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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Price 10 cents



Vol. 7

JUNE, 1942

Number 6



Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in U. S. A.

Foreign Countries, \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends,

June, the month of roses, hollyhocks, strawberries and brides. It used to be the month in which I looked forward to taking my vacation trip to the lakes, but because of the tire shortage we will not drive north this year.

The Kitchen-Klatter friends in northern Iowa and Minnesota who had planned a picnic for me at Worthington will have to wait till next year to see me again. At least we hope by that time it will be possible for us to travel again. If it is not, we will be willing to postpone our picnic for the duration. Foregoing such pleasures is a very little sacrifice to make toward the winning of the war.

I have my housecleaning done and the kitchen and bathroom papered and painted. We had a man wash the rugs on the floor. They look so bright and clean now.

We have had such good rains that the flowers have been beautiful. My tulips, lilacs and spirea were very pretty. The latest addition to our yard is a large seven-foot Black Hills Spruce which we planted just west of the house.

Don brought his roommate, Forrest Heacock of Sedalia, Missouri, home with him for Mother's Day. We had such a good time. Howard was at home, too, so I was not as lonely as I was afraid I would be with my family so scattered.

Wayne, our son who is in the army, sent me a wooden salad bowl and fork. The bowl is shaped like an oak leaf, with the stem for a handle. I was proud of Wayne when he wrote his father to take all of the money he had in the bank, money he had saved for his college education, and buy him War Bonds with it.

I wish that every one of my subscribers would write me a letter this summer. Inclose a help for the Victory Basket Program. I feel that such helps are very important now.

Frederick, our son in Egypt, completes his three year contract as a teacher at the American Mission this month, and we are wondering if he will be able to obtain passage home or will stay in Egypt for the duration. He may conduct a Y. M. C. A. hut for the soldiers at the front, if he does not get to come home. We are anxiously awaiting news of his plans. He could teach in the college another

year, but like all young men, he would rather do something in connection with the war. He writes that they need men over there who understand the Egyptian people and he feels qualified in that respect, having worked with them for three years.

On May 12th, John Field, Frank's youngest son, reported for service with the Air Corps. That is the same division of the army Frank joined during the first World War. John is a fine boy and will make a good pilot.

How are you getting along with your sugar ration? We are doing real well, at least my husband is for he has saved a cup of sugar already from his allotment so that I can make him a batch of sugar cookies.

Write to me when you have time. We are a family of sisters, each interested in hearing from the others. Won't you join us?

Sincerely your friend,
—Leanna.

STORMS TODAY

"And behold there arose a great (storm) tempest— * * * 'Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?' * * * and there was a great calm."

This is my home, and I
Safe, sheltered from fierce storms
Raging without;
Not fearing driving snows
Nor tossing trees
Whipping about.

I've clothes, warmth, food to spare;
Clear water's here—God's gift,—
To quench my thirst.
Far am I from that war-torn world,
Its human seethings
Into hell-pits hurled.

So grateful! From my quiet home
I urge the Spirit's Power
Out through the storm—
Across a raging sea—
To where our boy-men struggle long
To save my home for me.

OUR Lord, for all the homes
Like mine, I kneel and pray:
O halt men's selfish greed!
Discover to them that "good will"
Of Jesus' creed.
Guard Thou our Christian Homes;
And praise be Thine—always!

—L.B.W.D.

Trenton, Mo.
Feb. 23, 1942

FOOD FOR OUR SOULS

During these days we are hearing a great deal about food for defense, vitamins to build up our bodies and give us the energy we need.

In these trying times we face, we must also think about food for our souls, for unless we can be cheerful and keep our faith and courage high, it will be hard for us to do our ever-increasing bit for victory. Don't forget Vitamin E for enthusiasm, G for generosity, H for humor, F for faith, P for prayer and W for work. Partake generously of these vitamins—three times a day.

Add to these a good poem, a chapter from the Bible and a flower bed, and you will be able to meet each day with enthusiasm for life and all that it brings to you.

FOR THE DURATION

Mother and Dad have asked the daughter whose husband is in the army to come home until the war is over. They are glad to have the dear little grand-children and their mother with them.

Because the daughter has had a home of her own, and been her own boss, it will be hard for her to fit back into her mother's home again.

These are the things she must not do:

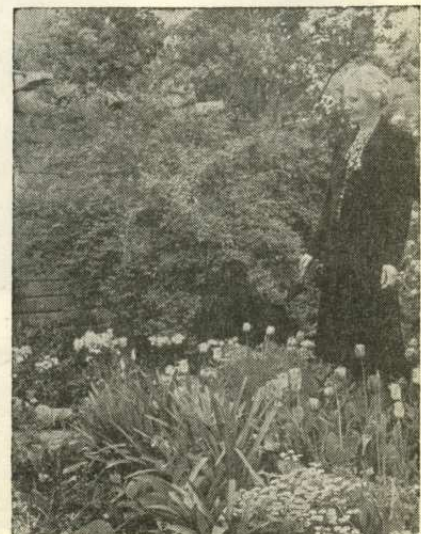
Don't try to manage the work unless your mother asks you to, but be willing to help wherever you can.

Don't be a star boarder, sleeping late while Mother gets the work done.

Don't leave the children for Mother to care for while you go places and do things. Hire someone to care for them when you go away for a few hours.

Don't be unhappy because you are not with your husband. Make the best of it, remembering there are hundreds of wives in the same boat.

If possible, try to give Mother a vacation. Make your stay be something she and Dad will treasure in their memories after you are gone.



Helen Fischer in her rock garden.

Come into the Garden with Helen



SUCCESS WITH BEGONIAS

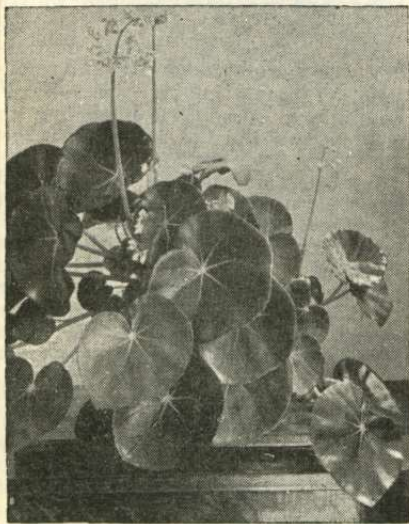
By Mrs. Pauline Kuntz

Part 2

We are interested in the varieties of begonias that are easily grown, but still beautiful. One of the most common is also the most beautiful—Beefsteak begonia. A wellgrown plant of this cannot be surpassed by anything in the whole family of begonias. The leaves are big, shining green on top, and a deep red beneath. They spring from a fleshy stem, that coils on top of the soil, as it attains age. In the spring it has many graceful clusters of pale pink blooms.

Another of the rhizomatous type is the Star begonia. It has huge, palmate leaves of a dark bronze, with a green stripe down the finger of the leaf. The large, thick stems are quite hairy. The blooms are similar to the Beefsteak begonia, but larger.

Another favorite in every household is the Angel-wing or Corraline Lucerne. The leaves are large and pointed, and resemble the wings of Angels—hence the name. They are green on top, and deep red beneath, and are sometimes spotted. The blooms are a beautiful coral-pink, and



A Beefsteak Begonia raised by Mrs. Olga Rolf Tiemann, at Westboro, Mo.

hang in huge clusters. It needs sun to bloom well. As it grows to a large size, and a scraggly manner, new plants should be started frequently, and the old plant discarded. It needs staking.

A small-leaved favorite is Robusta. It has small ruddy leaves. It is a very easily grown and good blooming type. The blossoms are pink, and the clusters of unopened buds look like tiny valentines. They are more attractive than the fully opened bloom.

Nitida is about the best white that is easily grown. The leaves are medium-sized, of a very shining green. In the summer it has masses of very fragrant blossoms. It must have sun and heat to bloom well.

Weltoniensis or Grape-leaf begonia is a very old favorite, that is rapidly gaining popularity. It is very easily propagated from cuttings, that soon form bulbs. A year old plant will have a bulb the size of a very large egg, that sits almost on top of the soil. The leaves are small and serrate, and the stems are a vivid red. It is very profuse with its bloom if given a sunny window. The plant is dormant during a part of the year. When the leaves begin to yellow and die, withhold water, as it is going to rest. But cut back all the old growth, as the new will not come out until you do. When it is ready, after a good rest, it will make new growth. I have had better luck with the new plants, as they bloom better.

One very impressive, but easily grown begonia is Templini. It is so full of life, that on a mature plant, tiny plants form on the leaves and stems. The leaves are very large, and a shining green, and mottled with cream and pink, if grown in the sun. It is grown more for the foliage than the bloom.

Mettalica has beautiful, deep green leaves, with a red underside. It is used extensively in flower arrangements. Thurstoni is almost identical with Mettatica.

Another very easily grown begonia, but seldom seen is a comparatively new one called Woolly Bear. It is sometimes listed as Manda's seedling. Manda, an eastern begonia grower, found it growing in one of his benches, the result of a dropped seed. Its parents aren't known. The leaves are about the shape of the Beefsteak Begonia, but smaller, and covered with a brown fuzz or tomentum. It never grows large, but makes a fine bushy plant without pinching back. Its white, waxy, blooms come constantly all winter.

Argentea Guttata is one of the most easily grown. It is treasured for its dark green leaves, heavily spotted with silver. It needs lots of pinching back to make a well shaped plant.

Send for a catalogue or two, and study them. That is one of the best ways that I know of, to become familiar with the different varieties.

FRAGRANCE JARS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

GRANDMOTHER'S FRAGRANCE JAR

Grandmother gathered her roses
Right from the prairie sod.
Grandmother picked them, fresh with
dew,

Straight from the hand of God.

Grandmother had no time to spare
For even a rose bed small,
But the prairie rose was as beautiful
As those by the garden wall.

Grandmother long has gone to her
rest,
Her roses have faded and gone,
But still in a little perfumed jar
Their memory lingers on.

—Mary Duncomb.

June is the traditional month of roses, and down through the ages women have devised various ways and means of keeping the fragrance of rose petals as well as of other flowers. We call these jars of imprisoned perfume—pot pourri jars, and they are easy to make. Women of the prairie gathered the petals of the wild prairie rose which grew in profusion in early pioneer days around their newly built homes just as the women of old fashioned gardens also gathered the rich rare petals from cultivated favorite roses. So may we also mingle the fragrance of the prairie rose with that of our own carefully tended garden roses.

Gather the petals in early morning when they are fresh with dew. That is the time when their colors are brighter and their fragrance at its best. Dry them on papers in a sunny windless room. If salt is sprinkled on the petals, they will not only dry faster but will retain their coloring better. In about ten days they will be dry enough to pack in small jars which have close fitting covers, sprinkle a little salt between the layers of petals. Leave for a day and then empty the jars. Sprinkle over the petals small pinches of various spices, the ones you like best. The powdered spice may be cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, allspice or a blend of each. Then put back in the jar a thin layer at a time, packed in firmly. This time do not open for two weeks. Be rather stingy with the spice for too much of it will overpower the rose scent. A little powdered orris root may also be added; or if preferred, just the rose petals alone may be used. Months afterwards a delicious scent will fill the room on removing the cover of the jar for a few minutes.

