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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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JULY, 1942

Number 7 •







LETTER FROM LEANNA

## Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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### DEAR FRIENDS:

Since I don't have time to write each one of you, you must consider this as a personal letter to *you*. I appreciate the wonderful encouragement you have been to me and the way so many thousand of you responded to my recent request for a card or letter, telling me you listen to my Kitchen-Klatter broadcast at 1:30 P.M. over KMA, and asking for a Bread Basket Book.

In reply, those of you who wrote will receive the "Bread Basket Book" which will be a big help to you in your baking. If you haven't written, please do so before July first. I am trying to get some idea of how many listeners I have during June. I would like to be able to have many thousands more letters and cards to show to KMA. When you write, ask for the "Bread Basket Book".

And now for news of the Driftmier family. There is not so much, this month. Margery has a school for next year. She will teach the second grade at Pella, Iowa. She is going to summer school for ten weeks so will just have the month of August at home.

Don will be registering for military service, for he will be 20 in August. He is working on the campus at Park College again this summer, helping put the buildings in good repair for next year and taking care of the college lawns and flowers which are unusually beautiful.

We hear often from our son, Wayne, who is in the army stationed on one of the islands of the Hawaiian group. He writes that he had the opportunity of making a trip around the island Honolulu is situated on and saw much beautiful scenery. He has found a church quite near his barracks where he and a boy he often refers to as "Hix" go to church. He says they feel much as the Pilgrims must have felt back in 1620. They carry rifles, helmets and gas masks with them. The U. S. O. gives parties and programs for the soldiers. The natives give demonstrations of how the grass skirts, baskets, etc., are made. He mentions George Bailey, of Crete, Nebraska, who works in the same office with him.

In a letter received this week from Egypt, Frederick says he is going to work in a prison camp this summer. This is Y. M. C. A. work. I suppose that there will be Germans and Italians in this camp. It will be quite

an experience. He has given up all hopes of being able to come home at this time. This is a real disappointment to us for we have looked forward to seeing him again this summer.

Howard is working in Faribault, Minn., installing seed cleaning machinery for the Minnesota Seed Company. He expects to be gone until he is called into the army.

Dorothy and Lucile, our two married daughters who live in Hollywood, write such interesting letters. Frank Johnson, Dorothy's husband, belongs to the Civilian Air Patrol. He learned to fly a plane while they were still living here. This, with his work in the plane factory, keeps him very busy. The girls would like to come home for a visit this fall. I hope they can.

There will be no Kitchen-Klatter picnic at Worthington, Minn., this year, as we had planned, for my husband and I are not taking any trip this summer. We look forward to a grand picnic when the war is over. A VICTORY celebration.

I hope that you and your families keep well. Write to me when you have time. I shall be looking for a letter before July 1st.

Sincerely, Leanna.

### MY BOY IS IN THE ARMY

Yes, one of our sons is in the army. How do I feel about this and how do other mothers feel? Do they cry every time they look at a picture of him or open the door and peek into his empty room? Each of us is different. Our son Wayne left from college and I had a good cry when the express man brought his suit cases and boxes of books. Since then I have felt no need to shed tears.

Our boys are proud and happy to be of service to their country to whom they owe so much. They enjoy life in the out of doors. They seem to even enjoy the scrap they are in and want a chance to do their part wherever it may take them. Why should a mother indulge in self-pity? This is harmful to her mental and physical health and unpleasant for her family and friends. She will not be able to write cheerful, happy letters to her boy. These mean so much to him.

Remember that war is hard in many ways for our boys, as well as their mothers. They have need of much

courage. They must be brave. They must put self last and love of country first. They leave us as boys; they return men. We will help them by doing our part as brave war mothers. We will help in every war effort. We will forget our own personal feelings by keeping our hands at work for others, our hearts and minds full of thanksgiving, song and prayer for the safety of all boys, a speedy Victory.

### WRITING LETTERS

Most of us are writing more letters now than we ever did before. Think of the mountains of paper and stamps being used daily. Do you ever ask yourself, "What kind of a letter writer am I?" "Do folks like to hear from me?"

Do you waste half your paper making excuses? Your boy isn't interested in the reason you have not written. Are your letters full of "I"? Talk about the rest of the family too. Don't just skim the surface of incidents you relate. The boys are anxious to hear the little details of home happenings. Don't sit down to write a letter when you are tired or rushed. Letter writing is an important part of the Victory program. You should have a good pen and smooth paper, so your letters will be not only easy to write but easy to read.

Remember to answer questions. It is a good plan to have the letter you are answering close at hand, so you may refer to it often.

If you have a certain day on which you write to your son, don't let anything interfere with your schedule. Your letter writing is important. Let the other things wait.

If you write only once a week, it is a good idea to carry a pencil and pad in your apron pocket and when you think of something you wish to tell in your next letter, jot it down. I have found this a great aid in writing letters to my children. I have seven away from home, so letter writing is no small job! No, I don't write one letter and send carbon copies! Each child needs their own personal letter and I love to write them.

### LEANNA'S ADVICE

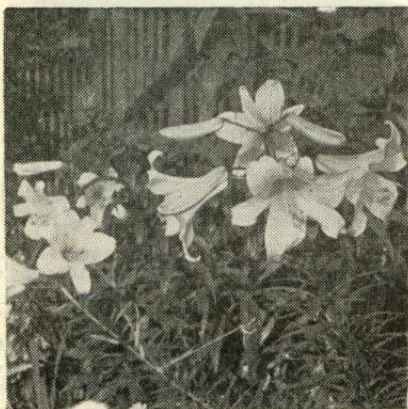
By Mrs. M. Faubion  
St. Joseph, Mo.

I heard Leanna say today, "Let's practice conservation, Let's take good care of what we have till ends this war's duration; Don't let our garden hose lie out in sun and wind and weather, Let's air our woolen suits and gowns, and hats and furs and feathers, Let's drain and dry hot water bags—for they're made of rubber, rare, Let's can our surplus garden crops, and assure winter fare."

BECAUSE:  
We housewives can't be Bombadiers, nor be Commandos, nifty, But we can fight by buying bonds, by being wise and thrifty. And we can fight by saving waste; turn it into needed cash, It's these things—small but useful—that'll settle Hitler's hash!



# Come into the Garden with Helen



Regal Lilies

## LILIES

June and July are the months when most of the garden lilies bloom, starting with the bold scarlet Dauricum variety which is commonly called Candle Stock Lily because its many upright buds resemble candles. Its reddest type is called Red Russian.

Whatever you call it, be sure to have it, for it is easiest of all lilies to grow. While it does well in full sun, it is fully as content in semi shade and makes a wonderful picture when grown among tall hardy ferns. Another gorgeous combination is with hardy coreopsis.

Tiger Lilies are best used in large clumps in combination with yellow or blue flowers. The double ones bloom later than the single and are just as easily grown.

For the rear of rock gardens you will like the Coral Lily and its sister, Concolor. Both are scarlet and have finely cut foliage, but Concolor holds its cups upward while Coral Lily faces downward like a Tiger Lily.

The "Wild Tiger Lily" which you may find in moist meadows is Superbum. If you mark the spot where you see bloom you can return in the fall and dig bulbs for your garden, but remember to leave plenty behind for the enjoyment of passersby.

Perhaps you prefer white lilies because of their symbolism of purity and worship. The Madonna Lily is the earlier of these. It is the one which the Angel carries in pictures of the Annunciation. Its cups open upward and its buds are like white candles. It is a sturdy, sun-loving, garden subject. It is best moved in August when dormant, and set quite shallow. In September it grows quite a large rosette of leaves which serve as a winter mulch. It multiplies very easily. Bulb scales produce little bulblets if planted in mellow earth or sand and even the old bloom stalks, if pulled out and buried, grow a crop of little bulbs along their lower six inches.

Regal Lilies bloom soon after the Madonnas are faded. They are larger and their cups turn downward and are not so snowy white because of a tinge of brown on the outside of the petals. They are happiest when grown on a slope as they are natives of the mountains. They grow easily from seeds. Home growers use the device of planting the seeds in old dish pans so that they may easily be carried into the cellar for storage the first winter. Professional growers use frames for this protection. The second year they will be safe in the open ground.

Henryei Lily is much like Tiger Lily except that it blooms much later and is a lovely shade of soft apricot.

The latest lily of all is the Philippinense. It looks much like Regal except that it is taller and has foliage even more grass like.

There are many other flowers that we incorrectly call lilies, but remember that a true lily must have a bulb made up of scales, and their botanical name is Liliium.

—Helen Fischer

## My ALL SEASON Iris Offer

Why not keep on enjoying this lovely "Orchid of our Middle West" from spring until fall.

16 Iris—each different—in two shipments at best planting time. All for \$1.00 postpaid.

### Shipment in June:

5 colors of earliest dwarfs, including a rich and rare wine-colored spring and fall bloomer.

3 gay Intermediates—each different.

3 Tall Iris of greatest distinction—including one very fragrant.

1 Autumn King—the most reliable fall bloomer.

### Shipment October 1:

3 beautiful Beardless Iris, exquisite in foliage and blossoms—pure white, deep velvety purple, and corn-flower blue.

And — SPECIAL! Your choice of BLUE ZUA in first shipment or DOROTHY K. WILLIAMSON in the October Box.

Jessie F. Shambaugh,

Sunnyside Gardens

Clarinda, Iowa

## COLUMBINE, FLOWER OF PEACE AND HAPPINESS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

What is more beautiful than a planting of Columbines in full bloom just at dusk, particularly when a slight breeze sets the blossoms dancing like fairies with wide spread skirts? Suspended as they are individually on long stems, they seem to hang in mid-air. Columbine, the Aquilegia, means dove, and indeed the blossoms are suggestive of doves, and since doves are associated with thoughts of peace, these flowers always seem both peaceful and happy.

Columbines are one of the hardy flowers that most of us can have in our gardens. They are truly a mid-west perennial which endures both heat and cold; need very little winter protection once they have become established, and will even endure to some extent our rather dry summers. They have two seasons of bloom if not allowed to go to seed, and open reasonably early in spring. They range through quite a variety of colors and are one of our best cut flowers combining beauty with grace. They seem to bloom well either in sun or shade, being one of our most adaptable of flowers. Given good garden soil for a home, they simply out do themselves in blooming. Cultivation around the plants and a mulch during dry weather will do much to help them do their best.

Columbines are easily grown from seed either in the spring or late summer. If the location may remain undisturbed during the winter following seed planting, they may be sown in open ground, covered with burlap and well watered until germination results after which the covering is removed. See that the burlap fits loosely over the ground, so that air may be admitted. Protect young plants from intense sun or washing rains with lath frames which may be put on or taken off at a moment's notice. Protect over winter the same as for young seedling pansy plants.

The seed may also be planted directly in a cold frame, or lacking this may be sown in a large dishpan which can be set down into the soil in some protected spot and lightly mulched over winter. Next spring after active growth has produced a mass of fine roots, the plants may be set in garden rows or temporary beds for the summer. After fall rains have set in, plant out in permanent positions in the border.

The bees help in hybridizing the seed, and many interesting results are often obtained in this way. In our own garden a clematis, or spurless, columbine resulted from such a cross. These clematis columbines are new and unusual, therefore prized.

Columbines are found growing both in the wild and also in the cultivated border. Our earliest native columbine, scarlet and yellow, is found in many sections of our country. While usually growing in damp woods or among shaded damp rocks, it will do equally as well in similar situation in our own

(Con't on Page 5, Col. 2)



## ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1942

By M. H. Driftmier

After passing through the Apache Pass, which I mentioned in the June issue, the next town which interested us was Mesa, which lies just a few miles east of Phoenix. This is a beauty spot during the month of February when we passed through it. It is sometimes called the Citrus Capital of Arizona. It has large citrus packing plants and beautiful streets and homes. It was settled by the Mormons and there is a Mormon temple located there. Leaving Mesa, we traveled just a few miles and then were in Phoenix. Phoenix is a beautiful city of 50,000 or 60,000 population and has a number of industries and is certainly a thriving city. We stopped at a filling station to get some gas and a former Shenandoah boy, or young man, by the name of Orr, waited on us. He was glad to see us and inquired about his mother who still lives in Shenandoah. We had a very nice visit with him, but did not tarry very long for we wanted to reach Blythe, California, in the evening some time.

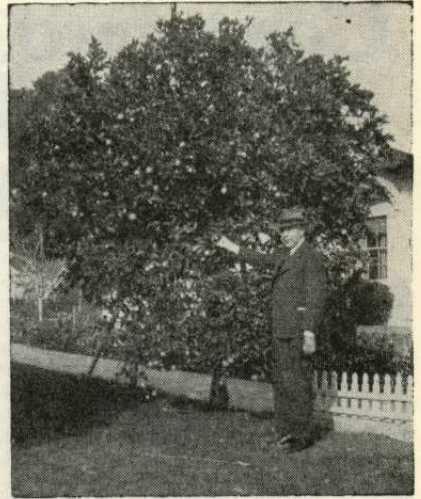
After leaving Phoenix, and passing through Glendale, a suburb, we found no town of importance for the remainder of the trip through Arizona. We arrived at the Colorado River about eight o'clock in the evening. It was after dark and as we approached the bridge we were stopped by soldiers on guard. They asked us where we were going and wanted us to turn on the dome light in our car. Something had jarred loose and we could not turn it on. Then he asked if we had a flashlight. When we showed it to him, he said to turn it on and hold it up against the top above our heads and keep it on while crossing the bridge. We found several soldiers on the bridge, acting as guards, but they did not stop us and we had no difficulty. I suppose the object of having the inside of the car lighted was so they could see that no one would throw out a bomb and blow up the bridge. I don't know that this was the case, but I surmised that it might be. The town of Blythe is several miles west of the river in California, and we soon arrived there. We drove around to see what the place looked like and finally located a splendid cabin camp. The cabin had two lovely rooms, a tiled lavatory and shower, gas heat, splendid beds and a tight garage adjoining the cabin. It was about as good as any hotel room could be. We had a good night's rest and started out early the next morning. We stopped at a telegraph office so Dorothy could wire her husband that we were on our way and would arrive in Hollywood sometime that evening. We drove for many miles across nothing but desert. The first town of any importance that we came to was Indio which was about a hundred miles from Blythe. Indio is in the date growing section of California. It was very comfortable there, but I imagine that it gets terribly hot in the summer time. It is practically sea level, being only a few

miles north of the Salton Sea which is about 250 feet below sea level. We were traveling in a narrow valley with mountains on either side. These snow capped mountains were really beautiful.

We passed through Manning and Beaumont and finally reached Redlands just at noon, and what a beautiful city! There were orange groves everywhere, the trees laden with ripe oranges; pepper trees, flowers, beautiful avenues and drives and beautiful homes. Perhaps I am a little partial to Redlands, for it was Leanna's home for several years prior to our marriage. We stopped at a restaurant to have lunch and then drove around the city. We passed the church where Leanna used to sing in the choir, the Public Library, and finally passed her old home. It looks just as it did at the time of our marriage. I took a picture of it with Dorothy standing in front of the house. I was sorry that Leanna could not be with us, for she always loved Redlands. We still had about 75 or 80 miles to drive so we did not tarry any longer but drove on through Colton and Ontario. Between these two points the highway runs through the immense Italian vineyards, there being more than 5,000 acres in one vineyard. They claim it is the largest vineyard in the world. We passed through Pomona, El Monte and Alhambra. Here we drove past the house where, at one time, we lived for two or three months, and then through Monterey Park where we also had lived while in California in 1925. The playhouse the children had at Monterey Park was still there and the place looked quite natural. I thought I knew the highways and streets in that vicinity pretty well, but I found that the streets had been changed. Didn't look natural and before we knew it, we were lost—that is, we had to stop and inquire the way. Dorothy had driven all over that section of the city since I had, but it has changed quite a bit in the last three or four years. We finally found Sunset Boulevard and from there on we had no difficulty in reaching Hollywood.

Los Angeles now ranks fifth city in the United States in size but there are no tall skyscrapers as are found in some of our other large cities. It has spread out over the land and it seems as if it covers almost the whole southern end of California. Los Angeles itself has a population of one and a half million. It has grown around other adjoining cities which still keep their identity, so that in the aggregate there are approximately two and a half million. Dorothy said that her idea of a city was one that you could drive into and eventually get out of again, but Los Angeles covers so much ground that she never could get out of the city. Of course she was speaking figuratively.

Everybody there seems to be a booster for Los Angeles. If they have a cyclone, it is unusual; if they have a flood, it is also unusual. To hear the Los Angeles citizens talking, everything is perfect. About the only thing I have against it is its size.



Mr. Driftmier picking an orange. This picture was taken across the street from Dorothy's home.

They really do things in a big way out there. Several years ago I attended a Rotary Club meeting in one of the big hotels. The speaker was a man from San Francisco, and as nearly everyone knows, there is considerable rivalry between San Francisco and Los Angeles. At that particular time Los Angeles was busy building a harbor at San Pedro, a suburb about 20 or 25 miles from the center of Los Angeles. The speaker said that if the Los Angeles citizens could suck as hard as they could blow, they could easily suck the harbor up into Los Angeles. Of course that created a laugh. The people of Los Angeles are go-getters. Nothing stops them. It takes an immense volume of water to supply it and the surrounding territory with water for irrigation and drinking purposes, and when they want water they get it, even when they have to build an aqueduct several hundred miles long to tap the Colorado River. That was an outstanding engineering feat.

When we arrived at Dorothy's new home we found that her husband had located on a very nice quiet street within a block or two of the mountains in Hollywood. The apartment was nicely furnished and she was very happy. They have a second floor apartment and Lucile and her husband have the ground floor apartment in the same building.

We arrived there on Friday afternoon, and the next day we drove out to Burbank where my brother Harry lives. I stayed with them Saturday night and Sunday and had a good visit, the first one in nineteen years. We agreed that we couldn't let nineteen years go again without a visit, so we are going to try and see each other every two or three years at least.

(Con't in August Number)

"I am sending you a subscription for 1 year. We think it is all you say of it and more too. My husband and son read it before I get to it sometimes. I have enclosed \$1 for 1 year beginning with the March number.—Mrs. A. M., Richmond, Mo."



## LETTER FROM TED

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

Assiut, Egypt.  
May 3, 1942

Dear Folks,

This is Lucile's birthday. I think of her whenever I hear beautiful music for she gave me an appreciation of classical music. My, how I would love to hear her play the piano. Dorothy will have a birthday soon. I remember the plays we used to give, me dressed as a girl, always getting my big feet tangled up in my trailing gowns, and falling on my nose at the most inopportune time. One misses a lot who was not raised in a big family.

As I write this letter, the temperature is 118 in the shade. It does not cool off at night until about midnight. We have been having this extreme heat since the middle of April and I begin to feel a bit draggy. The other day I rode to town on my bicycle. A thermometer on the street registered 139 degrees. The metal parts of my bicycle were so hot that I could not touch them with my bare hands, and they had not been in the sun, either.

I plan to work this summer if the heat does not get me down. I shall probably be with the American Prisoner of War work, or the British Y. M. C. A., with His Majesty's Forces. I am not yet sure which one I shall choose but will let you know where to send my mail. Of course, what I really want to do is to come home, but the uncertainties of travel and the terrific cost make me hesitate.

May 8. A small boy from Miss Lillian Thrasher's Orphanage just brought me a gift—an eversharp pencil. This is my birthday, you will probably remember. (NOTE. We sent him a cablegram, but he evidently had not received it yet.) Where on earth that poor little boy got the money for even that little pencil I don't know. You may be sure I will always treasure it. Poor little fellow, so poor he only tastes meat two or three times a year! I have been helping at the orphanage when I have had time, teaching the boys to play games. They know so very few games, and really enjoy them as much as our American boys do.

The other day a group of us teachers took a boat ride on the Nile. We took a picnic lunch and a portable phonograph and hoped to escape a little of the heat and have a good

sail. There was no sailboat available, only a heavy awkward freight boat which would not have been so bad, had there been a good wind to carry us along. There was only a gentle breeze blowing.

As we ate our picnic supper we were bothered as we always are by huge cockroaches. River boats, like every other place, have them. After we pulled into shore we were just sitting in the boat listening to the portable phonograph when one of the girls screamed. I whirled around, thinking that someone had fallen into the river, but instead I saw thousands, yes thousands, of huge cockroaches at least two inches long, swarming out of a hole in the far side of the boat. They wanted to get to land and before we knew what was happening, they were running over our feet, up our legs, into our food baskets, over the phonograph—everywhere! At first we tried to kill some of them but it was no use, there were too many. They came on and on. We were actually chased off the boat by cockroaches. As long as I live I never expect to see so many cockroaches in one place, again—at least I hope that I don't. Lovingly,

—Ted.

(Continued in August)

## ORIGINAL VERSE

This world is full of good things  
If we'll only look around,  
And with a wee bit of exertion  
Are so easy to be found.

For there's an old time saying  
And no matter how we take it,  
That in our journey here below  
Our life is what we make it.

So let us try to do our best,  
Then our lives are sure to win  
If we make a little heaven here  
To go to heaven in.

Written by crippled brother of Mrs.  
F. C. Saemisch, Atlantic, Iowa.

(Con't from Page 3, Col. 3)

gardens. The old-fashioned purple is perhaps the hardiest, as are all the short spurred varieties. The doubles, white, pink or purple, are found among these also. Among the very long spurred perhaps the clear white and the pure golden yellow are the most choice though perhaps not as long lived as the purple. The Rocky Mountain Columbine, blue and white with long spurs is also a favorite. There are also many beautiful combinations of yellow and pink or red. To keep these choicer kinds constantly in the border, grow a few new plants every year. Even the rockery may have its Columbines for there is an alpine variety a foot high with deep blue blossoms for it. Columbines will even grow in chinks of a wall or among the crevices of stones. They are truly among the aristocrats of the garden, but while distinctive and rare, are not difficult to grow. Indeed everyone may easily have them no matter under what conditions their garden grows, for as long as there is good garden soil for it to grow in there is some columbine which will fit into that particular spot.

## AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels



I am quite proud to ask all of you into my kitchen this month. I feel that I am the original old-woman-wholive-in-the-shoe-box. Into a space six by thirteen feet, the carpenter and I achieved (1) a kitchen range, (2) a sink and pump, (3) an oil stove, (4) a tin utility cupboard, (5) built in work space with cupboard space beneath and (6) a built in wall cupboard. The papering and painting I did and I am proud to entertain any and all callers in my kitchen.

The boys are of the sly opinion that future hired girls will have to be chosen with an eye to their width—and Mama will have to watch her hips.

Likewise it was the nine year old who declared that the old pony needed some Vitamin B Run. She is much too gentle to suit his cow boyish fancy.

Could use a little myself somewhere between the garden and the hay barn.

Imagine that by now a great many of the rest of you know who is going to do the work when the boys have to join the army. Let me urge you to make your housekeeping as simple as possible and not try to do too much.

It is a good thing that homemakers are a sensible lot, not easily stampeded into believing everything they hear. After all the years that Home project lessons have taught that meat etc. **must** be canned in a pressure cooker, here is an article in a reliable farm magazine stating that peas and shelled butter beans are better cold packed. The high temperature of a pressure cooker softens them. I know mine cold packed were superior in quality to some of the pressure canned ones that I ate. But there are so many other things that enter into quality and keeping of canned vegetables. Any careful canner knows that cold-pack will take care of anything. (Or hot pack. I use the term interchangeably with hot water bath canning and it isn't.)

That gadget shelf was a four inch board put up on brackets sawed from plywood. We sawed slits for the knives and made notches for the potato masher, egg beater, mixing spoons, etc., by sawing in about an inch or so apart and cutting out the center. Be sure and lay the gadgets in a row and mark the spaces. A potato masher simply will not snuggle up to an eggbeater.



Egyptian boys dancing in the desert. The boy on the ground is beating out the rhythm on an old oil can.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I'm stuck with a balance sheet that refuses to balance, so I thought that perhaps if I took a breathing spell to have a little visit with you, I could return to it and make the darned thing balance as it should. If only Dad could pop in the door of this office and wrestle with the cash deposits! They run into sizable figures, no matter how you look at it, for the Red Cross has raised over \$2,000,000.00 in Los Angeles—and that's a lot of money.

You would have laughed last Sunday night if you could have heard Frank (Dorothy's husband) say, "Be sure to tell our Kitchen Klatter friends about this," for he said it under rather peculiar circumstances—and these were the circumstances.

About eight-thirty last Sunday night he and Dorothy and the girl who is visiting them, Kay Keyster, came down and asked me if I would like to drive to Ocean Park with them and have a fish dinner. It sounded good to me, so I hastily changed my clothes and we all started out. Frank, Dorothy, and Kay were all starved for they hadn't eaten since noon, so we turned down Santa Monica Boulevard towards the ocean at a pretty good clip.

Well, we hadn't gotten more than four or five miles away when the air-raid sirens started blowing, and Frank followed orders that have been issued by pulling over to the curb. Instantly all of the street-lights went out, and within two minutes all traffic had stopped and it was like a dead city. We sat there on this black street for about an hour, and we were all laughing at Frank because he had refused to eat an apple before leaving the house for fear it would kill his appetite. My, they were famished, and all of them had visions of sitting right there on that darkened street until morning without a crumb of food. But fortunately the all-clear blew after an hour had passed, and we turned around and headed back towards home to eat at a restaurant within walking distance of our place in case there should be another black-out.

It is quite a sensation to be driving through a heavy stream of traffic when the air-raid sirens start blowing. And you wouldn't believe how quickly this great city can come to a dead halt. As I said before, within two minutes all cars had stopped, the air-raid wardens were out blowing their whistles to tell householders that their lights should be out, and the city was black. It is a marvelous demonstration of human cooperation.

A few nights ago Russell and I drove up to Lookout Mountain to watch a big fire. One of the largest markets in the city burned, and it was like looking at a volcano erupt to see the pillars of smoke and flames leap high into the air. That was the first big fire we had ever bothered to go up to the mountains to watch, and it was truly a dramatic sight. The smoke hung over the entire city like a heavy pall, and it gave us an



Miss Margaret Hatfield

Faylon Geist, organist for many years at KMA, is now a soldier for Uncle Sam. Miss Margaret Hatfield of Emerson, Iowa, is the new musician who has taken his place. She attended school at Drake University, receiving her Bachelor of Music degree. She also took graduate work at the American Conservatory, Chicago, Ill. She will be glad to hear from any KMA listeners.

idea of what it would be like if a considerable section of the city started burning.

These are such busy, busy days. I have quite a time keeping up my work at the office and trying to have an orderly home as well. But it's fun to be busy and satisfying to be doing useful work, so these are good days for me. I know that most of you are right into the busiest season of the year as well, so by the time we hear from each other again a great deal of work will have flowed under our respective bridges.

P. S.—I just now found my error—the balance sheet balances!

—Lucile

## Arrived on Time



The Postoffice is one department of our government that is highly efficient. This is proven by the fact that the above card reached me, even though no address was given. Of course, I do not recommend this type of addressing. If you want to assure the delivery of a letter, make certain that the address is complete. The lady who mailed me this card was no doubt VERY BUSY and in her haste to get it in the mail, forgot to give the address.

## PANTRY PRANKS

By Effie Lee Estes

The pantry is a fascinating place with its rows and rows of fruit, jams, jellies, staples, and makings for mid-night snacks. Even though our pantry is well stocked, most of us serve our food in the same old way each time we serve it.

Pantry Pranks is going to show you how to serve your food in a different way. We are going to put garlic where garlic shouldn't be—we are going to put a dash of spice where spice shouldn't dash. In other words, the pantry is really going to play pranks.

Serve tuna with plenty of sweet pickles and celery chopped and moistened with mayonnaise. Top with minced chives.

Fricassee that chicken, but add one bay leaf and a clove of garlic. Yum! Yum!

Serve apricot drop dumplings—but add a dash of nutmeg at serving time.

Not enough left over chicken? Oh, yes there is! Try chicken puff. Add 2 eggs and 1 cup chicken with 2 grated carrots to your favorite biscuit recipe. Bake and serve hot with chicken gravy.

To top that chocolate pie, cream two packages of cream cheese, add a little milk and sweeten to taste. Very good.

Add marshmallows and cubes of orange to your sweet potato casserole. Sprinkle with plenty of cinnamon.

Somebody's birthday? Frost that birthday cake with one egg white and a glass of tart red jelly, whipped until thick and creamy.

Add plenty of candied orange to your favorite nut bread. How good! Better still, make your own candied orange.

When warming left over mashed potatoes, put them into a little boiling milk to which salt has been added. Can't tell from fresh.

Heat fresh string beans in bacon fat until they are transparent. Barely cover with water. Salt to taste. They are different.

Add a little chopped mint to the next bowl of cabbage slaw you make. You'll want more.

A pinch of soda added to rhubarb before the sugar, reduces the quantity of sugar needed. Same for gooseberries.

Add a little honey to orange juice for breakfast. It takes easier.

If the younger generation does not care for spinach, try adding it to your next meat loaf. They will never guess.

We like our steaks broiled and we like them covered with melted butter and chopped fresh dill leaves. Try it!



## HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

I am really ashamed that it is necessary for me to apologize, but in the rush of mailing the first bunch of 1942



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Health Booklets the page on Nervous and Anemic Folks was omitted. Look thru your Booklet and if there is not eleven pages (including the cover) drop me a card.

Vacation time is here. Children are running in and out of the house all day. We are glad they are

happy and we should remember how it felt to be so full of energy that we could not be quiet for ten minutes at a stretch. Children are growing and their minds are developing whether they are in school or not. Most children have a remarkable amount of imagination and inventiveness, but still they do need some help from an older head to suggest interesting and worthwhile ways of spending the summer days.

Water has a tremendous attraction for nearly all children. Wading may content the younger ones, but the older ones want to really go in swimming. Every child ought to know how to swim, and while he is young is the best time for him to learn. He should be under a competent instructor so he will learn to swim correctly from the start. Diving should be avoided by children or adults who have head colds, ear or sinus trouble. Being in the water for long periods at a time is often a heavy strain upon the heart.

During the spring rush, women forget themselves and before they realize it the "excess baggage" has crept upon them. Hot weather finds them nervous, for the heat is effecting them dreadfully because of the extra weight and bloat. Summer is an ideal time to make a big drive against those extra pounds, for there are many low caloric foods containing the necessary vitamins and minerals. It is not so necessary for us to eat cream and butter for the vitamin D, as it can be had from the sunshine striking the skin. The oxygen in the outdoor air helps to burn the fat before it becomes a firm part of us. When exercising out of doors our appetite surely talks out loud to us, but consult the food chart and choose the diet from the columns listed as 5% and 10%. Follow the improved eight-day reducing schedule once a month, and refuse food after 5 p. m.

"I enjoy the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I dropped some of my other magazines so I could keep on subscribing for yours as I can't afford more than one or two at a time. Now days we must be more careful than ever."—Mrs. Martin B. Olson, R1 B36, St. James, Minn.

## From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES. "I suppose everyone thinks his problems are different, but Leanna, I'm sure no one has written about the thing that I'm up against. My mother-in-law lives a few blocks away, and she insists upon buying clothes for our two little girls, four and six. Goodness knows they cost enough, but she has the old-fashioned idea of buying a size too large so the child can grow into them. This means that both Gwen and Eloise have been lost in their winter coats and dresses, and even their summer things look badly. She sees them everyday of the world, so they have to wear them. What am I going to do?"—Nebraska.

ANS: You're right—I never heard this story before! Well, since they have to wear them has it ever occurred to you to do some wholesale altering? Why can't you make the clothes fit the child with sufficient skill that your mother-in-law won't suspect—or object, if she does suspect? If I couldn't sew I'd hire the alterations done. Children are self-conscious in ill-fitting clothes. For goodness' sake, get them altered and spare the feelings of both youngsters and mother-in-law.

QUES: "Our daughter, nineteen, has been married for a year now and I'm sorry to say that she hasn't any idea about handling money. I can't tell you how many bills her father and I have paid, because the local merchants know that we'll make good if Margaret and Dick don't pay. We don't care about the money, but we think it's bad for them to get the idea that someone else will always be ready to help. What do you think?"—Minnesota.

ANS: I think just what you think—it's not doing them a favor to keep on paying their bills. You don't want to put an ad in the paper "Not responsible for any debts but our own," so why not take a genuinely firm stand and refuse to pay one more bill? Tell them that you're not going to help out any longer, and then if they run up more bills, tell the tradesman who collects that you did not contract the bill and therefore cannot pay it. This may embarrass you, but since you've lost this much time giving your daughter a sense of the value of money, you cannot delay further for her sake.

QUES: "Our minister and his wife are leaving for another pastorate after ten years in this community, and I think we should show our appreciation for their faithful service by giving a farewell dinner. Other members think that it's enough to present them with a purse of money at the conclusion of the last service, but this seems rather cold to me and without the right feeling. Do you agree?"—Missouri.

ANS: Yes, I agree. If they have given freely of their time and strength, it is only fitting and proper that the congregation should give more than money as a token of farewell. Why not present the purse, as some wish to do, and then have a big family dinner in the church basement after morning services? Make it a covered dish dinner and ask every member to attend. They will appreciate this mark of esteem, I know.

QUES: "We're expecting our first baby this summer, and I had thought of going to Lincoln to a hospital rather than staying at home and getting a nurse as most women in this neighborhood do. Everyone seems to think I'm a baby and 'can't take it' and now I'm so undecided I don't know what to do. Do you think I'm foolish to want to go to Lincoln?"—Nebraska.

ANS: You're having the baby, aren't you, and not your relatives and neighbors? It seems to me that you ought to have the freedom of making your own choice. If you can afford a good hospital and a good doctor, take advantage of your privilege. I don't know why people are so quick to meddle in affairs that are definitely not their own.

QUES: "Our two small boys share the same room, and for quite a while now they've been begging us to buy them one of these double-bunk beds. Do you think they're practical?"

ANS: They're practical if you can get the boys to make them. I've never thought that it would be very convenient to climb up and make the top bunk, but if they'll agree to keep them neat if you buy them, go ahead. Be sure to get the kind that will make two twin beds on the floor level. Not only can they be used this way later, but you can always take the top bunk down if they forget their share of the bargain.

QUES: "I am to be married the second time and want your advice. Should I wear a wedding gown and veil? Should I issue invitations?"

ANS: You should make your second wedding as unostentatious as possible. If you wish guests, do not send out invitations but invite by informal note or telephone. Yes, you may be married in the church if you desire. Wear an afternoon dress with a corsage. No veil. If you have children, let them attend you—that is, if your first husband is dead.

QUES: "At a wedding reception, who stands in the receiving line and in what order?"

ANS: At the reception, the bride's mother is the first to greet the guests. The father of the groom is next in line. Then the groom's mother, then the father of the bride and finally the bride herself, who presents her husband to her friends.





## "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### SUGAR

Upon the table there appear  
Desserts that look and taste so  
queer.

The cakes? We cannot guess  
their names.

The cookies? They all taste the  
same.

There's rhubarb sauce and is it  
sour?

More than a taste, none can devour.  
The tea and coffee's mighty flat—  
They do not help our social chat.

Poor Ma! She tries new recipes,  
With none her family are pleased,  
But when we learn our country's  
called

We soon will praise and eat them  
all.

We never yet failed Uncle Sam,  
We gladly answer his commands;  
For sugar ration cookery  
Helps lead us on to victory.

—Blanche Huff

### DEVIL'S FOOD CUP CAKES

- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1 1/2 cups strained honey
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup sour milk
- 1 1/2 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1/2  
cup hot water
- 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla

Beat honey with egg yolks, add  
cream and milk and beat well. Sift  
dry ingredients together and add al-  
ternately with the hot soda water.  
Add vanilla and lastly the beaten egg  
whites. Makes 18 cup cakes or may  
be baked in a loaf.—Mrs. Leonard  
Travelute, Waterville, Kansas.

### CHOCOLATE DELIGHT

- 1 pound sweet chocolate
- 2 squares or 1 ounce bitter choco-  
late
- 5 cups corn flakes, crushed a little
- 1 cup dates
- 1 cup nut meats

Melt chocolate over pan of hot wa-  
ter, then add all the other ingredients,  
mixing well. Drop by spoonful on  
waxed paper.—Mrs. Donald Clark,  
Quimby, Iowa.

### HONEY DELIGHTS

- 1/2 cup shortening
  - 1/2 cup honey
  - 2 cups all-purpose flour
  - 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
  - 1/4 teaspoon cloves
  - 1/4 teaspoon allspice
  - 1 teaspoon soda
- Boil shortening and honey together  
1 minute and cool. Sift, then meas-  
ure the flour. Sift 3 times with bak-  
ing soda, spices and pinch of salt.  
Combine dry ingredients with honey  
mixture. Add enough more flour to  
make a soft dough. Roll on floured  
board and cut. Makes 2 1/2 dozen 2-  
inch cookies.—Mrs. C. E. Warnke,  
Beaver Crossing, Nebr.

### ECONOMY ICE CREAM

- 2 eggs
  - 4 tablespoons sugar
  - 6 tablespoons white corn syrup
  - 1 1/2 cups top milk
  - 1 1/2 cups coffee cream
  - 1 teaspoon vanilla
  - Pinch salt
- Beat egg yolks with the sugar and  
corn syrup until thick and lemon col-  
ored. Add top milk and vanilla and  
well beaten cream. Freeze until al-  
most frozen, then remove to a chilled  
bowl, add beaten egg whites and beat  
until smooth but not long enough to  
melt. Return to refrigerator and fin-  
ish freezing.—Mrs. R. E. Clark, R3,  
Shelbina, Mo.

### PINEAPPLE FLUFF

- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
  - 1 cup cream, whipped
  - 8 marshmallows, cut fine
- Whip cream, fold in marshmallows  
and pineapple. Let set about 2  
hours. Serves 6.—Mrs. Harvey Jor-  
gensen, Audubon, Ia.

### HONEY CHERRY PIE

- 2 cups red sour pitted cherries
  - 1 1/4 cup honey
  - 1/4 cup cherry juice
  - 4 tablespoons corn starch
  - 1 tablespoon butter
- Mix cornstarch and juice, add honey  
and cook over a low flame until the  
mixture thickens, then add well drain-  
ed cherries and butter. Pour this  
mixture into the unbaked crust.  
Bake 30 minutes at 425 degrees.—  
Mrs. R. C. Zeller, Tama, Ia.

### CHOCOLATE OATMEAL COOKIES

Baked June 4 in Kitchen-Klatter  
Kitchen.

- 1/2 cup lard
  - 3/4 cup corn syrup
  - 1 square bitter chocolate or  
2 tablespoons cocoa
  - 1 egg
  - 3/4 cup oatmeal
  - 1 1/4 cups flour
  - 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
  - 1/8 teaspoon soda
  - 1/4 teaspoon salt
  - 1/2 cup chopped nut meats
- Cream shortening, add syrup gradu-  
ally then cream both well. Add melt-  
ed chocolate, then add unbeaten egg.  
Then add the dry oatmeal and dry  
ingredients which have all been put  
in sifter together. Lastly add nut  
meats. Drop by teaspoons on baking  
sheet and bake in moderate oven.—  
Janet Ege, Verdon, Nebr.

### CADET CHOCOLATE CAKE

Baked May 28 in Kitchen-Klatter  
Kitchen.

- 1/2 cup shortening
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 3 squares unsweetened chocolate  
or 3 tablespoons cocoa
  - 2/3 cup light corn syrup
  - 1 teaspoon vanilla
  - 2 eggs or 1 egg and 2 egg yolks
  - 1 3/4 cups cake flour
  - 3/4 teaspoon salt
  - 1 teaspoon soda
  - 2/3 cup sour milk
- Cream shortening and sugar. Mix  
chocolate, melted, with corn syrup, add  
to the creamed sugar and shortening,  
then add 1 egg at a time and beat  
after each addition. Add sifted flour  
with salt and soda, alternately with  
the milk. Bake in 2 oiled 9 inch cake  
pans. Bake in a moderate oven. Let  
cool and put together with powdered  
sugar icing.—Miss Stella Sharrah,  
R2, Sabetha, Kansas.

### JIFFY COOKIES

Thoroughly blend 1 1/3 cups canned,  
sweetened, condensed milk, 1/2 cup  
peanut butter and 3 cups moist  
shredded cocoanut. Drop by tea-  
spoonfuls onto a greased baking  
sheet. Bake 15 minutes at 375 degrees.  
Makes 30 cookies.—Mrs. E. H. Hast-  
ings, Lincoln, Nebr.

### CORN SYRUP SPONGE CAKE

- 4 eggs
  - 1/4 teaspoon salt
  - 3/4 cup white corn syrup
  - Grated rind of 1/2 lemon
  - 1 cup all-purpose flour
  - 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- Separate yolks from whites of eggs.  
Add salt to whites and beat until stiff  
but not dry. Heat the corn syrup to  
boiling point, then pour slowly over  
the beaten egg whites and beat. Add  
lemon rind to beaten egg yolks, then  
add to the white mixture. Add flour  
and baking powder which have been  
sifted together several times. Stir  
well. Pour in a high tube pan and  
bake for 50 to 60 minutes in a 350 de-  
gree oven.—Mrs. Wm. C. Grau, Fari-  
bault, Minn.



## VEGETABLE CANNING

We'll take our crack at enemies  
By getting out and sowing,  
By pulling weeds and catching bugs,  
By harrowing, and hoeing;  
Wallop him with peas and beans,  
Paste him with potatoes,  
Hammer him with cabbages,  
Soak him with tomatoes.

### PEAS

Use only young, tender peas, fresh from the garden. Wash pods, shell and remove the immature peas. Cook in boiling water from 1 to 4 minutes, depending on their tenderness. Pack loosely in jars, to within a half inch of the top. Fill jar with the boiling liquid of water. Add 1/2 teaspoon salt to each pint. Process 45 minutes at 10 pounds pressure for pint cans, or 55 minutes for quarts.

### BEANS

Select small pods in which the beans have not yet formed. Wash and cut in uniform sized pieces. Simmer in boiling water, uncovered, for about 5 minutes or till beans are wilted and will bend without breaking. Pack into jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Cover with boiling liquid. Process at 10 pounds pressure, 30 minutes for pints, 35 minutes for quarts, or 3 hours in hot water bath.

### BEETS

Wash beets, 1 to 2 inches in diameter, and cut off the tops. Cook until skins slip off easily. Remove skins and pack beets into jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Fill to within half an inch of the top with boiling liquid. Process at 10 pounds pressure, 30 minutes for pints, 35 minutes for quarts, or in hot water bath for 2 hours.

### CARROTS OR SALSIFY

These can be canned either whole or sliced. Use only young, tender vegetables. Wash, grade and boil for 5 minutes. Remove the skins and pack into jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt for each quart, and fill to within half inch of top with boiling water. Process at 10 pounds 30 minutes for pints, 35 minutes for quarts or in hot water bath 2½ hours.

### CORN, WHOLE GRAIN

Select young, freshly picked corn. Cut from cob deeply enough to get most of the kernels without the hulls. Do not scrape. Add half as much boiling water as corn, by weight. Heat to boiling. Pack into containers at once to within an inch of top of jar. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Process at once at 10 pounds pressure, 1 hour for pints, 70 minutes for quarts, or in hot water bath for 3 hours.

## EGGPLANT

Peel and cut in cubes. Soak in brine made with 1 tablespoon of salt to each quart of water. Drain and cook in boiling water for 5 minutes. Pack into jars. Add boiling water to within a half inch of the top. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Process at 10 pounds pressure, 55 minutes for pint jars, 60 minutes for quarts, or 2 hours in hot water bath.

### OKRA

Select tender pods of uniform size. Wash and remove stem end, being careful not to cut into the seed section. Cover with water and boil for 3 minutes. Pack into containers, either in whole pods or sections. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Process at 10 pounds pressure for 35 minutes for pints or 40 minutes for quarts.

### HOME MADE VINEGAR

- 2 cakes compressed yeast
- 3 pounds brown sugar
- 4 gallons luke warm water

Spread yeast on bread and put all in a crock and stir well. Cover with a cloth and let stand 3 weeks. Strain and put in jars or jug.—Mrs. Maystrick, Springfield, Nebr.

### PIMENTO PEPPERS

Use only ripe sound peppers, without bruises. Place in a moderately hot oven for 6 or 8 minutes, or dip in hot cooking oil 2 to 3 minutes. Blanch in cold water, peel and remove stems and seeds. Pack in flat layers in jars. Add 1/2 teaspoon salt to each pint. Process at 5 pounds pressure for 35 minutes or in water bath for 40 minutes.

### TOMATOES

Dip firm tomatoes in boiling water for 1 minute then plunge into cold water. Slip skins off and pack closely into jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Process for 45 minutes in hot water bath.

### HONEY APPLE BUTTER

- 2 quarts cooking apples
- 2 cups honey
- 1 pint vinegar
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- Pinch of allspice
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Cook slowly until tender. Stir often as it sticks easily. When thick, seal in sterilized jars.

### GINGER PEARS WITH HONEY

Weigh the pears and add as much honey, by weight. Add 1 tablespoon water for each pound of other ingredients. Add a small amount of ginger root cut into small bits, 1/4 lemon cut in thin strips rind and all. Simmer all ingredients slowly. When it is thick as marmalade, seal in hot sterilized jars.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER COOK BOOKS

Don't use the same old recipes day after day when for so little you can have a collection of six Kitchen-Klatter Cook Books, each running over with new and delicious, tested recipes. Make your cooking a pleasure. Send me \$1.00 for the set of 6 cook books today. I pay the postage.

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Shenandoah, Iowa

## NEIGHBOR BOB'S Dinner Table ALMANACK

We may live without poetry, music and art;  
We may live without conscience and live without heart;  
We may live without friends, we may live without books;  
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

—Owen Meredith

While he is plowing with a two-horse walking plow, a farmer has to walk about seven and a half miles to plow an acre!

The dream experts claim that if you dream about bread it's a sign you're going to grow fat and sassy! Well, I don't know about that—but if you've ever day-dreamed about baking plump, golden brown loaves with slices as white as snow, you can make that dream come true by changing to MOTHER'S BEST FLOUR. Try it—and if it doesn't live up to what I claim for it, your grocer will refund your money in full.

IMPORTANT! Do you quit baking bread in the summertime because you fear that your bread will sour? During hot summer weather have you ever had bread "spoil" or "turn sour" just a day or two after baking? Well, if you'll send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope, in care of Kitchen Klatter Magazine, I'll tell you how you can keep on baking bread all summer long and have perfect results every time. With a very simple little baking trick I'll show you how to end sour bread troubles forever Write me today.

Sincerely,  
NEIGHBOR BOB.



## THE GIFT BOX

By Gertrude Hayzlett

So many of you liked the directions for Stampcraft cards given last month that we are giving directions for another kind of card this time. This is one little way that we can help Uncle Sam by using what we have instead of buying new things.



Gertrude Hayzlett

What did you do with the left-over paper when you did your last papering? Find part of a roll that has rather small flower figures sprinkled over a fairly plain background, or perhaps one of those attractive "woodgrain" papers. Get out your paste pot and brush, pen and ink and scissors. Some gummed seals in flower design may be used, or you can cut tiny designs from old cards or even advertisements in magazines.

Cut a piece of wall paper 8 by 10 inches, making the edges straight and smooth. Lay it on the table before you with face side down. Now fold the top to the bottom—then left side to right side. You see, that makes a folder-card similar in size and shape to ones you buy.

From some of your old cards you might cut a picture to paste on the front. From a piece of colored paper that you saved from an old envelope, cut a piece just enough larger than the cover picture to make a nice frame for it, when laid between the picture and the folder. Use black ink and letter a greeting, such as Happy Birthday, beside or underneath the picture. Then on the inside of the card print a little verse. You can find pretty verses in books or in cards you may have received and put in your scrapbook.

One of the prettiest wallpaper cards I have seen had an oblong opening cut in both the inside folds of the card. A verse was lettered on a plain white piece of paper and put underneath these openings, and fastened there with a fancy gummed seal. The outside of the card was decorated with a piece of gold paper cut to represent a gate with an arch above it, and through the arch you could see a garden.

If you cannot do a neat job of lettering for the front of your cards, cut tiny letters from colored paper and paste in place.

For envelopes, open an old envelope of the right shape and use it for a pattern to cut a new one from wall paper. A little practice will show you many ways to make attractive cards.

## THE COVER PICTURE

Our cover picture by R. K. Tindall was taken near College Springs, Iowa, where there is a pleasant little park used by the community for picnics and swimming parties.



## OVER THE FENCE

You may again hear Edythe Sterlin over KMA. She broadcasts from her home at 1:15 P. M., every week day and at KMA studio on Sunday mornings.

All those of you who want to belong to an "Alice" club write to Mrs. Alice Macy at Osceola, Iowa. When the girls named Bessie formed their club, they really started something!

Now I hear that Mrs. E. V. Cole of Brule, Nebraska, was also 56 on April third. She, Mrs. E. B. Saylor of Van Wert, and I are triplets. Come on, two more of you who were 56 on April third, write in and we will be Quintuplets. Not so famous as the Dionnes, perhaps.

Washington has taken another step to lighten the house-wife's burden. An order has been issued to shorten men's shirt tails 2 inches, eliminate pockets and cut down the number of buttons. But all joking aside, this will save enough cloth and buttons to make several million more shirts.

Word has been received at KMA that Mrs. Jessie Young, former broadcaster from that station, has arrived in Philadelphia and is nicely located in her new home.

Recently I made the statement that as far as I knew there was only one lady mail carrier in this section of the country. Mrs. Ray Arment of Franklin, Nebraska, wishes me to add the names of Mrs. Laura Cameron of Athos, Kansas and Mrs. Perry Nelson of Lebanon, Kansas. They both have long country routes. Before this war is won, there may be many more ladies doing this kind of work.

Do you have hay fever? Mrs. John Miller of Lexington, Mo., read that honey would help cure hay fever. Eat lots of honey and chew the wax. Some of you who suffer from this trouble might like to try this suggestion.

Carl Hayden and his talented family will leave about July first for their summer home near Springfield, Mo. They will be greatly missed by the KMA listeners who will look forward to their return on the air.

One husband takes rationing so seriously he calls his wife "Honey" instead of "Sugar."

Try lemon drops in your tea instead of sugar. The flavor is delicious.

Mrs. George Ball of David City, Nebraska, wonders if Kitchen-Klatter readers realize that by sending a yearly subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine instead of buying single copies they save 33 cents in postage, besides 20c in cost of the magazine.

Mrs. Hoskins of King City, Mo., is a real booster for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. In St. Joseph, Mo., recently she won a prize on the "Man on the Street" sponsored by the United Stores Company. She was asked to tell what magazine she liked best and why. After she had told of all the interesting and helpful features to be found in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine, the reporter said, "My, it must be a fine magazine." Thank you, Mrs. Hoskins, for the boost.

Gordon Hayzlett, Gertrude's son, graduated from Shenandoah High School this year. He was one of those who received medals for outstanding work during his high school days.

If any of you have a coupon from a box of "Ball" jars, that you do not want, Mrs. John Harbin of Grundy Center, Iowa, Rt. 4, Box 15, would be very glad to have it.

Mrs. Lu Clark writes from Manson, Iowa, of her two little granddaughters, Myrna Jean Lehman born May 1, 1937 and Linda Lou, born May 1, 1942. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Doerman Lehman of Jackson, Minn.

Frank Field's son John is now a full fledged aviation Cadet at Santa Ana, Calif., flying school. As soon as he finishes his training he will have the rank of Second Lieutenant.

Cleora Kley of Gentry, Missouri, knows a lady in their church who has one son making planes in a defense plant, another son flying planes for Uncle Sam and another son in the weather department of the army who tells them when they can fly. Quite a contribution to the war effort from one family!

Raising tomatoes is a hobby of Mrs. W. A. Crary of Guide Rock, Nebraska. She has sixteen different kinds of tomatoe plants.

Lettie Field, my brother Henry's youngest child, recently visited in Shenandoah. She works in an office in Chicago.

I have heard a lot of funny bread stories but got the biggest laugh from the lady who wrote that her first batch of bread would not rise. She was so ashamed of it she buried it out in the back yard. When her husband came in to supper he said, "Honey, I can't understand it. The ground is raising right up, out in the back yard, and some white sticky stuff is bubbling out." The heat in Mother Earth warmed the sponge and it had commenced to ferment.



# THE MOTHER'S ROUND TABLE

Written for Mothers by Mothers

## WHAT DO YOU TELL YOUR CHILD ABOUT DEATH?

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Today as I looked out of my window at the grass, which over night had brightened enough to rival the Emerald Isle, at the maples so filled with the loveliness of spring that were nearly ready to burst,—at everything so alive, so eager to live I felt almost like a traitor to let the thought of death creep into my reverie.

Yet, just as surely as the flowers grow, bud and bloom forth in all their splendor even so surely must death follow to complete the cycle.

Too often death strikes suddenly and the small child's whole outlook of life is marred by this inevitable experience for which he has had no previous training. Not long ago, a grandfather died and the five year old grandson became hysterical. "What if daddy would die?" he screamed. "I don't like God—He kills people." At the time the parents were grief-stricken over the death of their loved one and found it difficult to talk rationally with the youngster.

Death need not and *should* not be so terrifying to a child if we prepare him for this event just as we prepare him for emergencies he must face in life. Many anxious mothers ask, "But how can I explain this intangible thing to one so young?"

I have found a lovely satisfying solution to this question which is quite within the grasp of even the youngest child who seeks an answer.

Let's use Tommy, a tow-headed, mischievous five-year old for our illustration. Probably his worst experience has been a skipped knee or being separated from his play mates for undesirable behavior. He is too young, too full of life to think of any thing so horrible as death.

Last spring at my suggestion and with my assistance Tommy made a garden which included everything from carrots to nasturtiums. How incredulous he looked when all we did was drop a shiny hard object into the ground and raked some dirt over it. And how dejected his expression next morning when he looked at his garden and found no carrots for dinner and no nasturtiums for the table. But for many days we watered, hoed and added the touch of love so necessary. His excitement knew no bounds when our efforts were rewarded with food and flowers all summer long.

Then came the cold winds and rains of autumn and Tommy worried about his flowers "catching cold." Now you see he is face to face with death and like many adults he becomes alarmed.

I took Tommy and told him how beautiful the plants had been and how they grew day after day to give us food for our bodies and beauty for our minds. "But", I continued, "Plants get tired and need to rest, so we will cover them with leaves and grass to keep them warm. All dur-

ing the cold winter they can rest and then when spring comes again they will grow for us once more."

Tommy had just as much fun putting the "plants to bed" in the fall as he had planting the seed that spring. When all the perennials in the garden were well protected, I talked with Tommy again. "Now you see, we are like those little seeds. Just like the little seeds, we grow in mother's body. Then when God is ready, we are born the same as God, when the time has come, makes the tiny plant push through the soil and grow. Mother cared for you when you were small just as tenderly as you cared for your garden. You will grow and some day you will be big and strong like the plants so you can make people happy. Some little children will become doctors and care for the sick; some will be teachers and train children in school. It doesn't matter what you are just so you are the very best you know how to be.

"But you see our plants did so much work that they got tired and we put them to rest for a few months. And people are just like plants in that way too. They work for many years and some times their bodies get tired and sick. Then God knows they need to rest so he lets them fall asleep. We put them in the cemetery to rest. Just as God wakes up our plants in the spring so God will call all His people to awake and live with Him. Now isn't that nice?"

"Sure," said Tommy enthusiastically. "Then why did you cry when we put grandpa to rest?"

"Well, Tommy," I explained, "Do you remember how you almost cried when you thought your garden was going to die? I just forgot too, for a while, that grandpa was just resting and would live again with God. Now I'm not sad when I remember that he is just asleep."

"That's a good story," concluded the child. "When we get tired we will ask God to let us go to sleep, won't we?"

I know now when Tommy must face this unavoidable event he will be better prepared by this experience and privilege which have been his.

## DANGER OF LOCKJAW

Summer time is barefoot time and hidden death lurks in the path of the carefree child. Farm children are particularly endangered by the dreaded tetanus germ because it thrives around barns and in feed lots. Any wound that punctures the skin, even though it does not bleed, may become infected by this germ, and cause much suffering—even death.

How can we prevent blood poisoning or lockjaw? Carefully and thoroughly cleanse each wound—at once. A speedy application of iodine is a good treatment. Be sure the iodine is fresh. If undue soreness develops, call a doctor at once and have an injection of tetanus antitoxin.



John Simmers, Clearfield, Iowa, and Maurice Macy, Osceola, Iowa, at Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

## THE SERVICE FLAG

By Wm. H. Baxter

Will you give a thought when passing by  
The home where his loved ones are?  
Will you murmur a prayer as you  
wend your way  
By the house with the service star?

Conway, Iowa.—"Though the whole world is at war and on every hand we are hearing and reading news, tragic and upsetting, we as mothers must keep our homes happy and cheerful. Have pleasant and interesting subjects to talk about, especially at the table."

Killduff, Iowa.—"Our Methodist Youth Fellowship has a box for the names of boys that are in the army, navy or marines. We have a meeting every month and each of us puts in a name. Then we pass the box around and each draws out the name of a soldier to write to."

## NOTHING ELSE MATTERS

How can any one complain about the few sacrifices they are called upon to make toward the successful conclusion of this war! Such folks ought to have to live in some European country for a while. They would be mighty glad to get back to the good old U. S. A. I have one son in the army, one in Y. M. C. A. work with the armies in Africa and two more expecting their call within a few months. Nothing matters to me but that this war shall be won and won quickly, that my boys may have the necessary food, clothing and ammunition to successfully do their part toward accomplishing this end. Let us think of the boys of our navy and the brave soldiers of the Philippines and be ashamed to find fault because we have to sacrifice our personal comforts.



WHAT  
SHALLWE  
READ

## BOOK REVIEW

By Edith Seabury

## AND NOW TOMORROW

By Rachel Field

This is the story of Emily Blair as she tells it herself. The book has just been released and is sure to be a best seller. Miss Field died this spring soon after finishing "And Now Tomorrow".

Yesterday I visited the old store room and the souvenirs I came upon have disturbed me ever since, teasing my mind with memories that persist like memories of old times.

There is a fascination in places that hold our past in safe keeping. I knew it yesterday in that hour I spent in the store room's dusty chilliness, half dreading, half courting the pangs which each well-remembered object brought.

I shall begin with the river, because without it there would have been no busy Blairstown, would have been no mills, no smoking chimneys gaunt against the winter sky. There was the bridge across the river, and on one side, the factory and the mill hands' houses. On the other side lay the lovely residential section.

My mother was a Polish girl who worked in the mills when my father, the oldest of the three Blairs, courted her. The romance was a Cinderella love story which has assumed the aspects of a legend now. Father took my mother to Paris where he studied art, and there I, Emily, and my sister Janice were born. When we were still young mother died, leaving father brokenhearted and desolate.

It was then that we met the other Blairs, Aunt Em and Uncle Wallace and their servants, Maggie, Old Joe Kelly and Young Joe Kelley. I had a lovely childhood, birthday parties and carefree summer days. Father left us with Aunt Em and returned to France to help in the first World War. He never returned.

So the years slipped by. I was allowed to go to the Public School where I tried to become friends with the Polish, Russian and Irish youngsters. Never, however, did they forget they were from the other side of the river.

The spring I was twenty-one I fell in love with Harry Collins. It was considered a very good match as Harry was one of the assistant managers in the mill and had good family connections. It was a glorious summer. There may be others more fair, but never one so charged with the warm, swift current of love when first it takes over an untried heart.

Suddenly in the fall that saw the close of this summer, an epidemic broke out among the mill people—meningitis! It spread rapidly and poor, overworked Dr. Weeks hardly knew what it was to snatch an hour of uninterrupted sleep. A sort of gloom hung over Blairstown. Nor did

the dread meningitis confine itself to one side of the river. I awoke one morning with a headache and after weeks of semi-consciousness and pain I came back to a world of silence. I was stone deaf.

The two years after this I spent with ear specialists in Boston, Chicago, New York or Baltimore. The verdict was always the same: "I'm sorry, I don't seem to be able to help you."

So I returned to Blairstown in a driving rain, desolate, alone and with no hope. On the train I met Merek Vance, a young doctor who was coming to Blairstown to be an assistant to Dr. Weeks. He was so blunt about my affliction that I found myself disliking him thoroughly.

