as making them count all of the grains of corn, or matching up the best pair of socks.

Couples for the early part of the evening may be chosen by having each

person draw a slip from a hat. One slip might read "Secretary of Commerce" with another slip in the hat reading "Henry Wallace". Sufficient combinations to take care of all guests should be prepared.

Suggestions for entertainment include such stunts as the following:

Have everyone vote secretly for a "distinguished guest who is called upon to execute a great mission" and count the votes. The person winning the highest number of votes is then asked to give a three-minute speech (be sure you time him) on the subject: "What I'd like to do with the money I've just spent for taxes." Cheering and heckling are to be expected.

Allow ten minutes for each guest to write a jingle on the subject: "How to Enjoy Paying Taxes" and award a prize for the best jingle.

Using the two words, "White House", ask the guests to compile as many words as possible from the eleven letters. Allow fifteen minutes for this contest.

If charades are popular in your community, choose sides and act out the role of a tax collector making his rounds in the years 1700, 1946, and 2000.

Provide each man with a thread and needle, distribute a cast-off sock to each one, and have a contest to see who wins the prize for doing the best job of mending. The people who tried this reported that it was hilarious because of the many bitter comments that so-and-so didn't have a big hole in his sock, etc.

About 10:00 o'clock bring in a big sign and tack it on the living room wall. This sign can read: "Owing to our impoverished condition because of taxes we will ask you to adjourn to the dining room for light refreshments." In the dining room there may be glasses of water and a plate of soda crackers or a couple of bowls of dry cereal. A little later in the evening refreshments can be served.



Lt. (j.g.) Frederick Driftmier.