Other flowers petals may also be saved for fragrance jars. There are many which retain their color such as the blue larkspur, while others simply add their perfume to the whole. There are the petals of wallflowers, tuberoses, verbena, sweet rocket, pansies, nasturtiums, sweet peas, heliotrope, sweet alyssum, spice pinks to choose from. The petals of peonies are very

(Continued on page 12, column 3)

ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1942

By M. H. Driftmiller

In my last article I mentioned that we stopped at the Port of Entry soon after crossing the New Mexico-Arizona state line. Arizona is an interesting state. Most of the towns and villages are located in the valleys along the rivers and are irrigated. At this time of year everything was green and beautiful. While driving along we could see mountains all around us and Dorothy and I would speculate as to where we would go through them. We would see a range of mountains ahead of us and wonder just how we would get over them or through them. Sometimes Dorothy would guess one spot and I would guess another, and sometimes we would both guess wrong. Dorothy was doing all the driving. She is a good driver and I felt safer with her driving than I did when I drove myself. A younger person reacts quicker than we older people. She was willing to drive and I was willing to let her, which gave me an opportunity to look around and view the scenery.

We traveled in a northwesterly direction, finally reaching Safford, and at this point we began following the valley of the Gila river. We finally reached San Carlos Lake, which is an artificial lake created by the building of the Coolidge Dam. This lake is perhaps thirty-five or forty miles long and fills the valley from one mountain to the other just above the dam. When we reached the dam, we found it located in a very narrow valley, more like a gorge than a valley. It is 250 feet high with the highway running across the top of it. Negro soldiers in uniform were guarding the dam the day we crossed it. They stopped us, told us to close our car windows and proceed at not less than fifteen miles an hour across the dam. A number of guards were stationed on the dam itself, and the approaches on either end.

After crossing the dam, we turned to the right and followed along the side of the mountain at a high enough elevation to give us a splendid view of the lake. It was along this highway, a mile or two beyond the dam, that we had our first view of the giant Saguaro cactus. I had often seen pictures of these large cactus but this was the first time I had ever seen one growing in the desert. In the April issue of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine was a picture of me standing by the side of one of these giant cactus. This picture was taken along this same highway a few miles west of Superior, Arizona. By looking close you will see a number of holes in the cactus. This is caused by some kind of a disease and the scientists fear that, unless something can be found to counteract this disease, all of this variety of cactus will eventually disappear in Arizona. We saw literally thousands of these cacti while driving across the state, and we didn't see any but what were affected by this disease.



Harry Driftmiller, his wife and I, at my brother's home in Burbank, California.

The next town of importance was Globe, where we arrived about noon. We stopped there to eat lunch. It is a copper mining and smelting town, and one of the most important mining towns in the state. Gold, silver and other metals are produced in the vicinity. After eating dinner we went to a filling station to get some gas and oil and inquired about the road from there on. The attendant said that we would pass over the Apache trail. He said it was safe but to be careful. We started out and sure enough, between Globe and Superior for a distance of about twenty miles we found the most severe mountain driving we found anywhere on the entire trip. The road was hard surfaced, but had very sharp turns and practically no guard rails; the mountain on one side and a deep canyon on the other. For the first mile or so we were on the inside of the road, that is, next to the mountain. Then we crossed the canyon, over to the other side, and from there on we were on the outside lane, with practically no guard rails, and had we driven off the road we might have dropped several hundred feet. There are many very sharp curves and a car approaching cannot be seen, oftentimes, until it is within a hundred feet of you. Neither of us said anything to the other. I didn't want to bother Dorothy, for I didn't want to take her mind off of her job of driving. Needless to say, we were both happy when we arrived at the summit of the mountain, from which point the road was wider and much safer. I wondered many times how the early explorers managed to get over this trail before modern paved highways were built, for it is claimed that Coronado's military expedition followed this trail in 1540 in search of gold. They returned to Mexico disappointed, for they didn't find gold, and yet they passed over mountains which have since yielded untold millions in mineral wealth.

(Continued in July number)

Being a subscriber to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine identifies you as a progressive home maker.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

We just returned from our local schoolhouse where we went to sign up for our sugar ration cards. It's such a beautiful May night that we enjoyed the short walk, and now that I'm home again with the cards safely put away I think I'll have my monthly visit with you.

Last Sunday was our birthday and we celebrated by taking a wonderful drive through the Malibu mountains. On our way into the mountains we drove along the ocean for several miles, and we were shocked to see that in spite of repeated warnings against crowding the beaches on Sunday, there were thousands and thousands of people milling around. It was strange to see them munching ice cream cones and hot dogs only a few feet away from the grim looking airplane detectors that are fully manned all of the time. We noticed too that at least seventy-five mounted police and a large group of military police were stationed at intervals all along the beach, for in the event of trouble there would be no way to warn these crowds with air-raid sirens. We were glad to hurry past this sight and get up into the mountains. It's strange, isn't it how blithely people ignore serious official warnings?

And speaking of air-raid sirens I'm reminded to tell you that everyone is highly aware of sirens these days. It used to be that no one paid any attention whatsoever for we were accustomed to hearing police cars, ambulances, and fire trucks shriek down the streets many times every day and night.

But now everyone stops and listens at the first sound of a siren. Is it moving or is it stationary? Down town it is difficult to tell the difference between sirens above the heavy roar of traffic, but out in Hollywood where we live there is no confusing them since the air-raid siren is deep and throaty and doesn't rise and fall rapidly. During the last black-out, Dorothy, Russell and I all knew the instant it began that it wasn't an ambulance or fire-truck.

Dorothy and I have such good times together that I wonder how I got along before she moved out here. Almost every night we get out and take a short drive together, and at least once a week we see Louise Fischer Alexander and little Jean. The last couple of weeks we've been doing some sewing together. Dorothy made herself a very successful skirt of lovely Scotch plaid gingham, and I made myself a nice looking black gabardine skirt. We trade blouses back and forth, borrow everything from coffee to nuts, and take turns buying the various magazines that we enjoy every week.

Well, my clock says that it's bedtime and when I think how sleepy and tired I'll be at six-thirty in the morning I know that I must bring this to a close and turn in. Next month I'll be with you again.

—Lucille.

LETTER FROM TED

Written by our son, Frederick who teaches in a Mission College in Assiut, Egypt.—Leanna.

Assiut, Egypt,
March 18, 1942

Dear Folks:

I have been putting off writing to you, hoping that when I did write I would have some very definite plans. I still don't have, but since I am all inspired to write by the grand letters I received from Mother this week, I am going to write anyway. Today I received the letter with the pictures in it. We were having a "chomseen", a south wind with lots of sand and dust and I opened the letter as I was walking across the campus. The pictures fell out and before I knew it, were gone with the wind. Some students were standing near by and rounded the pictures up for me. My! if those pictures had been lost it would have been a real blow! The news that Wayne was out of the U. S. in the army shocked me, for having seen real war, I know something of what he is getting into.

Things are so unsettled here about people going to America that I really don't know how to make my plans. One day I think I will fly home and the next day decide to stay in Egypt. It is something I shall have to decide for myself. I am going to do something to help win the war, whether here or in America. Of course, I would rather be in America. I feel I would be of more use to the Allied cause here for there are not many Americans that know as much about Egypt and its people, as we folks in the American Mission. If I go with the Y. M. C. A., I would be up near the front lines but danger is not a thing to be considered when there is a job to be done in time of war. From what I have seen of Y. M. C. A. work in this part of the world, I am sure that there is nothing to compare with it in the way of making a real contribution to the morale of the troops. You said in your letter you would not worry about me and I hope you are telling me the truth.

We have been having a lot of windy weather lately, hot winds and cool winds. The air currents here at Assiut are funny things. At night when I am riding on my bicycle down town, I leave the college at a nice warm temperature. Then a cool current of air will come off the desert. There is a lot of sickness among the students

this spring. I have had a case of typhoid in every one of my classes. If the students live to come back, after a siege of typhoid, they are in a terrible condition. They think no more of typhoid here than we do of mumps at home, but never-the-less there are many deaths from it.

As an air raid warden I am a wash-out. The other night I slept right through an air raid warning.

There is nothing about us, not known to our students, it seems. The other day a boy stood up in class and said, "Sir, what is the name of your brother in the army? We wish to pray for him." I replied, "If there is a Driftmier in the Pacific, you had better pray for the Japanese." How the students did laugh. The laugh of an Egyptian is very different from our laugh. It is hard to explain it, but it is more of a shout of mirthful surprise than a laugh.

Teaching here is very hard, for as I sit in my classroom my heart is torn by the great need of some of my students. Some look so hungry and rickety. In every class I have from five to ten boys who have only 50% vision, yet none of them wear glasses. I did manage to get a pair of glasses for one boy, but now the big struggle is to get him to wear them. They are ashamed to wear glasses.

The poverty of this land is more terrible than I can describe. It is so hard for mothers to find food for their children. To have twins is considered a catastrophe. The other day a mother who had triplets born refused to feed them and they all three died. Poor thing already had six or seven little children to care for. Second to Java, Egypt is the most densely populated country in the world and has the highest death rate. Love,

—Ted.

CAN IT BE DONE?

I wonder if we can win this war without hate. It is hard for us Americans to hate any person or any nation and I am glad we are that way. To win this war we must hate the things that our enemies stand for. We are fighting for the principles of democracy, freedom of religion, speech and action. Let there be no intolerance in our hearts for those within our country who are of a different nationality, a different religion or a different color. We are all Americans fighting for those principles we hold dear. God helping us, we will hate no one; only hate the vices of cruelty, selfishness, ungodliness and greed.

YOU HOLD THE KEY

I never allow myself to become discouraged under any circumstances. If you want anything very much, know that hard work, stick-to-it-iveness and common sense will help you get it. Cheerfulness is a duty these days. Make it a practice to smile at every one and you will find others smiling at you. Don't look for sad things to talk about. Find something to be happy about every day and every hour.

AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels



This is a good morning to sit and rest a bit for it is safe to say that you have all been working since daylight. There is so much to do and so few hands to do it this spring. Let me look at your hands and I will tell you what you have been doing. We tried it at a friend's one afternoon. May had been painting and had a paint spot. Jane had been tending brooder stove and had a sooty spot. Sara had been gardening and had green stain on her fingers from pulling weeds. Our assortment of war medals.

* * *

Our work piled up with a bang around here. I planned to make garden one week, have carpenters one week and put chicks in the brooder house the next week. Due to the weather, the difficulty in getting a carpenter and the fact that eggs will hatch in three weeks whether the work is done or not, I had garden, carpenters and chicks all at once. Very confusing since in the midst of cleaning the brooder stove the carpenter would stick his head out the door and want me to decide at once which way to swing which door.

