

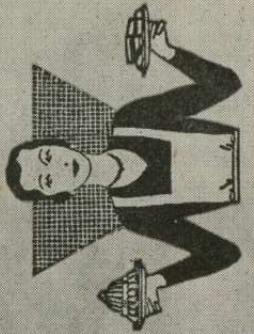
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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

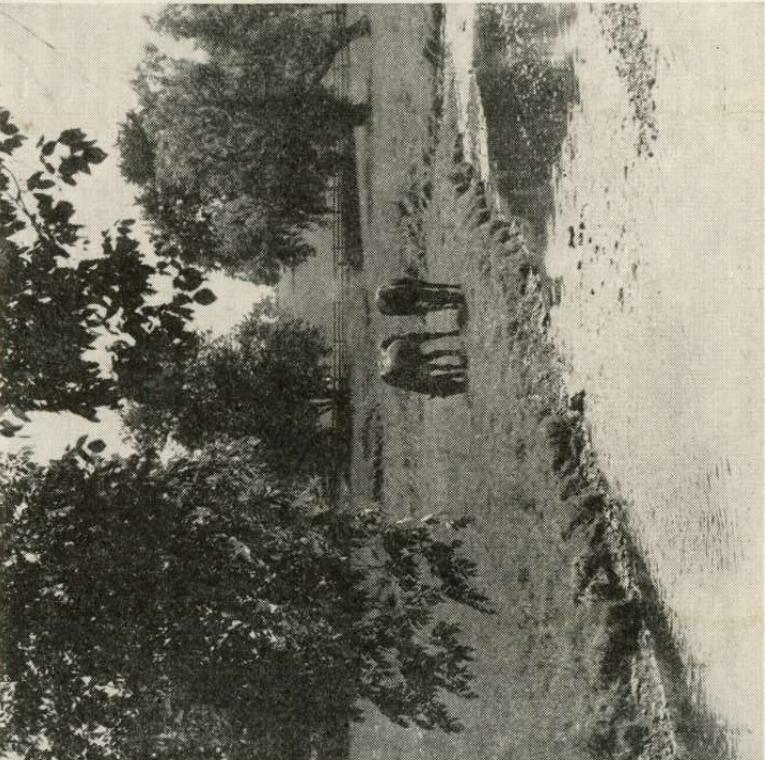
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Number 9 •



H. Armstrong - Roberts Photo



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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My Dear Friends:

I wish I could share with you the huge bouquet of gladioli that I have here on the table in front of me as I write to you this morning. The flowers have been unusually beautiful this year. I don't advise you to do what we did, for last fall we neglected digging our "glad" bulbs. To our surprise they came up this spring and are now in bloom. We have wonderful petunias, too. Each year I buy some new plants and now have quite a variety of bloom. Believe it or not, last year we had a petunia that climbed to the top of the little sentinel pines by our front porch. That was the first climbing petunia I had ever seen.

We have had wonderful summer weather. Very few really hot days, and most of the nights were cool. I know that many of you have been helping with the farm work this summer, since help has been so scarce. You were glad you were able to belong to the land army and help keep the bread basket of the world, full.

August was a very busy month at our house. Margery finished school August 7 and has been busy helping me with the house work and getting ready to leave the last of the month for Fella, Iowa, where she will teach this coming year. She would like to have made a trip to California to see her sisters—and the boy friend at Camp Roberts—but the time was too short. Perhaps by next summer we can both go, and make a longer visit.

Donald, our youngest son who will be 20, August 16, enlisted in the ground force of the air corps. At the time I write this we haven't heard where he will take his training. I hope he will be close enough to home that we can see him once in a while.

I am a Great-great-aunt. On August first Frank Field's daughter, Zoanna, had a baby boy. Then on August 4th, I became a Great Aunt for my sister Martha's son, Dwight Eaton and his wife, Wilma, who live in New Jersey, became the parents of a son. These are all the new babies I can report at present, but look for more news next month.

We have had no more letters from Egypt since we had the cable from the Y. M. C. A. office in Cairo that Ted had gone to Asmara, Eritrea. This is an American base so I feel he is much safer there.

How do you like our new Kitchen-

Klatter slogan, "Keep singing, keep smiling, and work for America?" Try to live up to this motto. There will be many lonesome days for us mothers this winter and we must help each other all we can. Don't spread gloomy reports and rumors. This would only help our enemies and lower our own efficiency. Work hard, play hard and leave the rest in God's hands.

With love,
—Leanna.

DAY BY DAY

Finish each day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in. Forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. Begin it serenely, and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with old nonsense.—Emerson.

TIRED OF COOKING

There comes a time when we tire of the things we love to do best, and even though we like to cook and prepare meals, we tire of this job, too.

I have found it a good plan to take time when I am really hungry and make a list of foods my family like and haven't been served for a while. An hour a week spent thinking up good things to eat isn't time wasted.

Perhaps you have let your cooking get in a rut. You haven't taken time to try out new recipes. In many families dinner is the only meal that needs to be especially planned ahead of time. Supper is often very light and consists of left over foods. If full meals are served twice a day, they should be planned so as to minimize the time spent in the kitchen.

Planning menus isn't just a hit or miss job. There must be a definite system to it. First you must know what left overs and supplies you have on hand. Then you must consider the time, energy and money involved. Plan to prepare the meal with a minimum of fuel. Consider the food requirements for your family so that they will have needed food for health and growth.

Don't spoil your children by lack of variety on the table. They should become accustomed to all kinds of foods as they grow up. It is often the mother's fault if the children are finicky eaters.

EVERY ONE HELPS

Every member of the family must help if the household is to run smoothly and easily. All too many times the mother is tired and worn out by evening while the care free teen-age daughter, who has been taking it easy all day, powders her nose and, fresh as a daisy, starts out for an evening of gaiety. The daughter is not as much to blame as the poor tired mother.

From the time children can be taught to pick up their play things, they should share the responsibilities of the home work. For little children the tasks must not be too difficult or too long. They must have plenty of encouragement. Yes! I know it is easier to do the work oneself than to get a child to do it. This is the main reason that many children grow up without having had a chance to do their bit. They may grumble and complain when asked to help but they will appreciate knowing a little about housework later on.

Even if you have to scrub the floor over again after the small daughter has gone to bed, let her have the joy of feeling she has helped mother. Children love to do things that involve messing with soap and water.

Discuss the housework with the children. They will realize that family life means sharing and working, one for the other and this cooperation will draw the family closer together.

UNCLE SAM COMES FIRST

Many times during the coming year we will cheerfully say, "You first, Uncle Sam," for the whole future of our beloved country depends upon each one of us putting the needs of our country before our personal comfort.

This is particularly true of food. There are plenty of beans, vegetables, hamburgers and other plain honest vittles. Americans are the best-fed people in the world. Some foods must be shipped to our Allies and much food is required for our own armed forces. Our government knows these requirements and if each one of us who has to plan meals for their immediate families will cooperate by saying, "You first, Uncle Sam," our boys will still be the best fed army in the world. Can and dry the perishables that might otherwise go to waste. In this way much food will be left available for front line use.

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.

Come into the Garden with Helen



In a letter from Viola Wilson, 2317 Meyer Boulevard, Kansas City, Mo., to Mrs. Helen Fischer, she tells of the friends who visit her bird bath.

"Did you ever sit quietly in the garden and note the amazing number of busy wings over it? Moth, bird, bee and butterfly, yes, and many others all going on their way fulfilling the cycle of life. A study of their doings is most interesting. Their home life is spread before too often unseeing eyes. Our bird-bath is the center of excitement here. When the shade reaches it in the afternoon I scrub it out and put in fresh water. Oh the bright, eager eyes that watch me. Some even add a chirp of advice and urge haste that they may have a cool drink and bath. One old grandpappy robin sits in the middle of it for half an hour at a time, just soaking his feet, and telling the world in his raspy old voice WHAT a Robin he was when he was younger! A mother blackbird brings a crust of bread and soaks it in the water then tears small bits of it to take to her babies. A robin found the bread she left for another trip and started greedily to eat it. Here comes mother blackbird and with an outraged squawk, chases him out of the yard. A gay little bandit, the northern yellow-throat, with his golden vest, olive green coat and black mask over his eyes—takes a quick drink—and then investigates each rose plant for bugs—yes, and finds them, too, tho I was quite sure they were pretty clean. What helpers the wrens are, yes, and the brown thrashers and all the rest. They make meals off my rubies at present. Rubies? Just the berries on the bush honeysuckle."

Howard Bowlin, Savannah, Mo., after visiting my garden and hearing me bewail the difficulty of growing flowers under my encircling elm trees, wrote this bit of philosophy:

"I know those towering elms plague you because they shut out the sun, but consider how they give you the beauty of the Ozarks although you are where you can have all the conveniences of city life. Please go out and look up into those lofty limbs towering above and protecting your home. The birds and squirrels play there unafraid and the wild flowers grow as in the native haunts. I love your garden."

Mrs. Victor E. Anderson, Gowrie, Iowa, writes that she now has 46 varieties of Hemerocallis and Mrs. George Wignall of Virginia, Nebr., has over 600 varieties of Iris.

Two very different popular flowers go by the name of Daylily. You will like to give each one its proper name. The yellow ones are Hemerocallis and the white ones Hostas.

Mrs. Chas. M. Moser, Dallas Center, Iowa, Rt. 1, "Satisfactory annuals to bring into the house in fall to give our window garden colors not usually found in house plants are the Ageratum, choice Petunias and Nasturtiums. For both color and fragrance, the Nicotiana vies with the Hyacinth. Each bloom lasts ten days, closing by day and opening toward evening. The white ones are like stars."

A bouquet that I much enjoyed this summer was of old fashioned Tansy or "Bitter buttons" with Orange Milkweed, Orange Flare Cosmos and yellow Coreopsis in a yellow pottery vase.

Edna W. Johnson, Albert City, Iowa. "At a recent flower show I saw two especially clever bouquets. One was a red, white and blue effect done with Daisies, blue Delphiniums and red Monardas—all in a shallow white dish. The other was an arrangement of Pansies in a copper dish with a fine mesh copper sponge (choreboy) used as a holder."

Mrs. Frank Fernold, 6304 No. 27, Omaha, Nebr. "My perennial garden is going into its second year and things are beginning to take on a settled look—always something in bloom. I have made it a habit to take a roll call of bloom for my records every other Sunday, and since the middle of May it has been close to a hundred varieties of shrubs, vines or flowers each time, some times more, and yet I have many more things in mind to add."

PREMIUMS

With a yearly subscription to Kitchen-Klatter Magazine at \$1.00 you may have ONE of the following premiums: Any one of the cookbooks listed on page 9, or a 5x7 Photograph of Leanna. Or if 10¢ extra is added, you may choose either 5 sheets of embroidery patterns or Leanna's new book of Favorite Verses. Only one premium given with a yearly subscription.