It was grand to see Harry when I returned, and though he seemed pre-occupied and constrained I laid it to the trouble at the mill. The mill hands were forming unions and threatening to strike if wages weren't raised. Our own young Joe Kelly was one of the union leaders, which was a great disappointment to us.

Time didn't heal either the breach between Harry and me, my hearing, or the trouble in the Blairstown mills. It all gradually grew worse. When Dr. Vance wanted to try a new injection for impaired hearing, I consented. I welcomed any diversion that would make me forget.

I gradually grew to look forward to my visits to Dr. Vance's office. When one day I began to feel sensation in those dead hearing nerves, I knew the man's greatness. Harry had grown so far away from me I couldn't share my precious secret with him. I tried to cling to his love and refused to believe it was really the end of all of our plans.

Quite unintentionally I stumbled on to the truth. Harry was in love with Janice, my sister. I thought my heart would break, when, after days of silently rebelling, I went to Harry and told him I knew and that he and Janice should be married and go away immediately.

It has not been easy these months, since I returned from the silent shore where deafness had kept me so long. Once I thought that regaining my hearing would solve all my problems, but now I know it has only made me aware of them.

Merek Vance has gone far from his shabby little office in Blairstown and he has asked me to come to him. I did not know how great my need for him would become and did not dare hope he might also come to have such great need of me, but these months have made me know that he does and that we must go on together. Once I would have faltered before such a transplanting, but that was yesterday. Now I am ready for tomorrow.

## A BOOK OF POETRY

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

## OUR COUNTRY

Today, looking from my kitchen window, past the lilac bush, full of waving panicles of lavender, to the fat woodpile, to the three little red calves contentedly grazing in the orchard, and to the old, unpainted shed, that we leave standing, because our daughters still use it as a play-house, I felt a lump swell in my throat, and come spilling over my cheeks. You see, I had suddenly realized that we are living in the most desirable spot in this muddled world today.

The lump I finally swallowed was not entirely caused by my realization of our good fortune, but the thought of the countless starving children in foreign lands. Yes, even the ones of our enemies.

Everywhere around us is evidence of the rich fertility of this black soil. Fat cattle and hogs, cackling hens, and baby chicks, and the new gardens with their rows of new greenery. The beautiful sweep of new wheat blowing, and the tulips, flaunting their varicolored cups, and the violets nestling at their feet. The giant elms so dear to American homes.

I do not have a son to send, but if my husband is called, I will be very proud to see him fight for our country, and all that it means.

Out of all this chaos will come a shining torch to be carried high by all of us. It will be a realization of how much our country really means to us, and our children.

—Pauline Christensen Kuntz

## HANDLE WITH CARE

A broken dish upon the shelf,  
Is mighty hard to mend,  
Just so does broken friendship  
Mean the loss of a dear friend.

We buy a new dish, put it there,  
But it looks out of place,  
We make new friends, but still we miss  
The sight of our old friend's face.

The moral is, don't break the dish,  
But handle it with care,  
Just so, if kindly words you speak,  
You'll find no broken friendship there.

—Frances R. Roberts.

"I am sending you \$1 for the Magazine. I don't think I could get along without it. I have every one of your papers. I get them out every once in a while and they are all worth reading over again and again. I love to hear about you and your family."—Mrs. A. McPherran, Emerson, Nebr.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### IN BED

When evening comes  
And I'm in bed  
And Mother sits and sings  
And holds my hand  
And strokes my head,  
I think of all the things  
That I have heard—  
Can they be true?  
That children just like me  
Are cold and lost and hungry too,  
In lands across the sea.

They say they wander in their fright  
All numb with cold and dread;  
And when I think of them at night  
I want to hide my head  
Upon my mother's gentle arm  
That holds me close and still,  
And seems to promise that no harm  
Can ever come, or ill.

And then I hear my mother's voice  
So tender in a prayer,  
"Dear God, may all the girls and boys  
Who wander over there,  
Be brought for kindly sheltering  
To those who crave to give,  
And they who mourn shall learn to  
sing  
And they who die shall live."

And when the prayer is done, I sleep  
So still without a sound,  
And dream no little child shall weep  
And all the lost are found.

—Corinne Roosevelt Robinson.

### THE BIRDIES' BALL

Spring once said to the nightingale,  
"I mean to give you birds a ball,  
Pray, Ma'am, ask the birdies all  
Birds and birdies, great and small."

Cho. Tra la la la, Tra la la la.

Soon they came from bush and tree  
Singing sweet their songs of glee.  
Each one fresh from his cozy nest  
Each one dressed in his Sunday best.

The cookoo and wren danced for life,  
The raven danced with the yellow  
bird's wife.  
The awkward owl and the bashful jay  
Wished each other a very good day.

The woodpecker came from a hole in  
the tree  
And brought his bill to the company.  
The berries ripe and the cherries red,  
A very long bill, so the birdies said.

They danced all day till the sun was  
down  
And the mother birds prepared to go,  
And one and all, great and small,  
Flew home to his nest from the  
Birdies' Ball



Billy and Rodney Eck, St Joseph, Mo., and their pets, Nig, Lady, and Judy the white rabbit.

### TO KEEP YOU GUESSING

Read these riddles aloud to the family, withholding the answers, and see how many can guess them.

When is a fish like a bird? When it takes a fly.

How is it that the queen is a poor gentlewoman? She possesses only one crown.

Where is the cheapest place to buy poultry? At the state bath house, where you can get a duck for a dime.  
When are clothes like foxes? When scented.

Why does a gate-keeper punch a hole in your ticket? To let you through.

What part of London is in France? The Letter N.

Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels in the desert? Because every watch has a spring in it.

## ANT - BEAR



### "THE ANT-EATER"

By Evelyn Hansen

The Ant-eater lives in South America. It has a long nose with a small mouth and no teeth. The tongue is long and thread-like, covered with a sticky saliva. It sticks its tongue into ant-hills or nests of other small insects, and sucks up into its mouth all of the ants that stick to the tongue. The claws of the Ant-eater are strong and are used for tearing down ant-hills. They have small eyes and short round ears.

The Ant-bear is one kind of Ant-eater. It is black and four or five feet long with a bushy tail which is two feet long. In the picture the tail is curled up over the back. The body is covered with long hair especially along the neck and back. It spends most of its time sleeping and is a harmless animal.

### JUMBLED BOOKS OF THE BIBLE

1. Suxoed—Exodus.
2. Veliscuit—Leviticus.
3. Shojau—Joshua.
4. Raze—Ezra.
5. Hainheem—Nehemiah
6. Slamps—Psalms.
7. Ahisia—Isaiah.
8. Kelizee—Ezekiel.
9. Moas—Amos.
10. Lanied—Daniel.
11. Eloj—Joel.
12. Kram—Mark.
13. Marons—Romans.
14. Hesenaijs—Ephesians.
15. Sutit—Titus.
16. Aesoh—Hosea.



Sonny is going on an errand for his father, but he will not be alone. Draw a line from dot to dot and you will see that he might have a little adventure along the way.



## PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

This morning I heard a very shrill crow at about daylight, and the thought came to me, "Well, I have one chicken large enough to fry," as my mother used to say a chicken was ready for the frying pan when it was large enough to crow. It always seems to me that plenty of fried chicken at hand gives a feeling of security, for you can always build a good meal around fried chicken.



Just now every one seems interested in gardens but our interest should never lag in our poultry when we consider the value of fresh eggs and meat in our diet. Plenty of good cool fresh water, and shade are very essential to the comfort and health of our flock. Eggs also need extra consideration during the hot summer days, and do not let production drop for a single week if possible.

July is a good month to have your hens culled, as you can dispose of the unprofitable ones and have more room for the young flock coming on. Also dispose of all cockerels after the hatching season is over, as an egg that is not fertile is much better to store, and the cockerels are of no benefit. Cull out all small weak appearing stock that does not seem to feather out as they should.

I think it is a good plan to put all your culls in a building where they can be put on full feed for several weeks before selling, if possible, as they put on fat very quickly if closely confined, and I am sure your husband does not go out and just round up his hogs from here, there and yonder, and put them in a truck and off to market, and still expect top prices for them.

Watch for insect infestations, especially on hens that have been broody. This often causes a loss of flesh and combined with broodiness a hen will sometimes be out of production for many weeks.

Any good insect dust on the hen and a painting of the roosts with any preparation containing "Black leaf 40" or nicotine is sure to get them all. Mites are often brought to new buildings by sparrows and a building can become infested very quickly during the hot weather.

Also be on the lookout for rats. Be suspicious of any holes or openings around the foundation of your buildings, especially if you have feed stored in them.

"Dear Leanna, Please renew my subscription. The magazine is so chock full of interesting things that I surely look forward to it from month to month. I'm so glad you put the recipes on the center page. After reading carefully the back of the pages and copying off all the poems, I cut up the recipes and file them. This way I can find them in a jiffy." Mrs. Lawrence Schmidt, Lincoln, Nebr.



## Suggested Menus and Recipes

by

Mrs. Glenn Williams



## MENU

Baked Stuffed Fish  
Creamed New Potatoes  
Harvard Beets Cheese Salad  
Apricot Mallow

## Baked Stuffed Fish

Clean a 3 pound fish, stuff with this dressing: Lightly brown 1 cup bread crumbs in 3 tablespoons butter, add 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped pickle, 1/4 cup hot water. Skewer fish together. Bake 1 hour at 375 degrees. Serve with Lemon Butter Sauce: Mix 3 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon minced parsley. Spread on first just before serving.

## Cheese Salad

Place beds of shredded lettuce on salad plates. In center of each arrange a mound of cottage cheese. Place quartered fresh tomatoes around edge of cheese.

## Apricot Mallow

3/4 cup apricot juice, 1/4 cup orange juice, 18 marshmallows, diced. Heat in double boiler until half melted, folding over and over. Remove from heat, continue folding until smooth. Add 3/4 cup cooked, dried apricot pulp. Fold in 2 egg whites, beaten stiff with 2 tablespoons sugar and 1/8 teaspoon salt. Freeze to a mush, beat hard. Continue freezing until firm.

## MENU

Meat Loaf Browned Potatoes  
Baked Tomatoes Lettuce Salad  
Vanilla Ice Cream

## Meat Loaf

1 1/2 pounds ground beef, 4 crackers, rolled, 3 beaten eggs, salt to taste, 1 cup raisins. 3 thin slices cheese. Place half the meat mixture in baking pan, arrange cheese slices over it. Cover with remaining meat. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees. This is also delicious sliced cold for sandwiches. Or slice it rather thick, dip it in melted butter and brown lightly under the broiler.

## Baked Tomatoes

Cut tops from 6 nice ripe tomatoes. Scoop out centers, dust insides of the tomato shells with salt, sugar and paprika. Fill with this mixture: 1 well beaten egg, 1 cup cooked or canned corn, 1/2 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Bake 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

## Vanilla Ice Cream

2 well beaten eggs, 1/2 cup white corn syrup, 1 3/4 cups milk. Heat to boiling. Add 10 marshmallows, diced, 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla. Cool. Fold in 1/2 cup cream, whipped. Freeze, stirring 2 or 3 times during first half hour. Variations: add 1 tablespoon cocoa; 3 tablespoons burnt sugar syrup make caramel ice cream; 1/2 cup ground peanut brittle; crushed berries, bananas, peaches or other fruit.

## MENU

Stuffed Green Peppers Corn on Cob  
English Style Green Beans  
Fresh Raspberry Snow

## Stuffed Green Peppers

Remove stems, seeds and inside membrane from 6 green peppers. Cover with hot water, simmer 10 minutes. Drain and cool. Fill with this stuffing: Cook 2 tablespoons minced onion in 3 tablespoons butter until light brown. Remove and add to 1 1/2 cups cooked ground ham, 1 cup cooked rice, 6 tablespoons tomato juice. Sprinkle tops with buttered crumbs. Place in baking dish, add just enough water to cover bottom of dish. Bake 15 or 20 minutes in hot oven.

## English Style Green Beans

Cut 4 cups fresh green beans in halves lengthwise. Add a little minced onion, 2 cups boiling salted water. Cover. Cook 20 minutes or until tender. Add 3 tablespoons thick cream. Let stand 20 minutes in warm place.

## Raspberry Snow

Dissolve 1 package raspberry gelatin in 2 cups hot water. Chill. When thickened add 2 egg whites, unbeaten. Beat until light and fluffy. Fold in 1 cup fresh raspberries slightly crushed with 1/2 cup powdered sugar. Pile in sherbet glasses. Chill until firm.

## MENU

Fried Chicken Cream Gravy  
Volcano Potatoes  
Buttered Peas Cucumber Salad  
Cherry Pie

## Volcano Potatoes

Cook 6 large potatoes. Mash them with 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 cup hot cream. Beat well. Shape into 6 cone shapes, 3 inches high. Place in shallow baking dish. Make a deep dent in top of each cone. Mix 6 tablespoons grated cheese and a dash of paprika. Sprinkle a little of the mixture in each dent. Bake in hot oven until cheese is melted and lightly browned or heat under broiler.

## Cucumber Salad

Dissolve 1 package lime gelatin in 1 cup hot water. Add 1 cup grated cucumber, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1/2 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne. Chill. Serve in squares on lettuce, garnish with mayonnaise.

## Cherry Pie

Cook 2 cups fresh pitted cherries in 1/2 cup water until tender. Add 1/2 cup sugar, 1/8 teaspoon salt; add 1 tablespoon gelatin soaked in 1/4 cup cold water. Stir well. Chill. When thickened, fold in 1 egg white, stiffly beaten, and 1/2 cup cream, whipped. Pour into a cornflake pie shell. Chill.

## Cornflake Pie Shell

4 cups corn flakes, crushed fine, 1/4 cup sugar, dash of cinnamon, 1/3 cup butter, melted. Mix well. Pat into 9 inch pie tin. Bake 10 minutes at 400 degrees. Cool.



# Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

## A DELIGHTFUL HOBBY

Most folks now have a hobby  
For it is quite in style;  
The hobby may be useful  
Or just the time to while.

Some hobbies are secluded  
Enjoyed by self alone,  
While some become so tiresome  
They give no joy to own.

I know of one true hobby  
Works different from the rest,  
If once begun, keeps growing  
More interesting and blest.

This hobby's always useful,  
Most joy to self, how queer;  
The hobby: making sunshine  
For lives who need some cheer.

—Mrs. Harry Blow,  
Dell Rapids, So. Dak.



## Flower Holder Cutouts

Let's take pattern C9396, 10c, to the workshop. There, from scraps of plywood and with the aid of jig or key-hole saw, we can make these clever flower holders. Outlines for a dachshund, two bluebirds, a muffin-cheeked cat and his quizzical companion, for the sadeyed hound, a wise owl and a cute deer are traced to wood, sawed out, assembled and painted. These are fascinating to make, and you've practical as well as decorative items when you've finished. Directions come with the pattern.

Order from Leanna Driftmiller  
Shenandoah, Iowa.

## YOUR HOBBY

Write me about your hobby and send me a picture of it. Make new and interesting friends through our Hobby Club. Start one now.—Leanna.

## CLASSIFIED ADS

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

**CANARIES FOR SALE**—Extra fine guaranteed singers, yellow or spotted, \$5.00. Females, \$1.00. Orange or white singers, \$6.00. Orange or white females \$2.00. Stamp please. Mrs. Earl Dagel, Sanborn, Ia.

**FOR SALE**—10 varieties Iris, 60c PP. Crocheted round, 54 inch table cover, \$4.00. M. Howard, Nemaha, Nebr.

**FOR SALE**—Lovely Medallions to set in pillow cases. Rose or star design. All colors. 15c each or 2 for 25c. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, Munden, Kans.

**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.

**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. 4 1/2 x 5 1/2 inch size, \$2.00. 8x10 inches, \$5.00. Mrs. Severin Pederson, 412-14 St. North, Benson, Minn.

## 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.

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ARCH-HEELER Co., Box K-7, Co. Bluffs, Ia.



I enjoy seeing my husband work in the garden. Almost any evening you can find us in our back yard.





## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### A JULY LUNCHEON

A patriotic luncheon would be very much in keeping with the times, and July 4th or a date near this holiday would be an appropriate time to have a luncheon of this kind.

Although the weather may be warm, church basements are always pleasantly cool and the work can be so divided that no one need feel the whole burden rests on her shoulders. The room itself should be draped with red, white and blue bunting and flags.

The luncheon can be served at several tables, a committee in charge of each one. Give a prize for the most beautiful or most original table. Tickets should be sold a week in advance so you will know how many tables to fix. Keep the price of the tickets as low as you can, and still make a little money. Much of the food should be donated.

After the luncheon there could be a short patriotic program including songs, readings and instrumental music.

Suggestions for the tables:

#### Uncle Sam Table

For a centerpiece use a doll dressed as Uncle Sam. Make nut cups in the shape of Uncle Sam Hats. One could use a toy soldier or two on this table, also.

#### Betsy Ross Table

In the center of this table have a doll dressed as Betsy Ross, seated in a little chair sewing on a flag. Use red, white and blue streamers from the center piece to each corner of the table, where the ends will be hidden under small baskets of red, white and blue flowers.

#### George Washington Table

It will be easy to find a bust of George Washington to use as a centerpiece on this table. Set it on a pedestal, surrounded by red, white and blue flowers.

#### "Ship of State" Table

Use a large flat pan of water and float a small boat on it. This boat should be decorated with many small flags. Around the miniature ocean bank red, white and blue flowers and ferns.

#### Fireworks Table

For the centerpiece on this table use a pile of firecrackers. For favors, make little red paper firecrackers and fill them with salted nuts.

#### The Sunday School Picnic

What has become of the old-fashioned Sunday School picnic? Why not revive it this summer? Let the Ladies Aid make this one of their jobs and plan a real, old-fashioned picnic.

Don't forget the possibilities of the ice cream social on the church lawn.

## PARTIES FOR JULY

### A CORN ROAST

This will appeal more especially to the younger set. Did you ever taste sweet corn roasted over an open fire and spread generously with butter? It is *de licious!* This can be done at a fireplace in the back yard or over a bonfire. Weenies, buns, pickles and potato chips complete the menu.

### PICNIC GAMES

#### HOT POTATO

A player is chosen as IT. He stands in the center. The others sit around in a circle. The players toss a handkerchief to one another. The one who is IT must touch it while it is still in the air. If he does this, the last person to throw the handkerchief becomes IT. To make this game fun, the playing must be *fast*.

#### GOSSIP

This is an old-fashioned game, but *fun*. The players sit in a circle. Some one starts the game by whispering a brief personal message to the one next to him. They in turn whisper it to their neighbor. When it gets back to the leader, he tells what the message was when repeated to him and what it originally was. Each one in the circle may be asked to tell what he was told.

### WHO'S GOT THE WHISTLE

One player is blindfolded. The others form a circle around him. One player, who has a whistle, slips up behind the one who is IT and blows the whistle. Then he must catch the whistler and tell who it is. Another way to play this game is to have the whistle pinned to the back of the one who is IT and a player in the circle slip up and blow it. If he is caught, he becomes IT.

## FROGGIE IN THE MEADOW

My children used to like this game. One person, the froggie, is blindfolded and the other players form a circle around him holding hands. As they march around with eyes closed (mustn't peek!) they chant "Froggie in the meadow, can't get out, Take a little stick and stir him all about." While they are singing, the froggie slips out of the circle and runs and hides. At a given signal, the circle breaks up and very one hunts the froggie. The one who finds him may be the froggie in the next game.

### BOWLING ALLEY

The one in charge of the games for the picnic should take a croquet ball and four or five vinegar or pop bottles as pins in a bowling alley. Roll the croquet ball, seeing who can knock over the most bottles. This can be played on a long picnic table or on a level piece of ground.

### KIDDY-CAR POLO

Use a soft hand ball for the ball and croquet mallets for the polo sticks. Contestants line up on kiddy cars. The game is to see who can get their ball to the prospective goals first.

## STUNTS TO TRY AT YOUR NEXT CLUB MEETING

If you are looking for something quite revolutionary for your next social, you might try the one that has worked out successfully in Malvern:

At one of the town's more enjoyable social functions last week, a prize was offered to the lady whose handbag contained the most articles. The winner, who had a fairly strong margin, brought forth more than 100 individual articles, all of them useful and needed in daily walk. That should settle for all time the old controversy of which contains the most, a small boy's pocket or a woman's hand bag.

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