* * *

There is more than one side to this sugar rationing. What would we find to tell our grandchildren if we did not have a few hardships in our younger years? I will never forget listening with open mouthed amazement at my grandfather's tales of Civil War days.

* * *

Women can't fight,
But women can can,
And save the tin
For the men who can—fight.

* * *

Did your can of paint and your roll of wallpaper look the way you thought it would when you got it on the wall? Some of mine did.

* * *

You complain because
There isn't any sugar, little man.
Our soldiers had "half-rations"
In the foxholes at Bataan.

You are very worn and weary,
You can't find a hired man.
Our soldiers crouched there sleepless,
In the foxholes at Bataan.

Go ask God to stand beside you,
Lift you up, make you a man,
As He stood beside our soldiers
In the foxholes at Bataan.



A group of the boys at the American Mission, playing Egyptian marbles.

A LETTER FROM WAYNE

Dear Folks, Somewhere
May 4, 1942

In some of your recent letters you have asked me numerous questions concerning various things other than personal experiences I have had over here. I thought that I would write you an explanatory letter answering as many of these questions as I can without making the censor too angry. As I explained in some of my previous letters, one of the primary problems that a soldier has today is how much he can write home that will pass the censor.

I think one of the first questions you asked was about the flowers and trees here on the Islands. I can honestly say that I have never seen flowers in such profusion and with such startling color. When I left the middle west everything was so bare and it is quite a change to come over here and see these bright flowers and trees everywhere. I know that it is spring now in Iowa, but over here it seems to be spring all the time. I have been told that there isn't a season of the year that doesn't have some flowers blooming. The biggest shock I got along these lines was the blooming of the trees. There are quite a number of trees that have blossoms where there normally would be leaves; the blossoms are generally in various hues of blue, red, or yellow.

As long as I am on the topic of spring and flowers, I'd just as well write a few lines about the climate. As in Iowa, spring generally brings rain and here on the Islands it rains practically every day. The rains aren't always hard rains, in fact, they are generally just showers with the sun remaining out right through them. The natives over here refer to the showers as "liquid sunshine". Because the wind blows the moisture from the mountain ranges, there are lots of times when it will rain without a cloud directly overhead. Most of the time, due to the showers being so light, we never pay any attention to them and go on walking right through them without our raincoats.

I read in the paper this morning that rationing was to start on the mainland very soon and I imagine that some of the people will feel that they are being terribly inconvenienced. I wish they could see how the people here react to rationing; if they could, I doubt if there would be much grumbling on the mainland. We have had rationing on many commodities for some time. As an example, I might state that I haven't tasted milk or eggs for over two months. Practically all the food is shipped here from the mainland and naturally it is hard to ship certain perishable items. You probably remember how I loved fried eggs and hot chocolate for breakfast, so you can realize that at first it was hard to get accustomed to doing without them. Candy, gasoline, and cigarettes are also rationed.

Rationing isn't the only thing that emphasizes to us that there is a war going on. Black-outs are another



Little Charlie Hayden, who broadcasts daily at 7:45 over KMA.

item that are quite bothersome at first, but something to which one gets accustomed in a short time. I realized the first night I was here that I do not have eyes like a cat and the best thing to do at night is to stay inside. All but a few of the barracks have one room that is blacked out and it is permissible to have lights turned on in these rooms. The men that don't want to go to bed as soon as it gets dark can go to this room and read or listen to the radio. In the other rooms the lights are never turned on; in fact, most of the rooms don't even have bulbs in the light sockets. Of course it takes a little time to get used to staying in one little room night after night, but it is one of those things that has to be done. We are all very thankful that we have our "day rooms" and make the best of the situation.

There is one other thing I want to mention before I end this letter and go to bed, and that is that the soldiers over here are helping to win this war in a financial way as well as in a physical way. We have whole divisions over here in which each man in the division buys a War Bond every month. That means that the soldiers on these Islands are giving back to the government hundreds of thousands of dollars every pay day. We realize that it is going to take money as well as man-power to win this war. I was glad to see in your last letter that you are buying bonds every month. In a few days you should be receiving bonds from me periodically and I would appreciate it if Dad would take them down to the bank and put them away so they will be safe till I get home, whenever that might be.

Love,

—Wayne.

KMA PROGRAM SCHEDULE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

960 Kilocycles

BLUE NETWORK COMPANY

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

5:00 a.m.	Sunny Risers
5:45 a.m.	News
6:00 a.m.	Breakfast Belles
6:30 a.m.	Morning Worship
7:15 a.m.	Lem Hawkins
7:30 a.m.	Frank Field
7:30 a.m.	Morning Worship
7:45 a.m.	Haden Children
8:00 a.m.	Morning Headlines
8:00 a.m.	Tom Dyer, News (Sun)
8:30 a.m.	Back to the Bible
9:00 a.m.	Homemaker's Visit
9:00 a.m.	Sunday School Lesson (Sun.)
9:30 a.m.	Iowa Speaks (Sun.)
9:45 a.m.	Earl May, News
10:00 a.m.	Church Service (Sun.)
10:00 a.m.	Second Husband
10:15 a.m.	Honeymoon Hill
10:30 a.m.	John's Other Wife
10:45 a.m.	Just Plain Bill
11:00 a.m.	Ma Perkins
11:15 a.m.	Road of Life
11:30 a.m.	The Goldbergs
11:45 a.m.	Earl May
12:00 Noon	Earl May, News
12:15 p.m.	Farming For Freedom
12:30 p.m.	Utah Rangers
12:45 p.m.	Market Reports
1:00 p.m.	Earl May
1:15 p.m.	Chick Holstein
1:30 p.m.	Kitchen Klatter
1:30 p.m.	Major League Baseball Games (Sunday)
2:00 p.m.	KMA Country School
2:30 p.m.	News
2:45 p.m.	Frank Field
3:00 p.m.	Arthur Tracy
3:00 p.m.	Chuck Davis (Tues.-Thurs.-Sat.)
3:15 p.m.	Major League Baseball Games (Tues.-Thurs.-Sat.)
4:30 p.m.	Musical Steelmakers (Sun.)
5:15 p.m.	Highway Patrol Program (Wed.)
5:30 p.m.	Jack Armstrong
5:30 p.m.	Pearson & Allen (Sun.)
5:45 p.m.	Captain Midnight
6:00 p.m.	Easy Aces (Tues.-Wed.-Thurs.)
6:00 p.m.	The Ontario Show (Fri.)
6:00 p.m.	Jimmie Fidler (Mon.)
6:00 p.m.	Blue Network Weekly War Journal (Sun.)
6:15 p.m.	Mr. Keen. (Tues.-Wed.-Thurs.)
6:20 p.m.	Food Will Write The Peace (Mon.)
6:30 p.m.	Earl May, News
7:00 p.m.	Sunday Evening at Tommy Dorsey's (Sun.)
7:00 p.m.	I Love A Mystery (Mon.)
7:00 p.m.	Cugat Rhumba Revue (Tues.)
7:00 p.m.	Quiz Kids (Wed.)
7:00 p.m.	Tintypes (Thurs.)
7:00 p.m.	Gangbusters (Fri.)
7:00 p.m.	The Green Hornet (Sat.)
7:30 p.m.	Inner Sanctum Mystery (Sun.)
7:30 p.m.	True Or False (Mon.)
7:30 p.m.	Three Ring Time (Tues.)
7:30 p.m.	Manhattan at Midnight (Wed.)
7:30 p.m.	Evening Devotions (Thurs.)
7:30 p.m.	Meet Your Navy (Fri.)
7:30 p.m.	Swop Night (Sat.)
7:45 p.m.	Dorothy Thompson (Thurs.)
8:00 p.m.	Walter Winchell (Sun.)
8:00 p.m.	National Radio Forum (Mon.)
8:00 p.m.	Famous Jury Trials (Tues.)
8:00 p.m.	Chamber Music Society (Wed.)
8:00 p.m.	"You Can't Do Business With Hitler" (Thurs.)
8:00 p.m.	March of Time (Fri.)
8:00 p.m.	Summer Symphony Orchestra (Sat.)
8:15 p.m.	Parker Family (Sun.)
8:30 p.m.	Justice Rides the Range (Mon.-Thurs.-Fri.)
8:45 p.m.	Dinah Shore (Fri.)
8:55 p.m.	Ramona & Tune Twisters
9:00 p.m.	Old Fashioned Revival (Sun.)
9:15 p.m.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
9:00 p.m.	Boxing Bouts (Usually Fri.) (To Be Announced)
9:00 p.m.	Bob Ripley—Believe It Or Not
9:30 p.m.	Favorite Time
9:45 p.m.	Lum and Abner
10:00 p.m.	Good Will Hour (Sun.)
10:00 p.m.	Tim George Comments
10:15 p.m.	Newstime (Mon.-Thurs.-Sat.)
11:00 p.m.	Newstime (Sun.)
10:00-12:00 Midnight	Dance Bands:
	Jimmy Dorsey, Carmen Cavallero, Harry James, Cab Calloway, Will Osborne, Charlie Spivak, Buddy Franklin, Sunny Dunham, Ray Heatherton, Erskine Hawkins, Sammy Kaye, Lou Breese, and Others.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

This article has helpful hints to underweights as well as "excess baggage" folk. Because of inherited tendencies toward overweight it will always be necessary for me to count calories, this explains my deep interest in the subject.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

If the present day information had been available when we were girls, weight control would not be such a problem during the middle years and we now realize the importance of controlling this dangerous fat fermentation before it is too late.

The starvation method has not proven reliable, and recent reports tell us many folk are overweight because they do not eat enough food. The glands cannot function properly when out of balance, and "light eaters" who are overweight may not eat the required amount of meat protein to balance the starches eaten.

This meat protein idea answers your question as to why I stress the necessity of eating all the foods recommended in my six and eight day reducing schedule. Size of serving to be left to your judgment.

The pendulum of information swings back and forth, a few years past great stress was put on the necessity of balancing the diet as regards the acid ash foods and those having an alkaline reaction in the system.

Later authorities attached less importance to the idea. Now the pendulum is swinging back, and nutritionists advise that we eat an equal amount of the acid producing and Alkaline foods, especially overweight folk or those having systemic acidity.

Those of us who have studied the effects of the different foods in the diet are reluctant to give up the idea, for the results are gratifying. There is not space in this column to list the different foods, but they are explained in my Health Hints Booklet.

One reason given as to why we grow old, is a food habit of not eating enough of the alkaline foods to neutralize the acid producing ones. The acid tasting foods, such as lemons, usually have an alkaline reaction when mixed with stomach juices. Example:—glass of lemonade should neutralize the mucous forming effects of a dish of rich ice cream, or it can balance the acid producing effects of a serving of fish or pumpkin pie.

Two teaspoonsful lemon juice in water, taken half hour before breakfast will absorb the mucous in the stomach, which is often the cause of morning headache. Nature never wastes her Alkaline, it is absorbed into the system and only the acid mucous left in the stomach to be carried off.

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES. "What is the best way to stop gossip, Leanna? I've learned that some of my neighbors have started stories that are absolutely untrue, and I'd like to get at the bottom of it and stop it."—Illinois.