BOUQUETS FROM OUR PERENNIAL GARDENS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Usually it is the annual flowers which we choose for picking—snapdragons, sweet peas, pansies, zinnia, marigolds and nasturtiums. They are quite often grown in rows in the vegetable garden for just such a purpose, since other blossoms quickly take the place of those picked. But there are also many of our perennial plants which bloom profusely, yielding us many cut flowers and we should keep these in mind during fall days when we remake or add to our perennial borders.

Take the daisies for instance. Even in early spring the Memorial or Oxeye Daisy provides many dainty bouquets, followed in later summer by the big Shastas on long strong stems. There is the Golden Marguerite which makes huge mounds of yellow blooms from one small plant. Its finely cut foliage is quite an asset to the yellow blooms, which droop their petals at nightfall. Also the Coreopsis has a similar bloom. All these have many side buds which run to overtake their chosen sisters.

Clumps of old fashioned Iris should have the biennial Sweet Rocket, Hesperis, planted near them. The shades of lavender, purple, and white, of the latter blend well with the Iris in bouquets, besides bringing their perfume to what is often otherwise a scentless bouquet. In later summer Baby's Breath provides the filler in a stiff arrangement of flowers, softening the rather rigid outlines with its filmy lace.

Dark blue Delphiniums and white phlox are lovely together. If we rather hesitate to cut our choice Delphiniums, let us plant plenty of the Chinese Delphs with their beautiful shades of blue. Plant plenty of the white ones also, they are so graceful and dainty. Right here a word might well be put in for the winter annuals, especially the Larkspur, so much like the Delphinium and very easily grown. These are not perennials, only hardy annuals which spring up in fall from self sown seed, live over as a green mound under the snows of winter, ready to bloom at the same time as the Delphiniums which they so much resemble. These may be picked very freely indeed.

The old fashioned Day Lily which spreads so rapidly may be grown for its cutting flowers. They should be planted where they will not crowd out choicer varieties.

Rudbeckia, the Coneflower, has been very much improved by hybridizing in later years. It is of course biennial, and must be replanted from seed each season to assure continual bloom. Usually it self sows.

Silver King is a very good ornamental to have for cut flower arrangements. Its gray foliage contrasts with the vivid bloom of all cut flowers. It makes a cool looking bouquet for hot days when arranged with our white garden flowers. Chrysanthemums in their full glory provide us perhaps our last garden bouquets.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I only took about fifteen minutes of my lunch hour this noon to bolt a sandwich (yes, I know better than to bolt my food!), but I wanted to come back to the office and write to you. From experience I've learned that it is better to use part of my lunch hour for letters than to wait until I get home at night—there's simply too much to do then, and too little time in which to do it.

We have had more excitement than usual since I last wrote to you. For one thing, Russell's mother came to visit us from Minneapolis. We had hoped that she would be able to come out next spring, but we never dreamed that she would find it possible to make the trip in July. On her way out she stayed overnight in Sioux City with one of Mother's Kitchen-Klatter friends, and she so much appreciated the kind hospitality that was shown to her. Mrs. Shephard is the mother-in-law of the friend with whom she drove as far as Denver on her way out here.

We thought that she would stay with us for several days and then go down to Solano Beach to visit Boletta, but once this close to her only daughter she just couldn't wait to see her. Thus she had only one day with us at that time, but tomorrow we are expecting both of them back here to visit us for a while. There are so many things we want to show Mrs. Verness while she is here (this is her first trip west), and since this is her first vacation in years we want her to have the best time possible.

Aunt Adelyn, father's youngest sister, was here only a very short time, but how much we enjoyed every minute of it. She had been visiting her son, Merrill, in San Diego where he is with the Naval Staff School, and she stopped here on the road back to Iowa to see Uncle Harry, her brother, and Dorothy and me. I think Aunt Adelyn must have carried away quite a confused impression of our two households for there was always someone just arriving home from work or leaving. Dorothy and I laughed when we remembered how many things we had planned for Aunt Adelyn's visit, and she was with us a total of only eight hours, so you know about how much we got done.

It has been quite some time now since we've had a black-out. There have been alerts, of course, but not a single black-out since the four of us were caught out on the highway as I told you in one of my letters. We are all suffering at the extremely high price of vegetables, for they have always been the great cheap mainstay of California diets. Yesterday celery was 40 cents per stalk (no, we didn't buy any) and lettuce, formerly 3 heads for 5 cents, is now 14 and 19 cents per head. Eggs were 54 cents per dozen yesterday, and butter is 51 cents per pound. This gives you an idea of what it costs to live out here, so if you want to feel quite wealthy just imagine that you're selling your eggs to a California market the next time you go out to gather them.



Our daughter, Lucile Verness, and Russell, her husband, in the doorway of their California home.

Russell and I drove down to see Louise Fischer Alexander the other day, and to wish Jean a happy birthday. My, she was having so much fun with the fine tricycle that her Grandmother and Grandfather Fischer gave her. She has gotten so tall and grown-up that it was hard to look at her and remember that only four years ago mother said that she'd like to be a mouse in the corner when Dorothy and Louise started taking care of that little five-pound baby. Well, I think they did a very good job in spite of their inexperience, for she looks husky and strong today. And I'm sure that the baby brother or sister who is due to arrive in about six weeks will fare equally well. There! you know that Fischers will have their fourth grandchild very soon.

Now that Donald is in the army I'll have to start writing to him. Wayne says that I'm his most faithful correspondent (aside from mother) and this pleases me. I try to get off a letter to him every week, and he is good about writing to me. After Howard is inducted I'll have three widely scattered brothers to write to in care of the army. And possibly before long Frederick will be in the same position.

My lunch hour is gone (plus ten extra minutes) so I must bring this to a close. My warmest regards to you and yours, and may September be a happy month for the youngsters in your family who are starting to school for the first time.

—Lucile.

Answer to the Frog Problem.—16 days.

A LETTER FROM WAYNE

One of our sons in the Army—Leanna.

Dear Folks,

About the only thing of interest that has happened since I wrote you last is that I finally got to take a trip clear around the island. Every so often the Army conducts one of these trips. We left right after breakfast. There were twenty-five or thirty trucks and each one held quite a few men.

First we went east, up into the mountains to the Pali. Pali means precipice and one can look straight down almost 1,200 feet. The wind blows here constantly, with such terrific force it is hard to keep one's balance.

From the Pali we went back to Honolulu and out past Waikiki and the Diamond Head at the southernmost point of the Island. There we saw Koko Crater, an extinct volcano crater. We then took a road that ran north along the ocean. I have as yet found no words that will describe the blue of the water as it appears on the beaches. The sand is quite white, and as it shows through the shallow water it makes the most beautiful color of pale bluish green that I have ever seen.

About 11:15 we stopped at a beach to eat. Some Hawaiian girls sang and danced for us. They must teach the girls to dance very young for even ten year olds could do the Hula.

On the northeast tip of Oahu is the wonderful Mormon Temple. No expense was spared in constructing this beautiful building and I hope it comes through the war unscathed. The grounds are beautifully landscaped.

From there we visited the pineapple fields and also fields of sugar cane which were being harvested. It was a wonderful trip. My description has not done it justice. I now have a good idea of what these Islands are like. There were lots of small things like old sugar milk, papaya and banana groves that I have not taken time to write about.

You asked me if we had strawberries over here. The answer is, "no." The only fresh fruits we have are pineapples, bananas and papaya. We get apples and oranges from the mainland. The army never serves papaya. It is very good. It looks and tastes something like a muskmelon, only sweeter, and has a more delicate flavor. It grows on trees and ripens the year round. I get some every time I go to town.

Bye for now,
—Wayne.

SPECIAL HOUSE HOLD KIT

Save many steps by keeping in a special box pencils, thumbtacks, screwdrivers, picture hooks, fine wire, scissors, corks, cement and glue. Also, if father and children know where to find paper and string or clean paper sacks, they won't have to call you every time one of them need such an article.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

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

Assiut, Egypt.
May 21, 1942.

Dear Folks,

This is the last week of examinations and I am busy trying to get things in shape to leave. I should be packing this very minute. Since I wrote you I have decided to go to Cairo for the summer and work for the Y.M.C.A. I hope a little later to be with the American troops. I have hesitated because of my health. It may mean excessive heat and bad food. I have to be very careful what I eat.

These last few weeks have been full of farewell dinners and teas. I have many Egyptian friends here in Assiut. I can truthfully say that I have had three good years in Egypt.

Later—at Cairo. Since I did not get this letter finished, I'll continue it from Cairo. I am not homesick but pretty near to it. I don't like Cairo. It is the noisiest city I have ever been in. If you could have been with me today as I drove through the streets of the native section, you would have had one of the greatest experiences of your life. The way people refuse to get out of the way of a car is positively amazing. They look right at you and see that you are going to run over them but refuse to move until you blow your horn—not once, but many times.

Cairo is not a beautiful city. It is a jumble of bad smells, flies and noises. Taxi drivers cannot drive unless they have one hand honking the horn. The streets are filled with peddlars selling every thing from chickens to shoo-fly brushes and beggars crowd around you every time you stop. Add to this the noise of the organ grinders and you have some idea of what the streets of Cairo look and sound like.

Every where one sees soldiers, naval officers in white, bronzed South Africans, Australians and United States army men in khaki.

This Y.M.C.A. is a bee-hive of activity. There is probably no city in the world that needs a good organization of this kind more than Cairo. The other day two Pan American Airways pilots came in and sat down beside me. They had just reached Cairo, and wanted to know where they could get some good clean food. I was glad I could give them some advice on what

not to eat in Egypt.

The other day I had to make a trip into the desert. I kept the windows of the car shut but the steering wheel got so hot I had to put my handkerchief under my hands. Three years ago I could not have stood the heat I endured on this trip, but I came through it with flying colors. One sweet sight was the planes above, keeping watch over me. I drove in perfect confidence, knowing nothing could get at me from above.

Love, Ted.

YOUR HUSBAND'S FAMILY

In recent months there have been a number of letters, some of them genuinely pathetic, in which the writers asked me to say something about women who make it a habit to snub their husband's family. All of these letters upset me for they betray wounded hearts that time can never heal. Cruelty of this kind is doubly painful because it is so needless. I am at a loss to understand how or why any woman can find it in herself to close her home and her life to her husband's family, yet it happens all around us day after day.

Europeans have commented on the fact that in our country the grandchildren always seem to belong to the mother's family, and I believe that most of us only need to observe what goes on around us to realize that this is mostly true. I've known children who grew up almost total strangers to their father's family, and I've actually known women who would not accompany their husbands or permit their children to accompany him on vacation trips to his own family. The fact that these children belong just as much to her husband's people as to her own people never seems to occur to some women.

I feel that a great deal of wretched unhappiness could be prevented if every young girl who marries would make a firm resolution to become as much a member of her husband's family as she is in her own family that she has just left. This means arranging things so that both sides of the house are given equal consideration. It won't be easy all of the time, of course, but she'll harvest love and devotion if she makes the effort.

Plan to alternate holidays between your family and your husband's family. Don't spend every Christmas and Thanksgiving at your own parents; your husband is entitled to one of those days with his parents. Don't spend every vacation with your family, stopping off for a hasty-overnight stay with your in-laws. Don't permit your children to draw any kind of verbal comparisons between their Grandmother Jones and their Grandmother Smith. They must learn to love and respect them equally.

