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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

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Number 8





LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

My Dear Friends,

I have been trying to prove the truth of the following lines:

"Little by little the time goes by—
Short if we sing through it; long
if we sigh."

The fact that this month has passed very rapidly must prove that I have not been sighing the hours away. Anyone who broadcasts every day, publishes a magazine, handles hundreds of letters daily, finds time to write to seven children regularly and make blocks for a silk coverlet does keep busy, but when I am busy I am happy. After over sixteen years of broadcasting, mail-time is still the most anticipated hour of the day and every letter I receive is read with interest and appreciation. I only wish I could give each one a personal reply. You realize this would not be possible.

Thanks to those of you who wrote in during June and requested the Bread Basket Book. There have been about 15,000 requests for it.

A letter from our son Wayne, who is with the army, brings good news of an advancement in his rating. He wears the chevron of a Sergeant now, and of course appreciates the increase in pay. He sends home War Bonds regularly. Not long ago he discovered that a Shenandoah boy, Harold Bert-ram, was living in the same barracks he is in. They are having good visits exchanging news of home folks. The Chaplain of their group wrote such a satisfactory letter about Wayne. I know other parents have been cheered by messages of this kind and know what it meant to us.

We don't know just where Frederick is although before you read this we may have had definite word. We sent a cable to Cairo, where he was with the American Y. M. C. A., and received a cable reading, "Frederick Driftmier enroute Asmara." It may be he has started home or he might be working at Asmara. I know we will hear from him before very long, just what his plans are. Frederick has been in Egypt three years and we hope he is on his way home.

Margery was home for the 4th of July. She brought a friend with her and we had such a good time. The girls went swimming in the afternoon and we attended a picnic in the evening. It was the quietest Fourth I can remember. No fire crackers or fireworks and as a result I notice there were not so many deaths.

Margery will be home through the month of August, leaving in September to teach at Pella, Iowa. I am glad the weather has been pleasant, for going to summer school is an effort when the days are hot.

Howard, our oldest son is still in Faribault, Minnesota, where he is installing machinery for the Minnesota Seed Company. He expects to go into the army as soon as this job is completed.

Don't you love to receive an envelope just bulging with photographs? This past week we received a dozen or more pictures from our daughters in California. Some of the views were of the interiors of their homes and some of the girls and their husbands. Just what I wanted to see! Frank Johnson, Dorothy's husband, expects to visit in Iowa soon. It has been about a year since he went west to work in the airplane industry. We shall be very glad to see him.

I have enjoyed knowing the morning homemaker at KMA, Mrs. Edith Hanson. I wish you might all meet her personally.

My sister Helen Fischer spent her vacation in New York with her daughter Mary (Mrs. James Chapin). Mary and her husband are spending the summer on a farm near New York City.

Please consider this a personal letter to you and answer it when you have time.

Sincerely your friend,
—Leanna.

A KITCHEN-KLATTER PICNIC

The Kitchen-Klatter picnic at Hampton, Iowa, June 24, was a great success. There were friends from Alden, Iowa Falls, Shell Rock, Chapin, Sheffield, Coulter, Waverly, and Hampton, Iowa, present. Plans were made for a permanent organization. Mrs. Ralph Collins of Hampton was elected President. Mrs. Vernice Hamilton of Iowa Falls, Secretary and Treasurer. Mrs. Nettie Salsbury, 84 years old, was the oldest person there and Robert Marchant, 2½ years, was the youngest. A telephone call was made me at Shenandoah and the group, in unison, called "Hello Leanna." There was music by the Hamilton trio and a talk by Mrs. Walt Pitzer. There will be another picnic next year. I hope I shall be able to attend.

PICTURES

Since this magazine has added so many thousand readers during the past two years, requests come daily for pictures of my family. Because of these requests I am going to print in each magazine two pictures, beginning in this number with the pictures of Mr. Driftmier and me. Watch for these pictures and meet the whole family, sons-in-law included.

PRAYER OF A YANKEE MOTHER

Many of us will lose our sons in this war. It may be you, it may be I. We shall have need to be brave. The following poem was written by a mother who has a son in the army. I wish to thank Mrs. A. E. Hall of Middleton, Missouri, for sharing this poem with us:

Dear Lord,
You gave Your Son to save the world.
You didn't count the cost
In blood and sacrifice;
You gave Your Son that we might live.
Dear Lord,
Can I do less?
I give the world my son
That he may help to save
The things for which Your Son
So nobly died.
If, when the Victory's won, Dear God,
And you send back my son,
I'll press him to my breast and thank
You, Lord.
And if he goes to join Your Son
I'll understand;
And through my tears, rejoice
To know that my son and the Son of
God
Go hand in hand.

PET PEEVES

Many wives find fault with their husbands, so I have asked some of the husbands among our acquaintances what their pet peeves were. The following are some of the answers I got:

"I wish my wife would not use lip stick. I'm always afraid I'll go to the office with a dab of it on my face."

"My wife insists I carve the meat when we have guests. That's one thing I can't do gracefully."

"I wish my wife would learn to keep her check book stubs filled out. When a fellow has to make up his income tax, it is awful to have to try to figure out from friend wife's check book where the money went."

"My wife is a fine little cook but I don't like the fancy salads she makes. Give me a bowl of onions and radishes!"

"My wife is never ready to go anywhere. I always have to wait for her. I'll admit she always looks swell when we step out together, but it takes her an awful long time to fix up."

(NOTE:—Ask your husband what his pet peeves are—or has he already let you know!)"

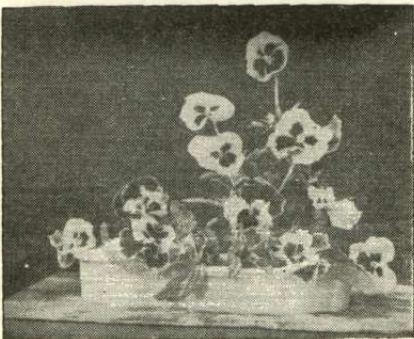
THE COVER PICTURE

Gloria and Glenda Rae Van Breisen of Tulare, California, enjoy the cool waters of the pool.

Come into the Garden with Helen



THINGS TO DO IN AUGUST



Pansy faces from the garden of Mrs. Olga Tiemann, Westboro, Mo.

We usually get our hottest weather in August but, strange to say, that is the month in which to be thinking of two flowers that love to bloom in cool weather—pansies and poppies.

We now plant pansy seeds for plants that will winter over outside and make loads of bloom for us early the next April and we now make root cuttings of our Oriental Poppies—cuttings that may not bloom the first summer but which will make good strong plants. A cold frame will be useful for both operations but let it be one which may have some sections covered while others are open, for the pansy plants will be up and needing light and air while the poppy cuttings are still dormant.

Choose a spot that is sunny but sheltered and prepare soil that is one-half humus, one-fourth sand and one-fourth garden soil. The humus may be leaf mold, rotted cow manure, peat or sphagnum moss. Press this down firmly and then give it all the water it will take.

While you wait for it to get just right for handling, you can prepare your root cuttings. Inch-long pieces of roots the size of a slate pencil or larger are cut in such a way that you can tell easily which end belongs up. This is done by cutting the bottom end slant-wise and the top straight across.

These pieces are planted like onion sets with their tops covered one-eighth of an inch. The soil should be watered a few times but not kept soggy. The bed should be kept shaded until mid-September and then uncovered as the young plants will grow until the ground freezes solidly. About Christmas time cover with a straw mulch.

Your pansies should be up nine days after you plant them. During these nine days the bed must never dry out or the seed germ will die. Shade carefully on hot days especially. When the seedlings begin to get second leaves a light spray every evening will speed their growth. The cool sunny days of fall will often produce buds and they will not at all mind heavy frosts.

In December when you put straw over your poppies, do the same for your pansies but never so thickly but what you can catch a glimpse of green, for they must have plenty of air.

—Helen Fischer.

WALLFLOWERS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Wallflowers are primarily English flowers, very adaptable to the cool moist climate of their native land. That is why I found that they would grow successfully in a very dry summer in our own middle west such a surprise. But I found their manner of growth similar to that of pansies, and when treated the same would like our garden just as well.

All Wallflowers are biennials, which means if we would have a continuous supply to brighten our early garden border, we must sow seed every year to be sure we will have young plants to take the place of the old ones exhausted by their lavish blooming. Of course they will reseed, but this is a poor way to depend on. Sometimes the old plant will live over and bloom again but not for year after year. Like Sweet William, Canterbury Bells and Verbascum, a constant supply can only be secured by planting fresh seed each year. The plants so obtained make a splendidly vigorous growth the first year, to be followed by colorful bloom the second season.

Wallflowers are adaptable to two methods of sowing. They may be sown in flats or in the cold frame in early spring, then transplanted by the spoonful. When rather small, use in groups in the border, or to make an edging around a bed of rather tall flowers which combine well with their colors. Do not try to divide the small plants, but rather leave them together as they are spooned up, setting the groups about six inches apart to allow for spread later on. These plants so placed must be regarded as nursery plantings and so must not be neglected for even one day during their first season. They need a rather protected sunny place and lots of water. This does not mean that they don't need drainage—it is quite essential that they do have it. They make a neat edging for a bed the first year, even without bloom, since they do not stretch up until the second season when they will grow to be a foot or so high. The first year they simply make the small low mound characteristic to most biennials.

Conveniently enough for most of us who have so many tasks in the garden in early spring that all our seed does not get planted just when or where we want it, there is another favorable time for sowing Wallflower seed, and this is at the same time we sow our Pansies' seed—late August when the ground is favorable. They may be sown in rows or in a bed or just where you want to have them growing permanently. If the fall is a damp one, the seed, thinly covered with soil and kept moist, may not have to be shaded with the customary cloth, since I have found many seedlings coming up of their own accord quite a distance from old plants, showing their disposition to scatter and grow as easily as Sweet Rocket and in a similar fashion. Once they are established in the garden, they have a habit of showing up in unexpected spots giving a welcome bit of color to the border.



Mrs. M. H. (Leanna) Driftmiller



M. H. Driftmiller

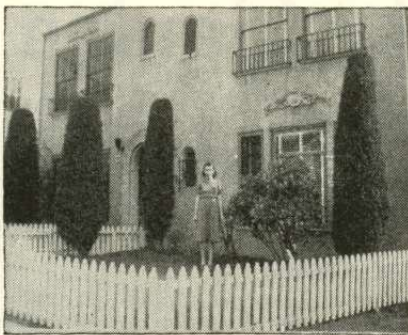
ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1942

By M. H. Driftmier

When Dorothy and I started out to California on February 1st, I thought I would spend at least two weeks and perhaps three in Los Angeles and the surrounding country. Leanna had insisted on me staying a month. She thought that she and the girls who help her could get out the March issue of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine without me. They said they could look after the printing and all the details of mailing the issue. I had been in Los Angeles about a week when Leanna wired me that our son, Wayne, who is in the army and who was then located at Fort Des Moines was being transferred to Fort McDowell at San Francisco, and the following Monday Wayne reached me over long distance telephone and said that he had arrived at Fort McDowell and thought perhaps he might be moved on in a day or two. I then made arrangements with him to meet him at Fort McDowell the next Thursday. Lucile and Dorothy of course wanted me to see Wayne, but they insisted that I come back to Los Angeles from San Francisco and make a longer visit.

After consulting railroad and bus time tables, I found that I could get a bus out of Hollywood about seven-thirty in the morning and arrive in San Francisco that evening. We had a get-together supper at Lucile's Tuesday evening and visited until nearly midnight and the next morning, Dorothy and Lucile took me down to the bus station. I had to wait only a short time for the bus and after bidding the girls goodbye I got on and in just a few moments we started. It was a very delightful trip. I enjoyed it immensely. As I remember it, the first regular stop was Santa Barbara. For miles the highway went along the shore line of the Pacific Ocean and I enjoyed seeing the huge breakers come in. I had driven a car over this same highway about eighteen years before, but the highway is much better now. It had been rebuilt in most places, the paving being wider and smoother than it was when I had passed over it before. In many places I could see evidence of the old highway.

We arrived at the bus station in San Francisco between six and seven o'clock that evening and I went to a nearby hotel to register for the night. After eating supper I tried to get in touch with Wayne by telephone but was unsuccessful so I spent the evening walking up and down the streets windowshopping. Wayne had given me full instructions on how to contact him when he talked to me in Los Angeles, so the next morning I took a street car and went out to Fort Mason which is not far from the Golden Gate Bridge. There was a Government boat tied up at the dock which carried provisions and passengers between Fort Mason and Fort McDowell, which is several miles northeast in San Francisco Bay. Before I could get a pass, I had to contact one of the officers at Fort McDowell by telephone and I had some difficulty in



Dorothy in front of her home in Hollywood, California.

getting hold of the right officer. After two or three trials I succeeded in getting the right one and got his permission to get a pass which was issued to me at Fort Mason. The Sergeant in charge there at the time was very kind and made arrangements to hold the boat a few moments longer to see that I got the pass. As soon as I got onto the gang plank of the boat the whistle blew and we were soon on our way.

It was an interesting experience for me because from this boat I got a splendid view of the Golden Gate Bridge, also the Oakland-San Francisco Bay Bridge. About half way between Fort Mason and Fort McDowell is Alcatraz Island and prison. The boat tied up at Alcatraz and unloaded provisions for the prison. I saw several of the inmates, who were trustees, working on the dock helping to unload the provisions. We finally arrived at Fort McDowell and Wayne was standing on the dock waiting for me. We were both extremely happy and were so thankful that we had this opportunity of visiting. He took me up to the recreation hall while he went to see his superior officer to get a pass for that afternoon. After this was arranged for, we went down to the dock and in about another hour we were again in San Francisco. After eating dinner, we went out to Golden Gate Park, where we spent most of the afternoon going through the DeYoung Museum and then back down town for supper. We walked up and down the streets, looking at shop windows for a while and then went to a show. After the show we went to the hotel and visited until it was time to go back to Fort Mason where Wayne had to take the boat at eleven o'clock. When they ordered the soldiers to line up to go aboard the boat, I told Wayne goodbye and stood there and waited until he got on and out of sight. Then I went back to the hotel for the night. It is hard to bid your sons goodbye when they march off to war, but such is life. I walked away from the dock alone that night thinking how wonderful it would be if we could turn the clock back twenty years, when our boys were still little tots running down the walk to meet me as I came home from work.

It looks now as though we would have two more sons in the army this

fall sometime, and Frederick is in Africa somewhere—we do not know exactly where. This war will touch practically every family in America and the thing for us to do, who are too old to go to war, is to be brave and carry on. Do everything we can toward the winning of the war.

I didn't feel like going back to Los Angeles. I wanted to get home, so the next morning I took a bus for Modesto which is some eighty or ninety miles east of San Francisco, for a few hours visit with old friends. That evening I took the bus for Stockton, California, where I caught the midnight passenger train of the Western Pacific Railroad. The Western Pacific Railroad goes through the famous Feather River Canyon. Wayne had just come through on this route and enjoyed this part of the trip immensely, and he wanted me to see it. My train passed through it at night so I didn't get to see any of it. Leanna's grandfather, with a party of three or four men from Toulon, Illinois, drove through the Feather River Canyon with oxen in 1849, at the time of the California gold rush. He described the Feather River Canyon in the diary which he kept.

At Salt Lake City we made connections with the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad and the trip through Colorado was very interesting. At Denver I caught the Burlington train and arrived in Omaha the morning of February 16th, just in time to catch the bus for Shenandoah. I was happy to be home once more.



Frank Johnson, (left), my daughter Dorothy's husband, and Clarence Meyer of Aplington, Iowa. They both work in the Vega factory at Burbank, California.

A LETTER FROM EGYPT

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

Assiut, Egypt
May 12, 1942

Dear Family,

It isn't often that one sits down to write a letter at midnight but now that we are working on summer schedule I shall do most of my working and reading at night.

Did I tell you that I spent Easter Sunday in Cairo? One of the other teachers went with me and we had an interesting trip. We attended early church services in the Orthodox Armenian Church. There was lots of chanting, incense burning and crashing of cymbals and tambourines. We had to leave after half an hour because the incense made our eyes burn and we had to cough so often. As I sat there in the midst of these humble folk, I was filled with sympathy and admiration. For years they have been persecuted, killed, starved and sold as slaves, yet they have come through it all with a strong faith.

Every week the American University in Cairo shows a good moving picture. Last week they presented "King of Kings". It was very interesting to note the different reactions of the audience. Whenever Christ was shown the Egyptians went wild with cheering and applause; the Armenians wept, actually sobbing aloud. The Europeans kept silence.

I often think of Wayne. I can hardly believe he is thousands of miles from home. I will be anxious for some word of him. I sometimes wonder which one of us you should be most worried about. When the Driftmiers get together after this war and compare travel notes, it will sound like the annual meeting of the National Geographic Society.

At the end of my third hour class on the first day in April, a student walked fearfully toward my desk with a parcel in his hand. He said it was for me, so I thanked him and opened it. Inside was a **dead snake!** I dropped the parcel and the snake rolled out onto the floor. The students laughed and shouted, "April Lie!" So you see, they play April Fool tricks in Egypt as well as in America.

In another class I had a few minutes at the end of the hour with noth-

ing special to do. One of the boys said he had a trick he would like to show the class. I gave him permission and he told me that he would go out of the room while I wrote any word I wished on the blackboard. I could then erase all but the first letter and he would return and tell me what the word had been.

He went out and I wrote "Superficiality" on the board. I knew he wouldn't guess that word. I then went to the door and called him, but he had disappeared. He never did show up! Another April Fool joke. The class laughed until they cried.

I asked them to help me get the joke back on the boy. I told him to report after school for playing hooky. All day long, at intervals he came to my desk, begging me to forgive him, while the students and I were laughing up our sleeves. He was a happy boy when at the end of the day he learned I knew how to play April Fool jokes, too.

For over a year my teeth have been bothering me a great deal. In 1940 I had an Egyptian dentist take a X-ray and he found I have four very badly infected wisdom teeth which he said must come out. I am hoping I can find an English dentist who will take them out for it looks as though I will not be in America very soon.

More soon,

—Ted.

(Continued in September Issue)

PACIFIC WINDS AND YOU ALONE

I walked sentry with you, dear,
Pacific winds and you alone.
I saw a gleam of polished steel
Outline your shouldered gun.
I passed so close your sweet young
breath
Fanned warm my icy face,
I saw you stand attention, son,
Then scan each distant place.

I saw your strong young body
Against the star-lit sky,
How swift you wheeled, strong, alert,
At a loon's strange, weird cry.
I walked the long, long night with
you,
Counting well your measured beat,
You faltered not a single step
Though weary were your feet.

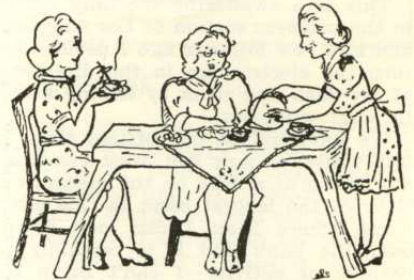
Each time you turned far harbor
lights
Traced features that I know;
Through shadows, somber, hooded,
black,
Your eyes were still aglow.
Had there been fear, a son of mine
In any place show fright,
I should have found the ugly trait
Walking sentry in the night.

Oh mothers, search deep in your
heart,
Weigh out the strength you gave,
You'll find it was your aptitude
That makes young soldiers brave.
If we live so, and teach of faith,
Though long years intervene,
We will, in turn, be taught our sons
Are men, excelling, clean.

—Annie Parish Slankard.
Great Bend, Kans.

AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels



I know many of you would understand if the title this month read, "Thoughts While Leading the Hay-horse," or "Soliloquy Upon Riding The Binder." There has been a great deal written and more said about the monotony and everlasting sameness of woman's work. Helping in the field leads us to believe that Father's job is no grand adventure. Making hay, for instance, consists of endless mowing and raking and the pitching, forkful after forkful, upon the wagon, loading it after it is on the wagon, pitching it into the mow, mowing it back. Tons of it a fork at a time. Then looking forward to the day next winter when it will be thrown down into the feedway and finally piled into the mangers and feed racks.

Someone asked about these boys of mine. There are four of them: Gene, 12; Glen, 9; Lynn, 7; and Mack, 5. And they manage to keep all monotony from the entire 340 acres. Lynn has just had the cast removed from his fourth broken arm. In one day's haying Gene set the fork too deep and sent the hayrack up the side of the barn a little way and the hayhorse ran away with Glen.

Smiled to myself to read the fuss men are making about the WAAC making women masculine. It certainly is not much credit to themselves when they raise such a fuss about women becoming more like them.

Why is it that people think of "masculine" in the sense of curtness, of smoking and drinking. Why not think of masculine as meaning honest and broadminded, tolerant and capable?

Business women know that they must meet a business world with those qualities. They cannot afford to be prejudiced or emotional. It is true that a family will put up with tears and nerves and downright incapability at home but there is no place in the outside world for such a woman. Imagine Papa telling the Boss, "I just can't get that report out today. The baby cried last night and I am too nervous today."

Imagine me calling Leanna and saying, "My column will be two days late this month. I had to stack a hay doodle and shock some oats."

Seriously, it seems to me that there will be a new understanding and deeper sympathy between men and women who have to face this troubled world together.



Frederick, with a group of students from Assiut, College, enjoyed a trip to the desert.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is a sweltering morning down in the business section of Los Angeles, and so a few minutes ago I decided to turn the electric fan in the direction of my desk and relax by having a little chat with you.

We have moved our offices since I last wrote, so now you must visualize me sitting at a desk on the mezzanine floor of the largest bank in this city. From where I sit I can look down over the bank and it is certainly a beehive of activity—I can't begin to describe it. I now leave our house at 7:00 in the morning and it's six when I get home at night, so you can see that it is quite a long day. But I love it! It's good to work at something that you can really believe in—and the Red Cross is such an organization.

Sunday we had a wonderfully successful picnic. Frank, Dorothy, Russell, Kay and I all started out about 1:15 for the San Francisquito Canyon in the Angeles National Forest—this is up past Saugus where they have a number of gold mines. It was a scorching hot day and we were really roasted when we arrived at the Forest. At first we were discouraged because there were such mobs of people at every available picnic site, but then we had the great good fortune to find a tiny road that led us straight to a beautiful little trout stream complete with falls and small rapids. In the middle of the stream was a little island, so we crossed a rickety footbridge and settled ourselves down for the afternoon.

Honestly, we laughed and laughed that afternoon for it was the kind of a picnic you enjoy to the utmost, and everything happened that should happen on a picnic. Frank's car boiled and we had to get a bucket and lug water from the stream. There were many arguments as to where we should stop—until finally we found the lovely little island and everyone was happy. Someone had to fall in the water, of course, and this was Russell. He set the camera's automatic device on the bank opposite the island so that all of us could be in the picture. Then he came tearing across the little footbridge before the camera clicked. In his haste he lost his balance and fell into the stream up to his waist. The picture was wonderful though, for it shows Dorothy, Frank and Kay all nicely posed and completely oblivious to the fact that I was screaming with laughter as Russell tried to crawl out of the water. He fell behind us, you see, so that's why they didn't notice what had happened.

Louise Fischer Alexander and Roger were fortunate enough to find a house not far from the Douglas plant in Santa Monica where Roger is working. This saves him the long drive that he had previously, and we are so glad that they could make the change. Tires are a very serious problem out here where there are such vast distances. Yesterday we had a blow-out that ruined the best tire we owned, and this almost came under the heading of a genuine tragedy.



This picture shows you my grape ivy vine which grows over the south windows and the doorway in the library.

A week from this Friday we will tell Frank goodbye for he is going to Iowa for a two week's visit. We are happy that he can go and see his folks and our folks in Shenandoah, but we will miss him a great deal. All of us envy him the fine chicken and sweet corn that he is bound to get, and we're even trying to figure out a way that he can bring some chicken back to us. Chickens out here just don't taste like chicken—they taste as if they had been hatched and raised in cold storage.

We're lonesome to see some of the family. We will have to start working on Dad to come and see us again. All four of us have read Dad's articles about his trip out loud together, and we've surely enjoyed them. I've never known anyone who gets as much out of a trip as Dad. I hope that the next time he comes out here I can go with him up to Seattle to see our relatives there. But Seattle is a grim place these days so we won't plan our trip right now.

This must be all for now. I'll be with you again in September.

—Lucile

BOOSTS

"I am enclosing \$1 to renew the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I enjoy reading the magazine. There are so many helpful ideas which a person can use. I have used a number of the games and entertainments. I have made several dishes from the recipes and had good luck with them."—Miss Lydia Spieker, Ackley, Ia.

"Another year has rolled around and time for me to send my dollar for the Kitchen-Klatter another year. It seems like I can't get along without it. When I want to make something new, I just get out a bunch of Kitchen-Klatters and look at the recipes."—Mrs. Wm. Wendeln, Burr, Nebr.

"Enclosed find a dollar for the renewal of my Kitchen-Klatter for another year. Kitchen-Klatter is a swell little magazine. I don't believe we could get along without it any more. I just can't wait for the next issue to come."—Mrs. Roy Lonsdale, Davenport, Nebr.

"I was at Ladies Aid today and was talking to Mrs. Henry Kruse, who is a subscriber to your paper. I told her I was thinking of sending for it. She said, 'You will never regret it.' I enjoyed the June issue so much. It has lots in it."—Mrs. Fred Hilmer, Boelus, Nebr.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWERS

The following talk was given by Mrs. Herbert Herrlinger of Currie, Minn., when she presented Mrs. Helen Fischer with a beautiful bouquet at the Kitchen-Klatter picnic at the home of Mrs. C. C. Langseth near Worthington, Minn.

"When I see a group of people, I think of a garden filled with flowers. The garden is each one's life. The flowers are the qualities of mind, heart and soul.

In the cool dark earth of the garden are the bulbs. They are dark brown, uninteresting things with apparently no promise, but are your hidden talents, your genius of doing things rare and wonderful. A shower of rain, a slant of sunshine and the touch of the magic wand and these bulbs come forth into undreamed of blossoming, in music, poetry and art.

There are undesirable things that like to grow in your garden. They make you unhappy. Thorns and thistles of selfishness and greed. These take justice out of your judgment. Weed them out root and branch and let love reign supreme in the heart of your garden.

Your garden may not grow by sun alone—the night will fall, the dew descends, but thru all, keep faith. Do that which is right. Tell the truth, keep your word and follow that marked path—God's path. It leads thru green pastures and besides the still waters and emerges on the sun lit plain where peace abounds.

Jesus when he was here on this earth, loved to preach from the Lily, the handful of wheat, and from the vines and the color of the evening sky. He delighted to point out God's love in the care of flowers.

When we look upon God's beauty, in the things that He hath made, there is a blossoming taking place in our own heart, that His will may be realized in our life, even as His will was realized in this beautiful world that He hath made.

In the cool shady nook of your garden the Viola grows. This little flower is for modesty and decorum. The white Lily is for purity of word, for grace and dignity. The Gaillardia is thought and deed. The Delphinium in its bright colors speaks of gaiety in the sheer joy of living. The wise little pansy face is for wisdom. The forget-me-not for thoughtfulness. The Bristol Fairy with its miniature flowers is innocence its self. The Petunia in its velvet best is for devotion that keeps you true to home and God. The Carnation is for love—for hope that leads you into the tomorrow with the assurance of good cheer.

There are Roses in the garden, Roses everywhere. Over the wall and along the walk. The Rose is for love—the love God meant when he said "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

At eventide the perfume of the Sweet peas in your garden refreshes each soul, with that "Sweet Peace" which is the gift of God's love unto us. May the gentle dew of heaven refresh the flowers of your garden, and the sunshine of God's love be yours.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

This month I want a little extra visit with you, for it is just two years since I began writing articles in the



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

K. K. Magazine. I formerly corresponded with many of you when giving radio health talks. Now we have renewed our acquaintance, and many new friends have joined in.

I want to thank you for the interest you have shown and the suggestions for

topic to be discussed in this column and my Health Hints Booklet. Also, thank you for the orders of 1941 Health Hints Leaflets and the 1942 Health Booklets.

I met many new friends June 24th when a group of ladies from different towns in northern Iowa met at Hampton for a picnic dinner. We are so sorry Leanna could not be with us, but we phoned her and sent a hearty cheer.

The dinner was followed by a lovely program of music, games and talks. Then a Kitchen-Klatter Club No. 13 was organized. Yes, unlucky number but a lucky club. (If a 13 club has already been organized let me know at once, for we do not want to run off with your number).

If you want to organize a Kitchen-Klatter Club and would like to know how two women stirred up so much enthusiasm and organized the K. K. No. 13 Club so systematically, write to them and I feel certain they will help you. (Enclose stamped envelope.) We voted them in as President and Secretary and Treasurer for our club. Mrs. Mabel Collins, Hampton, Iowa, and Mrs. Vernel Hamilton, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

Give the small child a break during the hot weather. Don't be too concerned about the temper tantrums. Perhaps Mother and Daddy also have them. A child can't tell how he feels—and that prickly heat and those insect bites—oh my! Some powders irritate rather than allay the heat irritation. Try bathing in soda water to absorb the acid perspiration then rinse with clear water. Dry the skin by patting it with a soft towel, then cover with corn starch.

Intestinal troubles are common during the hot weather when fruits and vegetables are eaten raw. Vegetables should be scrubbed and fruits washed thoroughly to remove dysentery germs. Sour dish cloths carry these germs.

Watermelon is called a system cleanser and should not be eaten with the meal. It may cause bloat. Over-weight folks should realize that watermelon is low in calories and high in mineral and vitamin content.

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "Three years ago when my sister's husband died very suddenly, we took her little boy, then eighteen months old, and cared for him so that she could go back to work and rebuild her life. Now she is marrying again and wants him in her new home, but Leanna, we have no children of our own and can't stand to think of losing him. He is just like our own. I'm afraid his new step-father won't be good to him, and it seems to me that she should leave him where he is happy and completely at home."—Iowa.

ANS: What if he were your own child and you had had to give him up for three years but could now have him in your own home again? Wouldn't you feel that he belonged with his mother? Of course you would. No, you must let him go without tears and recriminations. He belongs with his mother, and don't sit in judgment upon his new father until you have something to base your opinions upon.

QUES: "For two years now I have been struggling with a terrible problem, Leanna. My husband is good to us and the soul of kindness and generosity when sober, but he has taken to drinking heavily and a number of times has made a spectacle of himself in public. My three children have come home crying from school because the other children make fun of them and tease them unmercifully, and now all three of them have gotten self-conscious and unhappy about their school life. I feel so sorry for them."—Minnesota.

ANS: And I do too. This is one of the seemingly small tragedies in a world beset by much greater tragedies, but such things leave scars on lives forever. Does your husband know what his children are suffering because of him? If he does and still hasn't quit drinking and making a spectacle of himself in public, you will have to bury your pride for the sake of your children and go to each and everyone of the men with whom he drinks and from whom he buys his liquor, and ask them to help you. This isn't easy to do, but it's the one thing that may bring him to his senses. I believe you'll find that most men, if approached the right way, will really make an effort to help a woman whose husband is causing his family so much heartache.

QUES: "Please don't think that this problem is caused by a stingy nature, Leanna, but what can I do about my relatives, all of whom live in town, and expect me to furnish more than my share for our family dinners just because we live on the farm. About twice a month we have basket dinners on Sunday, and for a year now I've furnished the meat,

cream, butter, etc. I don't want them to think we're stingy but at the same time all of them can better afford this expense than we".—South Dakota.

ANS: When you plan the next dinner can't you manage to say tactfully, but firmly, that you want to bring the potatoes, salad, or the dessert for a change? Come right out and tell them what your farm products mean to you in cash for your daily living. Too many town people don't appreciate what cream, butter, chickens, etc. really mean, but when it's once pointed out they change their viewpoints. I'm sure you can distribute the food for these dinners more evenly without causing hard feelings if you're good-natured, tactful, but firm.

QUES: "Our little girl is now three years old and we are wondering if she is too young to take to church?"—Missouri.

ANS: When our children were little we had a kindergarten class in the primary room of the church, and we mothers took turn about looking after small youngsters so that everyone could enjoy the services in peace. I don't like to have the sermon disrupted by fretful, crying children if it can be avoided and little children do get tired through a long service. We didn't try to take our children to the regular service until they were ready to start to school. If they can sit quietly at school they can sit quietly at church.

QUES: "My husband wants me to take a two-weeks trip with him this summer, the first in many years, and I just don't know if I should leave our children to shift for themselves. We have girls twelve and ten, and boys fourteen and eight. We could get a woman in to stay with them. Do you think this would be alright?"—Kansas.

ANS: If you can afford to have a dependable woman come in for two weeks, for goodness sake go with your husband and have the trip. Children as old as your children certainly should be trusted to get along all right in your absence if there is an adult in the house. Be sure your route is left by the telephone with the means of reaching you plainly at hand. Then you'll know that if anything does happen you'll hear about it—and until such a time, which will probably never come to pass, have a good time and don't spoil your husband's pleasure by fretting about things at home.

NOTE: Several of my Kitchen-Klatter sisters have asked me to say something about women who snub their husband's families without any reason whatsoever. Some of these letters are downright pathetic. In the August number I want to discuss this more fully than space in our letter column permits.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

CORN SYRUP PUDDING OR PIE

Baked June 11, 1942 in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen.

- 2 cups milk
- 6 tablespoons flour or
- 4 tablespoons cornstarch
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup corn syrup
- 2 egg yolks
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup nuts
- 1 nine inch pie crust

Stir $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the milk into the cornstarch and salt, mixing well to remove lumps. Scald the remainder of milk in double boiler. Add some hot milk to cornstarch, mix well and return to double boiler. Add the syrup, stir until thickened, cover and cook 15 minutes. Pour some of this mixture into the beaten egg yolks, combine with rest of mixture and return to double boiler. Cook for a few minutes, add butter, nuts and vanilla, stirring till well mixed. This can be used as a pie filling or in sherbet glasses. For the pie, make a meringue of 2 egg whites and 2 tablespoons corn syrup. Beat whites till very stiff, add syrup slowly, beating constantly. Brown in oven.—Mrs. Gustav Hofmann, Sutton, Nebr.

HONEY SPICE CAKE

Baked June 25, 1942 in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid honey
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy sour cream
- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda

Mix sugar, spices and salt in mixing bowl, add eggs and beat well. Add cream and beat again, then add flour sifted with the soda. Bake in a 9x9 inch pan in a 300 to 325 degree oven. Watch closely, as it burns easily. Frost with a thin powdered sugar frosting if desired.

SUNNY SYRUP CAKE

Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup light syrup

- 2 eggs
- 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ cups sifted cake flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thin milk
- $\frac{2}{3}$ teaspoons flavoring, lemon and vanilla combined.

Cream shortening (half butter is better for flavor), add sugar and cream till fluffy. Add syrup and cream again. Add well beaten egg yolks. Sift flour, salt and baking powder three times and add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Blend in flavoring and fold in beaten egg whites. Bake in 2 8 inch layer pans, 25 minutes at 350 degrees.

Icing

Heat $\frac{3}{4}$ cup light corn syrup to boiling. Pour over 2 stiffly beaten egg whites, beating all the while. Beat till light and fluffy. Cover cake and sprinkle with coconut that has been tinted with yellow coloring.—Mrs. Jesse Nichols, West Point, Ill.

PEPPERMINT CANDY ICE CREAM

Made in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen, June 25, 1942.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound peppermint stick candy. Put in top of double boiler with 1 cup milk and let dissolve over hot water. Chill, then put in tray and freeze till mushy. Remove to a chilled bowl and beat with rotary beater. Add 2 cups cream which has been whipped till thick. Put back in tray and freeze till solid.—Mrs. L. A. Boyer, Leavenworth, Kans.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

2 eggs beaten separately
1/2 pint whipping cream
5¢ can Hershey's chocolate syrup
Beat egg whites dry. Whip cream and combine with whites of eggs. Beat yolks and mix with the syrup. Mix all together and freeze. Stir occasionally the first half hour. No other flavor needed.—Mrs. C. I. Jones, Maryville, Mo.

SYRUP ICE CREAM

2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup white syrup
1 cup milk
1 cup cream, whipped
Vanilla
Beat eggs until light, then beat in the syrup and milk then fold in the whipped cream and vanilla. Fruit

may be added if desired. Put in tray and when partly frozen, remove from tray and beat until creamy. Put back in tray and finish freezing.—Mrs. Hilda Seybold, Columbus, Nebr.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 2 cups sour milk
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup flour
- 3 cups graham flour
- 1 cup raisins

Sift flour, add graham flour and salt. Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs and beat 2 minutes. Add molasses. Add sour milk, in which soda has been dissolved, alternately with flour. Add raisins with last of flour. Pour into well greased bread pan and bake in slow oven, 300 degrees, for 20 to 25 minutes.—Mrs. H. C. Ask, Kanaranzi, Minn.

HONEY SALAD DRESSING

Heat $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water with 1/3 cup honey. Mix 1 teaspoon mustard, 1/2 teaspoon paprika and 2 tablespoons flour with 1/4 cup vinegar. Cook in double boiler until it thickens. Pour over well beaten yolks of 5 eggs. Just before serving, add 1/3 cup sour cream whipped moderately stiff.

CUSTARD PIE

Heat 2 cups milk and add 12 cut marshmallows. Stir until all are melted, then pour over 3 slightly beaten eggs. Add pinch of salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour into an unbaked pie shell. Bake in moderate oven until set and crust is brown. Just before taking from oven, sprinkle 1 tablespoon sugar over the top. This makes a nice brown crust.



Mrs. Howard Alexander, my nearest neighbor, calls to see if I need anything from town.

CANNING DAY

It's when I sing at canning—
Myself and kitchen neat—
That all the jars look beautiful,
And what they hold keeps sweet.

I wash them in a bubbly suds,
And label them in style.
They smile at me at sundown
A reassuring smile.

But when I call it drudgery
And I am glum and mute,
I think I can my yeasty thoughts,
And ruin all my fruit.
—A. R. M. Pearson.

VEGETABLE JAM FOR SOUP

1 peck ripe tomatoes
12 ears corn
2 quarts chopped carrots
12 large onions
2 heads cabbage
3 red and 3 green peppers
6 bunches celery
1 cup salt
1 teaspoon pepper
5 quarts water
Mix all together and boil in an open
kettle for 1 hour. Put in glass jars
and seal. It keeps perfectly.—Mrs. J.
H. Jansen, Henderson, Nebr.

SWEET CHERRY DILL

1 peck cucumbers
2 large handful of cherry leaves
1 cup salt
1 bunch dill
5 quarts water
Put in stone jar and weight down.
Let stand 8 to 14 days. Take out of
mixture, wipe dry, slice $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick.
Pack in fruit jars. Have this mixture
made and cold:
2 cups cane sugar
1 cup pickle vinegar
Fill jars and seal
It takes 3 times this amount of mix-
ture for 1 peck of pickles.—Mrs. H. M.
Jordan, Columbus Junction, Ia.

SACCHARIN CUCUMBER PICKLES

1 gallon vinegar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup salt
1 teaspoon saccharin
1 tablespoon powdered alum
Mix and let come to boiling point.
Have cucumbers washed, sliced round
and packed into sterilized jars. Pour
hot vinegar mixture over them and
seal.—Mrs. Velpo Woods, Clark, Mo.

OPEN KETTLE STYLE FOR CANNING VEGETABLE SOUP

When getting vegetables ready for
dinner, get some extras and prepare
for vegetable soup. Use carrots, cab-
bage, onions, celery, parsley, beans,
peppers, tomatoes, and a few peas and
corn. You can use all of these or just
part of them at a time. When toma-
toes are ripe, use about 1/3 tomatoes
to 2/3 other vegetables. Use 1 tea-
spoon salt to 1 quart of vegetables
which have been cut up fine, and
enough water to cover. Cook 1 hour
and seal in hot jars. It is good to use
as buttered vegetables also. When
using for soup, add potatoes.—Mrs.
John Brauer, Crete, Nebr.

CANNED BEANS

1 gallon beans, washed and stemmed
1 gallon water
4 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons salt
1 cup white vinegar
Bring liquid to a boil and add beans.
Bring to a boil again and boil 10 min-
utes. Seal in sterilized jars. When
preparing for table, pour off the liquid
and cook as fresh beans.—Mrs. Chas.
Markley, Minneapolis, Kans.

HOME MADE SOAP

5 cups hot water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup borax
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ammonia
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup kerosene
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon oil of citronella
1 can lye
5 pounds fat
Mix borax, sugar, ammonia, kero-
sene and oil of citronella. Mix lye in
hot water. Let cool somewhat and
add first mixture. Then add fat. Put
in a dish or box to cool.—Mrs. John
Hesse, Dunkerton, Iowa.

HOME MADE YEAST

One cake of yeast dissolved in warm
water. Bring to a boil one pint of
buttermilk. Take from fire and add
enough cornmeal to make a stiff bat-
ter. When cool, add yeast and let
raise over night. Then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
flour and enough cornmeal to make a
stiff dough. Let raise. Roll out and
cut into cakes. Let dry well before
putting away.—Mrs. George Engle,
Bennet, Nebr.

APPLE, PEACH OR PEAR PICKLES

Make a syrup of 3 cups honey, 3
cups vinegar, 2 cups water and 1
teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil, add
fruit and cook until tender. Pack in-
to sterilized jars and seal. For apples,
tie the spices in a sack and boil with
the syrup. For pears and peaches,
stick cloves in the fruit and allow
some stick cinnamon to cook in the
syrup. Use 2 or 3 whole cloves to
each piece of fruit.

JELLY WITH CORN SYRUP

1 cup fruit juice
1 cup white corn syrup
2 tablespoons granulated pectin
Combine fruit juice and pectin. Boil
3 minutes, then add corn syrup and
boil until jelly sheets from edge of
spoon. Remove from fire and fill
jelly glasses.—Mrs. Roy Baxter,
Cheney, Kansas.

ORANGE MARMALADE

Run 3 medium sized oranges through
the food chopper. There should be a
scant 2 cups of pulp. Add 1 cup water
and simmer for 15 minutes. Add 2
cups honey and simmer 30 minutes
longer. Add 6 tablespoons lemon
juice and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fruit pectin. Bring
to a full boil and continue boiling for
30 seconds. Remove from fire, skim
and pour into sterilized glasses.
Cover with paraffin at once.

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NEIGHBOR BOB'S Dinner Table ALMANACK

I like the old joke about the
traveller down in Arkansas who
saw an old man sitting in a cabin
door and asked: "Have you lived
here all your life?" To which the
old gent patiently answered, "Not
yet."

English poultry raisers have found
that bombing raids do not seriously
cut down egg production—but, for
a day or two after each raid all
the eggs laid have soft shells! One
farmer reported that a bomb blew
12 hens out of a hen house. Next
day their combs turned pale with
shock—but a couple days later they
laid six eggs, and have continued
a high rate of production ever
since.

Every woman, right in her own
kitchen, can help America win the
war. First, by doing **MORE HOME
BAKING**. The more you can do at
home the less load is placed on
factories and transportation. Sec-
ond, **SAVE FOOD**. Make everything
go a little further. Buy foods you
can do the most with. For ex-
ample, you can do all your baking
with Mother's Best Flour. No need
for costly pastry flours. It's great
for breads, pies and cakes. Remem-
ber to ask for **Mother's Best**.
As one woman said to the other,
"I don't think I look 30, do you?"
"No, not now," said her friend,
"You used to." —Sincerely,
Neighbor Bob.

THE GIFT BOX

By Gertrude Haylett

Summer and Silk—the words seem to belong together. And summer is certainly the season for working up the odd scraps of silk materials that have been accumulating. If none have accumulated, you can buy bundles of lovely pieces that will make your fingers tingle with anxiety to get to working with them.



Gertrude Haylett

The first thing that comes to mind when one sees a bunch of odd shaped pieces is a quilt, and with silk pieces it naturally has to be a crazy quilt. Squares of muslin—perhaps the best pieces from partly worn sheets—may be used as foundation for the blocks, and 18x18 inches is a good size to cut them. Then comes the interesting part. Lay a square on the table before you, with a heavy paper under it so your needle will not jab into the table as you sew. Lay out the pieces you wish to use and fit them onto the square. It is like working a jig saw puzzle to get just the right pieces to fit all over the foundation, and with colors that blend nicely. When you have the square laid out to suit, sew the pieces to the foundation material, turning the edges neatly on each piece. Then with colored embroidery thread, put fancy stitches to cover all the seams.

After the blocks are all made, sew them together and cover those seams also with fancy stitching. Then make a back of rayon or sateen and finish as any quilt. The back may be tacked on with some of the same thread you used for embroidering the blocks. This type of quilt does not really need a filling, but you can use a sheet wadding—personally, I prefer one thickness of outing to any sort of filling I have ever seen. Bind the edge with some of the lining material cut bias.

Perhaps you would like to make an old fashioned biscuit cushion. Cut 2 inch squares of muslin and 3 inch squares of silk. Sew a square of silk to a square of muslin, laying the extra inch of silk in a tuck in center of each of the four sides. Before sewing the fourth side to the foundation, insert a little tuft of cotton to make the silk puff up into a "biscuit". Sew the little biscuits together to make a cushion the size you wish.

Another cushion—or whole spread if you have that much energy—can be made by cutting the silk into 3 or 4 inch circles. Turn the edge and run a drawthread around the edge, drawing it tight. This makes a sort of ball, which is to be flattened out and the drawn part fastened to exact center of circle with a few French knots. Sew these "daisies" together to make various shaped cushions.



OVER THE FENCE

The small son of Mrs. Geo. Flenison of Atlantic, Iowa, says "I just can't understand women. There for three months when you didn't hear from Paul, you didn't cry, and when you got a letter, you did." It's no use trying to understand us women folks! Your grandfather and your father don't, either.

BEWARE OF THOSE OPEN CELLAR DOORS! Mrs. B. Barnhill of Saint Joseph, Missouri, gives this advice. She speaks from experience, for she recently fell through an open cellar door on her back porch and was quite badly hurt.

Mrs. A. Woznick of Bridgeport, Nebraska, would like to belong to a "Nellie" club. These name clubs are becoming quite the style. The Bessie club now has 133 members. If interested in joining, write Mrs. Bessie Waltemate, Waverly, Ia.

I had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Ed Donalson of Trenton, Mo., recently. Mrs. Donalson is remembered by many of you as "Aunt Bess" who broadcast over KFNF years ago.

Do you remember "away back when" we had Kitchen-Klatter pins? They were shaped like a microphone and had the words "Kitchen-Klatter" on them. Mrs. Amy Latta of Coon Rapids, Iowa, still has hers.

From Craig, Missouri, comes this bit of advice. Mrs. Ernest Stockwell says a proverb handed down to her from her mother is as follows: "If you quilt one quilt and buy one sheet a year, you will always have plenty of bedding."

Faylon Geist, who formerly entertained you from KMA is now in the army. His address is Pvt. Faylon Geist, Battery D, 27th C. A. T. B. Camp Wallace, Texas. He has opportunities to play for chapel services at Camp Wallace, and is allowed to practice on the organ whenever he has time.

Recently Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Richardson celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary. Paper napkins are a hobby of Mrs. Richardson so on this anniversary her sister in Topeka, Kansas, planned a card and napkin shower for her. She received 100 folders and 72 napkins.

The eight year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Malek of Columbus, Nebraska, collected 115 pounds of old

rubber around the place. She bought defense stamps with the \$1.15 she received. She is helping Uncle Sam in two ways.

A letter from Mrs. Ada Johnston of Oskaloosa, Kansas, tells of the death of her mother, Mrs. Martha Meyers. She had just passed her 91st birthday.

Last month I told you I was one of a set of triplets for I had heard from two listeners who were 56 on April 3rd. Now I have learned of another born the same day and year—Mrs. Garfield Mauck of Reinbeck, Iowa, has a sister who was 56 April 3rd.

A bit of advice for these strenuous times. "When you work, work hard; when you sit, sit loose; when you worry, go to sleep." Sent by Mrs. C. A. Lowell, Webster City, Iowa.

Our son, Wayne, in Hawaii sends us a Honolulu daily paper. It is much like our papers. Has many of the same syndicated features.

Edward May, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl May, was married in June. He and his wife have gone to Washington, D. C., from which place they will leave for Lima, Peru, where Edward will be employed by our government. It was because of his knowledge of the Spanish language and agricultural problems that he was chosen for this special work. We all wish him much success in his new work.

Please don't ask for back numbers of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine as a premium. Only the premiums listed in the magazine each month are available.

Mrs. May Bunting, New Market, Ia. says, "I love to hear you and Gertrude stir and bake. I have never seen Gertrude, but I have a unique way of judging people. I can tell by the way she stirs and beats that she has a strong and pleasing personality." Yes, Mrs. Bunting, you're right. Gertrude is one in a thousand. A friend upon whom one can depend.

No, Mrs. Walt Pitzer is not a widow. Mr. Pitzer is a Hybrid Corn salesman and they live at Shell Rock, Ia. They have two daughters, one in northern Iowa and one in Denver, Colo.

Mrs. M. D. Lehman of Gypsum, Kansas, and I have a lot in common. Her four year old daughter, Lucile, shares my birthday, April 3, and her two year old daughter has my name, Leanna.

"I think my ten year old girl enjoys the magazines as much as I do. Every day or so she gets them out and spends an hour or so with them."—Mrs. Fred Rasmussen, Winnebago, Nebr.

Buy War Stamps and Bonds!

THE MOTHER'S ROUND TABLE

Written for Mothers by Mothers

THE GREATEST GIFT

Blakesburg, Iowa.—“The first Sunday my boy was in camp he wrote me:

“I went over to the chapel last Sunday evening but there wasn't any service. The Chaplain wasn't even there. The church was open, though, so I went in and sat down. No lights were lit, so I just sat there and thought, and looked for tranquility and peace, the way you've taught me to do since I was a little boy. There was no preacher, but then I didn't really need one, anyway. I thought of a line from the Bible that you read to me once—“Where ever a few of you gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of you.” I wasn't much of a crowd, but I felt the Presence never the less, and I still have the peace of mind and a restful feeling from it.”

Of course I was thankful that I had given to him something that would be a comfort to him in a spiritual way. Well, after all, that was my chief aim in trying to be a mother to him, to give him faith and a firm belief in God and prayer.”

Another bread story: Mrs. E. T. Stever of Omaha, Nebr., had this experience as a bride. Her bread would not rise and so after a few hours elapsed and still it did not rise she threw it over the back fence into the chicken pen. When her husband came in to dinner, he said he had seen some chickens trying to pull themselves out of something they could not get loose from. Well—they couldn't! The sun had warmed the bread. It was soft and white, like snow. They had a feast, but met with disastrous results.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Volberding of Dike, Iowa, is in Ireland and sent them some flower and garden seeds. The seeds are all planted and coming up nicely, and they are having a lot of fun watching their Irish garden grow.



A picture taken in the Hawaiian Islands. The soldiers are Jack Hix, Belle Plaine, Iowa; Aldine Middleton, Chicago, Ill.; Wayne Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa; George Bailey, Carleton, Nebr.; Floyd Pickett, Idaho; and Adrian Lawler, North Dakota.

BEAUTY IN OUR LIVES

By Helen Loudon

We are being urged to make a very special effort to keep ourselves and our surroundings as attractive as possible, for the sake of our loved ones who are in the service of our country. They like to think of home as a haven of peace and beauty; the mental picture of his home, his family, and all the loved corners that are especially his, will spur any man on to do his best in order to protect and return to his own.

All of us need beauty in our lives. Let's point out the lovely things about us to our children. Some people seem born with a love of beauty; but most of us love beauty because it has first been brought to our notice when we were quite small. Those who walk through life without seeing the lovely things about them are to be pitied because they miss so much.

Nature is prodigal with her beauty; it is everywhere, in all seasons. Sunrise and sunset, trees and grass, snow on evergreens, wandering streams, even an oak twig in spring, each is a miracle of loveliness.

Only a few of us can paint beautiful pictures, sing or play wonderfully well, or write great books; but we can learn to appreciate these things, and what would an artist do without a public to appreciate his art?

In one way, however, love of beauty can cause much unhappiness. The woman who, possessing unusual beauty, lives only for her appearance, is going to find unhappiness when her youth goes and with it a great share of her good looks. It isn't at all necessary for a beautiful woman to be “dumb”, for it has often been proved that beauties are average to superior in intelligence. So let's teach our girls that the inside of the head is at least as important as the outside.

One of the loveliest women I have ever known must be in her early sixties now, yet she is as attractive as ever to those who know her. She keeps herself and her surroundings lovely; she is responsive to all beauty about her, and she has never stopped growing mentally. Hers is a beauty that is ageless and beyond price.

Topeka, Kans. “This war has touched us all and it behooves each and every one to do all we can to help. I mean in keeping ourselves fit as to physical and nervous ability. I hope when the boys return they won't find as many broken down mothers, wives and sisters as they found after the World War. We mothers of small ones should beware of the war talk around them. It does do things to them. They must have a normal childhood as well as we can possibly manage. Let's all try to keep our chins up and our feet on solid ground, and I'm sure we will come out on top.”



These twins, Justus and Mildred Perner of Omaha, Nebr., are both in the service of their country. Justus is in the air corps and Mildred, who is wearing his cap, is an army and navy hospital nurse.

Lamoni, Iowa.—“I admire the brave, patient, uncomplaining mothers of our soldier boys. The outcome of this present conflict will depend on the prayers of the Mothers of America. I would not minimize the suffering of these mothers, but how thankful they should be that our boys are the best fed, best clothed and best equipped of any army in the world. We must not forget the girls in the service. There are many, many army, navy and Red Cross nurses. They, as well as the boys, deserve and need our prayers and support.”

PRAYER OF A SIX YEAR OLD

Dear God, bless Mommie and Dad-die, and all the soldiers and sailors and air-men and Dear God, do take care of yourself for if you are bombed, we are sunk. Amen.

A GOLD STAR MOTHER WRITES

“Our son in the navy was killed just four months ago. Needless to say, our hearts are broken. He was just 19 years old and it is hard to go on without him. I have such wonderful memories of him and I am glad now that no matter how tired I might be or whatever else might happen, I always wrote to him three times a week, whether he was able to mail a letter to “Mom” or not. Just the day before he was killed, he had a box from home and had written me about it.

“I hope all other mothers will write often to their sons, and while they can, send boxes from home.”

—A Gold Star Mother.

Buy War Stamps and Bonds!

WHAT
SHALLWE
READ

BOOK REVIEW

By Edith Seabury

BIBLE PLANTS FOR AMERICAN
GARDENS

By Eleanor Anthony King

Plants mentioned in the Bible are the living link between us and the people of those hallowed, distant times. We grow the same flowers, herbs, vegetables, orchards and trees that grew in the Promised Land. Plants of which Isaiah and Ezekiel spoke, plants which Jesus used in His parables. Today we grow almond, apricot, fig, olive, pomegranate and the grape. Wheat is still the staff of life for us, even as it was for them. The humble onion and leek of our present day lives were also a part in the lives of Bible People.

We can reach back to Bible days through a mere two thousand Spring-times when we plant a garden. It is with a garden that Genesis begins and with a vision of fruit bearing trees that Revelation ends. From Eden to Gethsemane, the Bible is a book of gardens. The Song of Solomon describes a lavish green of Oriental splendor. The average man today could not afford such a one. It is described as a place filled with fountains of living water and when the wind blew, the air was filled with spicy fragrance. Man's life often depended on a garden and when his life ended he was usually buried there, Jesus and His disciples went often to a place of flowers to rest and pray, and it was in the garden of Gethsemane that Jesus made His great decision. In Joseph's garden Jesus was laid to rest and there the weeping Mary mistook the risen Savior for the gardener.

The indoor gardener will find many uses for the herbs they tell us about as well as the narcissus, lilies and anemones, crocus and hyacinth. The sweet smelling herbs, anise, carlander, dill and sage are as popular today as they were then. The gourd of Jonah's experience was our castor bean commentators say. Cucumbers and melons were grown in Palestine and Egypt, the latter loved by the children of Israel.

Many of the trees we are familiar with date back two thousand years when travelers enjoyed the fruits of the fig tree and the small bitter orange, as well as the shade of the date palm. Camphire trees grew in Solomon's garden and were beautiful and fragrant. Aloes of this day is used for perfume also and is found many times in tree form.

Among the more practical plants were the staple cereal crops barley and wheat. The most famous bread loaves of the Bible were made of barley. You remember the famous five barley loaves and two fishes that

Jesus blessed and fed the multitudes, having twelve baskets left over. Flax the oldest textile was much cultivated and their finest materials woven from it. There was a broad bean that has many different names, among them, Scotch and Windsor. We read about the spices which were so valuable to these ancient peoples and are so essential to us. Cinnamon was used in the manufacture of fine and precious ointment in the tabernacle.

The plants which afford us pleasure because of their beauty were also loved by our friends of the Bible. The Damask rose and the Austrian Briar, Helianthemum, wild tulip, violet, water lily, balsam, wild geranium, oleanther were all present in their gardens. It makes us feel closer to Martha and Mary Magdelane to think that they too looked in admiration at a larkspur, lythrum, nigella peony, wild cyclamen, raurinculus and autumn crocus on meadow Saffron. The "flower of an hour" which we regard as a pest in our gardens of the present day, was also found in abundance in these early times.

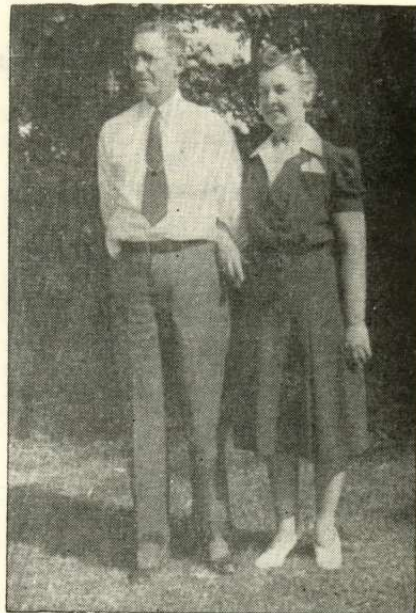
Some flowers have been falsely connected with Biblical characters. You have all heard the story of how the plant, "the crown of thorns" received its name. All authorities agree that is untrue as Euphorbia splendens or "crown of thorns" as it is commonly called, is a native of Madagascar.

The hills of these countries were barren and dry as they have a climate similar to California's. There would be periods without rain when vegetation died. Then the rainy season would cause the desert to "blossom like a rose". There were many thorns and thistles and since the discovery of the new world our American prickly pear has crept over there to cover sections of their country side.

Jesus must have loved growing things because so many of his parables refer to familiar plants. We remember His words about the mustard seed, the vine and wheat. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

This book thinks it would be valuable to teach in our Sunday School classes how God and His Son Jesus taught the people to love nature and the flowers and trees that were here since the beginning of time.

It is comforting during these days of wars and perilous times to know that God's promise to Noah is still being kept, "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night shall not cease."



Mr. and Mrs. Aage Hansen. Mrs. Hansen broadcasts the nine o'clock home-maker's visit from KMA. She will be glad to receive letters from old friends and new ones. Address Edith Hansen, Shenandoah, Iowa.

WOMEN'S WORK

Now we're at war ... let's win the fight,

Remove from Earth the Nazi blight.
Let's raise our colors, keep 'em flying,
Keep our way of life from dying.

What can we do? Well, let us see ...
What shall our contribution be?

Let's buy more bonds and saving stamps

Reduce our use of power "amps"
Conserve our paper from all waste,
For common food acquire a taste,
Get Red Cross yarn,—keep busy knitting

While at our firesides we are sitting.

Let's patch again, and darn, and sew,
And learn to use a garden hoe;
Be an economic buyer,
Walk and save a rubber tire.

Let's all resolve that we will not
Use any pan or any pot
That could be used for tanks and guns
And all machines to whip the Huns,
Including planes for Yankee chaps
To rid the world of wily Japs.

Let's raise our colors—Keep 'em flying,

Keep our way of life from dying!

—Mrs. M. E. Faubion,
3001 Sheridan Ave.,
St. Joseph, Mo.

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, Shenandoah, Iowa. Price 35c; 3 for \$1.00.



FOR THE CHILDREN

HOW TO MAKE A COMPASS

You can make a compass if you have a needle, a bottle cap and a magnet. Select a large needle. Draw it across the magnet several times, always in the same direction. Now fill a bowl half full of water and place a milk bottle cap or other round piece of cardboard on the surface of the water. On this lay the magnetized needle. The cardboard and needle will swing around in the water until the needle points north.

DO YOU KNOW?

When you eat a spoonful of honey, do you stop to think how long it took a bee to make it and how many blossoms it took to supply this honey? If the bee only has to fly for two minutes to reach the clover field, it would have to visit 62,000 blossoms and make 2,750,000 trips to gather enough nectar to make one pound of honey. The bee would have to work day and night without stopping for over a year. If you had to pay the bee, as you would a person to work all this time, a pound of honey would cost a lot of money.

FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF

Take your age, multiply by 2, add 5, multiply by 50, subtract 365, add the loose change in your pocket under one dollar. Add 115. If you have made no mistake, the first two figures in the answer are your age and the last two the change you have in your pocket.



The Koala

THE KOALA
By Evelyn Hansen.

The Koala lives in southeastern part of Australia. It is called "native bear" by the people because it looks somewhat like a bear.

The body of the Koala is fat and it has a short thick head, round tufted ears, no tail and a very thick gray coat of hair. It is about two feet long.

It is a very good climber and lives in the tall Eucalyptus trees where it eats the leaves and buds of the trees. Like an owl, it comes out at night to look for food to eat.

The mother Koala carries her baby cub on her back for a long time after it is able to leave her pouch. The Koala is timid and cannot defend itself. Because it is good to eat the jungle people kill them for food. The skins are sent to England to be sold as a cheap grade of fur.

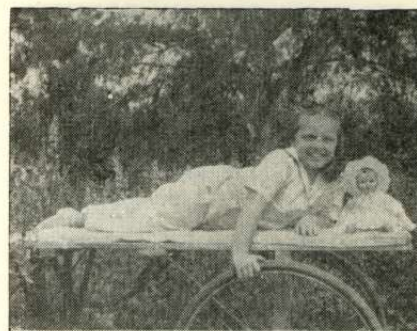
UNCLE SAM

Uncle Sam is a "Make believe" person, representing our country. How did this idea get started?

During the War of 1812 a man named Sam Wilson, who was called Uncle Sam by those who knew him, had to inspect war materials. If they were alright, he stamped them with the letters U. S., for United States. When some one once asked him what U. S. stood for on the boxes and bundles, he replied, "Uncle Sam, of course." Ever since then people have spoken of the United States as "Uncle Sam."

Why should a cabman be brave? Because none but the brave deserve the fair (fare).

I lived upon my own substance and died when I had devoured myself. A candle.



A LETTER FROM SHIRLEY ROSE

Dorchester, Nebr.
June 25, 1942

Dear Aunt Leanna,

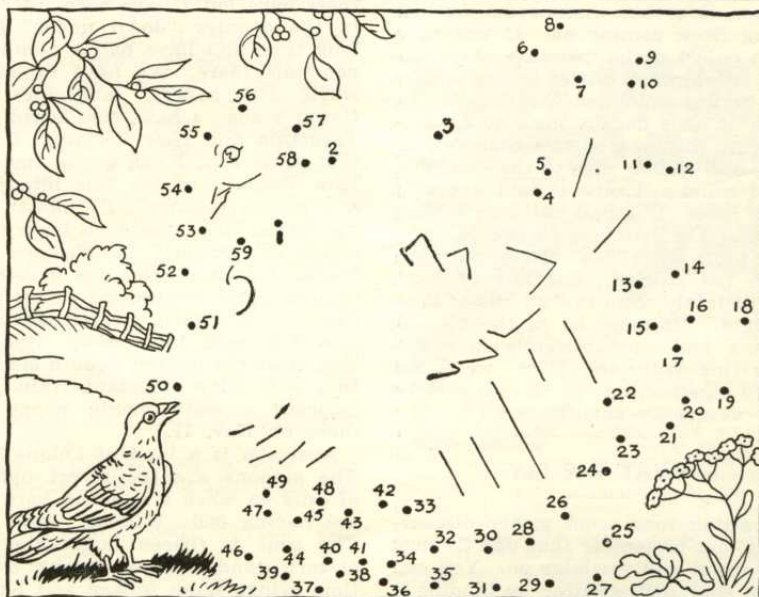
I never wrote to you before but my mother has written to you several times. I am the 8-year-old girl in the body cast. I have been in it 9 months already.

I get lots of letters from little girls and 4 Mothers. I wrote Adella several times and she writes to me. I even get letters from a man in Lincoln. A Sunday School teacher sends me Sunday School papers. I enjoy them very much. She lives in Brayton, Iowa.

I have a wagon. I can wheel it myself. In front are two bicycle wheels. In the back is a tricycle wheel. It is pretty high. I like it very much. My uncle Ed Fritz made it. I am sending you a picture of myself and the wagon and my favorite doll, Joan. Maybe you would like to put it in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I would be very tickled. We get the Kitchen-Klatter from my Aunt Bertha. I read the Kitchen-Klatter and enjoy it very much. My mother reads it also.

We have 13 pet rabbits, kittens, baby chicks, and 15 baby ducklings. I have 10 dolls. I have over 100 paper dolls. I collect stamps. I also collect handkerchieves.

—Shirley Rose Sefrna.
c/o Mrs. Fr. Sefrna, Jr.



What could the pigeon be discussing? Draw a line from dot to dot and you will find he is talking to quite a personage in the bird family.

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

I once read an article on how to write interestingly and it said to stray from your subject occasionally, but only briefly.

This morning I was picking red raspberries for dinner and as I came up through the garden I gathered green beans, and the thought came to me, why is it that any one who likes green beans seems to like them very much, and the ones that do not like them dislike them just as heartily. There seems to be no half-way mark when it comes to the popularity of green beans!

Personally, I like them very much—use them often, in different ways and can a lot for winter use. These are the flat-podded variety and I am going to “snipple” them or “cut them on the bias”, and add several medium sized potatoes and salt. When thoroughly cooked, mash the potatoes in the bean juice, add some butter—and I know a good sized bowl full will disappear for dinner.

I guess I have strayed from the subject of poultry too far and too long.

Today I had a phone call from a friend asking me if I believed in summer culling of your hens and I told her “positively yes.” I believe enough in it that I had mine culled June twenty-sixth and disposed of the culls at a good price. Hens were sixteen cents, all weights, and old cockerels ten cents a pound. Could I have had them culled a week earlier I would have received eighteen cents a pound. Some of my hens were very fat. One weighed nine and one-half pounds. At sixteen cents a pound, the one hen brought one dollar and fifty-two cents. Now, this hen was not laying and very likely one of these hot days I would have found her dead under the roost.

Then it makes more room for the young flock coming on. If you have them culled early, hens are a reasonably good price. After young chickens begin coming on the market the price of hens usually goes down.

I only disposed of two cockerels as I am still selling eggs to the hatchery, but I could sell several as I had sold some hens. If I had not been selling eggs to the hatchery, I would have sold them all. They are a nuisance when not needed. Eat lots of feed, and certainly seem to find lots of time to fight. “It must be in the air” as I have had such quarrelsome cockerels this year, and they were all raised together here on the place since they were baby chicks.

SWAT THE FLY

Swatting may seem pretty discouraging, but remember that one fly now may mean millions later on. You can make your own swatter by binding a piece of screen wire and tacking it to a stick.



Faylon Geist, formerly a musician at KMA, is now a soldier for Uncle Sam.

FOR MOTHERS AND FATHERS

They watch them go away, and smile
To see them go; yet all the while
Conceal their fears, and sternly speak.
Oh! Could I be as brave as they,
Should my boys have to go away?

My little boys are dear to me;
As their big boys to them must be.
Oh, God! without Your help, I know
I couldn't bear to see them go.
Be with them, Lord, from day to day,
The ones whose boys have gone away!

—Mrs. Ernest B. Haight,
David City, Nebr.

FLOWERS IN AUSTRALIA

By Mrs. Frank Dehn.

Australia is very much in the news these days but I have been interested in the country “down under” for a long time and have had a number of pen pals there. We have exchanged small gifts, papers, magazines and flower seeds. I have also heard from Tasmania and New Zealand. I hope that some time I can go to Australia. How I'd love to see this interesting and unique country! I'd like to visit my friend who lives on a large sheep ranch or “station” in Western Australia. Her last letter was mailed December 5 and reached me February 24. She is a busy farm woman whose letters are most interesting. She said that after the terrible drouth last year they now have abundant rain. She enclosed a cloth buddy poppy sold there on Nov. 11.

Australia is a land of unique flora. The seasons are the direct opposite of ours so when it's spring here they are having fall. Winters are mild. The time is fifteen hours ahead of eastern standard time. October spring-time brings fresh foliage and blooms.

The wattle is the national flower of Australia. They are acacia known as

wattles because early settlers used their branches as wattles or framework for mud huts. The scent of the golden wattle brings to Aussies a homesick feeling like the smell of the sage to a westerner.

Western Australia's floral emblems are oddly shaped flowers called “kangaroo paws”. Several differently colored kinds of these plants grow in the state. Blue Leschenaultia is a wild flower. Vast fields are carpeted with a flower mosaic of wild flowers in September and October. A purplish blue weed is called “salvation Jane” because its blossoms resemble Salvation Army bonnets and also because cattle survived a drouth by grazing on it.

The spectacular Christmas bush bursts aflame in December summer. There are also giant Christmas trees in West Australia. Watsonias bloom along southwestern roads.

In the great forests, tulip, lily, honeysuckle and fern are trees, not garden flowers. No other continent is so rich in ferns.

A lovely brilliantly colored native flower is Sturt's Desert Pea, or, botanically *clianthus dampieri*, (for the buccaneer Dampier was the first to find it). It prefers to waste its glory on the desert air and is one of the first to bloom after the desert receives a good rain. The flowers grow in a cluster, brilliant red blooms with black knobs at the base of the upper sepal. The foliage is silvery and as beautiful as the flowers.

For centuries no one but the Aborigines ever saw it but today it is grown in English and American greenhouses where it is handled almost with tongs, for it is very frail.

Red waratah is a glorious native flower.

Every state in the Commonwealth has some lovely flower that they think should be the national flower but the wattle is the only one that is indigenous to all the states.

In our California an internationally known rose culturist spent ten years developing a rose which is a warm pink in color, thornless and will bloom perpetually. In tribute to the warriors of Australia and New Zealand he named this beautiful rose the Anzac.

Buy War Stamps and Bonds!



The lovely country home of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Weaver, Rt. 2, Princeton, Mo.

Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

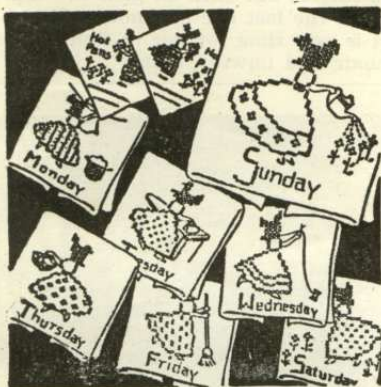
RUGS AS A HOBBY

Making crocheted rugs is my hobby. I do so enjoy making something lovely out of my discarded house dresses, smocks and aprons. I do not like to use a mixture of colors in one rug, and after a garment is cut and sewed I put it with others of the same predominating color. Dyeing the too badly faded material in colors to blend or to contrast, to make stripes to brighten up the other material, adds much to the beauty of the finished rug.

Another idea which is original with me: I always use carpet warp crocheted with the rags. It adds much strength and therefore adds more wear. If most of the prepared material is rose or pink in color, I use a rose carpet warp which adds a blending in various shades. With stripes of grey, taupe or ecru, it makes a lovely combination. In one lovely rug I used orange colored carpet warp with material of brown, orange and yellow mixed prints, and made stripes of orange and brown that I had dyed. It is a very striking combination and I have had many compliments on it. With green or lavender I like a touch of black, just a few stripes and a border adds that certain something that appeals to me.

Another thing, I am very particular in cutting the rags very fine. In prints, about one-half inch is plenty wide, and the rugs can be crocheted very close which also adds beauty.

If you wish to do so, pass these ideas along to other Kitchen-Klatter sisters who enjoy this hobby.—Mrs. Edna Hansen, Cumberland, Iowa.



Day-of-the-Week Motifs

Blithely unconcerned over the pretty picture she makes, this little colonial girl is "as busy as a bee" all the week through. Her gay cross stitch sunbonnets and hoop skirts swish busily through the daily tasks, meanwhile providing interesting embroidery for tea towels. Two matching panholder motifs complete this delightful set, which combines speedy running stitches with the crosses. C9404, 10¢, is the pattern for these motifs.—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

HOBBIES

Good poems suitable for scrapbook for her son in the army, who is preparing for the ministry, is the hobby of Mrs. Carrie Peterson, Lake City, Iowa.

Match book covers, with the scratcher part left on.—V. M. Hayford, 1032 Homer St., Omaha, Nebr.

"I would like to make an exchange of perennial forget-me-not seed and painted daisy seed for buttons. Please write first."—Betty Davidson, Gresham, Nebr.

Poems—Miss Georgia Espe, R1, B115, Radcliffe, Iowa.

Handkerchieves, quilt pieces and patterns, and house plants.—Miss Colleen Barnes, R3, Lawrence Kansas.

Tea towels.—Mrs. Fred Kranz, R3, Holton, Kans.

Hankies.—Miss Roberta Kranz, R3, Holton, Kans.

Novelty brooches and small shaker sets.—Hope and Opal Niles, c/o E. Millenbruch, Mayetta, Kansas, Rt. 3.

Horses of any material, and patriotic gadgets.—Miss Irma Chase, Box 367, Neola, Iowa.

Cacti and plants, and tea towel patterns.—Mrs. R. L. Bailey, Kellogg, Ia.

Hankies, bath towels and tea towels.—Mrs. George Witcofski, 901 W. Mary St., Beatrice, Nebr.

Salt and Peppers. Wants to hear from any one born July 14, 1885.—Mrs. Louva M. Roovaart, Barnes City, Kansas.

Small bottles and recipes.—Marilyn Pennebaker, R1, Sharpsburg, Iowa.

Will exchange a set of shakers for 1 crocheted potholder or 2 embroidered ones.—Mrs. Leo Davis, R1, Hamilton, Iowa.

Poems.—Mrs. I. C. Friesen, 1003 H. St., Fairbury, Nebr.

Floral pattern Haviland dishes. Write first, what pattern and pieces you have and state price you want.—Mrs. Samuel Larson, Lyons, Nebr.

Shakers, vases and old fashioned cake plates on stands.—Mrs. Max Hamner, 708 E. Page St., Creston, Ia.

Handkerchieves.—Ida Jensen, R4, B330, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Tea towel and holder patterns.—Mrs. Lucille Horsman, Rembrandt, Iowa.

Pencils.—Mrs. Frank Baker, Clearfield, Iowa.

Shoes, either singles or pairs, all materials.—Adeline Simpa, Mapleton, Iowa.

Shakers.—Miss Carol Anderson, Harcourt, Iowa.

Paper Napkins, sachets, view cards and pencils.—Verdetta Houchins, Castana, Iowa.

Hankies.—Mrs. Ray TePoel, RR., Malmo, Nebr.

Buttons and postmarks.—Mrs. Chloe Kerns, Sharpsburg, Iowa.

Shakers.—Mrs. Austin E. Miller, 624 E. Marion St., Mishawaka, Ind.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

VIOLETS FOR COURAGE. Easy to grow. Six plants, each different, for 50c postpaid. Sunnyside Gardens, Jessie Shambaugh, Clarinda, Ia.

SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS FOR SALE. Send 3c stamp for price list. V. P. Ewing, Rt. 2, Goff, Kans.

LADIES' AND GIRLS' BIRTHSTONE RING. Sterling Silver or Gold Plate. All sizes. 50c postpaid. Send size and month. Remarkable offer. Stipp's, Oakland, Nebraska.

HOOKED RUGS. 32x54 inches. Cotton \$6.00. Silk \$8.00. Oval or Oblong. Send stamp for information. Lena Arfman, Butler, Mo.

ATTENTION, VIEW CARD COLLECTORS. Post Card Views of all State Capital Buildings. Large Letter cards from many states and cities. Scripture text postcards for all occasions. 25c a dozen. Gertrude Haylett, Box 288, Shenandoah, Iowa.

RAINBOW EXCHANGE CLUB. Dues 10c yr. Members from all states. Mrs. G. H. Marsh, Sangerville, Maine.

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.

BUY BEAUTY

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

FOOT PAINS STOPPED

with Air-Cooled ARCH-HEELERS
TRY 30 DAYS AT OUR RISK
OR Money Back
\$1.00 a Pair

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

Made of selected leather, specially shaped, with soft cushions to gently lift bone joints, release nerve-pressures, free blood-circulation, align entire foot. Springy Air Cooled. Comfortable, even in tight-fitting dress shoes. Thousands praise them. "I wouldn't take \$5 for mine," says one. Pair, \$1.
SEND NO MONEY Send only name, address, and shoe size.
Pay postman \$1 plus few cents postage. Money back if you are not pleased after 30 days. Send Today!
ARCH-HEELER Co., Box K-8, Co. Bluffs, Ia.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

PRAYER FOR MEN UNDER COLORS

Our Gracious Heavenly Father, we commend to Thy loving care our sons who have gone forth to serve their country and the cause of freedom, on land and sea and in the air. Shield them from danger, keep them strong and steadfast; give them courage and chivalry; inspire them with devotion to the cause to which they are offering their lives and help them to achieve a just and lasting peace for the whole world.

Hold in Thy Holy Keeping all those, dear to them, whom they have left behind. Cleanse them from the stain of sin and help them to live victoriously, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS

A number of Aid Societies are adding money to their treasury by taking subscriptions to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. From every \$1.00 received for a yearly subscription your Aid can keep 25¢, sending me 75¢. When I give this commission, I cannot offer premiums to the subscriber. One Society sent in fifteen subscriptions this month, another twenty. Talk this over in your group. You will find it an easy way to make money.

A BANDANNA SALE

Some Aid Society group might like to try this plan. Buy several dozen large bandannas or square head kerchiefs and make from them as many interesting articles as possible. These may include dust caps, aprons, shoe bags, laundry bags, sofa pillow covers, or collar and cuff sets. On a well-advertised date, these are displayed in a home or in a store window and sold. This plan might be combined with your bazaar or with some fall food sale, the articles to be made during the summer.

LASTING THANKSGIVING

Thy loving kindness
Lord to me
Forever will a wonder be.
I try to count my blessings o'er,
And find them growing more and more.
Should life for me be extra long,
In which to sing my thankful song,
Yet, a dozen lives too short a time
To tell Thy love
So sweet, sublime.
'Twould take above eternity—
To sing my humble thanks to Thee.
—Mrs. Harry Blow, Dell Rapids, So. D.

STORK SHOWERS

So many babies are born in August that my mail has been full of requests for help with stork showers that are to be given for the August arrivals. Because of this I thought that I would pass on some of the helps that have been sent to me by my friends who have given parties of this kind recently.

From a Kitchen Klatter sister in Geneseo, Kansas comes the following good suggestions.

"I gave a double shower so I covered two card tables with blue crepe paper (I glued it underneath to hold it smooth) and then tied pink crepe paper across the center with a large bow right in the middle. Well, each of these tables looked like a large package done up, and as the guests arrived they put their gifts on the card tables. When I was ready to present the gifts I just carried a table of gifts and placed it in front of the honored guest.

"For games they wrote telegrams announcing the arrivals using the letters in the honored guests' names to start each word in the telegram. Another game we enjoyed was a jumbled-word contest. I had written on slips of paper the articles used in bathing a baby with the letters in each word all jumbled up, and of course the game was to see who could straighten the words out first.

"Another contest was to pass a square of cardboard, a stick of gum and a toothpick to each guest. They were to chew the gum and then place it on the cardboard and using just the toothpick (not the fingers) mold a baby out of the gum.

"For nut cups I made small diapers, some out of pink outing flannel and some out of blue. They were three-cornered and fastened with small safety pins, and then I dipped them in melted parafine so that they were stiff when cold. You have to shape them a little as they are cooling so that they will hold mints and nuts. I serv-

ed dainty sandwiches and salad for the first course, and for the dessert course I served pink cakes iced with delicate blue icing, and orange sherbet which blended in well with the pink and blue color scheme."

NAME THE BABY

Cut from magazines or catalogs pictures of babies. Cut the head from pictures of well known men or women and paste on the babies. Snip off portions of the adults' heads here and there to make it more difficult to guess who they are. Number them and place around the room for contestants to guess the identity of each number.

STITCHES

1. Hard to live with—Cross stitch.
2. Part of a cough—Hem stitch.
3. A part of a window—Blind stitch.
4. Found on a fowl—Feather stitch.
5. A fish—Cat stitch
- 6.—Made of links—Chain stitch.
7. Not forward—Back stitch.
8. Must have a key—Lock stitch.

PRESENTING THE GIFTS

Carry in a little clothes basket decorated in pink and blue crepe paper, and clothes line on which has been previously pinned the gifts, the name of the donor fastened to each garment. This line is to be stretched up across the room and the guest of honor asked to remove the garments and put them in the clothes basket, as a shower is coming up.

A TREASURE HUNT

Hide the gifts in the different rooms. Tell the guest of honor where she should look for the first gift. Here she will find a note telling her where to go for the second gift. This idea is carried out until all gifts are found. With the last one is a note telling her it is now time for her to find an easy chair and unwrap them.



The Kitchen-Klatter Picnic, Hampton, Iowa, June 24, 1942. Mrs. Walt Pitzer is standing under the letters "at" in Klatter. This picnic is to be an annual affair.