ANS. "Only once in a thousand times do you get to the bottom of gossip. It seems to me that the only way to combat gossip is to ignore it. Don't discuss these stories with anyone, not even your closest friends. Simply act as though nothing whatsoever were being said, and I believe you'll find that the gossip will die quickly. It's the attempts to get to the bottom of gossip that help to keep it alive."

QUES. "We had planned to have our baby christened at the church on Children's Day, but my mother-in-law fell and broke her hip last week and of course will be confined to her house for months. Can you tell me if it would be all right to have the christening in her home so that she won't miss an event that she had greatly anticipated?"—Iowa.

ANS. "It is quite all right to have a christening at home; in fact, some people prefer it. Why not invite the minister and a few close relatives and friends for three o'clock on Sunday afternoon? Be sure there is a small table covered with a white cloth for the minister's convenience. He will want to place the christening bowl on this. Light refreshments can be served after the ceremony."

QUES. "Last summer a group of high school students in our town had many picnics, sometimes thirty or forty miles away, without a chaperone of any kind. Now this summer my fifteen year old daughter says that her crowd wants to do the same thing, but I feel strongly that there should be an older person with them. Am I just old-fashioned in thinking this?"—Missouri.

ANS. "Well, if you're old-fashioned, I'm old-fashioned too, for I think young people of this age should have a responsible adult with them. There is always a popular teacher or community leader in the younger crowd who can be asked to go with them, and their fun needn't be spoiled at all. If nothing else, it will prevent the boys from speeding, and this means a great deal."

QUES. "This summer our only boy, twenty-three, is being married to the girl who taught school in this neighborhood last year. She has been asked to continue teaching because of the shortage in teachers, and I'm wondering if I should ask them to live with us? They haven't made definite plans yet, and if she's busy teaching it might be nice for her to have no household cares. Would this be a mistake?"

ANS. "I never like to answer this kind of a question with a flat yes or no. There are circumstances under which it could be a very successful arrangement; there are other circumstances under which it would be a great mistake. Think it over long and carefully. Then, if your husband feels as you do about it, put the idea before your son and his wife in such a way that they can feel perfectly free to say yes or no without being afraid that you will misunderstand their decision."

QUES. "Do you think that a ten-year old boy is too young to be expected to sit quietly through a morning church service? Richard embarrasses us every Sunday, and it has occurred to me that perhaps we're expecting too much of him."—Minnesota.

ANS. "To my way of thinking, a ten year old boy is too big for such behavior. Give him fair warning that the next time he creates a commotion in church you will see that he spends the rest of the day in bed. Carry out your warning, and it's not likely that he will embarrass you again."

Within the past month I've received several troubled letters from young mothers who are at their wit's end with the well-meaning interference of relatives. These mothers say that their children are stuffed with candy, encouraged to disobey, and generally made difficult to control by the mistaken indulgence of aunts and grandmothers.

In answer to these letters I should like to say this: If the relatives live at a distance and see the children only occasionally you can afford to overlook a great deal to help keep peaceful family relations. But if they live within a stone's throw and see the children daily, you must decide on a firm course of action and stick to it.

Your child's welfare is far more important than a relative's feelings or opinions. If polite and reasonable conversation cannot make them see the havoc they are causing, then take the drastic step of keeping your children away from them. It's a serious thing to do, I know, but digestive disorders, nightmares, nervousness, and unruly behavior are too big a price to pay for keeping peace. Be sure that your husband understands the entire situation, and ask for his complete cooperation. You'll get it.

Have you a problem that is bothering you? I will be glad to help you if you will let me. Address questions to Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Subscribe for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Price \$1.00 a year. L. D.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

Do you listen to Leanna
At one-thirty every day?
Just tune your radio dial
To Station K M A
And if you have a problem
That makes you fret or pout,
Be it ever such a large one,
Let Leanna help you out.

If ink is spilled upon your rug
Or your dough won't rise at all,
And you think life's all hum-bug,
And you are doomed to fall,
Now just you stop that frettin',
Leanna can help, I'm bettin',
She's always waitin' for a call.

—Mrs. J. A. Hughes, Orrick, Mo.

RECIPES

WHOLE WHEAT OATMEAL COOKIES

1 cup lard
1 cup sorghum or honey
2 eggs
2 cups oatmeal
1 cup whole wheat flour
1 cup white flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda
Nuts or raisins if desired.
Mix in order given and drop by teaspoons on greased baking pan. Makes 6 dozen cookies.—Mrs. Wm. Brandt, Jr., Nehawka, Nebr.

CHOCOLATE COVERED SUGAR- LESS CAKE

2 1/4 cups Victor cake flour
2 1/4 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup butter
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
1 cup light corn syrup
2 eggs, unbeaten
1/2 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
Sift dry ingredients 3 times. Cream shortening and orange rind, add syrup gradually, beating well. Add 1/4 of the flour and beat; add eggs one at a time, beating well; then remaining flour alternately with milk. Flavor. Bake in 2 layers in moderate oven.

Place the layers of cake on a baking sheet and cool. Cover tops with semi-sweet chocolate chips. Heat in moderate oven (350 degrees) 6 minutes or until chips are just softened. Remove from oven, spread chocolate over one

layer then put the other layer on top and spread chocolate on it, letting chocolate run over the sides so it is frosted all over.—Mrs. Fred Knuth, Utica, Nebr.

GRANDMA'S SYRUP COOKIES

2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 egg
1/2 cup white syrup
1/4 cup shortening
1 teaspoon vanilla
Blend shortening and syrup. Add well beaten egg, vanilla and sifted dry ingredients. This will be soft. Handle lightly, roll on well floured board and cut. May also be dropped from tip of spoon. Sprinkle a little sugar on top and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) until delicate brown.—Mrs. Harvey Schuerman, DeWitt, Nebr.

SPANISH SOUFFLE

2 tablespoons butter
1 1/2 cups tomato pulp
4 tablespoons flour
3 cups cottage cheese
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon onion juice
4 eggs
1/2 teaspoon salt
Melt butter, add flour and when well blended, add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Let cook one minute. Remove from fire and beat in one egg yolk at a time. Add tomato pulp, cottage cheese, onion juice and salt. Mix well. Beat egg whites stiff and fold into cheese mixture. Pour into well-greased baking dish and bake in hot oven (425 degrees) twenty to twenty-five minutes, until set. Serves six.—Mrs. Elie B. Reed, Indianola, Ia.

HONEY RAISIN PIE

1 cup orange juice
3 tablespoons lemon juice
2/3 cup cold water
1/2 cup honey
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 2/3 cup raisins
Grated rind of 1/2 orange.
Boil these ingredients together and thicken with 3 tablespoons cornstarch. Add 1 tablespoon butter. Line a pan with rich pastry, put in filling and bake in a hot oven.—Mrs. Herman Tietjen, R4, Wisner, Nebr.



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Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

LEMON SHERBET

2 egg whites
1 cup corn syrup (light)
2 cups milk
3/4 cup lemon juice
1/8 teaspoon salt

Beat the egg whites to the soft peak stage, add corn syrup, milk, lemon juice and salt. Mix thoroughly. Pour mixture into freezing trays and allow to freeze until almost firm. Remove to cold mixing bowl and beat mixture until smooth. Return to freezing trays and continue freezing for 1 1/2 to 2 hours, without further stirring. This does not get icy.—Mrs. Cleve Butler, Vandalia, Mo.

NO-KNEADING ROLLS

1 cake yeast
1/4 cup lukewarm water
1/4 cup shortening
1 1/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup boiling water
1 egg
3 to 4 cups flour

Put the shortening, salt and sugar in a bowl, add the cup of boiling water, stir well. When cool add the yeast and beaten egg, add flour to make a soft dough. Put in greased muffin tins, let rise till light (about 2 hours). Bake at about 400 degrees for 20 minutes. Makes 2 dozen.—Mrs. J. M. Thomson, Seneca, Kans.

"I have let several of my magazines run out, but I expect the Kitchen-Klatter to pay for itself in practical helps. I also get much help from your broadcasts and listen to them whenever possible."—Mrs. Oscar Fletchall, Grant City, Mo.



Suggested Menus and Recipes

by

Mrs. Glenn Williams



MENU

Liver Rolls Scalloped Potatoes
Baked Onions Fresh Spinach Salad
Lime Whip

Liver Rolls

Scald 6 slices liver in boiling water. Drain. On each slice of liver place a spoonful of dressing (Lightly cook 1 tablespoon grated onion in 1 tablespoon fat, add 2 cups dry bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste and enough hot tomato juice to moisten.) Roll up, fasten with toothpicks. Dust with flour, brown in a little fat. Place rolls in casserole, add 3/4 cup tomato juice. Cover, bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees, uncover and bake 15 minutes to brown.

Baked Onions

Boil 6 whole onions in salted water, until tender but not too soft. Place them in baking dish, cover with buttered bread crumbs, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake at 350 degrees until nicely browned.

Lime Whip

Dissolve 1 package Lime gelatine in 2 cups hot water, add 20 marshmallows, diced. Stir until melted, chill. When thickened, beat very light and fluffy. Fruit or nut meats may be added if desired. Serve with whipped cream.

MENU

Salmon Souffle Browned Potatoes
Buttered Peas and Carrots
Fruit Salad Apple Mousse

Salmon Souffle

2 cups salmon, flaked, dash of salt and pepper, 3 cups soft bread crumbs, 4 egg yolks, well beaten, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 1/4 cups milk. Mix well. Fold in 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten. Bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

Browned Potatoes

Boil small, whole new potatoes in a little salted water until tender. (Let cook nearly dry.) Brown the potatoes in a skillet, in a mixture of half butter and half shortening or in meat fryings.

Apple Mousse

Mix 1 cup sweetened applesauce, 1/8 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/4 cup sugar. Let stand 15 or 20 minutes. Fold in 1 cup cream, whipped until thick but not to stiff. Freeze 1 hour.

MENU

Ham Loaf Creamed New Potatoes
Buttered Asparagus Orange Nut Salad
Peach Chiffon Pie

Ham Loaf

1 pound cured ham, 1 1/2 pounds lean pork, 1 cup cracker crumbs, 2 well beaten eggs, dash of pepper, 1 cup milk. Have the meat ground. Mix all ingredients, shape in loaf, place in small roaster or baking pan. Pour 1 cup of juice from spiced, pickled peaches over the loaf. Bake 2 1/2 hours at 325 degrees, basting occasionally.

Orange Nut Salad

Combine 1 cup cream, whipped, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1/2 cup mayonnaise. Add 1/4 pound marshmallows, diced, 1/2 cup diced orange, 1/4 cup broken nut meats. Pour into 6 molds, chill, unmold on beds of crisp shredded lettuce.

Peach Chiffon Pie

Mix 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 1 1/4 cups crushed, sweetened canned peaches, 1/2 cup orange juice. Cook thick in double boiler. Add 3 well beaten egg yolks and cook 2 minutes. Cool slightly. Fold in 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten. Pile into baked pie shell. Bake at 325 degrees until firm.