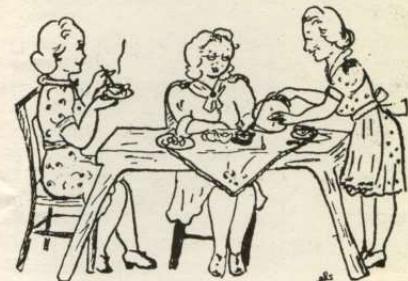
Watch your face and your voice. Be sure that you don't greet your husband's request to have his parents for dinner with a doubtful "Well, that would be nice, but—". Learn to greet your in-laws cordially and with genuine welcome. They will appreciate it far more than they show.



A dinner party with friends in Egypt. Frederick facing you at the far end of the table.

AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels



A happy, happy, new year to all of the Kitchen-Klatter sisters and to their school age children everywhere.

No, I am not joking. I mean it.

To me September first is the beginning of a new year.

No matter what the calendars say, no matter that we number the years from January first, no matter that whistles blow and bells ring at midnight December thirty-first. Every mother of school children, every school child, (every teacher too,) knows that the school bell that rings the first of September really rings in the new year.

But we look forward eagerly to that first day of school. New shirts and overalls at our house. New lunch boxes, new tablets, new pencils, and grand new books to explore.

In our hearts new ambitions and courage and, oh, I do hope a big, new resolution to make this the happiest, learningest, year we have ever had.

Here is a brand, spanking, new opportunity handed to us. Let us make the most of it.

Maybe last year there was "pupil" trouble, or "teacher" trouble or "patron" trouble at your school. Let us all try to forget it and start fresh. Mother's everywhere, let's just try to make this the best school year ever.

Everywhere I go women say to me, "I wish I could do more to help win this war. I am tied down at home with the children and the work. I can't work in a plant. I can't join the WAAC. I am doing all the work I can manage. But I want to help."

We all feel that way. And we can all help. We help when we buy even a ten cent war savings stamp. We help when we join the salvage drive with our contributions. If grease and rubber and old iron will help win this war, let us all feel personally responsible for getting it to the right place. We help when we take a motherly interest in children, and mothers, too, who have let their fathers and husbands go either to defense plants or the armed forces. And maybe, just maybe, we help most of all when we go calmly about our business just as we always have, trusting our leaders, doing our bit, preparing to meet such emergencies as may arise, calmly not worrying too much over our defeats and not shouting too loudly over our successes but just knowing that in the end we will win.

The government calls it "morale building."

Mothers call it "FAITH."



The brother of Mrs. Ruben Ulmer, Menno, So. Dak., at the wheel of the jeep. Camp Roberts, Calif.

MOTHERS FOR DEFENSE

"I too have a son (19) in the service of his country, in the navy, and even though you always speak of your Wayne and Frederick so cheerfully, you don't fool me a bit, Leanna. Because we are "sisters under the skin" I know that your heart has been so heavy within you that you could hardly carry on. I know that more than one night your pillow has been wet with tears. The loneliness when you brush against his well worn coat in the closet! But of course they mustn't know this. No, we must rack our brains for some cheery bit of neighborhood news, or dig up some foolish little joke to make him laugh. We often hear people quote, these days "These are the times that try men's souls". I wonder what about the women's? Maybe it was of us that Milton spoke when he said, "They also serve who only stand and wait." I wish I had a copy of it. About our kiss being wafted somehow to that sleeping boy of ours—"Thoughts," they say, "are things" and they have wings, so we will send them loving thoughts, courageous thoughts, cheery thoughts and all the rest we will take in prayer to God and leave our anxiety and fears with Him. Do you have this little poem? It was written by Mrs. Rosalie Wilkins, of Keokuk, Iowa.

A Mother's Flag

How many mothers such as I
See not the banner in the sky,
With stars of white and stripes of
red,
But some tall soldier boy instead?

Or who, when bands so loudly play,
Not to the flag in colors bright,
Their homage and their tribute pay,
But to some sailor lad in white?

Pity embattled motherhood,
Which by the patriots has stood.
Forgive if she remembers best
A small boy's head against her
breast.

But Leanna, we would not have it otherwise, and neither would they. We are proud of their fine strong bodies, their brave hearts. They are not boys now, they are men! Tackling a mighty big job, and we know that

they will do it well, whatever it is and wherever duty calls them. And so we will carry on, waiting for that happy day when they are at home again saying, "Mom, would it be too much trouble to whip up a few waffles, honey?" Too much trouble, indeed! Will we ever make the waffles and all of the good things they like to eat, when our boys are home again!

And for now, because I have "let down my hair" so, I guess I will just be,

—A Friend."

The following letter is from a mother whose only son is in the service, a fine, clean Christian young man of whom his parents were very proud. It was not easy for them to have him enter the army. Read her letter.

"Leanna, who wouldn't be proud to have a star in their window? A month before our son left I kept encouraging him for I knew he was a home loving boy, and would often see that "far away" look on his face. I told him what a fine soldier he would make, how proud we would be of him and how glad he should be to help defend our dear America. Not once did he grumble or complain or say he wished it were over, or that he didn't want to go. Neither did he see me shed a tear when he left. I have put him completely in God's hands, who can and will watch over him."

Moorhead, Iowa.—"Our club is helping by having a 'penny march' at each meeting. This money and our monthly dues are put into war stamps.

Odebolt, Iowa.—"I started January 1st to save one cent from each dozen eggs I sold. I have already bought one War Bond by this method."

Dearborn, Mo.—"I have a dear boy in the army from whom we have had no word for a month, but we have put him in the care of our Lord and know He can care for Him much better than we have ever been able to do."

REMEMBER

Our enemies have big ears. Always be careful what you say. Don't help Hitler by repeating stories that might hurt our cause. He is trying to break the morale of America by spreading false rumors of conditions that will worry the mothers of soldier boys. Don't believe all the wild tales you hear. They may be Axis propaganda.

THOSE WHO DIED AT SEA

They lie asleep
In fold on fold of red and white
And under stars
Upon a field as dark as night.
Wrapped in their country's flag
They lie asleep.

Inert and slow,
They sank beneath the waves
To that still place below.

And there bright sea anemones
Have made a garden in the seas;
And shells, and little fish in droves
Have found a home in sheltered coves
Among the swaying sea-weed groves.

It is not lonely there
For those who sleep.
The hills and valleys
Far within the deep
Are green and fresh,
And gentle water

Soothes the tired flesh.
No narrow, sod-filled graves for those
Who died at sea;
They lie in crystal quietude
At peace and free.

—Honolulu Daily

SOME BOOSTERS

"I am returning the card and \$1.00 for another year's subscription to your Magazine. I certainly enjoy reading it, and so does my husband. He likes to read Frederick's letters, which are so interesting. I read it from cover to cover, and over and over again, even the very first ones I got. I read them over, so you see Leanna your Magazine never grows old." —Mrs. Carl C. Schultz, Rt. 1, Victor, Iowa.

"I miss the magazine for it is the only one I take time to read, now every day is so full." —Mrs. W. P. Reinhard, Havelock, Iowa.

"I couldn't get along without the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I am a busy housewife but I manage to get it read and I'm keeping them all." —Mrs. Lloyd J. McCarty, Callao, Mo.

There'd be less fuss in married life
If husbands would extend
The selfsame courtesy to a wife
That they do to an average friend;
Or even a little less
Would be O' K., I guess.

—Anon.

PUTTING MONEY INTO WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ISN'T SACRIFICE

—IT'S SAVING! AND EVERY BOND OR STAMP YOU

BUY HELPS TO EQUIP THE BOYS WHO ARE

FIGHTING AT THE FRONT.

Buy War Bonds or Stamps Regularly.

Iowa-Nebraska Light & Power Co.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

I am pleased that so many ladies have taken the advice I gave in July issue of this magazine in regard to



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

making a drive against "excess baggage" while there are so many low calorie foods available. Last month I received the largest number of orders for the eight-day diet which is included in the 1942 Health Booklet. Now some fine reports are coming in.

Drink plenty of

water especially when reducing. There will not be such a sudden drop in weight but the tissues need the fluids to help prevent wrinkles while the real fat is being absorbed. This explains why we may diet yet the scales often do not show a weight reduction at once, but later the tissues will release the fluids then scales will make us happy.

We are told that deficient water drinking is one common cause for chronic ill health. The average person needs three to four pints of water daily. Many persons regard water as useful externally only, but it is very necessary internally.

Is eating a nervous habit? Often it is, and remember, one tablespoon of food that digests can give more nourishment than a pint of food that ferments. The undigested food may cause the liver to go on the war path and the abdomen to bloat. More and more science is looking upon digestive disturbances not as a separate ailment for which some drug or vitamin may be taken, but as a danger signal that something is wrong with the diet or mode of living.

For health's sake, ladies, stretch! And see that friend husband takes several big stretches before he jumps up to quiet the alarm clock in the morning. If the car is started in high gear the motor may be wrecked, so it is treated kindly. Often our heart motor is expected to stand all kinds of leaps and bounds. Folks who have damaged heart muscles can stimulate the circulation without strain upon the heart by stretching. Give the child a chance to squirm and stretch before jumping up when first awakened.

Water tips. Boiling water has very little effect on the mineral content or the hardness. Where there is reason to expect epidemics from the use of water, it should be boiled. During heavy rains make certain no surface water runs into the well. Cistern water, as a rule, is dangerous for drinking purposes. Shallow wells in the rural districts are in danger of being contaminated from the surface seepage.

A number of folks write and ask where they can get the Health Booklet. See advertising column of Kitchen-Klatter.

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "My husband and I are terribly upset because our only daughter, twenty-two, wants to marry her soldier boy when he comes home on furlough. They've been engaged for two years, but it doesn't seem to us that this is the time for marriage when we don't any of us know what lies ahead. Do you agree with us?"—South Dakota.

ANS: This is a question that I cannot answer. Every single case is different, and unless you know all of the circumstances it isn't right to say yes or no. Some girls are well able to meet any of the tragedies that war may bring; other girls are not. I would not want to be held responsible for the misery that might follow if a daughter of mine felt that I had prevented her from any happiness that she might have known, so if your daughter is level-headed and reasonable in other matters, why not permit her to make her own decision? Personally I feel that this is about the only possible answer to a very, very difficult situation.

QUES: "What am I going to do with my next-door neighbor who refuses to keep her children away from other youngsters when they are sick? She actually has permitted them the run of the block when they had contagious diseases, and I have her to thank for a siege of whooping cough and measles."—Missouri.

ANS: If you have a health-officer in your town it is your obligation to go to him and complain. If possible, enlist the support of your neighbors who have small children and who have seen their youngsters fall ill unnecessarily because of this woman's carelessness and stupidity. He will put a stop to this wholesale spread of contagion. If you haven't a health-officer, go straight to the doctor who takes care of these neighbors and tell him the story. The chances are that he'll solve your problem.