MENU

Baked Chicken Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Green Beans Lettuce Salad
Cherry Sponge

Baked Chicken

Cut a 2 or 3 pound chicken in pieces for serving. Mix 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Dip the chicken in flour, then in 2 eggs beaten with 1/4 cup water. Roll in fine cracker crumbs. Brown in hot fat. Place chicken pieces in casserole, sprinkle with 1 finely minced onion and add 1 cup cream. Cover and bake 1 1/2 hours or until tender at 350 degrees.

Cherry Sponge

Simmer 1/2 cup fresh cherries and 2 tablespoons sugar in 1 cup water until very soft. Press through colander, measure and add enough boiling water to make 2 cups. Add 1 tablespoon gelatin soaked in 1/4 cold water. Stir well. Add 1 tablespoon orange juice. Cool. When thickened, beat until light and fluffy. Fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Serve in sherbet glasses.

NEIGHBOR BOB'S Dinner Table ALMANACK

Who was Panku?

"Why," said my ancient Chinese friend, "Panku was a husky fellow who grew at the dizzy rate of six feet a day—and kept growing for four thousand years. At the end of that time giant Panku died, and they say that it is his body that makes the earth, his veins the rivers, his bones our mountains and his flesh the soil. And where did men come from? Why, men are the fleas that live on Panku's body!"

My neighbor across the road is a great reader—but he reads only the old classics, none of the new books. "Some of the new books are alright," he says, "but the heads of some of these modern authors are like last year's potato field—there's nothin' in 'em."

Did you ever eat Apple Sauce Cookies? You don't know what you're missing! And neither do you know what you're missing if you've never tried Mother's Best Flour for your family baking. Women tell me they not only get better bread, cakes, pie pastries and rolls with Mother's Best Flour—but they sure save money. For among first grade patent flours, Mother's Best always sells for less.

To every reader of this chin-chatter of mine who sends me a self-addressed, stamped envelope, I'll send the recipe for APPLE SAUCE COOKIES

Sincerely,

NEIGHBOR BOB.



A picture taken at my home when a party was given for Mrs. Jessie Young. Mrs. Young is the one at my left, in front of the center lady standing up.

THE GIFT BOX

By Gertrude Hayzlett

A trip to town assures one that greeting cards, along with many other things, are getting scarce and high in price, so—let's see what we can do to meet the situation.



Gertrude Hayzlett

Postage-stamp Craft, which is simply designs cut from cancelled stamps and pasted in position, like applique, is one solution. For it, you will need some plain correspondence cards with envelopes to match, a jar of good thin mucilage and a quantity of different colored cancelled

stamps. Clip the stamps from old envelopes or packages and put them in a pan of warm water till the stamps slip easily from the paper, then dry them between blotters. A pair of stamp tongs are a help in handling the tiny pieces but are not necessary.

Now get out that box of greeting cards you saved because they were just too pretty to destroy. They will give you ideas for pictures and verses. Find one with a simple design to start on—a bowl of flowers is easy. With fine pointed scissors, cut a bowl from a brown stamp and paste it on your card, near the left side. Then cut tiny flowers from red or blue or yellow stamps, and the leaves from green ones, and carefully paste each in place so it looks as if they were growing right out of the bowl. A tiny dot of yellow paint in the center of each flower helps its looks. Stems may be drawn with green ink. Print or write a verse on the blank half of the card.

The secret of success in stamp-craft is to make each piece small and graceful in shape and paste them so no bit of the paste oozes out round the sides. Keep the card immaculately clean. Arrange the picture and verse so card is well balanced. Work slowly till you get the knack of doing it well.

Here is another pretty design: a stretch of green grass is indicated across bottom of the card with water color. At one side a mail box, cut from a grayish stamp, sets on its post with flowers in the grass at the foot. Three letters cut from white paper are stuck in the flap of the mail box. Behind the box a yellow sun is painted on, and the word "Greetings" is lettered on the sun. On the right half of the card a verse is printed.

"May this little card

In some small way show

The gladness that's wished you

Wherever you go."

If you are not handy at printing, cut tiny letters from vari-colored stamps and paste on instead, though in that case you would use only one or two words.



OVER THE FENCE

One of our Kitchen-Klatter friends had the thrilling experience of attending a tea given by Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House in honor of the delegates who attended the "Associated Country Women of the World" convention in Washington. There were 7,300 women there.

Mrs. Harry Worth, of Marshall, Minn., has cause to remember Easter Sunday this year. While the family were at church, someone broke in and took the dinner she had prepared. Her only consolation is that perhaps they were hungry and needed the food more than her family did.

It took fifteen stitches to sew up the hand of Mrs. Albert Brunkow, of Onaga, Kansas, after she caught it in her electric wringer. Accidents like this can happen so easily, and one is so shocked it is hard to remember to throw the wringer into reverse. I know I would probably let my whole arm go through before I would get this done. A lady in Shenandoah was choked to death when her scarf was caught in the wringer.

Mrs. John Thorsnes of Story City, Iowa, talked to her husband in Honolulu on Easter Sunday. I know how thrilled she must have been.

Set your alarm clock for 1:30 if you are afraid you will miss the Kitchen-Klatter radio program over KMA. That is the way Mrs. B. H. Schnitzmeyer of Gilliam, Mo., does.

Those of you who saved your "war time" recipe books from the first World War are fortunate to have them now. We hate to think there is any need for us to save the recipes we are accumulating now—for use during a third World War.

Edythe Sterlin, the "Little Minister" at KMA may be heard on the air at 9:00 a. m., every Sunday. She is having a two months vacation from her week day broadcasts. She will enjoy hearing from you.

Mrs. W. O. Boesiger of Princeton, Nebraska, sent me eight subscriptions to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine from her church. Mrs. Francis Briggs of Remsen, Iowa, sent in nine new subscriptions from their Aid Society. Out of each \$1.00 they collected for the magazine, they kept 25c for the church, sending me 75c. Any Aid Society has the privilege of doing this, if they will send six or more subscriptions.

Mrs. Mamie Wilson of Inavale, Nebraska writes that if any one is bothered with arthritis they will be helped by this remedy. 3 lemons, 3 oranges, 3 grapefruit, 3 teaspoons cream of tartar, 3 teaspoons epsom salts. Squeeze out the juice from the fruit then grind the rinds and pulp. Over this pour 1 quart of boiling water. Let stand 24 hours, then strain. Keep in jar in cool place. Take 2 tablespoons three times daily and before going to bed.

Yes, Jessie Young has left for Philadelphia, Penn., where she will broadcast over WFIL. That station is not heard in the middle west. I understand she has sold her home in Shenandoah.

Mrs. Lars J. Larson of Burbank, South Dakota, is fond of the letter M. Her name is Myrtle and her girls' names are Marian, Margaret and Mona.

Mrs. Nellie Carr of Brookfield, Mo., wishes to thank the friends who remembered her on her 87th birthday.

Mrs. Cora Skov at the Sacred Heart Hospital, Yankton, South Dakota, also wishes to thank the friends for their cards and letters to her.

My sister, Sue Conrad, has another grandchild, Stephen Conrad Lombard. The mother is my sister's daughter, Mary. She lives near San Diego, Calif.

The Twentieth Century Club of Moberly, Iowa, sent one of its former members, Mrs. E. E. Pember of Upland, California, a subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Mrs. Pember recently sent the club a crate of lovely oranges and this subscription was in appreciation of the gift.

The mumps are not a dangerous disease but Mrs. Frank Mathews of Salix, Iowa, who is just recovering from an attack says she would not wish them on any one. (Not even Hitler?).

What busy mother would like a quilt pieced on shares? Mrs. Roy V. Triplett, Woodbine, Iowa, will piece quilts of tailors' swatches on shares—you furnish the wool swatches for two quilts and she will piece one for you and the other for herself.

In response to an inquiry about Radio Pastor James Pearson, he still broadcasts from KFNF every Sunday. During the week he is busy doing Safety work for the State of Iowa. He still lives in his "little white house by the side of the way" here in Shenandoah.

A neighborhood club to which Grace McClure of Lock Springs, Missouri, belongs remembers birthdays by each contributing a dime. This year Grace sent me her dimes for a year's subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S ROUND TABLE

Written for Mothers by Mothers

THE ROMANTIC AGE

By Helen Loudon

Life is such a perplexing thing for us mothers. One day Molly is a little girl, with Girl Scouts or 4-H her ruling interest; the next, she seems a stranger—a giggling, oddly attractive little stranger—decidedly exasperating at times. She hangs out the window, watching the lanky boy next door, when she should be dusting. The paper boy is apt to find her on the porch, arranged with careful carelessness. Notes of a sentimental nature ("slush" to her brother) tumble from her sweater pockets, to be retrieved hurriedly, amid livid blushes. She adopts fearful and wonderful hair arrangements, and has to be forcibly restrained from using the livid shades of lip stick and nail polish. Her mother hoped she would grow up to be a lady—and look at her now!

Nina, across the street, is decidedly different. She spends hours over every love story she can find; an evening at the movies keeps her in a daze for a week. You have to speak to her the second time for she is too far away to hear you. She seems pale and listless, and no wonder! The object of her adoration is none other than the thirty-seven year old mathematics teacher in Junior High. Nina enjoys her sadness, so don't feel too sorry for her. The teacher doesn't know it, and if he occasionally is struck by her moon-eyed expression, he probably attributes it to indigestion! For Nina is only in love with love, and the teacher is a symbol.

Of course, there are lots and lots of adolescent girls who do not go through either of these phases; but many have puppy love like measles or chickenpox, with resulting immunity! So don't worry too much about it.

Nina's mother is giving her the truly great love stories to read, and letting her see only the finest movies. She keeps her with youngsters of her own age as much as she can. Nina is a sensitive person, a "born lady", who needs the companionship of lively girls like Molly.

Wilma has sensible parents. She is a twelve-year-old, too grown-up for her age. She and Tommy Jackson had a terrific "crush" on each other. Every evening Tommy would whistle, and Wilma would go out on the veranda. There they would stand by the hour, saying the silliest things to each other. Wilma's parents insisted that Tommy come inside whenever he wished to see her. The two could play games, pop corn, or even study together; and they had heaps of fun. The "crush" soon passed on and they are still good friends, but they no longer fancy themselves in love!

All of which proves only that we need to work with our children's impulses, directing them instead of trying to suppress them altogether.

MOTHERS IN DEFENSE

Woodburn, Ia.—"To the lady who finds it hard to write to her son in a cheerful mood: When you sit down to write him, forget the grim business in which he is engaged and try to think of him as working over in Chicago or perhaps Washington, and wanting to hear about all the pleasant happenings at home. I think the thing we should feel most concerned about is the mental and physical condition in which they may return. Instead of worrying, work. Work at Red Cross, in the garden, any place! There is nothing like it as an antidote for trouble."

Scranton, Ia.—"Keep 'Em Posted! Some of us never get around to write letters. Some of us have writing spurts. Some of us do pretty well in the winter time when we aren't so busy, but how many of us are going to keep the letters going faithfully when garden, housekeeping and cleaning and baby chicks demand so much of our time? Let's don't let our soldiers and sailors down, girls! You know our letters can play a big part in keeping up their morale. It's our letters, with bits of news and cheer and love, that lets them know and remember the ideals they are fighting to keep for us. Far be it from us to become so selfishly interested in our own immediate circle that we forget that the very mode of living within that circle is what we're fighting to hold. We've sort of passed the torch to the soldiers to carry but it's up to us to keep it lighted and to let them know how much we appreciate what they are doing."

Lake City, Ia.—"I like your Victory program on Tuesday. We are really cutting corners to buy stamps and bonds. Our oldest boy helps to milk and I give him 10% of the cream check for stamps. He has one \$25 bond and will get his second one next week. The other three children each have a bond and are started on their second ones, too. We buy stamps each time we sell eggs and buy our groceries afterwards. Sometimes we have to cut our grocery list a little, but I think that is good for us. I pray that this war will not hurt my children (or the other little children in our country) but I do want my children to sacrifice for the war and feel that they have a helping part."

MAKING A SPEECH?

New unique book, "Everyday Speeches," by eminent speech instructor helps make you popular speaker. Packed with newest suggestions, examples—introductions, presentations, talks for special days and occasions, humor, etc. Nothing else like it! Users delighted! Now in 3rd edition, enlarged! Each page worth all the low price. Send today.

ALMA SOTHMAN
Box 388-S6

SCHOOL OF
ENGLISH
Omaha, Neb.



John Field, Frank Field's youngest son, has enlisted in the U. S. Air Service.

A PRAYER FOR THE MEN WHO FLY

Lord, guide and guard the men who fly
Through the great spaces of the sky,
Be with them traversing the air
In dark'ning storms or sunshine fair.
Thou who dost keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight,
Thou of the tempered winds be near,
That having Thee, they know no fear.

HINTS ON LOCKER SERVICE

Containers. Do not use large containers. Pint or quart fruit jars or waxed containers that have a tightly fitting lid may be used. Your Locker Service man probably has these paper cartons for sale. Allow $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch for expansion of frozen product. Do not use rubber rings. Do not screw top on jar too tight, for air must escape.

Preparation. All fruits and vegetables must be as fresh as possible. For best results, pick early in the morning. Select firm, table ripe fruit of good color.

Methods for Packing Fruits. There are two approved methods. One is the dry sugar pack, the other is the syrup pack, dissolving sugar in warm water, cooling thoroughly and covering the fruit with the cool syrup. Juicy fruit should use the dry sugar pack—one pound of sugar to 3 pounds of fruit. Mix the sugar thoroughly with the fruit.

Packing Method for Vegetables. The fresher the vegetable, the better the results. Have water boiling before you start to blanch the vegetable. Time boiling period carefully. Cool vegetables thoroughly. You may dry pack the vegetables or use a 2% brine (4 level teaspoons of table salt to 1 quart warm water). Chill brine before pouring over vegetables. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brine to each pint of vegetables. Leave $\frac{1}{2}$ inch head space in the jar.

Write the State Agricultural Extension Department for more detailed information.

WHAT
SHALLWE
READ

BOOK REVIEW

By Edith Seabury

THE STORM

By George Stewart

A Junior Meteorologist switched on the light over the big chart table in the San Francisco Weather Bureau. He began studying the map of the Pacific and gave the day-old chart his attention. He smiled as he noticed the nest of concentric ovals, all drawn around the neatly printed word "low", that was advancing toward the California coast at the rate of a thousand miles a day. His lips formed the word "Maria." Not at any price would he have revealed to the Chief that he always bestowed a girl's name ending in "ia" upon great moving low-pressure areas, or storms. He felt a fatherly interest in Maria, as he had discovered her at her very birth and had watched her grow into a good sized storm moving across the North Pacific.

California had been suffering from a drouth and the readers of the "San Francisco Register" had become weary of reading, day after day, "Fair and warmer". It was with great joy that they read of the approach of Maria, our heroine. Rain! Those of us in the Middle West know the thrill when we hear a million dollar rain on the roof! But how many of us fail to realize that what may be a million dollar rain to us may become a vicious storm that flails the country side as it grows in velocity! Such was Maria.

As a baby possesses the parts of an adult, so the baby storm displayed as in caricature, the features of a mature storm. As a baby is without teeth, so also the new storm was lacking in some attributes of maturity. Like people, as a storm lives and grows no two are ever the same and each lives its life for good or for bad. Here we study the life span of Maria, learning how she changes entire destinies, some for better, some for worse.

When Maria reached California, she soaked the dry earth until it could hold no more, and when the earth was satisfied, streams formed in the gullies and rivers raged from their banks. The Highway Commission warned people to put on chains in order to keep the roads clear and minimize the dangers; but the egotists went ahead, trusting to their own presumed skill as drivers. Optimists assumed that the other fellow would get into trouble, gamblers enjoyed taking a chance and plain fools considered that man and his works were superior to the storm. About one car in five went ahead without chains.

Maria, reaching the mountain ranges, transformed into a blizzard and swept across the great plains. Across Nebraska and Iowa she went, causing pneumonia and hard colds which resulted in weakened resis-

tances and opened the way to various fatal diseases. She piled deep drifts on alfalfa fields and destroyed millions of grasshopper eggs, preventing a plague six months later.

A telephone call is put through from New York to California. The connection may be poor, but the two parties that criticize the telephone company do not stop to think that men risk their lives so that our lines of communication remain unbroken. Rick, a happy-go-lucky young fellow who had climbed more poles than anybody could count, starts out on the eighth day in the life of Maria to repair damages in Donner Pass. Rick, who enjoys life, his work and his prospects for a bright future, repairs one break in the wire and starts for home. His keen eyes spot another break and he parks his little green truck and climbs again, defying the blinding snow. When he fails to return, searchers find his body where he had fallen.

A young woman about to get a divorce, reconsiders and decides to call her husband only to find wires down. During the wait while operators rerouted her call she changes her mind and goes ahead with her divorce.

A man in Boise was delayed fifteen minutes by the storm, missed his train, and lost a very necessary job.

While men built Westminster Abbey, the Cliff Dwellers in Mesa Verde knew their last prosperity. A storm made little difference in their lives. Their dogs came into the house with them and they withdrew in their cliffs where they talked, wove and discussed next year's cornplanting. Modern man cannot withdraw. He expects much more of his civilization. He must sally forth about his flocks, herds, roads, levees, culverts, wires and rails. He must protect his machines and invent other machines and with them labor against the storm.

On the eleventh day Maria was dying, but even in death she was great. She had traveled during her life a third of the way around the world. Rain and snow had fallen over an area of more than two-hundred thousand square miles. Just after midnight, the mild, dry southwester, the chinook wind swept across the plains. To people waking in the night, the air was soft and warm, like a breeze in springtime. "The chinook," they said, "Thank God!"

In the words of the Preacher, the Son of David, king of Jerusalem, we read, "The wind goeth, toward the south and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again, according to his circuits."

This book is one of the best sellers. To appreciate the fine writing and original style of George Stewart's "The Storm", one should read the book in its entirety.

A BOOK OF POETRY

A book of my favorite poems including many I have read over the air. Give this book as a Mother's Day gift. Own one yourself. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa. Price 35c; 3 for \$1.00.

ARE YOU LISTENIN', GOD?

Are You listenin', God,
to a very earnest prayer?
'Cause we'd be O, so helpless,
Without Your constant care.
Give to us strength and courage,
Don't ever leave us, Lord,
'Cause we depend on You—
Are You listenin', God?

Are You listenin', God?
Do You hear our plea
For help to conquer evil,
For people to be free?
We know Your heart is broken
When you see Your people trod
Underneath the feet of devils,
Oh! are You listenin', God?
—Mrs. Walter Carrick.

FRAGRANCE JARS

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)
sweet but rather coarse and bulky. Of course they might be shredded finer if they are to be used.

All these dried flower petals may be used in many ways. They may fill pretty little bags to be hung on clothes hangers. They may be placed between large sheets of tissue paper to line linen drawers. Or they may be put into jars such as contain our choice rose petals. For dried petals which retain their color, use clear glass jars which will better display their beauty. Opaque jars may be used for the others. Often a colored illustration of the flower is pasted on the inside of the clear glass jar. Better still, these jars, especially those which are opaque, may be hand painted with flower sketches.

Sometimes just leaves alone make a delicious fragrant sachet or jar. There are leaves of the many varieties of scented geraniums, rose mary, lemon verbena, sweet fern, lavender, sweet clover, sage, mint, costmary, thyme and rose geraniums. Pine needles are made into small pillows; while simply rubbing an iron over an evergreen spray will perfume a whole room. Dipping evergreen sprays in hot water also does the same.

Clove-apples and oranges retain their spicy scent for many years and are easily made by sticking the fruit full of cloves. These spicy balls are said to be good to hang in closets to keep out moths and to protect summer furs.

Perfume and fragrance may thus be prolonged over long periods of time by taking a little thought at the proper time to gather suitable materials and assemble them correctly.

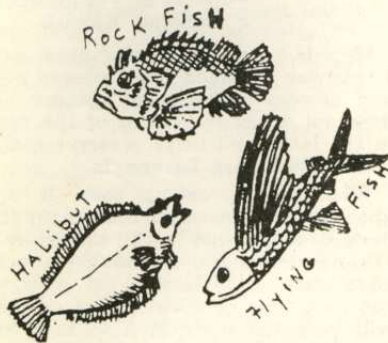
Listen to Kitchen Klatter
KMA — 1:30 P.M.



FOR THE CHILDREN

"FISH"

By Evelyn Hansen



A water animal with a backbone, gills to help it breathe and fins to help it swim and keep its balance is classed as a true fish.

Almost all kinds of true fish have six to eight fins. The large fin on the back is called the Dorsal Fin, and the two pair of fins under the body are called the Ventral and Pectoral Fins. They serve as brakes to slow down the fish when it wants to stop. The Mud Skippers and Climbing Perch use them as legs for crawling out of the water. And of course there is the Tail Fin.

Most all true fish have scales. Sometimes their age is determined by the number of rings on the scales, altho they add many new scales each year.

There are many interesting kinds of fish and I shall name a few:

The male Stickleback is a nest building fish. The nest made of pieces of water plants is one or two inches long and shaped like a muff. He also guards the eggs which hatch in about four weeks. The fresh water Stickleback is four inches long and the ocean variety six to eight inches. They will eat the eggs of other fish and the newly hatched young of other fish.

The Halibut is a large flat fish weighing about one hundred pounds, six to ten feet long. When young it has both eyes on each side of the head, like other fish, but when full grown both eyes are on the right side of the head. They live on shellfish and lobsters which they find on the bottom of the ocean.

One of the homeliest kind of fish is found around Haiti and is called the Rock Fish. It is red and brown in color.

The Black Swallower lives deep in the Atlantic Ocean and is no larger than a pickerel. It has a wide mouth and a stomach that stretches like rubber. Because of this they swallow fish their own size and sometime larger fish.