QUES: "Our little niece is coming to live with us and attend school this year. I'm afraid she'll be lonely until she gets acquainted, so have you any suggestions for helping her to feel at home with new people?"—Iowa.

ANS: All small children (and big children too!) dread starting in at a new school where they don't know anyone, so why don't you plan to have a little picnic or party before school opens? Invite the girls of her age whom you want her to have for friends and make a real effort to give them a happy, gay time. This will break the ice and starting to school won't be half so hard if she knows girls to speak to on that difficult first day.

QUES: "I married and moved to this town about a year ago, Leanna, and now with the baby's arrival we've engaged a girl to work for us. She eats at the table with us and I try to treat her like a member of the family, but now I'm wondering what to do when my mother and father arrive next month for a visit. They're not accustomed to this sort of thing since it isn't done where I come from, and I'd like a chance to visit with them freely. Could I ask my nice young girl to eat her meals alone while they are here? I don't want to hurt her feelings."—Minnesota.

ANS: You won't hurt her feelings if you come right out and tell her why you'd like to have meals alone with your parents. She'll understand. It's when people begin hedging and evading situations that feelings are hurt. I'm sure she won't mind eating her meals alone and helping you wait on the table if you're tactful and honest.

QUES: "What can be done with two small boys who are unbelievably disrespectful to their parents? They think nothing of saying "Shut up" and calling their mother "foolish and stupid". The parents have tried to curb this kind of attitude but it is getting worse instead of better."—Illinois.

ANS: And it will continue to get worse until those boys realize once and for all that they cannot speak and behave in such a fashion. It's too late to talk about what should have been done when they were smaller, but even at this late date that kind of behavior can be checked. If the parents will never let a single situation go unnoticed but will deal firmly and sternly with every "smart-alecky" word they'll get those boys in hand. However, it will do no good to try any kind of reforms unless they're carried through to the last letter. At this late date those boys had better begin understanding that they don't run their home.

QUES: "I had a large oblong mirror given to me by a friend who formerly used it in a dress shop. It is a very good mirror and has a wide gold frame around it. I don't know where would be the proper place to hang it in my home."—A. G., Lincoln, Nebr.

ANS. "Lucky lady! If you have a wall space in your bedroom place it there. If there is no safe wall space, fasten it securely to a door. Mirrors are also used over sideboards and fireplace mantels."

A woman with money to burn has no trouble in finding a match.

A knocker never wins and a winner never knocks.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

A STINGER

Instead of sugar you can use two thirds as much honey,
And thus conserve your half a pound so easy it is funny.

I'm ready to co-operate, but here's what worries me:

Has anyone explained the situation to the bee?

PLAIN SUGAR COOKIES

(Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
August 6, 1942)

Break an egg into a cup. Add 3 tablespoons sour milk and enough sugar to fill the cup. Beat well. Add 1 scant cup shortening and beat till smooth and creamy. Nutmeg and vanilla flavoring.

Add enough flour to make a soft dough—about 2 1/2 cups. Into the first cup of flour sift 1/2 teaspoon each of soda and baking powder. Roll out thin, sprinkle with sugar, cut and bake—or make into a roll, chill well, slice and bake. Sour cream may be used instead of sour milk, using less shortening. These are fine and crisp and keep exceptionally well. Yield about 25 or 30 cookies.—Mrs. M. S. Templeman, Bethany, Mo.

LEMON FROZEN CREAM PIE

(Made in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
July 30, 1942)

2 eggs beaten until lemon colored
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup white syrup
1 cup hot milk
1/4 cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon lemon peel
1 cup cream, whipped

Add sugar to beaten eggs and beat until thick and custard like. Combine with remaining ingredients except whipped cream. Partially freeze, remove to bowl, whip until light and creamy, add whipped cream and return to refrigerator.

Combine 1 1/2 cups rolled graham cracker crumbs, 1/2 cup butter and 1/2 cup sugar. Press gently into cream mixture. Freeze until firm. Cut in squares or cut across tray diagonally to make pie shaped pieces. May be served with whipped cream. If you like, you could put some of the crumb mixture in bottom of tray or you may use just vanilla wafer crumbs.—Mrs. Stanley Dulaney, Clark, Mo.

A MOTTO FOR THE DINING ROOM

Christ is the head of this house,
An unseen guest at every meal,
And a silent listener to every conversation.

PEANUT DROP COOKIES

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
2/3 cup coarsely chopped peanuts
1/2 cup white corn syrup
1/4 cup shortening
1 egg

Into a mixing bowl put egg and beat well. Add syrup, melted shortening and vanilla. Add sifted dry ingredients and peanuts. Drop by teaspoons on oiled pan 1 inch apart. Bake at 350 degrees for about 15 minutes.—Mrs. Ben Reno, Jr., Bloomfield, Ia.

APRICOT NUT BREAD

1/2 cup diced dried apricots
1 egg, beaten
3/4 cup corn syrup
1/4 cup sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 teaspoon soda
1/2 cup orange juice
1/4 cup water
1 cup nut meats

Soak apricots in water 30 minutes. Beat egg, add sugar, syrup, melted butter. Mix in sifted dry ingredients alternately with liquids. Add nuts and drained apricots. Bake in loaf pan one hour at 350 degrees. Keeps well.—Mrs. J. C. Dowdell, Creston, Ia.

SAUSAGE CARROT LOAF

1/2 pound pork sausage
1 large carrot
6 medium sized potatoes, raw
2 heaping tablespoons bread crumbs
1 egg
Pinch of sage
Salt and pepper to taste
1 medium sized onion
1/4 cup milk

Grind potatoes, carrot; chop onions; add beaten egg and sausage, bread crumbs and milk. Make loaf and bake in moderate oven until done.

GRAHAM CRACKER NUT BREAD

28 graham crackers, rolled fine
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
3 eggs
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup chopped nut meats

Roll crackers fine, add salt, sugar and baking powder. Beat eggs and to them add milk and shortening. Combine with cracker mixture and fold in chopped nut meats. Bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees, 30 to 35 minutes. Makes a good sized loaf.—Mrs. C. H. Winther, Wisner, Nebr.

A RARE DELICACY

How would you like a dish of "frog chowder"? My brother, Henry Field, writes from his farm in the Ozarks: "Bertha made some frog chowder for supper and there was such a big batch of it that she canned two pints. The boys brought in a dozen big frogs. The front legs and backs went into the chowder, while we had the drum sticks for dinner today."

BUTTERSCOTCH ICE CREAM

30 caramels or butterscotch candies, melted in 2 cups of good milk. Cool and add 2 beaten eggs. Freeze in ice box trays.

APPLE PIE

3 1/2 cups sliced apples
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon quick cooking tapioca
3/4 cup dark or light corn syrup
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Line a pie plate with pastry, rolled thin. Arrange apples over pastry, mixed with tapioca. Pour syrup over them. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Dot with butter. Arrange top crust and pinch edges together, drawing the lower crust up over the upper. Bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees, 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350 degrees) and bake 25 to 30 minutes. Serve with wedges of American cheese.

REAL CHEESE

Cook 6 quarts of thick clabber milk over a slow fire as for cottage cheese. When a curd, mashed between the thumb and finger, retains its shape, pour into a cloth sack and hang on the clothes line to drain for 2 hours. Press out all possible moisture. In a double boiler, melt 1/2 pound of firm butter, 1 teaspoon soda and 2 teaspoons salt. When melted add the cottage cheese, cook until melted soft. The butter and cheese will be separated until the cream is added. This will take an hour or longer for the cheese to get soft. Then add 1 pint thick sour cream to which a small amount of cheese coloring has been added. Beat until thick, then mold in a small bread pan. This makes 2 1/2 pounds. It is ready to use at once, but improves with age.—Mrs. E. A. Decker, Crescent, Ia.

PICKLE RECIPES**OPEN JAR CUCUMBER PICKLES**

Use about 50 four-inch cucumbers. Small whole ones may be used if you do not have enough larger ones. Wash and dry them, and cut in 3 or 4 pieces, according to size. Place them in a jar and cover with boiling water to which has been added 3/4 cup salt. This is to be done one day and the next day take them out of this and lay on a towel to dry off a little, then place them in the jar and pour over them the following mixture cold—no boiling. 1 gallon of vinegar, 4 tablespoons salt, 4 tablespoons dry mustard, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 handfuls mixed pickling spice. Then each morning put in 1 or 2 handfuls sugar and stir it in well—do this till you have used 3 pounds of sugar. By that time the pickles are ready to eat and they are delicious.—Mrs. Carl Roos, Paton, Iowa.

ICE BOX PICKLES

Soak large green cucumbers in ice water several hours. Slice lengthwise without peeling. Pack tightly into jars with stalk of celery, slices of onion and green pepper.

Bring 1 quart vinegar, 1 cup sugar, 1/3 cup salt, 1/2 cup water to a boil, and cook 5 minutes. Pour over cucumbers and seal. Ready for use in a month.

UNCOOKED RELISH

1 bunch of celery
6 medium carrots
6 pounds cabbage
12 green peppers
6 onions
1 1/2 cups salt
Grind and mix together with the salt. Let set 2 1/2 hours, drain. Add 3 pints vinegar, 4 cup sugar, 2 T. celery seed, 2 tablespoons mustard seed. Seal, uncooked.

CHILI SAUCE

12 large ripe tomatoes
2 large onions
4 green and 2 red peppers
6 onions
Grind.
Add 2 tablespoons salt, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon ginger, 1 cup sugar, 2 quarts vinegar. Cook until thick and can.

CANNED PEPPERS

Wash one peck red peppers. Cut slice from stem end and remove the seeds. Cut peppers with a knife or scissors into strips or pieces the desired size. Cover with boiling water and let stand 2 minutes. Drain and cover with ice water or cold water and let stand 10 minutes. Again drain and pack solidly into pint or half pint jars. Boil 1 quart vinegar and 2 cups sugar about 15 minutes. Pour over peppers and seal or keep in a cool place. They will keep unsealed in the refrigerator for months.

ORANGE BREAD

2 tablespoons butter or other shortening
1 cup honey
1 well beaten egg
1 1/2 tablespoon orange rind
2 1/2 cups Victor flour
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup orange juice
3/4 cup chopped nuts

Cream shortening, add honey and beat well. Add beaten egg and orange rind. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with orange juice. Add chopped nuts. Place in a greased 4x8 loaf pan and bake in a 350 degree oven for 50 minutes.—Mrs. C. E. Reynolds, Liberty Center, Iowa.

MEXICAN MACARONI

1 tablespoon butter
4 slices bacon, cut
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 tablespoon green pepper, chopped
2 cups tomato juice
2 cups water
2 cups macaroni
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1/2 cup red beans
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon chili powder

Brown bacon, onion and pepper in butter. Add tomato juice and water. Let come to a boil, add macaroni and beans. Cook slowly until macaroni is tender, then add seasonings.—Mrs. Sam Wilkin, Sutherland, Iowa.

COCOANUT DROP COOKIES

Baked June 18, 1942 in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen.

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 teaspoon orange or vanilla extract
Grated rind of 1 orange
1 cup shredded cocoanut
1/2 cup golden syrup
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup shortening.