MY PUPPY

I have a little puppy
And Snootie is her name.
Oh, she's an awful nuisance
But I love her just the same.
She's always into something,
Always tearing something up,
But then I just excuse her
'Cause she's nothing but a pup.
Sometimes she gets my stockings
And puts them in her box
And when I go to find them,
I find I have no socks.
I always eat my candy
Just as quickly as I can,
But before my candy's eaten,
She runs and grabs it from my hand.
She's as white as any snowball
'Cept a black spot on her back
Her head and ears black also,
And her eyes are shiny black.
She can be so awfully noisy
But I wouldn't give her up.
No, I think that I'll just keep her
'Cause she's nothing but a pup.
She really is a cute one
When we're playing hide and seek.
She really wants to be fair
But she just can't help but peek.
And when I say "I'm ready"
And she comes to look for me,
She acts so awfully crazy,
I laugh—then she finds me.
And when I'm playing ball and jacks
And having lots of fun,
Then Snootie comes and grabs the ball
And how that monkey runs.
I chase her till I get the ball
And then I put them up.
Oh, I get so disgusted,
But she's nothing but a pup.



"Blacky" owned by Mrs. A. W. Tiren, Stanton, Iowa.

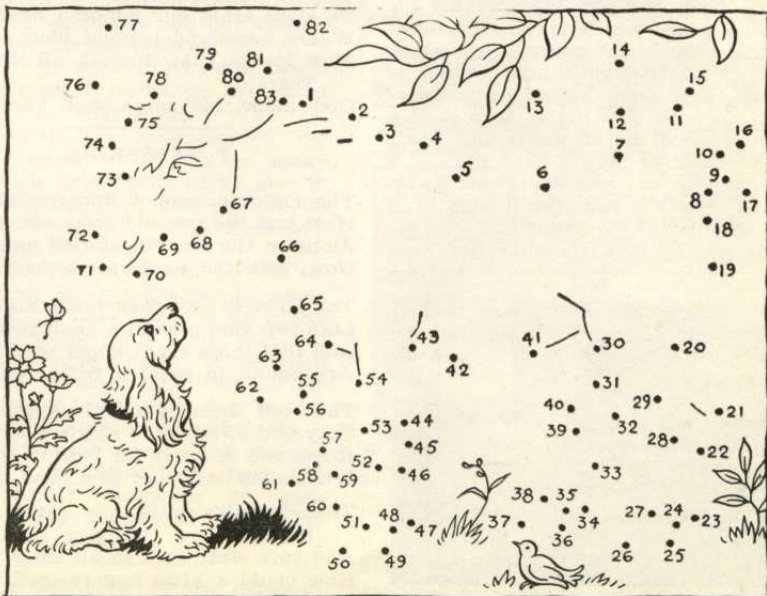
When I play with her rubber ball,
She tries to tell on me.
She runs first to Dad—then Mother
And she scratches till they see
That I have something that is hers.
Then one of them scolds me,
Of course, they're just pretending.
It's just a game that we made up.
She can certainly be a problem,
But I love my little pup.

—Beverly Jeanne Searl.

PRAYERS FOR LITTLE TOTS

Now I lay me down to sleep
All through the quiet night;
And safe within God's love I keep
Until the morning light.
He makes me good and happy, too,
In sleep, in work and play.
Oh yes, I know that this is true
At night and in the day.
—Mrs. J. A. Scholz, Huron, Kansas.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee Lord my soul to keep.
Thy love be with me through the
night
And wake me with the morning
light.



Benjy our cocker spaniel observes that someone else also has long ears but that he is very different from himself. Draw a line from dot to dot to see that he is quite right.

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

At this time of the year we must put forth every effort to keep our chickens growing and our laying flock in good condition. It is a splendid arrangement (if at all possible) to keep young and old chickens separate.

I can keep my young chickens in a pen until they learn that by flying up on the fence a little ways that the openings in the poultry wire are a little larger and they are able to get through. Then I have to leave the little door open in the board that goes around the bottom of the pen so they can get back in again in case of a sudden shower.

When they have full range I do not bother to give them green food, but as long as they are confined to the pen I give them a pail full of grass and clover, freshly cut, each day which disappears like magic.

When they are on range I keep their feeders full of a balanced ration of coarsely ground feed and also plenty of granite grit and fresh water. Have plenty of feeder space so they may all have a chance to eat without being overrun by some that may have a tendency to be bossy.

A very convenient, and yet not expensive feeder, can be made for chickens by using an old gas barrel with both ends cut off and tipped over an old planter wheel that has been laid out flat on the floor or feeding platform. Have the barrel cut so as to leave the heavy edge on the part that is to serve as a lid for the feeder. This feeder will hold several bushels of feed and 20 or more hens, and many more younger ones, can feed at one time.

Or you can make two feeders out of one barrel if you cut the barrel in the center and use the ends for lids. Of course this would call for another planter wheel and will not hold as much feed, but you have double the feeding space which is very essential at this time of the year.

When putting your hens in jail to break them from broodiness, delouse each one and give her a worm tablet, then she will be all fresh and ready to go back to laying. By putting a leg band on her you can check up as to the times she has been broody. You can get celluloid rings and remove them when you dispose of the hen.



ARLINGTON MYSTERY

By Annie Parish Slankard

A mother came in the cool, grey light
Of an early summer morn,
Kneeling beside the mighty rock
Prayed, the son she had borne
Was he who slept in this honored
place

In the bosom of this tomb.
The little son that long ago
Made Heaven of her home.

A man came, his youthful pal
In the brightness of high noon,
Bringing a handful of flowers
The fairest of Arlington's bloom.
With tears strong men conceal,
Prayed, his voice not clear.
"Please God, I want it be you, Tom,
Sleeping here these twenty years."

A sweetheart came in the evening
calm;
The world at peace, sublime,
She brought a rose of ivory white
For the granite smooth and fine.
She was not young but sweet and
kind
With silver through her hair,
She prayed this be her soldier boy
Sleeping so quietly here.

The deep night came and the moon's
soft veil
Lay draped across the tomb,
That wrapped in mystery the lad
Who from foreign lands had come
To sleep amid our honored dead
Where homeland poppies blow,
How lovely, that through all the
years
God, alone, his name shall know.

POSSESSIONS

The children cannot understand
How just the two old folks can stay
Alone in the big two-storied house,
Now, with the six of them away.

The children say they rattle around
Like two lone peas in a giant pod,
And that those silent upper rooms
Are bound to seem a trifle odd.

They tell them of a little house,
Cozy and sweet, on a single floor,
Room and to spare for both of them—
What need have they of a cubit more?

The old folks smile and shake their
heads

And turn deaf ears to all their pleas,
How could a little four-roomed house
Hold eight large rooms of memories?

—Isabelle Bryans Longfellow.

VICTORY GARDENS

They talk of Victory gardens,
Of Victory this and that,
They tell us to economize
To wear last summer's hat.
They say pull out old dresses
To help defeat the foe,
To make the most of everything
For into battle we must go.
Oh yes, they tell us just how much
To expect from out the sod,
But all is failure—all is lost—
Without our faith in God.

—Sylvia B. Vermillion,
Sabetha, Kansas.

Here is a help in canning peas. Add 1 teaspoon of lemon juice to each pint and process in the usual manner. It does not affect the flavor of the peas in the least, and helps preserve them.
—Mrs. Fred Gass, Lacona, Ia.

When making catsup, cook it for about 20 minutes then thicken to the desired consistency with corn-starch. (Do not use flour). It should be cooked a short time longer, but most of the long time of cooking and stirring will be eliminated.—Mrs. C. L. West, Hutchinson, Kansas.

In making tomato juice for drinking or for canning, rub tomatoes through collander raw, season and bring to boiling point rapidly. Seal in well sterilized jars. This results in a beautiful bright red, smooth texture, with no loss of vitamins by long cooking. It also shortens time for catsup making.
—Mrs. S. O. Jorgensen, Guthrie Center, Ia.

When canning strawberries, lay the jar down while hot and leave on its side until cold. Berries will not separate from the liquid.—Mrs. W. F. Inskeep, Wamego, Kansas.

Save all the tin lids that come on olive, pickle, mayonnaise etc. jars. When canning relishes, jams or preserves, use these lids. First replace the oiled paper with clean waxed paper, then coat the sides and bottom with paraffin. When screwed on the hot jars, the wax melts just enough to seal them tight when cool.—Mrs. R. J. Bazant, Fairbury, Neb.

Horseradish.—Wash, scrape and grate or grind fresh horseradish roots. Fill pint jars 2/3 full with the grated horseradish, then fill to the top with white vinegar. Seal and store away from the light.—Mrs. Clyde VanBlair, Mason City, Ia.

Help for canning corn. Shuck and silk the corn and cut from cob as quickly as possible. Put corn in a kettle, cover with water and boil for 2 minutes. Pack in clean hot jars and use 2 teaspoons of salt to each quart. Then place a slice of ripe tomato in the top of each jar. Partly seal and cook in pressure cooker for 70 minutes at 15 pounds. Never before could I keep canned corn until I canned it this way.—Mrs. Bernerd Watson, Murray, Ia.

"America must win this war. Therefore I will work, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure, I will fight cheerfully and do my utmost as if the issue of the whole struggle depended on me alone."



A graduating class of the Stamford, Nebraska, High School.

Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

HOBBIES

Buttons.—Mrs. Jake R. Sexton, 220 Bruner St., West Point, Nebr.

Buttons.—Berneice Stauffer, Greene, Ia.

Shakers.—Mrs. Jessie Wheeler, 594 So. Broadway, Medina, Ohio.

View cards and tea or guest towels.—Miss Ella M. Hoehne, St. Peter, Ill.

Fancywork, crocheting, embroidery and hooked rugs.—Mrs. P. L. Duhn, Rt. 3, Box 44, Emmetsburg, Ia.

Shakers.—Mrs. Nick Dimel, Box 131, Earlham, Ia.

Elephants.—Mrs. Bertha Lang, 4908 Bancroft, Lincoln, Nebr.

"I have been collecting buttons since 1941 and have over 9000 from 36 states and seven countries."—Mrs. C. D. Gehr, 568 W. Lemon St., Lancaster, Penn.

Shakers.—Mrs. Harrison Taylor, Box 11, Hayfield, Ia.

Shakers.—Mrs. H. C. Madison, Salix, Ia.

Buttons, advertising pencils and postmarks.—Mrs. Elmer Gonnermann, Lake View, Ia. Mrs. Gonnermann has made a map of the U. S. and a map of Iowa with buttons. She has many perennial plants that she will exchange for buttons.

Vases, cacti, pictures of churches.—Mrs. Harry E. Henriksen, Rt. 2, Harlan, Ia.

Mrs. Chloe Kerns, Sharpsburg, Ia. wants to hear from all who are named Chloe. She thinks there will be not more than half a dozen, but I imagine she will be surprised.