Sift dry ingredients. Into the mixing bowl put the egg and the rest of the liquid ingredients and beat well. Then add cocoanut, orange rind and the dry ingredients. Drop by small spoonfuls on oiled pan. Bake 15 minutes at 350 degrees.—Mrs. J. Al Johnson, Sutton, Nebr.

CARAMEL PIE

1 cup brown syrup
3 tablespoons flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup light cream or canned milk
1/2 cup milk
1 tablespoon butter

Mix well and cook. Add 2 beaten egg yolks and cook 1 minute. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour into baked shell and cover with meringue of 2 egg whites beaten stiffly and 4 tablespoons white syrup.—Mrs. Marvin Harold, Glenwood, Iowa.

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NEIGHBOR BOB'S Dinner Table ALMANACK

WANTED: A woman who can cook steak right. I may only have been unlucky—but every housewife I have ever known to try cooking steak has ended up with something on the order of shoe leather and with the flavor of an old rubber boot. But I'm sure that somewhere some good woman exists who can make a piece of meat so tender and flavorful it fairly melts in your mouth. If you're that woman drop me a line and tell me how you do it. I want to show my wife.

SEND YOUR SOLDIER a "Happiness Box", just chock full of the good things he likes so well—such as cookies, cup-cakes, small pies. You can make them all with the flour so many women like so well—Mother's Best Flour. It's just the thing for all your baking for all your best baking

FOR A DIFFERENT DISH, try Cauliflower baked with cheese.

REMEMBER:

"Our land is so full of a number of things,

Despite all the shortages, we live like kings."

I ALWAYS SAID and I always will say—it isn't the way a table is dolled up that makes a hit with a man, it's the way it's loaded down.

'Til next time,
NEIGHBOR BOB.

THE GIFT BOX

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Now that summer sewing is done there are many small pieces of thin materials left that can be used in making gift novelties.

Thin white pieces make ideal collar and cuff sets. Cut a long strip, 4 or 5 inches wide. Hem one edge and trim with lace or fancy braid. Put pin tucks in from the other edge, half an inch apart. This gives the effect of a ruffle if you run them

only part way across the width of the strip, and shapes it to fit the neck. When you have a piece tucked long enough, finish the ends and put a band on the neck edge. Cuffs to match.

To use small pieces of material, take any well shaped collar pattern and divide it into sections by drawing lines at equal distances from neck edge to outer edge, making sort of pie-shaped pieces. Cut on these lines and use the pieces as patterns to cut your material. Finish the three outer edges of each piece, then set together with strips of rickrack. Put rick rack around outer edge and bind neck edge.

Inch-squares of two colors, sewed together patchwork fashion till it is the proper size, make lovely table mats or holders. Use a plain color for the back, a piece of outing or sheet cotton between. Quilt in a pretty design and bind the edges.

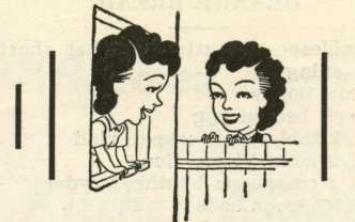
Cut circles—or other pretty shapes—of thin material and embroider with an initial in a flower spray, or some other pretty design. Use these to applique on nighties or other articles. Tiny ones are adorable used on hankies.

Use larger pieces to make a bib and tray cloth to match. Embroider with an animal design. Line the bib and bind with bias tape.

A handy button bag is made from a circle of material about 15 inches in diameter. Hem and sew bone rings at intervals around the edge. Run a double draw string through the rings. When strings are pulled up, it makes a nice bag that will hang up; when open it is flat so buttons are all in view and easy to find.

Powder Puff Doll. Get a large, tall box of bath powder. Fasten a china doll head to the lid. Dress the doll, making a very full skirt, large enough to puff out and entirely cover the box. Turn hem up on right side and tack at 3 inch intervals, making pockets which will each hold a powder puff.

If you have suggestions for gift novelties, won't you share them with us? Other Gift Box readers will appreciate them.



OVER THE FENCE

Miss Betty Rae Nohr and Miss Carolyn Laura Falck of Cordova, Nebraska, would like to have a Betty and a Carolyn Club. If you answer to either of these names, write to these girls.

I have heard of something new to rid your house of roaches. Gather hedge balls and lay them around, out of sight. Mrs. F. C. Johnston of Libertyville, Iowa, says you will be surprised at the way the roaches disappear.

Mrs. Tommy Meyer of Geneva, Iowa, wishes to thank all those who sent her cards. She will be in a cast for several months.

In reply to the questions about Lu-Etta Armstrong and Kate Day—Mrs. Day still lives in Shenandoah. I am not sure where Lu-Etta is but think she is on the West coast. Her name isn't Armstrong now for she has been divorced and married again.

How many of you looked into your old spice cans after I read the letter from the lady who wrote she had found worms in hers. It wouldn't do any harm to look. Moral—Keep spice cans tightly closed.

Mrs. Albert Sautter of Scotia, Nebraska, tells me that her sister named her twin girls Leona and Leanna. They are 14 years old. It doesn't seem possible that I have been on the air that long, but when I realize I used to hold my 6 ft. 2 in. Don, who is now in the army, on my lap while I gave my broadcast, I guess it's the truth.

Six ladies share in the reading of one Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. The lady who sent the subscription says she enjoys passing it around to her friends, just so she is sure to get it back.

Celebrating their Golden Wedding is the pleasure that has come to Mr. and Mrs. Vodra Blessing of Bethany, Mo. They are only 69 years old so may expect to celebrate many more of these anniversaries.

Did you ever hear of anything like this, happening? A friend writes that one of her neighbors was canning beans in her oven. She had closed the oven door and left the kitchen. All of a sudden, like a bomb, the jars of beans exploded, the gas stove side and door flew to the ceiling. There were beans and glass everywhere. They

called the fire department. It must have been that the beans were packed too tightly in the jars and the oven was turned a little too high.

Janet, the little daughter of Mrs. Leonard Ege, Verdon, Nebraska, is finding many ways to add stamps to her stamp book. She sold \$1 worth of old Victrola records. I am sure she will soon be the owner of a War Bond.

How do you like our new Kitchen-Klatter slogan—"Keep singing, Keep smiling, and work for America"? If my thousands of Kitchen-Klatter sisters will do this we will make our influence felt in the march toward Victory. Chins up! Forward March!

Donald and Harold, sons of Mrs. Edith Hansen, the morning homemaker, on Radio Station KMA, have been spending the summer on farms. Donald is with an aunt, Mrs. Ervin Emo at Lohrville, Iowa, and Harold with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fravel, Anoka, Nebraska. They are returning to Shenandoah to attend High School.

If you want your dried beans to keep, buy a small bottle of carbon bi-sulphide. Put the beans in a tub or wash boiler. Pour some of the carbon bi-sulphide into a saucer and set it on top of them. It evaporates and the fumes settle. Cover tightly and keep covered for a day or more, until the liquid is all gone. Air the beans thoroughly and store in a tight container.

"Keep writing to our soldier boys! Don't wait for answers," is the plea that comes to you from one of our radio friends. We owe it to our boys to keep them in touch with things at home.

I wonder if Ethel Phillips of Ogden, Iowa, holds a record. She has quilted 90 quilts by herself and helped with many more.

Mrs. D. S. Wenger of Abilene, Kans., has the honor of having attended High School with Major Dwight Eisenhower, Commander of our American forces in Europe. We can be proud that many of our best leaders have come from the middle west.

Maybe your boy or mine will sleep in a tent made by one of our Kitchen-Klatter sisters, for Mrs. A. N. Fenney is working in a tent factory.

Two of our Kitchen-Klatterers have written about damage done to their homes by tornadoes, Mrs. Bessie Mikes of Gallatin, Mo., and Mrs. C. C. Horn of Hazel, South Dakota. Both farm homes and buildings were severely damaged. One has to really experience a storm of this kind to know how terrible it is.

Mrs. Jessie Young, formerly of KMA, who is now living in Philadelphia, writes that she is enjoying her new job and the beautiful scenery in Pennsylvania.

THE MOTHER'S ROUND TABLE

Written for Mothers by Mothers

THE WAR AND YOUR CHILD

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

During these war times when everyone is giving so generously of time, money, labor and life if need be, many busy mothers are wondering just how they can contribute most. Often mothers with several children find but little time for Red Cross work, defense labor or other war work.

We depend upon the valiant soldiers to win land battles, daring aviators to dominate the air and the navy and marines to keep the sea safe for travel. But one of the most important conflicts of all is taking place in our homes where war has altered our living conditions. Army service or defense work keeps the father away from home much of the time and to the mother falls the most tremendous and necessary task during the turbulent period of raising future loyal, freedom-loving citizens. With the mother lies the responsibility of seeing that these children are given a sane, wholesome outlook and the ability to carry on our democratic government when we shall have made it safe from our tyrannical foes.

"But," asks the bewildered parent, "what shall I tell my child about war? I don't want him to think that war is all glory, uniforms, and bands nor do I want him to be terrorized and cowardly when the enemy brings the war to our shores." That is the problem numerous mothers are facing.

A few weeks ago I heard a group of mothers talk about the effects of "war talk" upon their children. Many mothers were worried because their children were nervous and excited after listening to news broadcasts.

I was very amused when one mother folded her arms serenely and stated, "Well, I've settled the war problems at my house. We don't listen to war news when the children are home and I don't allow them to discuss the battles."

I was reminded of the mother who was so afraid of whooping cough that she was determined her baby would never have the disease. Consequently she moved and kept him isolated in a deserted mountain cabin. Some thirty years later a stranger strayed to the back-woods cabin. "No sir," explained the lady contentedly, "He cain't read er write but he ain't never had the whooping cough."

The war is here just as the whooping cough was present. But there are more effective methods of combatting the menace than the isolation policy.

If parents are so mysterious about the war, that will only tend to make the child curious. If he can't find a satisfactory answer to his questions at home, he will gather information elsewhere. And too often he is misinformed and develops an unhealthy mental war complex.

When he asks about the war, answer him just as straight forwardly as

if asked, "Who was the first president of our country?" Tell him in a calm matter-of-fact way. If he is interested in war news allow him to turn on the radio and then listen with him. Keep a war map handy and help him find the countries mentioned. It is surprising how readily the child will learn about sizes, locations, advantages or disadvantages of each country. Following this map from day to day makes an educational game for the child. History and geography become real life subjects.

If our side is victorious point out that fact. If we lose a battle talk about that rationally too. Any child must learn that life is essentially on the give and take basis. Never teach a child to run away from problems. Train him to meet difficult situations and make the proper adjustments. Don't alarm the child by throwing up your hands in horror when our soldiers are forced to retreat or surrender. Never criticize our army for its defeats—instead praise their valor. Show how they met defeat valiantly. This is an excellent opportunity to teach the child that there may be as much gallantry and glory in losing as in winning. "A good loser is better than a poor winner."

Like adults, children find activity the best cure for worry. When the child sees his parents doing all they can to aid our country and her allies it is only natural that he will want to participate, provide ways for him to help. Even very small children can buy defense stamps, gather waste paper or scrap materials and thus feel as if he is having a part in winning the war.

In one community, the mothers agreed to take turns once each week and supervise the children in some war activity. The mother who directed in February let the children make valentines for each soldier from their community. Another mother had a cooky-baking session and each man from their town in service received a box of cookies. Still another activity was the monthly publication of a newspaper. The children wrote local bits of news so that their men in uniform would not lose track of the "Old Home Town."

Any mother by using a little ingenuity can devise numerous ways for her child to feel that he is having a share in his country's protection. These youngsters who are so busily engaged do not develop war-complexes so readily. They learn to accept the situation and to face it without hysteria.

If when the flag of freedom flies unchallenged, your child is able to meet the future with an intelligent outlook, with "malice toward none and charity for all", then you mothers have performed a feat as fine and far reaching as those brave men whose heroic deeds shall never die.

Buy War Stamps and Bonds!



Mrs. Robert Fishbaugh and her small son, John Robert, born August 1, 1942. Mrs. Fishbaugh is Mr. and Mrs. Frank Field's daughter Zoanna.

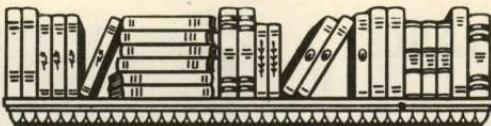
BABY MUSTN'T TOUCH

The baby playing on the floor picks up a bean, gets it in his windpipe and strangles to death. It eats poison paint from its toys; is even bitten by rats. Children playing around a stove pull over pots of boiling water and are scalded. They play with matches and die of burns. All of these accidents could be avoided if parents would use precautionary measures. Make your home a safe place for your baby to live in.

Ithaca, Nebr.—"Christian mothers have something to sustain them when all else fails. And when we stop to think of having our own Christian faith driven from this country, 'tis then we realize it is worth fighting for. We have so many little blessings that other peoples have never known and I doubt seriously if we have fully appreciated them before they became endangered. Our boys are 11 and 13 years. Of course I am glad they are still young, but I can not boast about them not having to go, for all mother hearts are akin to one another, and we can readily feel what other mothers are suffering. There is a scripture—I can't give the exact reference off hand, I wish I could—but it says the Lord will hide His face for a time but "fear not for I shall return again," and it seems to me now indeed is the time His face is hidden and His old rival (Satan) is busy. I tell our boys it doesn't matter so much whether we live in faith or die in faith, just so we keep our faith in God."

Fairmont, Minn.—"I'm a member of the M. E. Church. We are divided into eight divisions. Each month one division sends a box to our boys in the service. They are mostly cookies, although they will make changes to candy or nuts. This month the third division sends the boxes which will total about 40. When they send the boxes, some of the ladies write to some of the boys that they know. Our minister writes to the boys, too."

WHAT SHALL



WE READ

BOOK REVIEW

By Edith Seabury

DRAGON SEED

By Pearl S. Buck

Ling Tan surveyed his rice field in which he stood knee deep in water and looked with pride at his two older sons planting rice seedlings in the far corner of his land. He thought of his younger son in the house and his two daughters, only one left to be married. The elder he had given to a merchant's son in the city whose walls could be seen clearly from behind his house. His second son, Lao Er, and his bride of four months were hoping that they would soon be blessed with a son. He already had two grandsons by his elder son, Lao Ta, and they gave great promise for the future.

Life had been good to Ling Tan, he had worked hard and loved his land and it had repaid him by bearing ample crops for their needs. His household lived in harmony and laughter was frequently heard among his sons and son's wives and his own faithful Ling Sao.

There had been talk reach them of an "enemy" who was to come from the east and bring terror and death. These farmers had lived on their land for generations scarcely going to the city except to buy or sell goods and they knew nothing of conditions in the world. They called the enemy "foreign devils" and "little devils from the East Ocean", and could not comprehend what they would do to them. Ling Tan was sure that whatever befell, the earth which they owned, was theirs and would feed them.

The Chinese students tried to warn the peasant farmers of what was happening to China. They showed motion pictures of what the Japanese were doing in other parts of China, but it was always across the river or the mountains were in between. The farmers listened to them and then went home to supper and forgot what they had been told.

Ling Tan's first taste of what was to be, came when he was working in the fields. Planes went over dropping beautiful silver bombs which blasted huge holes in the earth, one causing a small lake in the pasture. They were all astonished, but still didn't realize the possibilities of such a weapon.

From then on the events moved rapidly and the city was bombed that very night. The eldest girl and family came from their home, which had been destroyed. Fear began to grow in the hearts of these simple people and they knew that soon the enemy itself would be upon them. Ling Tan as one of the elder men of the town advised the others and they met together and decided that their own government was far from perfect and perhaps these new people would be more just, even though they killed to conquer. They saw no other course, as they had no

weapons, than to accept the inevitable. After deciding upon this course they planned to have tea and invite the enemy into their tearoom when he arrived.

The day when the Enemy did come was so different than Ling Tan had been able to imagine. The absolute cruelty and ruthlessness with which they destroyed everything left no compromise possible. Their wives had to be taken secretly to the American Mission in order to not be molested. Orchid, their oldest son's wife and mother of his two babies, was killed. Ling Tan allowed his beloved second son and wife to escape to the hills because Jade was to have a baby soon. The once peaceful, orderly home was destroyed and a dazed, unbelieving Ling Tan watched his youngest and eldest sons shoulder their small bundle of clothes and leave also for the hills.

The invaders gave their orders and took their stock and produce to feed the army. Ling Tan had stored food in their cellar and his family had enough food to last through the winter.

Ling Sao, his faithful wife returned with their two motherless grandchildren and refused to leave his side. The younger daughter remained in the mission where she would obtain an education. Disease stalked the land and children died from the polluted water. Ling Tan's heart fairly broke when his two grandsons were stricken and died. There was nothing left now with their sons gone and no grandchildren in the home. They longed for their second son and his new baby which must now be born. So Ling Tan had his learned cousin write a letter which would ask Lao Er to bring Jade and the baby back.

The happiest moment of Ling Tan's and Ling Sao's life was when a stealthy knock was heard one night and they opened the door to admit Lao Er and Jade with a basket in which was concealed their new grandson, fat, healthy and gurgling. Life began anew.

Their lives were still in danger constantly, but because Ling Tan was a good farmer and they needed the produce his farm yielded, the hardships from the enemy's rule abated a little. Lao Er dug a large cave under their house to conceal Jade, the baby and his mother. His other brothers came for short visits always at night. They had organized an army in the hills and were giving the "foreign devils" a great deal to think about. Weapons were concealed in Ling Tan's basement and distributed around the village. Guards along the city walls mysteriously disappeared on dark nights. Even Jade learned to kill and Ling Tan without more than a thought did away with a lone Japanese he saw

walking on the road and concealed his body.

The lakes became poisoned so the invader could not enjoy the only meat available, fish. Crops became meager and the land seemed to refuse to produce. In every way they knew, these simple people resisted. When they openly protested the Enemy bellowed, "Nothing is yours! Will you village men never learn that you are conquered?" Ling Tan lifted his head again. He shut his lips over his teeth to save his life but he looked that little man in the eyes, "No," his eyes said, "We will never learn that we are conquered."

Word began to come through after years of this existence that they weren't the only country fighting a war. Many other nations were resisting invaders. Still later the learned men of the village read to them about another powerful nation fighting these same "foreign devils", and how this nation would provide them with weapons and planes to help destroy their enemy.

Then and then only hope began to seep into the heart of China, and these patient people began to have faith in the future. Ling Tan saw a time not far distant when he or his sons could again pray for rain and thank his gods for the earth and its gifts.

GREEN SHUTTER BOOK SHOP

For the Children

Bible Story Reader	\$.80
The Real Mother Goose	.75
Who Goes There	1.50
Beautifully Illustrated Animal Book,	

For Adults

Songs of Hope—Crowell	\$.50
Songs of Faith—Crowell	.50
White Fire—Crowell	1.50

Any Book ordered on request

GREEN SHUTTER BOOK SHOP

310 East Tarkio

Clarinda, Iowa



Putting the last stitches in my silk patchwork quilt.



FOR THE CHILDREN



"BABOONS"

By Evelyn Hansen

This is a picture of the Sacred Baboon of Arabia and Abyssinia. Years ago, the Egyptians carved pictures of it upon their Monuments because they thought the Baboons were wise and worshipped the Sun God. The Sacred Baboon which is also called Arabian Baboon is dark gray colored and lives in rocky places in herds of two hundred and fifty. The male baboons have large manes like a lion.

There are many other kinds of baboons. The Chacma or pig tailed baboon which lives in South Africa are very strong and large. They are usually found on the mountain and sea cliffs of Cape Colony. They are dark brown with long shaggy hair and their faces are purple. The tail is quite long with a tuft of long black hair on the end. The Chacma Baboon is the kind most often seen in Menageries.

There are also the Olive-green Anubis, the Yellow Baboon, the reddish-brown Guinea Baboon, the Gelada Baboons and the Drills.

The Mandrill is the largest of all Baboons. It has a large powerful body and the head is very large. The nose looks like it is swollen. It has an orange-yellow beard and a greenish-black crest of fur on the top of its head. Mandrills are very ferocious and mean. They live in the forests and are as tall as a man.

The face and teeth of Baboons look much like a dog. The fore legs and hind legs are about the same length so that they can walk and gallop swiftly. They live mostly on fruits, berries, buds, roots, birds eggs, grubs, lizards, etc. Some times they raid farms and do much damage to crops; destroying more than they eat and stuffing their cheek pouches full of food to carry away. When they are fighting they stand on their hind legs otherwise they walk on all four legs.

Keep your kodaks busy making pictures to send the boys in the army. They will enjoy any snapshots from home.

SOMETHING TO TRY

By Erna Driftmier

TEN STEPS—

Walk on a crack or a straight line on the floor. With each step place the heel of the forward foot directly in front of and against the toe of the other foot. Try to take ten steps forward in this manner without losing the balance or touching the floor at the side.

KNEE DIP—

Stand on one foot. Place the other foot behind the body grasping the toes with the opposite hand. Bend the knee of the supporting foot. Try to touch the other knee to the floor and stretch up again without losing the balance or letting go of the toes.

KNEE STAND—

Fold the arms at the chest. Bend both knees slowly to a knee stand position (or to a kneeling position) and come back up again without moving the feet on the floor or unfolding the arms.

FISH HAWK DIVE—

Place a piece of paper folded to about three inches high on the floor in front of the feet. Now place both hands on the floor with the fingers well spread; bend the elbows slightly. Let the knees rest on the arms above the elbows. Balance the body on the arms, leaning forward pick up the paper with the teeth. Come back to a standing position without losing the balance.

HEEL LIFT—

Lie flat on the floor on the back, with the body well extended to full length. In this position lift the heels from the floor 4 to 6 inches. Lower them slowly so that no sound is made. Repeat this ten times.

"HIS COMPENSATION"

I'm "kep in" when I'm tardy,
An' I'm "kep in" when I'm late;
I'm "kep in" for position—
That means not settin' straight.

I'm "kep in" on my joggerfy,
My readin' an' my writin',
An' I'm "kep in" some fer laughin'
But I'm "kep in" most for fightin'.

I'm "kep in" when my marbles
Comes' rattlin' from my pockets,
I'm "kep in" if I whisper,
An' I'm "kep in" if I chaw
The piece of gum I borrowed
An' am warmin' up my jaw!

The truth is, 'at I'm "kep in"
For most everything I do!
But one jolly thing about it
Is, the teachers "kep in" too!
—Mrs. Grace Ditus, Kan.



Gene Scow and Larry Davis, year and a half old grandsons of Mrs. Earl Smith, Shelby, Nebraska.

SOAP BUBBLES

When you make soap bubbles try putting a little fruit coloring in the water. You will have beautifully colored bubbles.

FIGURE THIS OUT!

There was a well 20 feet deep. A frog fell into it. Every day it climbed up five feet but every night it fell back four feet. How many days does it take him to get out? Answer on page —.

David City, Nebr.
July 25, 1942

Dear Leanna,

Well, I am small to be writing but I guess it is O.K. I am 11 years old. I had my first birthday party this year.

I am listening to KMA now. I listen to your program about every day except when I go away to my friends.

I have about 25 dolls and 200 paper dolls and I keep getting more. I help Mother and she helps me. Mother lets me have company and I generally get to go anyplace I want to sometimes.

Please don't read my name on the air, because it will make me feel foolish. I am writing because I saw another little girl's letter in the August Kitchen-Klatter.

Well, I can't think of anything else to write, so I'll have to close.

Your Radio Pal,
Lois Ann Conrad.

P. S.—I have a pet dog named Pug. My mother is a Kitchen-Klatter sister like others are, too. I read all of her Kitchen-Klatters and enjoy them all.

?? RIDDLES ??

Why is an old house like old age? Because its gate is feeble and its locks are few.

Why is it better to lose an arm than a leg? Because when you lose a leg you lose something to boot.

Where does the captain of a ship keep his poultry? In the hatch-way.

What bus found room for the most people? Colum-bus.

Why does a hen never preach? Because she belongs to the lay element.

Why cannot a New York tugboat go straight? Because some tow in and the others tow out.

Why is ambition like a weather cock? Because it's a vain thing to a-spire.



Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

There are so many things that tell us fall is on its way. The loudly chirping crickets and katydids. Goldenrod in bloom by the wayside. Corn silks dry and brown, and the henhouse floors covered with feathers from moulting hens.

Now is the time to do your most careful feeding, for the pullets must be brought into production before cold weather, and the hens brought through moulting and back into laying condition by carefully balanced ration. Oh, yes, my friends, we farm women have many problems to meet, to keep our flocks healthy and productive, and when you see a nice flock of chickens please give us credit for thought and care and lots of hard work and not just think we "had good luck". It takes lots of "pluck" along with "luck".

September sometimes brings warm damp days and this in turn sometimes brings a re-occurrence of some diseases experienced earlier in the season. Some diseases, such as coccidiosis, fairly thrive during such weather conditions. Such infections may occur after you felt sure you had thoroughly cleaned and disinfected everything. Sometimes these diseases are brought to your flock by cullers' crates or selling crates that have been used in other poultry yards—also by bringing males from other flocks to your pens. Occasional outbreaks have been traced to feed sacks that were stored in buildings where sick birds were kept, and even sparrows and pigeons can carry these germs, and neighbors who have diseased flocks can carry it to your flock on their shoes.

Feed preventative feeds—sour milk is good, also tomatoes. I give all inferior quality tomatoes to my chickens and even when you have canned tomatoes that are not up to par at the end of the season, give them to the chickens, also all the skins and left overs after canning tomatoes. Flowers of sulphur mixed in the feed occasionally is very good. This can be purchased at any drug store and is not expensive. Feed at the rate of 2 pounds to every 100 pounds of feed.

Mark your chickens to make it easier to identify them should chicken thieves visit your flock. I mark mine with a dab of paint on the back of their heads. This will remain for a long time and is easily done after they have gone to roost. Take a stick 18 inches long and you can go along the roosts and tap the hens with it almost as fast as you can dip it in and out of the paint can. I believe chicken thieves are a little more shy about taking chickens that are so conspicuously marked.

A SURE WAY TO REMOVE INK STAIN. Pour kerosene on the spot and rub well. Wash at once.



Mack, the two year old son of Mrs. Carolyn Durham of St. Joseph, Mo. He believes in a balanced ration for chicks and feeds them everything he can put through the fence.

KMA PROGRAM SCHEDULE

BLUE NETWORK COMPANY
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM
Shenandoah, Iowa
— 960 Kilocycles —

5:30 a. m.—Ray and Ken
5:45 a. m.—News
6:00 a. m.—Ray and Ken
6:30 a. m.—Morning Worship
7:00 a. m.—Morgan Beatty, News
7:15 a. m.—Lem Hawkins
7:30 a. m.—Frank Field
7:45 a. m.—Gully Jumpers
8:00 a. m.—Tom Dyer, News (Sun.)
8:00 a. m.—Morning Headlines
8:30 a. m.—Coast to Coast on a Bus (Sun.)
8:30 a. m.—Back to the Bible
9:00 a. m.—Sun. School Lesson (Sun.)
9:00 a. m.—Homemaker's Visit
9:30 a. m.—Southernaire (Sun.)
9:30 a. m.—Chick Holstein
9:45 a. m.—Newstime (Sun.)
9:45 a. m.—Earl May, News
10:00 a. m.—News (Sun.)
10:05 a. m.—Horace Heidt's Band (Sun.)
10:00 a. m.—Breakfast at Sardis
10:30 a. m.—Stringtime
11:00 a. m.—Church Service (Sun.)
11:00 a. m.—Ma Perkins
11:00 a. m.—They're The Berries
11:15 a. m.—Lone Journey
11:15 a. m.—Herman & Banta (Sun.)
11:30 a. m.—The Goldbergs
11:45 a. m.—KMA Hawaiians
12:00 Noon—Earl May, News
12:15 p. m.—Farming For Freedom
12:30 p. m.—Josef Marlis' African Trek
(Sun.)
12:30 p. m.—Utah Rangers
12:45 p. m.—Market Reports
1:00 p. m.—Blue Theater Players (Sun.)
1:00 p. m.—Baukhardt Talking
1:15 p. m.—Church of the Air
1:30 p. m.—Major League Baseball
Game (Sunday)
1:30 p. m.—Kitchen Klatter
2:00 p. m.—KMA Country School
2:30 p. m.—News
2:45 p. m.—Frank Field
3:00 p. m.—Gully Jumpers
3:15 p. m.—Major League Baseball Game
(Tues, thru Sat.)
3:30 p. m.—The Army-Navy Game
4:00 p. m.—John Kirby's Orchestra
4:00 p. m.—Air Corps Band
4:30 p. m.—A Man & His Music (Sun.)
4:30 p. m.—Flying Patrol
4:45 p. m.—Secret City
5:00 p. m.—Sweet and Low (Sun.)
5:15 p. m.—Highway Patrol Pgm. (Wed.)
5:30 p. m.—News for Americans
5:45 p. m.—Edward Tomlinson (Sun.)
5:45 p. m.—The Old Parlor Organ
5:55 p. m.—Big League News
6:00 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey's Band (Sun.)
6:00 p. m.—Major Hoople (Mon.)
6:00 p. m.—Easy Aces (Tues.-Wed.-Thurs.)
6:00 p. m.—Scramble (Fri.)
6:15 p. m.—Mr. Keen (Tues.-Wed.-Thurs.)
6:30 p. m.—Open House at Lowry Field (Sun.)
6:30 p. m.—Earl May (News)
7:00 p. m.—Fulton Lewis, Jr.
7:15 p. m.—Lum 'N Abner (Mon.-Tues.
Thurs.-Fri.)
7:30 p. m.—Sing For Dough (Tues.)
7:30 p. m.—Sun. Les Boulevards (Thurs.)
7:30 p. m.—Those Good Old Days (Fri.)
7:30 p. m.—The Green Hornet (Sat.)
7:45 p. m.—Treasury Star Parade (Wed.)
8:00 p. m.—Counter Spy (Mon.)
8:00 p. m.—Famous Jury Trials (Tues.)
8:00 p. m.—Chamber Music Society (Wed.)
8:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting (Thurs.)
8:00 p. m.—Gangsters (Fri.)
8:30 p. m.—Jimmy Fielder (Sun.)
8:30 p. m.—Nat'l Radio Forum (Mon.)

GIVE IT CARE

Good equipment, or even poor equipment, deserves the best of care. Keep directions which tell when and where to oil it and also a record of when you oiled it or replaced parts, and the cost of repairs. Keep all electric cords and connections in good repair. It is dangerous to neglect them. Empty vacuum sweeper bag often and keep its brushes clean and free of threads. Don't neglect these points if you want your equipment to last a long time and do its best for you.

In China husbands and wives seldom see each other before marriage. In America some seldom see each other afterward.



AN ARMY PUP

Doughboy, Potato Bug, Jack-of-all-Trades, News Hound, Yankee Bugler—all these and more too is Rags, the tea towel pup. Right down his alley is this army business, for like any American with a job to do he takes it in stride and gets into routine right snappily. Seven cute motifs depict a bit of the serious and a bit of the lighter side of the army, with clever little Rags featured in each. A matching panholder motif shows Rags saluting—and that makes a tea towel set you're sure to want. C9489, 10c, is a usable-more-than-once hot iron transfer of these eight motifs.

**Order from Leanna Driftmier,
Shenandoah, Iowa**

8:30 p. m.—This Nation at War (Tues.)
8:30 p. m.—Goldman Band Concert (Wed.)
8:30 p. m.—Songs By Dinah Shore (Frl.)
8:45 p. m.—Men of the Sea (Frl.)
9:00 p. m.—Old Fashioned Revival Hour
9:00 p. m.—Analysis of the News (Mon. thru
Thurs.)
9:00 p. m.—Meet Your Navy (Fri.)
9:00 p. m.—Prescott Presents (Sat.)
9:15 p. m.—Alias John Freedom (Mon.)
9:15 p. m.—Cab Calloway's Quizzicale
(Tues.)
9:15 p. m.—Gary Moore Show (Wed.)
9:15 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey's Treasury Show
(Thurs.)
9:30 p. m.—Men, Machines & Victory (Frl.)
9:30 p. m.—Stag Party (Sat.)
9:45 p. m.—Arms for Victory (Wed.)
10:00 p. m.—U. S. Army Recruiting
10:30 p. m.—Newstime (Mon. thru Sat.)
11:00 p. m.—Newstime (Sun.)
10:30 p. m.—12:00 Midnight—Dance Bands.

Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

WHAT MY HOBBIES MEAN TO ME

By Lois V. Shull

When the Doctor informed me that I must "slow down", I felt that the end had surely come! I—who had led the most active of lives and always had perfect health! I was lost—and didn't know where to turn. My hours at home had always been so full of household tasks that I'd never had time for hobbies—my eyes wouldn't let me read—so I just sat around feeling sorry for myself for quite some time.

One day in desperation for something to do, I started cutting pictures out of magazines, and found it soothing to my nerves and a pleasant occupation for my hands as I listened to the radio. I felt foolish to spend my time at such a childish past-time, till I discovered some organizations where my pictures could be used in their work, and they were profuse in their thanks for my several suitboxes full.

As I ran onto jokes and cartoons about doctors and patients an idea came to me. Saving these out I pasted them in scrap books and copied other jokes of the same type in ledgers. I labeled them "Enjoying Poor Health" and have received much pleasure by passing them around among friends who were ill.

One by one, new ideas came to me, till now I have so many interests that I'm perfectly content with my new life, and have promised myself that I'll never get into such a hurried, hectic existence as I once lived.

I maintain several scrap books on various subjects of interest to me, and have started a postmark collection for my son, and one of buttons for my daughter. I've tried my hand at clay modeling, and brushed up on my long neglected piano playing. I'm writing the story of my life, in hopes my children will enjoy reading it later. And this summer I've tried my hand at raising a few flowers in our yard.

I've come to the conclusion that sometimes it takes a departure from the "normal life" to teach a person to really live, and I thank my hobbies for having taught me to enjoy a quieter, more satisfying life than I ever knew before.

A GOOD RULE

A Marengo Ia. Club has banned three topics of conversation among its members—weather, war and gossip—not a bad program for any group. Determining just what is gossip and what is not is oftentimes difficult, but this organization is solving it by applying the following tests: Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary?—Lake Mills, Iowa, Graphic.

Mrs. Louva M. Roovaart, Barnes City, Iowa, collects salt and pepper shakers. She also wants to hear from anyone born July 14, 1885.

HOBBIES

Dogs—all sizes and materials.—Winona Zelske (age 11).—Stamford, Nebr.

China and glass slippers and shoes.—Mrs. Lillian Walker, 52 No. Third St., Fairfield, Iowa.

Handkerchiefs.—Mrs. V. F. Thurman, Turner, Kansas.

Perennial plants and seeds. Will exchange viewcards and postmarks for plants.—Mrs. Emerald Lindgren, Box 21, Axtell, Nebraska.

Faith, Hope and Charity—groups of three of any kind of articles.—Mrs. Ruth E. Hayes, 1224 S. Main, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Shakers, especially animals. Wants from all states.—Miss Eleanor Zelske, Stamford, Nebr.

Turkish Towels.—Luella Dietz, Rt. 2, Orleans, Nebr.

Shakers.—Mrs. R. C. Brown, 409 E Prospect, Cameron, Mo.

Washcloths.—Rose Mensik, Linwood, Nebr.

Shakers and crocheted doilies.—Mrs. F. B. Morrissey, Coggon, Iowa.

Shakers.—Doris Marie Harms, Appleton, Iowa.

Elephants, buttons, souvenirs, crocheted holders, church views.—Margaret Egger, O'Neill, Nebr.

Pen Pals named Irma, also ladies with birthdays on March 29th.—Mrs. Irma Warren, 782 E 154 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Handkerchiefs and potholders.—Mrs. Ben Grooters, c/o Ed. Blumeyer, Boyden, Iowa.

Lincoln and Indian Head Pennies. Write first and tell what dates you have.—Mrs. Esther I. Venator, Rt. 4, Chillicothe, Iowa.

Shakers.—Mrs. Henry Pokorny, Jr., Rt. 2, Weston, Nebr.

Shakers.—Miss Maxine Wyman, 27 Cedar St., Dover-Foxcroft, Maine.

Shakers.—Miss Ethel D. Nelson, 209 N. Broadway, Wahoo, Nebr.

Shakers.—Miss Mary St. Martin, 138 E 5th, Wahoo, Nebr.

Shakers.—Miss Irene Williamson, 241 N. Linden, Wahoo, Nebr.

Shakers.—Miss Donna Johnson, c/o Will R. Johnson, Rt. 1, Wahoo, Nebr.

Decorating churches for special occasions is the hobby of Mrs. Peter Buller, Mountain Lake, Minn. She says most of the occasions are wedding but there are some other special days, also. They raise the flowers needed for the decorations. Her son did help her but he is in service now so her husband is her handy man.

OUR SLOGAN

Let this be our Kitchen-Klatter Motto: "Keep singing, keep smiling, and work for America," with special emphasis on the word WORK for there is much work to be done. Print this slogan on a card and hang it over that kitchen sink.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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

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

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 Hayzlett, Box 288, Shenandoah, Iowa.

POTHOLDER NEWS—a typed list of holder collectors who want to exchange. Up-to-date and accurate. 10c coin and a 3c stamp. Stanley Stotz, 2422 Glenmary, Louisville, Ky.

WANTED—A complete set of floral Haviland dishes. State what you have and price wanted. Mrs. Samuel Larson, Lyons, Nebr.

20 POTHOLDER PATTERNS for 10c in coin. Ruth Reed, 208 Kentucky Ave., Indianola, 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



Get Quick Lasting Relief
Wear Guaranteed, Proved ARCH-HEELERS in any shoes for aching feet, metatarsal pains, burning callouses, corns, weak arches. Money Back! Made of selected leather, specially shaped, with soft cushions to gently lift bone joints, release nerve-pressure, 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-9, Co. Bluffs, Ia.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

With September your Aid Society will be meeting again. There will probably be much work to be done in your own locality. An Aid Society is not only an organization to keep the church buildings in repair but has also a great work to do among the people of the church and community. **It is the church in action.**

The work of a church is not judged by the number who attend services but by the good its members are doing. As our Lord ministered to the poor and needy while He was on earth, we too must relieve suffering, help provide clothing and food where it is needed and what is often more important, bring spiritual comfort to those who are made sad by the war. Very few homes will escape the suffering that war brings.

TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Several Aid Societies are taking subscriptions for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. From Scobey, Montana, came orders for six subscriptions, and an Aid Society in Osceola, Nebraska, heads the list with orders for twenty subscriptions. A Martinsburg, Iowa, Aid also has a nice showing.

Of each dollar received for a yearly subscription your Aid Society may keep 25c, sending me the name and address and 75c. When I give this commission, I cannot offer premiums to the subscriber. This offer is good when a club of five or more is sent at one time.

DAYS TO REMEMBER

Get a supply of large paper plates. Around the edge of each mark 16 circles, using a nickel as a guide. In the circle put dates such as New Years, your own birthday, Lincoln's, Washington's, St. Patrick's day, May day, July 4th, Easter, Armistice, Thanksgiving, Christmas and any other dates that may be special in your town or church. On the back of the plates paste an envelope of blue stickers large enough to cover the circles. A little verse is printed in the center of the plates, as follows:

Blue Plate Special

At each holiday time
Please place a dime
Under a bright blue seal;
Stick them down fast
And when the year's past
Turn in your plate for a meal.

Then sign it with the name of the organization. At a given date, when the circles are all filled, serve a luncheon that costs 60¢. That leaves a dollar clear on each plate for your treasury.

SEPTEMBER PARTIES A BOX SUPPER

Several social groups to which I belong have pledged to buy a certain number of war bonds or stamps during the coming year. We are all trying to think of ways to raise this money.

I would like to suggest an old fashioned box supper. I remember—way back when I was a rural school teacher—what fun we had giving box socials. Of course each one tried to have their box the most beautifully decorated. Crepe paper, ribbons and artificial flowers, all were used in profusion, for the prettiest box usually brought the most money, when up for sale.

Each box should contain a well planned supper for two, neatly packed. These boxes are sold at auction, the highest bidder getting the box and the privilege of eating with the lady who prepared it. A committee furnishes coffee. Because the money received for the boxes is to go toward the war effort, the money spent is usually quite gratifying.

Before the sale of the boxes there may be an old-fashioned country school program given by "children" dressed in appropriate costumes. Have the "President of the School Board" give a learned speech. This party can be lots of fun if everyone enters into the spirit of it.

THIS WOULD BE FUN

When serving a lunch cafeteria style, have the guests form a line and march past the serving table. No one is served unless he is singing and no two can sing the same song.

"I like my Kitchen-Klatter very much. Read it from cover to cover, then save them for the fine hints and recipes."—Mrs. Roy Synovec, Pierce, Nebr.

INSULATION

To save needed fuel is real economy. Insulation keeps you warm in winter—cool in summer. Insul-Wool insulation soon pays for itself. Write for free information—a letter or post card will do. You will be surprised how cheaply and easily you can have real comfort. Write today.

IOWA INSUL-WOOL INSULATION CO.,

Shenandoah, Iowa

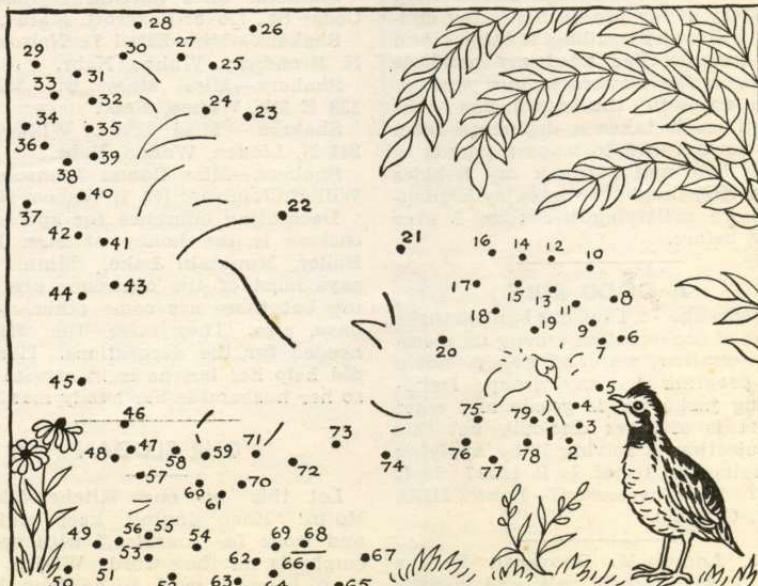
WATCH CONTEST

1. Support of a flower.
2. The collected books of an author.
3. What most people look out for.
4. Company.
5. A crowd.
6. Always found at a circus.
7. A summer flower.
8. Something used before.
9. What a policeman should do.
10. Insects.
11. Kept by the secretary.
12. Wedding anniversary.
13. Every one has all there is, but may say they have none.
14. Decided in court.
15. What we give to our friends in greeting.

Answers

1—Stem. 2—Works. 3—Number one. 4—Number two. 5—Number three. 6—Ring. 7—Four o'clock. 8—Second hand. 9—Watch. 10—Ticks. 11—Minutes. 12—Gold or silver. 13—Time. 14—Case. 15—Hands.

"This is my Father's world;
Oh, let me ne'er forget,
That though the wrong
Seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler, yet."



Bob-White is having quite a talk. Draw a line from dot to dot and you will see that the other fellow will probably get the better of him.