Dogs.—Donna Burrough, Delphos, Kans., age 12. She will send a small hand carved dog, made by her father, in exchange.

Viewcards and TB Christmas seals. Needs seals from 1907 to 1918, also 1919 and 1921.—Mrs. Carl Burhenne, Missouri Valley, Ia.

Shakers.—Mrs. Joe P. Gingerich, Rt. 1, Box 140, Kalona, Ia.

"I'll give crocheted potholders or doilies in exchange for shakers. I also collect pictures of schools."—Mrs. Chas. McMann, Mason City, Ia.

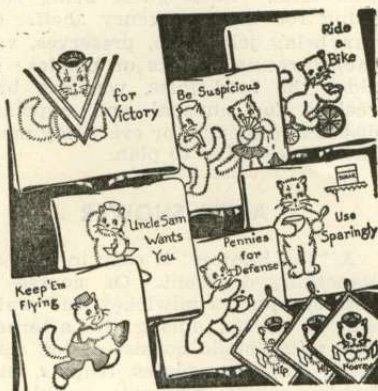
Shakers.—Mrs. Neva Geieger and Dorothy, 217 Mohawk St., Waterloo, Ia. Advertising pencils.—Mrs. Anton Cipperra, Morse Bluff, Nebr.

Recipes and Shakers.—Mrs. M. J. Geer, Sabetha, Kans.

Shakers, stamps and postmarks.—Wilma Diven, Cameron, Mo.

Handkerchieves, buttons and making quilts are the hobbies of Mrs. Kathryn Howe, Rt. 1, Cantril, Ia. She has pieced and quilted more than 100 quilts and still enjoys making more.

"In September 1941 you printed my picture and letter about my buttons. At that time I had 27,000 buttons. Now I have 42,000 buttons of all kinds, colors and sizes, just one of a kind. I have a button from all of the 48 states, and 20 foreign countries. I have exchanged with 60 different collectors



VICTORY TEA TOWELS

A patriotic kitten is Tom, the tea towel cat. From Monday to Saturday he is a willing subject for illustrating six timely and clever captions, and on Sunday he dons his best cap and hangs out a V for victory. You'll adore Tom on your kitchen towel rack; a few quick stitches will put him there. And he is not stopped then, since he also poses for a trio of panholders—Hip, Hip, Hooray. Order this "Man of the Hour" as pattern C9476, 10c; make tea towel and panholder sets for gifts—bridal or otherwise. The transfer is the kind that stamps several times. Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

and believe it or not, at one time I had two bushel and a half of buttons to sort out. I got 10,000 different buttons out of them, besides hundreds of duplicates to exchange."—Addie F. McSweeney, Henderson, Ia.

Holders, especially crocheted ones.—Mrs. Frank Franzen, Worthington, Minn.

Perfume Bottles.—Mrs. Dorothy Miltenbruch, Rt. 3, Holton, Kans.

Hankies, tea towels and pot holders.—Mrs. Milf Meyer, Holland, Ia.

Mrs. Ben L. Vondra, Rt. B526, Canon City, Colo. will exchange crocheted potholders for shaker sets.

"Kitchen-Klatter Magazine is my favorite magazine. It has so many helps which have benefitted me in many ways. I look forward to its coming every month."—Mrs. Fred Holloway, Trenton, Mo.

"I am sending my dollar for the renewal of my Kitchen-Klatter magazine for a year. I have taken it for many years and think it is the best all around magazine I take. It has such a personal message, and fills in our every need in our every day life."—Mrs. Ira Creveling, Amsterdam, Mo.

"I am president of our Farm Bureau unit and I get many helps from the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine to pass along to the members."—Mrs. Carl Doud, Culver, Kansas.

Being a subscriber to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine identifies you as a progressive home maker.

CLASSIFIED ADS

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SELL?
Make use of this ad column.
Rate of 5c per word. Minimum charge 50c. Payable in advance.

HEALTH HINTS BOOKLET; 1942 edition includes articles on "Why We Grow Old", "Gray Hair and Wrinkles", "Eight Day Improved Reducing Schedule", "Nervous Anemics", "Alkaline and Acid Producing Foods", "Child Feeding Problems" and other helps. Write your name, address and words "Health Booklet" on piece of paper then wrap it around 15 cents and mail to Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

VICTORY GARDEN SPECIAL—How to dry & use dried corn, with many other fine recipes in King Corn book. Only 10c PP. Send now to Mrs. Mae Zeigler, Laurel, Iowa.

SPECIAL FOR VIEW CARD COLLECTORS. Post Card Views of ALL State Capitol Buildings. 2 for 5c; 25c a doz. An easy way to get those hard-to-get views. Gertrude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Iowa.

WANTED—A steam pressure canner of reliable make. Must have full directions for using. Canning capacity 4 to 7 jars. State price.—N. S. Ward, Rt. 1, Box 10, Avoca, Ia.

INEXPERIENCED GIRL, good character wants steady housekeeping for elderly or semi-invalid lady. Town, city. Fair wages. Must be good Christian character, small home, no contagious diseases. Can furnish character references.—Write care of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

SIMPLE DIRECTIONS for Ladies' Defense Bonnet. Easy to iron. Also directions for latest in crocheted beads. Each 10c. Mrs. Harvey Farr, Ellendale, Minn.

UNUSUAL AND ARTISTIC Pictures made from Weeds. 4½x5½ inch size, \$2.00. 8x10 inches, \$5.00. Mrs. Severin Pederson, 412-14 St. North, Benson, Minn.

FOR SALE—THE BEST, NO. 7, DIAMOND IRON—Good as new. \$4.50 PP.—Send to Mrs. Mae Zeigler, Laurel, Iowa.

BUY BEAUTY

Eva Hopkins Creme Powder
with Sponge \$1.10
Two Jars (Rouge compact Free) \$2.20
Six Jars \$5.50
3 Cakes Salmarine Soap \$1.00
Postpaid at these prices and tax paid.
EVA HOPKINS, SHENANDOAH, IA.

FOOT PAINS STOPPED

with Air-Cooled ARCH-HEELERS

TRY 30 DAYS AT OUR RISK

Heel Cushion
Increases Circulation
Weight Balancer
Metatarsal Support

OR Money Back

\$1.00 a Pair

Get Quick Lasting Relief

Wear Guaranteed, Proved ARCH-HEELERS in any shoes for aching feet, metatarsal pains, burning callouses, corns, weak arches. Must please you or Your Money Back.

Made of selected leather, specially shaped, with soft cushions to gently lift bone joints, release nerve-pressures, free blood-circulation, align entire foot. Springy Air Cooled. Comfortable, even in tight-fitting dress shoes. Thousands praise them. "I wouldn't take \$5 for mine," says one. Pair, \$1.

SEND NO MONEY Send only name, address, and shoe size. Pay postman \$1 plus few cents postage. Money back if you are not pleased after 30 days. Send Today!
ARCH-HEELER CO., Box K-6, Co. Bluffs, Ia.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

A GARDEN PARTY

Choose one of the town's loveliest yards for this party. It must be in a central location and preferably one that can be lighted with electricity. As soon as the place is decided upon and the day and hour set, start the advertising.

Arrange chairs in groups and on one side of the yard erect an elevated platform where musicians can contribute music during the afternoon.

Appoint a reception committee to greet the guests as they arrive and introduce them to any strangers. Also have a committee on entertainment, arrangements and food.

Have for sale cool drinks, sandwiches, ice cream with cake or small cookies at a table covered with a lace cloth and centered with a basket of garden flowers. Guests can buy their food and carry their plates of food to their comfortable chairs and enjoy a good visit with friends while they eat. There can also be booths for selling candy and popcorn.

If everything is donated, you can make a nice sum of money at this kind of a garden party.

TRY THIS

Some Aid Societies decide, during the summer months, to simply dig down in their pocket books and each contribute a dollar. This will take care of the finances until the meetings begin again in the fall.

A HEN PARTY

If your Society has in it a number of country women, have a hen party, and every member bring a hen. A poultryman can come and weigh the chickens, pay for them and take them away.

TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS

This month several Aid Societies have sent in nice lists of new subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Of each \$1.00 collected for a yearly subscription, your Aid may keep 25c, sending me 75c. Please send your order for not less than six subscriptions at a time.

"I enjoy the little magazine very much. It is so homey and friendly. In this world of hate and strife, a little friendliness looms up brightly as something very precious."—Mrs. E. W. Lindgren, Moorhead, Iowa.

JUNE PARTIES

A SENSIBLE SHOWER

Make this a food and kitchen shower. Any bride will enjoy a shower of this kind. Each guest bring something for the emergency shelf. One can bring jelly, jam, preserves, vegetables, canned meats or pickles. Besides the food gifts, you can bring recipes for unusual and appetizing dishes and menus for every day meals, the hardest kind to plan.

A TEA SHOWER

A "Tea Shower" is easy to plan and something different. Of course tea and delicious sandwiches and wafers will be served during the afternoon. The gifts should consist of tea equipment—cups, tea plates, teapots, sugar bowls, cream pitchers, napkins or lunch cloths.

A "CUTTING UP" SHOWER

This kind of a shower gives you lots of gifts to choose from—knives, kitchen scissors, can opener, cheese knife, carving set and many other articles.

In order to make it a real "cutting up" party, you should plan some good stunts. Every one should enter into the spirit of the party.

WHAT A MAN!

1. A man to be avoided.
2. A traveling man.
3. A musical man.
4. A stable man.
5. A literary man.
6. A married man.
7. An oarsman.
8. A small man.
9. A butcher man.
10. A Chinese man.
1. Mansion. 2. Mango. 3. Mandolin.
4. Manger. 5. Manuscript. 6. Herman.
7. Roman. 8. Manikin. 9. Manslaughter. 10. Mandarin.



"No, Rusty, you can't come in. Your feet are dirty!"—Margery

CAN YOU GUESS?

1. A city in China.
2. A politician can.
3. A bright can.
4. A singing can.
5. A can in Panama.
6. A heathen can.
7. A noisy can.
8. A floating can.
9. A musical can.
10. A sweet can.
1. Canton. 2. Candidate. 3. Candle.
4. Canary. 5. Canal. 6. Cannibal. 7. Cannon. 8. Canoe. 9. Cantata. 10. Candy.

"Thanks for reminding me to renew my Kitchen-Klatter. I surely wouldn't want to miss one copy. It's the grandest little magazine, and is getting bigger and better all the time."—Mrs. Ira Mangold, Vassar, Kans.

BE A PROGRESSIVE HOME-MAKER

Each month the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine brings you recipes, menus, editorials, besides many other features, plus pictures and poems. A page of Ladies Aid helps. All good practical ideas. A magazine by home-makers for home-makers. An exchange of ideas, like one neighbor visiting with another—a friendly visit. We have our problems in common. We help each other through the friendly pages of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. You need the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Every member of the family enjoys it. Being a subscriber identifies you as a progressive home-maker. Subscribe now.

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*Book of Leanna's Favorite Verses
*(Enclose 10c extra if you choose Patterns or Leanna's Favorite Verses.)

Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa