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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER WIGWAMS

H. Armstrong Roberts
Photo



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

"Though I so seldom see you
It's a joy to know you're there!
The thrill of your courage helps me
The burdens of life to bear.
Your strong faith lifts me upward
Above the cloud of my care,
The thought of your faithful friendship
Can make my day more fair.

It's a comfort just to know you
And to know that you are there."

—Annie Johnson.

Dear Friends,

Some way that little poem expresses the way I feel toward you, my friends. I think of the hundreds of mothers who have written me about their boys in the army and when I feel lonesome to see my soldier boys, it makes me braver to think that I am not the only lonely mother. Reminds me of the old saying, "Misery loves company." But don't think I am miserable. I am proud and happy and thankful God has given me boys who want a part in securing for our country the blessings of liberty.

Wayne, who enlisted January first, is in a finance office somewhere on the Hawaiian Islands. He has been made Sergeant. He has for friends, boys from Iowa and Nebraska and one of their greatest thrills is to find a month old "Des Moines Register" or "World Herald" and read the latest sports news.

Donald is nicely located in the Waco, Texas, flying school. He enlisted the first week in August. He is studying to be a "Weather Observer." In a letter received this week he writes, "I really like my work and my school. The weather is good and I seem to be doing all right in my classes. I'm really contented now. I'm not sure but what I might find this a good line to go into after the war."

This has been such a short summer. I can't realize fall is really here. I didn't do much fruit canning this past summer for there will be only my husband and me at home this winter and we still have canned fruits on the cellar shelves that should be used. I let some one else use the sugar that would have been our allotment who needed it worse than I did.

As the fall days come, I begin to wonder what I will do for hand work this winter. I want to make another patch-work coverlet. I have a pattern for an applique Iris quilt that is beautiful. I may start one of these.

Are you planning ahead for next year's garden? This is the time to plant tulips, oriental poppies, lily bulbs and many other hardy perennials. Since my own sons are gone, I am fortunate to be able to have Don and Harold Hansen, the morning KMA Home-maker's boys, to help me in my garden, and believe me, they know how to do this kind of work. They both enjoy the summer vacations that are spent with relatives on farms.

Frederick cabled us that it was impossible for him to leave Egypt at this time, although a few weeks might change his plans. He was evacuated out of Cairo to Khartoum, several hundred miles south, and can't return there until he is given permission. So that's that. There is an old saying, "What can't be cured, must be endured," so I'll try not to worry over what can't be helped.

Margery is well started on her teaching career. The first week of school the weather was very warm and she wrote it was pretty hard to teach, but she has her "second wind" now, and is enjoying her work. She wrote, "Mother, I believe half of Pella (Iowa) listen to your talks! So many seem to know you". We hope Margery can come home for Thanksgiving. She may be the only one of our seven that can be with us. Howard will be in the army by that time. He expected to be called before this.

Dorothy and Lucile are very happy in their work in California. Lucile works in the main office of the American Red Cross in Los Angeles and Dorothy in the Lockheed Aircraft factory office in Burbank. Dorothy has been home for a very short visit of ten days. You can imagine how we visited. We even begrudged the time we had to sleep. If Lucile's and Dorothy's husbands go into the army, I imagine they will be home for the duration. Their rooms are ready for them.

Thank all of you who have told your friends about the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine or have loaned your copy. You have helped me get many new subscribers and here's a special greeting to all new members of our circle.

Don't get so busy you forget to write to me. I am really expecting an answer to this letter. If you can get KMA on your radio, tune in at 1:30 P. M. for my daily visit.

Lovingly,

—Leanna.

I WON'T BELIEVE IT

There is one kind of propaganda that I am afraid many mothers are believing. That is, these stories supposed to come from boys who are in prison camps. One story especially, about the message under the postage stamp, was told during World War I. Any one who repeats these stories is helping the enemy, who wants mothers to worry about their boys.

DON'T HAVE WAR BLUES

Some of you are saying, "But I can't help it. I worry all the time. I cry every time I think about our boy who is in the army." Your boy isn't crying! He is brave! He loves you and his home and his work, but he knows there is a job to be done and his help is needed.

Your son has a mission. He is a good crusader for God and for good. Everything dear to us is threatened by this war. Unless your son and my son does his part to conquer this enemy, our freedom, our American way of life will be lost for perhaps a hundred years to come. Send him away with a brave smile, for the last glimpse he gets of you he will carry with him in his heart.

Our boys will do their part where ever they are and we must do our part on the home front for wars are not won by shot and shell alone. Enter into every war effort your community sponsors, whether it be doing Red Cross work or collecting grease. Try to comfort the parent who comes to you with his or her fears for the boy in service. Don't spread gloom, but have a bit of cheerful news to tell. Above all, *try not to worry*. That does not do you or anyone else any good.

GOODBY

Goodby, my son! Your country calls—

No nobler trust can life assign;
No need to say the thousand things
That overflow a mother's heart;
And may no word or act of mine
Betray my heartbreak as we part,
No medals would I wish for you,
Nor plaudits of the high and great;
But may you to your trust be true,
Where'er you go, whate'er your fate.
And when there dawns that brighter day,

When hope and faith shall reign again;

May it be said, you stood the test,
That, always, son, you were a man.
Goodby, my son! Godspeed you on your way.—Mrs. Carrie Mosser.

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



GARDENING STRONGER THAN PHYSICAL DISABILITY

By Howard W. Bowlin, Savannah, Mo.

I have been asked to write an article on what gardening can do and mean to a physically handicapped person. Since I have been physically handicapped 25 out of my 28 years of life, I feel qualified to write a few words on this subject.



Howard W. Bowlin, Savannah, Mo. broadcasting from Mrs. Flscher's microphone during a recent visit in Shenandoah

I would first say that there is no difference in the love and enjoyment of flowers and their beauty, in the true flower lover, regardless of whether he or she be physically handicapped or possessing a strong robust healthy body, for one loves and appreciates flowers from within, and not from without. If there is any difference to be found, then I believe it would be in favor of the handicapped flower lover, for one whose life is arrested or set apart from full daily activity must find place for that same amount of energy and strength to be used elsewhere. The mind and soul of one who is not able to be out and meeting people and seeing various sights has the same amount of soul appreciation and interest as the one who does get out and around, and the one

who doesn't—if they happen to be flower lovers—have all that love and appreciation to cast at the feet of beauty and culture, which requires not a strong physical body to be enjoyed. Therefore I believe a physically handicapped person finds themselves more dependent upon the spiritual and mental uplift and outlet which flowers in their beauty afford.

The partially handicapped person who is able to have a small garden plot will find an outlet for their stored-up mental staleness. To just get out and dig in the earth—to get one's hands in soil, to set a plant and watch it grow under his love and care—is to the soul of that person of the same effect as opening the doors and windows of a closed house and letting the fresh air move out the stale musty atmosphere, and replacing it with fresh clean sun-washed air.

Gardening will cleanse the heart, mind and soul of all who will give to it their time, love and interest. We must be fair to our gardens and plants, for they are wiser than we, and they will only give back that which we invest. The more love and care we give them, the greater will be the harvest of beauty, which in turn will build in us a stronger mental character as we progress in gardening.

It should be emphasized and understood that it is the mental and spiritual elements in the lives of humanity which need cultivating—and not the physical, for the flesh profiteth very little to our welfare. So whether we be physically handicapped or not, who of us can walk through the beauty of a lovely garden and not come out a better man or woman?

"I read this in one of the flower magazines, and it meant lovely begonias for me: 'Water with alum water once a week, because they require acid soil.' Mine would lose most of their leaves and have very few blossoms until I tried this and was happily surprised."—May MacArthur. (The Government formula for this is ½ ounce of super saturated alum to the gallon of rain water.

"I get such a thrill out of my flowers even though they are so few compared with most of those who write to you. This year I have 3 Platycodons, thanks to a dear Round Robin friend. And my new rock garden proudly displays four lovely violas, an oxalis or two, several new sedums and violets. And I know I'm just as proud of my twenty Iris as the lady who has 600. Perhaps that's one of the nice things about flowers that no matter how small the garden plot one can get just as big a thrill out of it and feel the same pride of possession."—Clarice Houlihan, Woonsocket, S. D.

"We don't get time to dig our tulips when we should and they make *too big* clumps before we divide them. Then lots of the little bulbs will get missed and a few years later they will be blooming among whatever has been planted in the old bed. I feel sure that they come from self-sown seed, too, for the last few years we've had colors and 'calico' combinations we never had before. So I feel sure they've cross pollinated."—Clara Blume, Denison, Iowa.

OCTOBER IN THE GARDEN

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

October is about our last chance to save what flowers and plants we have from the icy winds of winter, either by properly mulching those which really need it or by carrying over the more tender perennials or half hardy annuals either in a cold frame or in a rather cool sunny window in the house. Any bulbs for winter blooming must also be potted now.

Many small plants either biennial or perennial which have succeeded in getting a nice start, may be left out in the open ground if given a little protection. Often these are still in a seed bed but are too small to be transplanted since if their root system is checked in its growth by being transplanted it will not respond in time to get started again before the ground is frozen solid. Seed beds of pansies, wallflowers, canterbury bells or other biennials, and those of columbines and delphiniums, to name a few of the perennials, will winter over nicely with a light mulch of grass clippings or other material free from weed seeds. Soon a protecting fall of snow will make an ideal warm but porous blanket for the little plants.

However if these rather hardy plants have grown from seed planted in a box or dishpan, simply sink it level with the ground and mulch lightly as usual. They may be then taken care of in the spring very easily, watered when necessary and set out in a temporary nursery until strong enough for permanent locations.

Many times just before the final freeze we come across plants in the fall garden which have a strong and sturdy growth, but which have not bloomed yet and will not do so until spring has come again. Moreover some of these seedlings are not strong enough to withstand our severe winter weather even in a cold frame and will be lost entirely if something is not done about them. If these can be lifted, potted rather closely together and kept growing all winter, they will give very early bloom for the next season in open ground. They may be planted in small cheese boxes which conveniently fit in a window ledge and grown slowly in a cool sunny place indoors. Do not water too heavily and keep rather on the cool side. These seedlings develop into strong little plants which may be set out as soon as the weather permits. If kept too warm and watered too frequently they will grow tall and spindly. They should be cut back frequently when needed so as to make them strong bushy plants. These seedlings found in late fall have often survived severe frosts and it seems a shame to lose them entirely for lack of a little care. Among these are snapdragons, nicotiana, salvia, and petunia. Many times they will bloom during the winter in the house. Cuttings may be made from these and rooted in water for new spring plants.

Lily bulbs which are very small and still at the seedling stage should have their boxes brought in. They should

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A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

My! how these days dash by. It doesn't seem possible that a month has whirled past since I last sat down to write to you, but the calendar doesn't tell tales so it must be a month all right.

In an hour or so I am going to meet Russell at a restaurant not far from here and we are going to have a farewell lunch with his mother. She came up from Solano Beach this morning and met Russell at the station, and soon the three of us will be together for our last visit before she leaves for Minneapolis. I know that she's had a happy time in California, but I know too that she will be glad to get home again and to see Mr. Verness who has been alone since the middle of July. This last week before her trip back to Minnesota she has spent with Boletta and John, and I'm anxious to hear the news from their neck of the woods. So much happens in so short a time these days that you have to get almost a weekly report if you're going to keep up with people.

While Mrs. Verness was here we certainly had our fill of home-made breads of all kinds. She does make the most wonderful bread imaginable, and you should have seen Frank and Dorothy and Russell and me get away with loaf after loaf. Last Sunday night Frank and Dorothy came down for lunch, and the four of us sat at the table with a big platter of fresh coffee bread and a pot of coffee (three pots to be exact!) and we spent about two hours sitting there having a very good time. Frank had spent the day flying up beyond the Mojave desert, and he was in the state of fatigue where a million dollars couldn't look as good as home-made bread and coffee.

The other night we went to see "How Green Was My Valley" which we had missed on its previous run, and we enjoyed it immensely. I hope that many of you had an opportunity to see it for I thought that its portrayal of family life was both beautiful and moving. We go to very, very few pictures in spite of the fact that we live in the "film capital of the world", but once every week we do take an hour to stop in at a little old theater and see movies that were made twenty and twenty-five years ago. The other night we saw Mary Pickford in a Biograph film made in 1910, and honestly! we laughed until we cried in spite of the fact that it was supposed to be very sad. It's most interesting to see these primitive old pictures with their make-shift sets and wildly exaggerated acting, and then see something as finished and polished as "How Green Was My Valley."

One night last week Russell and I were invited to a most elegant dinner at a home high on the hills above Hollywood. We ate in a dining room that has one wall of solid glass overlooking miles and miles of the city, and it was strange to see no neon lights, no outdoor illumination of any kind, and all cars in a certain zone must drive with only parking lights. A



Howard Driftmier, our oldest son, who will soon be in the army.

year ago we were at this home, and the difference in the appearance of the city between that night last week was truly indescribable.

The streets of this city are jammed with boys in uniform these days. It's hard to remember now what it was like when there were no uniforms on the streets. I am hoping that Donald or Howard will be sent to a post in this area for they could spend their leaves with us and we would all enjoy it. At the time this is written I don't know where Donald is, so possibly, just possibly, he will turn up out here. Our cousin, Harold Driftmier who was stationed in Hawaii for nine months, has just been sent back to Atlanta, Georgia for officer's training, so now I am hoping that perhaps Wayne will be able to leave Hawaii for the same purpose. However, this may be an idle hope for in his letter that reached me yesterday he said that he was afraid he could never pass the rigid physical examination. And remembering his eyes and his feet I am equally afraid. Well, the clock says one and the restaurant where I'm going is a good three blocks away, so I must say good-bye to you for now. I love California, but sh-sh—there isn't anyone of you I wouldn't change places with now for just one day of October in the middle-west!

—Lucile

(Continued from Page 3)

be kept growing all winter in a cool sunny room. If not watered, much time in their development is lost as growth is suspended when watering stops. Do not over water.

Speaking of lilies, try forcing elegans, the red lily so commonly seen. Given the same treatment as hyacinth bulbs they bloom at Easter. When growth begins in late January bring them into further growth gradually by not exposing to too strong a light at first. A cool room is the best location for them.

A LETTER FROM WAYNE

Hawaii, Aug. 3, 1942

Dear Folks,

Well, here comes my first V letter. Write and let me know how long it takes for it to reach you. I don't have much time to write you this morning for I have arranged to meet one of my old friends from Iowa, John Shepherd of Farragut. Even if he doesn't know any home news, I will have a good time talking over old times with him.

Last night one of the fellows went to town and brought back a large fresh pineapple. We buy them for 4 cents a pound over here, like you do melons at home. They are as sweet as honey. Plenty good eating. I mean to get my fill of them while I am stationed here.

I have had a bad time trying to locate Sol (his cousin, Sol Field). The address you sent me was wrong but now I have the right one and am going to see him the next time I go to town.

You can't imagine what an uproar your box caused when it arrived. It came last night and this morning I ate the last of the brownies. You can buy cookies here but they certainly don't taste like the ones you make. It is the same way with hamburgers. I don't believe there is another place in the world that you can buy hamburgers as good as the ones you get on the mainland. These over here have too much pork in them. I enjoyed reading the Kitchen-Klatter Magazines and am sorry I can't write swell letters like Ted and Lucile. It gets harder and harder to write letters for there are so many things we can't mention.

Last night Hix and Middleton and I went to the movie. We have to carry our gas mask, helmet, rifle and cartridge belts with us. I got half way home before I found I had left part of my equipment in the theatre so I had to turn around and walk back to get it. It was the first time since I have been here that I have been out after dark. It was a walk I shall never forget. The trade winds had stopped blowing and the fragrance of the flowers along the walks was wonderful. I should like to be here after the war is over so that I could enjoy these beautiful moonlight nights.

There are 150 men to every woman on this island so you can see what the average fellow is up against when it comes to dates. There just aren't any.

You will be receiving another war bond soon. When Don gets permanently located, send me his address. I'll write him and give him a few ideas that will help him to be a good soldier.

Love, Wayne.

"Have faith in God, the sun will shine,
Though dark the clouds may be today;
His heart has planned your path and mine,
Have faith in God, have faith alway."

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

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

Asmara, Eritrea
July 23, 1942

Dear Folks,

You will note by the address above that I am in Eritrea. When the heat became unbearable in Cairo, Dr. Quay and I arranged to take a short vacation in the "Estes Park" of Africa, Asmara. Here we are enjoying good American food, rainy days, cool nights and plenty of rest.

Our trip down was not as comfortable as we could have wished for, but we made it with little difficulty. Never having seen the Red Sea from a boat, we decided to take passage on a freighter from Suez. The heat was so terrific that we couldn't stay in our cabins. We spent all of the five days lying on cots which the captain placed for us on his private deck. I have been told that there is no hotter sea trip to be taken than a trip down the Red Sea. Twenty-four hours a day it was just like a Turkish bath. I don't understand how this body of water got its name "Red Sea", for it is even bluer than the unbelievably blue Mediterranean.

The food on the ship was very good. I had always heard that the American sailors eat well and I know now that it is the truth. On the Fourth of July we had oyster stew, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, real honest to goodness potatoes, sweet corn and pumpkin pie. Sounds like a Thanksgiving dinner at Driftmier's, doesn't it!

When we reached Eritrea we took a bus up into the mountains. In six hours we climbed from sea level up to 7,600 feet and with each passing mile it became cooler. The temperature was 125 degrees when we left the ship and 50 degrees when we reached our destination. Just think of that! A drop of 75 degrees.

We have been very hospitably received here and have had a good time sightseeing. We took an excursion to Cheren the other day to visit the famous battlefield there. The British defeat of the Italians at the battle of Cheren will go down in history as a wonderful achievement. Against overwhelming odds, the British captured the strongest natural fortification in Africa. As I walked over the battlefield, I couldn't help but feel that here, truly, the British showed the world that their bravery and devotion to duty will in the end always prove victorious. There is not a square foot of that battle area that is not covered with empty cartridges and shell splinters. There are hundreds of unexploded shells and bombs strewn about and we had to walk carefully lest we step on one.

Here in peaceful Asmara the war seems far away. Business is going on as usual and every one seems happy and contented. I have been spending my days reading and playing chess. The most common wild animal here is the baboon. The baboons go in herds and I have had them throw stones at me while I was walking or riding along the road. They throw

well, too.

The Italian motor cars are very interesting. Many of them burn charcoal instead of gasoline. The horse carriages here are little one-seated rigs like they use for trotting races in America. The one passenger sits in the seat with the driver. They are ideal for this hilly city. My health is good and I am hoping to leave for Khartoum and from there back to Egypt next week. I am anxious to get back to my work.

Lovingly, Ted.

A LESSON FOR YOUNG WIVES

I wonder why so many married couples get so cranky and cross with each other as they grow older. I have been married 24 years and my husband means even more to me now than when I was first married. It seems such a shame that so many folks seem to have gotten lost from each other in their everlasting struggle to make ends meet, and to bring up their families. My husband and I have always been and still are pals, and I know we will be until the end. We have had more than our share of sickness and hard luck but we just keep plodding along together. Almost impossible odds against us are usually overcome and we come through at last, better off for having had the experience, richer in tolerance and understanding and bound more closely together.

I think so many young wives make a mistake in their days of early marriage—they get so absorbed in their housework and babies that Friend Husband feels neglected and out of things. Maybe I shouldn't tell this, but I have left a washing half finished to go fishing with my husband. I have put my bread down cellar (I didn't have an ice box then) to go on a hurried trip to the county seat. Not because I just wanted to go gadding, but because my best beau wanted me to go. The washing could be completed when the fish weren't biting. The bread was baked later and was just as good. Wives should never let children replace the husband in their hearts, but think of them as an additional responsibility to be shared by both.

—A Happy Wife.



We war mothers are especially interested in locating our boys' camps on the map.

AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels



I am just now getting used to the peace and quiet that prevails around our kitchen table from eight-thirty in the morning until four-thirty at night. Logically, a person should be able to get a great deal more done if there were no interruptions to "come and see" all the hundred and one things that small boys can find for mamas to view, or to spread bread and butter for four hungry little boys, or to apply first aid to the cuts, scratches, and bruises that seem to attack small boys. Maybe Mothers aren't logical anyway, for I know that I am not the only one who doesn't even get a reasonable amount of work done the first two weeks of school. The house is too still. Putting up four dinners distracts my mind from housework. And I can't work after dinner for watching the clock.

The kitchen table is the place to plan meals. But with old fashioned calories adding to or subtracting from our poundage and newfangled vitamins guarding us against everything from colds to gray hair, are you all in a dither?

Does a balanced diet unbalance you mentally?

It did me until I evolved the so simple plan of balancing meals by the day instead of by the meal.

Now it is easy.

The handiest little thing in my kitchen is a notebook that takes loose leaf paper six by nine inches. I put in cardboard dividers between the sheets and on each divider I place an identification tab that sticks out along the edge so I can open to the right place everytime. I have cakes, cookies, canning, vegetables, menus, etc. In fact I have two books now, keeping the recipes I use every week in one and the ones I use only occasionally in the other.

Have you been to visit school?

What do you remember from your childhood. I remember coming home from school on cold evenings and finding Mother in a scrubbed clean kitchen with warm bread scenting the room. And the way it tasted with plenty of homemade butter and jelly or molasses.

It is comforting to think that in the world of chaos, it is the memory of things as simple as that which our children will cherish.

BE A GOOD SHOPPER

Seldom has it been so important to be a good shopper. Whether it be food, clothing or household equipment, great care should be taken in its selection. Make a list of the groceries you must have before you go to town. Read the ads in the papers and those on the windows of the shops. Know the difference between a number 2 and 2½ can. Read the labels so you will know whether what you buy is standard quality, or below government standard. When buying perishable fruits or vegetables, don't buy more than you can use before they spoil.

CONSERVE RUBBER

From the stopper in the bathtub to the tires on our car, we must take care of all items made of rubber. We have always taken these things for granted but they are among our precious possessions now. If we are smart, we will take good care of all household equipment containing rubber for these articles cannot be replaced. Enemy Number 1 of rubber is heat. Number 2 is light; Number 3, oils and greases, so—do not wear rubber foundation garments next to the skin.

To clean rubber, wash it in luke warm water and soap and dry with a cloth or hang up to dry. Do not dry in a hot place, nor in direct sunlight. If you have to iron a garment containing rubber, press gently.

The best storage place for rubber must be cool and dark. The attic is a poor place, the cellar a good one. Put them away clean and dry. If you must fold rubber goods, sprinkle powder between the surfaces that touch each other. Overshoes should be stuffed with paper before storing.

WASHING MACHINES NEED CARE

Keep your washing machine well oiled. Wash and dry it when through using it and most important of all, **Do not overload it.** This is very hard on your machine and does not give the clothes a chance to get thoroughly washed.



Frank Field and his first grandchild, John Robert Fishbaugh. Zoanna, the mother, is Frank's oldest daughter.

"My sister and I exchange magazines and I read her Kitchen-Klatter. I love it, only it's not half big enough. It's the only real 'household' magazine that I read, perhaps I shouldn't say just that but I am sure it is the best one."—Mrs. Henry Niedermyer, Pisgah, Iowa.

"I read the magazine from cover to cover and re-read it over and over again. I like it because of its home-like every day information. I save all mine and whenever I have an entertainment I haul out my Kitchen-Klatters and always find some games of some sort. Hope you stay well and have strength to publish the magazine for years to come."—Mrs. Floyd E. Vickers, Clarence, Mo.

"I received your card a few days ago asking me to renew my subscription for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine, which I did not realize had expired so soon. Yes, I will renew because I would feel lost if I would lose a single copy. I always get so many good helps for my church work besides the house hold helps and recipes."—Mrs. Lula R. Hudson, Braymer, Mo.

"Here comes my dollar for a yearly subscription to Kitchen-Klatter. I like it. This is a birthday dollar from my mother which I receive annually, and I don't know where I could make any better investment than 12 issues of your magazine."—Mrs. Fred G. Jackson, Parnell, Mo.

"My neighbor, who takes Kitchen-Klatter, was kind enough to loan me some of her magazines, and I liked them so well I've decided to take it myself, as I like every part of the paper. So I am enclosing a one dollar bill for a year's subscription. I would like to have my subscription start with the September issue."—Miss Alice Weber, Steele City, Nebr.

"I was sewing and my husband came in and asked me if he gave me \$1 would I spend it for what he wanted me to. I kept saying maybe so he just put the money back in his pocket. Of course my curiosity got the better of me so finally I said I would and he said, 'I was listening to Leanna today and I know you like Kitchen-Klatter so send her \$1.' I was thrilled to death because you know I love you all, even the ones in your family that I haven't seen."—Mrs. R. G. Humphries, Trimble, Mo.

"I also have all your Kitchen-Klatters and your magazine before the Klatter. I save every one. I think the paper is getting better every issue, even my husband reads it and that's unusual, as he never looks at Ladies' magazines. He likes to read the letters from your children. We enjoyed your husband's letter."—Mrs. John Bruner, Brainard, Nebr.

"I received the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine Wednesday, and after supper I picked it up to read and my husband said, 'You better wash the dishes.' He said that because he was anxious to read the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. He always reads it."—Mrs. A. W. Meyer, Ackley, Iowa.



My sister Helen Fischer and her husband admiring a four year old Philippineanse Formosan Lily which is 7 feet high.

MY SOLDIER BOY

Somewhere he is, shoulders erect
And faced to meet the foe,
He will do the task assigned to him,
No matter where he'll go.
There is no hate within his breast
For any race, or man—
But he is there to do his best
As bravely as he can,
This Soldier Boy of mine.

He wears his uniform with pride,
He loves his native land,
And duty calls him now
To lay aside the life he planned.
He leaves his loved ones and his home,
And all that life holds dear;
God keep him safe, and bring him
back,
This Soldier Boy of mine.

God give him courage, strength and
grace
To meet his every need
And soon may love and right prevail
O'er hate, and lust and greed.
Watch over him, and guard him well,
And keep him pure and true,
Please God, take care of him,
Until his job is through,
This Soldier Boy of mine.

—Mable Eggert.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Dear God, watch over her for me
That she may safely guarded be;
Help her each lonely hour to bear
As I would, Lord, if I were there.

When she is sleeping, watch her then
That fear may not her dreams offend;
Be ever near her through the day;
Let none but goodness come her way.

Sweet, faithful girl that waits for me
Beyond a wide and spacious sea—
Be merciful, O God, I pray;
Take care of her while I'm away.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

This is a wonderful time for mothers of school children to remove "excess baggage" if they have a surplus. When the children are not at home,



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

it is much easier for mother to slip lightly over the noon meal. Also the suggestions in this article about the evening meal can well be applied to overweight mothers, for the late evening meal may cause trouble when trying to reduce.

Most of the common sense rules for health can be applied to both children and parents. Turn to the back page of your Health Booklet and find the list of health leaflets. If you will read "Talk to Mr. Daddy" you will be able to solve some of your health problems that are always bobbing up with school children, as well as yourself.

Whether Sonny comes rushing home with a good report card or whether he drags in hesitantly with disgrace, is determined to some extent by what he eats and the frame of mind he is in while his food is digesting. For we now realize that emotional disturbance can build up body poisons.

Our expensive school system is wasted when operated on children who cannot study because they are not properly nourished. The school lunch box requires so much attention, yet the meals served at home are equally important. A child cannot study on a breakfast of pancakes. By ten o'clock they will either have been digested and left his stomach or will be there in a fermented mess. He may not have an appetite for the food he should eat for breakfast because of having eaten his supper near his bedtime. Try serving the evening meal soon as he comes from school then giving him a glass of milk at bedtime. Next morning awaken him with a kiss and give him a teaspoon (no more) of lemon juice in a half glass of water. Then let him stretch and even a "cat nap" may help him start his day right.

Child psychologists say we should make every effort to get the children off to school in a pleasant frame of mind. We may think the cross word or unpleasant situation has been forgotten but that disturbing element is carried to his sub-conscious mind and will make him depressed and nervous when the slightest thing goes wrong.

Keeping the home atmosphere as it should be is a big job for parents, and especially the mother as she is with the children more than a father. If you do not have a copy of the poem "Do Not Worry, Little Mother" ask me for it. It is free. I would like to hear from the lady who sent it to me when I was giving health talks on the radio. So sorry to have lost her name and address.

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "The only thing that my husband and I ever have sharp words about is how much help our two girls should give me during the school year. They're fourteen and sixteen, and they seem to have so much to do that I can't get much assistance from them. I wish you would tell me, Leanna, how much housework we should expect from high school girls."—Missouri.

ANS: It's my opinion that high school girls shouldn't be allowed to go footloose and free from all home responsibilities during the school year. If a girl is so delicate that she can't give her mother help she should be under a doctor's care and not try to carry her school work. I think that all girls strong enough to go to school and participate in outside activities are also strong enough to help with the supper, wash the supper dishes, and clean and bake over the weekend. They should take care of their own rooms and their own washing and ironing. I don't approve of this present-day tendency to expect nothing whatsoever of high school girls.

QUES: "A year ago my husband's youngest brother married a girl in Cleveland who was then working in an office. She was reared by two elderly relatives and seems to be pretty much alone in the world. Two months ago her husband was drafted, and it came as quite a blow to her for she is expecting a baby. He has written to ask us if we will have her come here to have the baby, but she's a city girl and never has lived on a farm and I doubt if she would be happy. Do you think we should ask her?"—Illinois.

ANS: I certainly do think you should ask her. At least give her an opportunity to say yes or no. For all you know she may be extremely happy on the farm, and if she thinks she won't be and would prefer staying in the city, she can say so. Since she is alone in the world I think it might be considered a Christian duty to open the doors of your home to her at this time.

QUES: "I hope you won't misunderstand my particular problem, Leanna, and think that it sounds a little foolish. I have one daughter, twenty-eight, who works in a bank and is just as sweet as can be and nice-looking too, but somehow she's never had many boy friends. Now we have a big comfortable home and can well afford to have army boys from a nearby post into our house for good meals, music, etc., but I hesitate to take such a step for fear people will think I'm only trying to get a date for my daughter. Do you see what I mean?"—Missouri.

ANS: Yes, I see what you mean and I think you would be very foolish indeed to allow the fear of a little idle talk to keep you from giving some lonely young boys a fine Sunday dinner and the atmosphere of a comfortable home. To make the situation more simple for everyone concerned why not ask as many of your daughter's friends as the number of boys you expect to entertain? This way there wouldn't be one girl for five or six boys and they would all have a better time. I will be interested in hearing about your Sunday dinners this winter.

QUES: "Is there anything that can be done to get men to write letters, Leanna? For years I've written all of the letters to my husband's people, even the Christmas letters, and I'd gotten reconciled to the whole business, but now our twenty-one year old boy is in the army and he's so homesick that letters from home mean everything to him. I write every-other day, yet it's simply impossible to get my husband to write, and I certainly think he should."—Nebraska.

ANS: Of course he should write, my dear Mrs. A. V., but I'm afraid you won't have much success getting a letter from him into the mail box. Most men hate to write even a postcard; actual years can elapse between the times they put pen to paper. Make a joke out of it in your letter to your boy, and from time to time say something to the effect that his father looks forward to every letter from camp and enjoys each word, "but you know dad—he just can't seem to get himself down to writing a letter." Perhaps some time you can wheedle him into adding a few lines of his own at the bottom of your letter.

QUES: "Our only son will be twelve years old the last week in October and we thought it might be nice to have a surprise party for him. I can't decide between asking his eight or ten best boy friends for a six-thirty dinner, or asking about fourteen boys and girls for an evening party. Do you have any ideas on what he might enjoy the most?"—Iowa.

ANS: Since you ask my opinion I will say that from my own experience with four boys I've found that at twelve years of age they still enjoy their parties without girls. They get to their teens before they really want to entertain girls, I think. The 6:30 surprise dinner for eight or ten boys sounds like a good time to me.

TONGUE TWISTER

(Say this very fast.)

Sarah Thrash threw soft tomatoes at Sally's sister, Thelma, who sang silly symphonies.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

SUGARLESS BROWNIES

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

- 1/2 cup lard
- 1 cup white syrup
- 2 ozs. unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 2 well beaten eggs
- 3/4 cup sifted cake flour
- 1/4 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup chopped nut meats

Cream lard, add syrup and mix thoroughly. Add well beaten eggs, and the melted chocolate. Sift the dry ingredients. Add these, and the nut meats. Bake in 9x9 pan, 350°, for 35 minutes. Cut in squares and remove instantly.

CUSTARD PIE

(Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
August 13, 1942)

- 3 eggs
- Scant 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 2/3 cups milk
- 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg

Heat milk to boiling point. Remove from stove and while it cools, beat eggs and sugar, salt and vanilla. Add milk slowly. Mix well and pour into unbaked pie crust. Sprinkle nutmeg over the filling and bake.—Mrs. Frank Burgess, Elliott, Iowa.

SYRUP ICE BOX COOKIES

(Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
August 20, 1942)

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 scant cup shortening
- 3 eggs, beaten light
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cream tartar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup dark syrup
- 5 cups flour—more if needed
- 1 cup nut meats
- Pinch salt

Mix in order given, beating thoroughly. Turn out and knead on bread board. Divide dough and make into 2 rolls, wrap in waxed paper and place in refrigerator overnight. Bake as needed. They keep well in ice box.

RAISIN CUP CAKES

(Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
August 27, 1942)

- 1 cup raisins
- 1 1/2 cups cold water
- Cook raisins in water 20 minutes. Drain. There should be 3/4 cup of the liquid. If not, add enough water to make 3/4 cup.
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon allspice
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup brown sugar or dark corn syrup
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon soda

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg. Sift flour, measure and resift with rest of dry ingredients. Add alternately with the raisin liquid. Add cooked raisins. Fill well greased cup cake pans or crinkle cups and bake in 375 degree oven for 25 minutes.—Mrs. Jas. C. Nelson, Omaha, Nebr.

PEANUT DROP COOKIES

- 1/2 cup fat
- 1 cup syrup (sorghum, cane, corn or maple)
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup roasted peanuts, finely chopped

Cream fat and syrup, add eggs. Sift dry ingredients together, add peanuts, and combine with first mixture. Stir until blended. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto an oiled baking sheet and bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, about 20 minutes. If sorghum is used, change the baking powder to 1 teaspoon and add 1/2 teaspoon soda. Makes 60 cookies.—Mrs. Alta Burns, Burdick, Kans.

"MISSOURI SMILES"

Sing a song of living—
Of living—living high!
Of yellow legged chicken,
And fresh gooseberry pie!
Of garden "sass" a plenty—
Of roasting ears—galore—
I hope that I'm not dreaming—
If so—just let me snore!

—Mo. Farmer for July.

SUGARLESS SPONGE CAKE

Separate 4 eggs. Beat the yolks to lemon color then add slowly
1 cup white corn syrup
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon lemon extract

Sift 1 1/2 cup cake flour with 3 teaspoons baking powder, 3 times. Add to egg yolk mixture alternately with 1/2 cup cold water. Add stiffly beaten egg whites last. Bake in greased pan in a 350 degree oven until it springs back when you touch it.—Mrs. W. C. Grau, Faribault, Minn.

FILLED OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup shortening, cream with sugar
- 1/2 cup sour milk or buttermilk
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 3 cups quick oatmeal
- Flour to roll

Filling

2 cups raisins or dates, ground fine
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
1 heaping tablespoon flour
Cook till well done. Put between two cookies, press edges together and sugar the top. Bake in moderate oven.—Mrs. Henry Rademacher, Loup City, Nebr.

POTATO COOKIES

Heat 1 cup molasses and stir into it
3/4 cup shortening
Add 1 1/2 cups hot riced potatoes.
2 cups flour
1/2 t salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
Sift dry ingredients and add to first mixture
Add 1/2 cup chopped dates

Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet. Bake about 12 minutes, at 325 degrees.—Mrs. H. W. Stowers, Nora, Nebraska.

CHIP CHOCOLATE PIE

30 marshmallows, melted in 1/2 cup milk in double boiler. Cool, then add 1 cup whipped cream, 1/2 cup chopped nut meats and 1 square of bitter chocolate, grated. Pour into baked pie shell, or tart shells.

APPLE-ORANGE CONSERVE

12 Wealthy apples
1 orange
1 pound orange slice gumdrops
2 cups sugar
1/2 cup hot water
Peel and slice the apples and the whole orange. Thinly chip the gum drops in small pieces. Put in a kettle in layers with the apples and orange, add the hot water and simmer with cover on kettle until tender. Remove cover and continue cooking very slowly until thick. Makes 3 pints.—Miss Talena Dirksen, Hampton, Iowa.

RIPE TOMATO RELISH WITHOUT COOKING

Chop fine 1 peck ripe tomatoes. Put in bag and drain over night. Add to pulp next morning
 4 green peppers, chopped fine
 9 onions, chopped fine
 3 heads celery chopped fine, (or celery seed)
 Scant 1/2 cup salt
 4 cups vinegar
 1 cup white mustard seed
 2 pounds brown sugar
 Mix thoroughly and can, uncooked.—Mrs. J. L. Taylor, Republic, Kansas.

TOMATO CATSUP

1 gallon tomato juice
 1 cup sugar
 2 tablespoons salt
 1/4 teaspoon red pepper
 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 1 teaspoon allspice
 1 teaspoon mustard
 1 teaspoon cloves
 1 pint white vinegar
 Cook all together 1 hour, add 1/2 cup cornstarch mixed with cold water. Boil 15 minutes longer and seal in jars or bottles. Put spices in small bag to cook.—Mrs. August Theede, 419 N 12 St., Beatrice, Nebraska.

HEINZ RELISH

Grind through food chopper
 7 pounds green tomatoes
 8 sweet peppers
 4 small red peppers
 2 large onions
 Mix with
 3 sticks cinnamon
 2 teaspoons whole cloves
 3 tablespoons salt
 2 tablespoons celery seed
 3 cups sugar
 3 pints vinegar
 Boil for 30 minutes and seal hot. Makes 4 1/2 quarts.—Mrs. Sam Stigers, Gallatin, Mo.

PERPETUAL YEAST

Dissolve 1 yeast cake in 1 cup warm water. Put in fruit jar, add 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and fill jar nearly full with warm potato water. Set in warm place over night. Stir and take out 3/4 of the contents, add 2 cups warm water and mix sponge. Leave the rest in the jar to start next baking, then add sugar, salt and potato water as before but no yeast.—Mrs. Frank Hutchins, Rippey, Iowa.

ONION PIE

Peel and slice 2 cups of onions and cook 20 minutes in salted water. Sprinkle a pastry-lined pie plate with 1 tablespoon flour and add the drained onions. Then sprinkle with 1 cup of well seasoned sausage crumbled fine. Add a little salt and pepper and 1/4 cup cream. Cover with the top crust and bake in a moderate oven about 30 minutes. Use regular pie crust recipe.—Goldia Irey, Hiawatha, Kans.

KITCHEN-KLATTER

Canning? Cooking? Washing pans? (Really, now it doesn't matter)
 Stop a minute! Dry your hands!
 Sit down and listen to Kitchen Klatter.

No matter what your daily tasks,
 Nor how your nerves are tied in tatters . . .
 Just sit a while—rest and relax,
 While Leanna "Kitchen Klatters."

Now you may think that this is trite,
 Or just a bit of idle chatter,
 But try it once and you will see . . .
 1:30 . . . ! Time for Kitchen Klatter.
 —Mrs. M. E. Faubion.

PEANUT ROCKS

2 cups flour
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 1 teaspoon soda
 1 cup shortening (half butter, half lard)
 1 cup honey
 2 cups oatmeal
 1 cup ground raisins
 1 cup chopped peanuts
 2 tablespoons milk

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream shortening with honey until light and fluffy. Add oatmeal, raisins and chopped peanuts, then add dry ingredients and milk. Mix well. Drop on a well greased cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven for about 20 minutes. These improve with age.—Mrs. A. D. Henderson, Concordia, Kansas.

DOUGHNUTS

2 1/2 cups flour
 1/2 cup light syrup
 1/4 cup sugar
 1 teaspoon salt
 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg
 1/2 cup milk
 1 egg

2 tablespoons butter, melted
 Sift flour, baking powder, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg together. Mix syrup and sugar and beat well. Add milk and egg which have been lightly beaten together. Add melted butter and the dry ingredients. Toss onto a floured board, roll to 1/4 inch thickness and cut. Drop in deep, hot fat. The fat is the right temperature when a crumb of bread will brown in one minute, about 375 degrees. Fry until delicate brown. Drain on heavy wrapping paper. Roll in powdered sugar. Makes 20.—Mrs. Wilma Hinrichs, Milo, Iowa.

VARNISH REMOVER

6 tablespoons sal soda
 2 tablespoons gloss starch
 1 quart boiling water

Mix together and spread on furniture or floors or wherever you want to remove varnish, with a clean paint brush. Let stand a few minutes and rub off with a cloth. Repeat if necessary.—Etta Boucher.

KITCHEN-KLATTER COOK BOOKS

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NEIGHBOR BOB'S Dinner Table ALMANACK

Back in 1731 a couple of French cooks by the name of Gronnois and Caudney got in an argument and one challenged the other to a duel. They battled—but their weapon was FOOD, not swords or pistols. They tried to see which one could eat the most of the other's cooking!

Even if you have to crawl there on your hands and knees, don't miss seeing the Navy's moving picture of "The Battle of Midway." It isn't very long—but it shows in real photos, real action, just what our boys out there are going through for us.

I'm receiving many kind words from folks who do their baking with Mother's Best Flour. Mrs. Pete Langer of Spalding, Nebraska says she always thought Mother's Best would be an expensive flour, she'd heard so much about it—and she was surprised to find it actually costs less than many other brands! She says, "I get bigger loaves, whiter bread and the flour seems to go further than the flour I used to use. I'm really amazed at the better results I get with Mother's Best."

Did you know that in England wheat is called corn? And corn is known as maize. So if you ever go to visit the English don't be amazed if your friends take you out in the wheat to see the "corn."

Yours 'til next time,

NEIGHBOR BOB

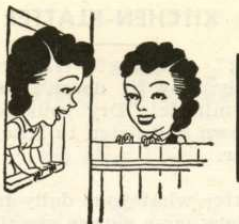
THE GIFT BOX

By Gertrude Hayzlett

The first frost sets us thinking of ways to brighten our homes for the coming winter—and charm strings are lovely brightener-uppers. Some of you have been planning your charm strings and have gathered your material along through the summer, taking each thing in its own season, but there are still many things you can get. Take a walk along a country road and through the fields, or your own garden can furnish many things. You will find many interesting seed pods—rose hips, poppy pods, milkweed, cat tails from the swamp, okra pods, nuts and acorns, dried bean pods, especially the large varieties, ornamental peppers, dried and strung together in bunches, ears of popcorn or the small brightly colored ears of Indian corn. Leave the shuck on, turn it back and dip in a pot of dye. If you wish to hang your charm string outside your door shellac the corn. It brightens the kernels and discourages the birds. Each article you use must first be carefully dried, then may be decorated to suit your fancy. If paint is used, select colors that will harmonize with the room where string is to hang. Outline some of the more oddly shaped articles with luminous paint—they will be an interesting thing to study some night when you can't sleep. Pine cones may be shellacked or enameled in bright colors. Cut some of them crosswise into sections and paint to represent flowers.

Don't forget the gourds. They come in so many shapes and sizes, they are almost a necessity to fill out any string. Select the smaller ones, cut as soon as the shell is hard, leaving a little of the stem on. Wash carefully and store in a light airy place till thoroughly dry. When completely cured, paint or varnish them, or rub with floor wax till their natural beauty is brought out. Smallish round ones can be painted to look exactly like apples. Pierce 2 holes near the top and run a wire through to fasten them to the string, as the stems are apt to pull off after a time.

The string must be stout and of material that will harmonize with the articles to be displayed. It can be tinted or left in natural color. Binding twine is good. Six strands of ordinary twine may be twisted or braided together and used with success. Tie each article to the main string with fine wire or stout cord. You can assemble the whole thing at one time, or little by little as you collect the pretties. Start by fastening on at intervals 3 or 4 fairly large articles—gourds, for instance—then an ear or two of corn, and as you collect them add other things, fitting them in so the string is well balanced and graceful. Keep it generally triangular in shape—wide at the top and tapering to a point at the bottom. Use similar sized articles on each string. Arrange for a strong loop of the twine at the top, to hang by.



OVER THE FENCE

Mrs. C. D. Franklin, 1211 Ridge, Kansas City, Kansas will be glad to hear from any one who would like to have some little sixpointed star quilt blocks. "First come, first served."

Anyone who thinks they are too old to work should think of the farm wife 67 years old who pitched 75 loads of hay, shocked 15 acres of timothy, pitched 8 acres of alfalfa and now has 8 acres of beans to stack. She is surely doing her part in the battle of production.

We women are going to get a real break. Our men folk's clothing will have fewer buttons and buckles to be kept sewed on.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl May have received word that their son Edward and his wife have arrived safely in Lima, Peru, where he is employed by our government to do special work along agricultural lines, a job for which he has been especially trained.

"Lula! Lula!" Did I hear your answer? Mrs. R. J. Behm of Atwater, Minn. would like to hear from all who answer to the name of Lula. She hopes she will receive two or three hundred letters.

Here is a good joke on me! In doing the advertising on my program I have said, "Send your letters, box tops etc. to me, Leanna, at KMA." As a result of this I have had several letters addressed to "Meleanna."

Mrs. Harry Wheeler of Fort Crook has a helpful idea to pass along. She keeps a note book entitled "My Husband's Favorites." When she prepares a meal that he tells her is especially good, or says he enjoys a certain food, she writes in her note book the menu or the recipe for the food he liked. You might find it helpful to do this, too.

Keep a shrill whistle in a convenient place. Mrs. Joe Foxhoven of Sloan, Iowa, uses one to call her husband to the telephone or to the house when a meal is ready.

Mrs. Ethel Snyder of Ogden, Iowa, recently received a cable from her son in India. I know how happy she was to hear from him.

Russel Machovec on Rt. 1, Fort Dodge, Iowa, had the misfortune to be hurt in a threshing machine accident. He will be in bed a long time and would appreciate letters.

Two miles east of Mediapolis, in the eastern part of Iowa, there is held each year a Chautauqua program. Here in this little spot of beautiful timber, seven days of fine programs are held. This year was the 39th annual assembly of this chautauqua. My first date with my husband was to attend a program at one of these gatherings. That was back in 1911.

When Bruce Annear started to school at the Carrollton, Mo., Consolidated School this fall, it was the 30th consecutive year for Mr. and Mrs. John Annear to have one of their five children in the same school. It was in 1912 their first child, Lucille, now Mrs. Chas. Baker, started to school, followed by Juanita, now Mrs. Randall State, then Delos Annear, then Grace, now Mrs. Everett Overton, and now Bruce Annear who is in the 9th grade this year. Are there any more similar records among our Kitchen-Klatter friends?

Mrs. Ruby Russell of Maywood, Nebraska, writes, "Some of my neighbors and I pool our vegetables and make soup and have a greater variety of canned foods." I think this is a very fine neighborly thing to do. More of you should try it.

My son Wayne, on the Hawaiian Islands, sent me a dish made of Koa wood, and shaped like a leaf. Mrs. Wayne Reams of Malcom, Iowa, writes that she has an idea he bought it from her uncle and aunt in Honolulu, who make these dishes. I shall appreciate mine even more, now.

Mrs. Mabel McFarland is the new director of music at KMA. Mrs. McFarland has many friends in Shenandoah and southwest Iowa. She was raised at Tabor, Iowa, and has lived for more than 15 years in Shenandoah. She has a daughter Phyllis who goes to High School. I am sure she would enjoy a letter from you.

The war has called another one of our family circle. My sister Jessie Shambaugh's son, Bill, is in the armed forces now. Bill graduated from Cornell College at Mount Vernon, Iowa, last June.

My nephew Bob Eaton, of Des Moines, is receiving recognition as a song writer. He has more than 40 compositions to his credit. His mother, who is my sister Martha Field Eaton, has made verse writing a hobby for many years and has had one book of her poems published. "Like mother, like son."

Mrs. S. D. Hiatt of Perry, Iowa, has a son, a son-in-law and seven nephews in the army. Next month a brother and another nephew will go. There will be few homes not effected by this war.

My sister Helen Fischer has a new grandson. Carter Frederick Alexander was born to her daughter Louise at the Presbyterian Hospital in Hollywood, California, September 12. This makes one granddaughter and three grandsons for Helen.

THE MOTHER'S ROUND TABLE

Written for Mothers by Mothers

LIVE CALMLY

By Mrs. Eli Espe, Radcliffe, Ia.

If people only realized how many gray hairs and wrinkles, not to mention shattered nerves, they might be spared if they would learn to live more calmly, to face the many aggravating annoyances that come to all of us in our daily lives with more quiet patience and courage, I think everyone would make more of an effort to do so.

The Creator has given us will power which we can use to our advantage by refusing to allow these happenings to upset us too much and by refusing to allow our tempers to get the better of us. Every time we "fly off the handle", we ourselves are harmed most of all, because a poison is created in our bodies which is detrimental to our well-being. Anyone who has experienced going through a violent fit of temper knows the feeling of weakness and utter weariness that follows, as though one had gone through an illness. I think most of us take with a "grain of salt" the old saying that if one eats hard-boiled eggs when angry they will have the same effect as a deadly poison; however, we do know that anger, as well as worry and fear can cause the digestive system to go on a strike.

On those days when seemingly everything has gone wrong that possibly could and something happens that we feel is the "last straw", nothing is gained by going into tantrums about it. The wisest thing to do is to begin at once to consider calmly just what will be the quickest and most effective and efficient means of correcting whatever went wrong.

There may be times when you feel that in order to retain your sanity you must do one of two things—either smash dishes or scream! And since few of us can afford the former, and the latter would bring all the neighbors on the run, one can always compromise by taking ones spite out on the tinware in the kitchen and the glorious hullabaloo that can be raised with that should be enough to relieve even the nerve tension of the Axis Powers these days! Before you know it you will find yourself laughing heartily at the humor of the situation and the day will be saved.

When death robs us of a dear one and we feel as though the bottom had dropped out of everything, even wish we didn't have to go on, yet we know we must, we have no choice; if we are not thinking too much of ourselves at such a time we will consider those who grieve with us, those near and dear to us, and not allow our sorrow to change us from the lovable, cheerful, sunny individual that we once were to a strange, silent, brooding person, so different that they feel they have lost not only the one who was laid away but, in a sense, another whom grief has changed and embittered. Instead, sorrow should make

us kinder and more considerate and better able to understand and sympathize with others in sorrow.

The world doesn't want our tears, it has too many of its own; but it does want and badly needs our smiles and our cheer. Our dear ones sympathize with us when we weep, but our tears distress them and make them sad, while our smiles cheer them and they appreciate the effort we make to be cheerful for their sakes even though our hearts may be heavy.

A smile costs nothing, yet who can estimate its value? How often we are cheered by a sunny smile and a warm hand clasp, and as we are cheered, in turn we smile at some one else and so the good work started by that first smile goes on and on as the ever widening ripples on a pond when a stone is thrown into it.

Every once in a while we see one nervous, selfish, fussy individual making life pretty miserable for a half-dozen or more people. This may be true of anyone but particularly so if it happens to be the mother of a family, because she is pretty much the controlling element of what the atmosphere in the home is and if she is irritable, nervous and short tempered, the children are apt to be nervous too, and fussy and difficult. Often an impatient husband, disgusted with the whole situation, with more temper than tact puts in his "two cents worth" to make matters even worse. Needless to say, life in such a home is hectic and unpleasant and its occupants unhappy much of the time.

On the other hand, if the mother is calm and self-possessed, cheerful and serene, the rest of the family are encouraged and inspired to be the same. And when trouble threatens, she foresees the storm signals ahead and with tact and wisdom she hurriedly proceeds to "pour oil on the troubled waters" thus averting many a storm.

If we parents could see the years ahead, we would make a greater effort now, while we have our children with us, to make life in our homes more pleasant and put the happiness and welfare of our children before less important things, so that when they grow up and leave us we may have pleasant memories instead of vain regrets. And now in conclusion, a few more words in rhyme along the same line of thought.

Try Smiling

When the weather suits you not,
Try smiling;
When the coffee isn't hot,
Try smiling;
When your neighbor doesn't do right
Or the relatives all fight,
Sure its hard, but then you might
Try smiling.



Pvt. Alvin DeWild, Camp Gordon, Ga. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur DeWild, live at Van Wert, Iowa

O MOTHER, DON'T CRY!

O Mother, don't cry. It will sharpen the blow,
And make it so hard for your lad to go;
So save all your tears until after he's gone,
And send him away, if you can, with a song.
The indelible picture he carries away
Will cling to his thoughts for many a day,
So let it be one that will comfort his heart
With the strength he will need if his own tears start;
A picture reflecting your faith in the One
Who also once offered the life of His Son.
So send him to fight for this glorious land
A smile on your face, a wave of the hand.
He knows that your heart is breaking in two,
But Mother, don't cry, whatever you do!

Sent by Mrs. G. E. Howard,
Centralia, Kans.

MOTHERS FOR DEFENSE

"Leanna, be sure and talk plenty about folks not spreading stories that are not to our credit. One boy I know of wrote home about the terrible food at their camp. Upon investigation it was found they were being served well balanced, appetizing food. Perhaps the boy was just homesick."—Mrs. S. H. Magnolia, Ia.

"My boy is in Egypt. In my last letter I told him I did not go to bed with tears in my eyes but with a prayer in my heart and I wanted him to do the same.—Mrs. J. J. B., Council Bluffs, Ia.

PREMIUMS

With a yearly subscription to Kitchen-Klatter Magazine at \$1.00 you may have ONE of the following premiums if 10c extra is added: either a 5x7 Photograph of Leanna, 5 sheets of embroidery patterns or Leanna's new book of Favorite Verses, Volume II. Only one premium given with each yearly subscription.

WHAT SHALL



WE READ

BOOK REVIEW

By Edith Seabury

CROSS CREEK

By Marjorie K. Rawlings

In this book Marjorie Rawlings writes an interesting account of her life with her neighbors in the remote section of Florida where she makes her home.

Cross Creek is a bend in a country road, by land, and the flowing of Lochloosa Lake into Orange Lake by water. Outsiders consider us just a little biggety and more than a little queer. Black Kate and I between us once misplaced some household object quite unreasonably. I said, "Kate, am I crazy, or are you?" She gave me a quick glance. "Likely all two of us. Don't you reckon it takes somebody a little bit crazy to live out here at the Creek?"

The Creek satisfies a hunger in me. We have found the simple things, flowering and fruiting trees, the song of birds, a certain blandness of seasons, and the wind in the trees. There's something about country life that is exciting, so much happens here.

The day old Black Martha came to welcome me to the Creek was the beginning of a new philosophy of life for me. She said, "I wants to welcome you. Me and my old man is too old now to do steady work, but I just wants to tell you, anytime you gets in a tight, us is here to do what we can. I purely loves the Creek."

I asked her if it had always made a living.

"'Pens on what you call a livin'. To get you' grits and grease in the place you enjoys gittin' 'em, ain't that makin' a livin'?"

Martha is illiterate, but a natural aristocrat and is well bred. Breeding is after all a matter of manner, of social adjustment, of exquisite courtesy.

The night I went to the pound party was an epoch in my life. Ella May invited me and explained that a pound party meant everybody would bring a pound of something, and that cake would be especially nice.

When I reached the Townsend's I found them all well scrubbed and starched and uncomfortable. The mosquitoes, attracted by the oil lamp, seemed to be the only other visitors. The refreshments provided by the hostess, were a ten cent jar of peanut butter, a bucket of water and a nickel box of soda crackers. Two of the children exhibited their talents for me, Floyd "blowing" his mouth organ and Preston "shuffled". At last we ate and the cake disappeared as though a thunder shower had melted it. The party was over and I walked home. The next day I inquired about pound parties and my gullibility in accepting the invitation was verified. No one at the Creek ever attended.

Often times we fail to realize we have a moral obligation to the people who work for us. There was a tenant house a few hundred yards from my home. I saw the couple merely as a man and his wife who had come with the place. One morning she came over to see me, tall, graceful and with her baby slung over one hip. I saw her as another woman like myself and asked her how they were getting on. She told me in a straightforward manner that the mosquitoes and ants were eating them up. The mosquitoes I knew from experience were dreadful, my own legs were swollen to twice their size. I didn't investigate further into their problems and soon they moved away to make the woods their future home. I began to realize then that as long as I had money to make life more comfortable for those who gave me their services I was morally obligated to put out a portion of it. I never forgot the proud man and the tawny, lovely woman. They put a mark on me.

In winter we must be prepared for occasional disastrous freezes. Our fruit, our cash crop, can stand only twenty-eight degrees for four hours or twenty-six degrees for two hours. Any cold more severe will turn oranges into balls of ice.

The night when we know a freeze is not unlikely is always clear and the sun sets magnificently, fiery red. We hurry about and cover favorite shrubs with newspapers and old quilts, the poinsettias, beautiful in their full, brilliant bloom, we can't save if the night is bad.

Old Martha comes to help feed the men hot coffee, and we wait through the night, watching the thermometer as though it were the life of a dying man. We light the fires at two o'clock and there is no more beautiful thing than an orange grove by night lighted by the fatwood fire. I know that part of the beauty is the fight to keep the frost away and that all good things must be fought for.

Sometimes the battle is hopeless and we stand and watch the embers die and see the sun rise over the tropical world solid with alien ice. The morning after a freeze is fine, birds sing, and the poinsettias flaunt their redness in the warmth, unaware that they are frozen blossoms and doomed within an hour to shrivel on the stalk. We are sick at heart but relaxed and resigned. We have fought forces stronger than we and done our best and lost. Now we may sleep.

Who owns Cross Creek? What is property and who are the legitimate owners? My grove is legally mine. Yet if I did not take care of the land lovingly, did not nourish and cultivate it, it would revert to jungle. Is it mine to abuse or neglect? I do not

think so. No man should have proprietary rights over land who does not use it wisely and lovingly.

The earth may be borrowed, not bought; used, not owned. We are tenants and not possessors, lovers, and not masters. Cross Creek belongs to the wind and the rain, to the sun and the seasons, to the cosmic secrecy of seed and beyond all to time.

I MUST HAVE GOD

I must have God!
I couldn't walk this thorny way
With stone beneath and cloud above,
Or meet the struggle of each day,
Without His love.

I must have God!
I couldn't stand the hours at night
Or troubled day with all its length,
Or overlook what others say,
Without His strength.

I must have God!
I couldn't carry on my lips
A song of cheer, a word to ease
The aching of another's heart,
Without His peace.

I must have God!
I couldn't share the grief of those
Who need my help along life's way,
Or comfort one in need of peace
Unless I pray.

—Amy Wellington.



Margery Driftmier and "Rusty"

Green Shutter Book Shop

- Bambi (2 editions) . . . 50c or \$1.00
A delightful animal story
- The Real Mother Goose (2 editions) . . . 75c or \$2.00
Nicely illustrated
- Poems of Today (Verses for children) . . . 25c
- A Child's Garden of Verses
by R. L. Stevenson . . . 25c
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GREEN SHUTTER BOOK SHOP
310 East Tarkio
Clarinda, Iowa



FOR THE CHILDREN

INJUN STAYED

By Olga Vosoba Stastny

Frank blinked tears away and swallowed past a big lump. He heard Mary crying. Well, who wouldn't? Mr. Grey was going to take Injun. Injun! The only dog they ever had and how they loved him! Frank remembered Grandpa putting Injun into the covered wagon as they started the long journey from Illinois to Nebraska; he remembered Injun growling protectively at the nights' strange sounds; he remembered father stopping and calling, "We're home" on the wide prairies and even Mother being afraid to walk through the tall swishing grass unless Injun ran ahead frightening snakes. Oh, he remembered so many happy times with Injun, and now—he must go! It was a very long hard winter, father said, and mother looked worried every time she made a meal. Injun became thinner and thinner. Yesterday Mr. Grey had asked if he could buy the dog.

Frank knew his dog would grow fat again but he loved him so! They would be so lonesome! He looked around the room, and saw Mary still crying, father biting his lips, and mother mending mittens. Mother looked ready to cry too.

Suddenly Injun, who was outside, barked loudly. Father went to the door, peered out, then rushed for his gun.

"What is it?" cried Mother, as she run to the door with the children.

"Indians! Keep away!"

Frank had time to see several Indians walking slowly through the deep snow towards them, and Injun barking madly as he dashed for the Indians before father pushed his family away from the door.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to shoot as soon as they get to that big tree," answered father, as he knelt and held his gun in the crack of the door.

"Injun! They'll hurt him!" screamed Mary.

"Hush. Maybe they're friendly Indians!" soothed mother.

"Don't shoot, father—you might hit Injun," begged Frank, as he peeped over his father's shoulder.

Father shook his head. "Can't take a chance. There are too many of them. Don't let them get too close."

Frank held his breath as his pet reached the Indians, expecting them to hit him, but to his astonishment—two of the Indians bent over to pet him!

"Mary! Mother! They're petting Injun! They're laughing! Injun's wagging his tail!"

"Let's see!" cried Mary and mother.

"I think they're friends!" cried mother.

"Maybe," said father slowly, "But I still won't put this gun down."

Now the nine Indians were near the house and one held up his hand.

"How!" he called.

"Hello!" answered father.

"Indians friends! Bring meat—look," and he showed a bark-wrapped package.

"Hold the gun, and I'll go out," father told mother as he walked out to meet the smiling Indians.

"Indian bring meat tomorrow again. Nice dog!" and, after giving father the meat and patting Injun's head, the visitors turned to go.

"Come in to get warm," called father.

"Indians not cold," they laughed.

After mother had seen what good venison the Indians had brought, she said: "They want to be friends! Oh—if you had shot at them!"

"Where!" father sat down suddenly. "What would have happened?" asked Mary.

The parents looked at each other, but said nothing.

"If Injun hadn't been so friendly I would have," said father. "He really saved us!"

"Can't we keep him now? There'll be meat for him and he helped today," begged Frank.

Father answered, "After this afternoon he can stay even if there is little food."

No one heard anything more above the din raised by two overjoyed children and a barking dog.

Why is a poor riddle like a broken pencil? *Because it has no point.*

Life itself can't give me joy
Unless I really will it.
Life just gives me time and space—
It's up to me to fill it.

—Anon.

Why is a river like an elbow? *Because it is always bending.*

WATCH THESE SIGNS

When ants move in a straight line a storm may be approaching. If they scatter out as they travel along, look for fair weather.

Ants are busiest just before a rain.

When birds start oiling their feathers, look for rain.

When horses gather in a corner with their heads together, look for rain or snow.

Noisy crows in flight indicate rain.

OUT DOOR GAMES

By Erna Driftmier

LAST COUPLE OUT

All line up in a double file facing the same direction. One odd person stands in front with his back to the column. He calls very loudly **LAST COUPLE OUT**. The last two run forward each on his own side and pass the leader and grasp hands before he tags them. If he succeeds in tagging one of them he, with this person, become the first couple in the line. The one not tagged becomes the Chaser.

WRESTLING CIRCLE

This is a good game without equipment—

All the children wishing to play grasp hold of one another's hands very firmly, frequently they like using the wrist hold. A stick, or weed or handkerchief, any object is placed in the center of the circle. They pull back and forth until some one can be made to touch this object. That person drops out. And the game continues to see who can remain off of the object the longest.



What is this our little man is looking at with such great admiration? Draw a line from dot to dot and you will soon see.

Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

Good old Iowa again heads the list as raising more food of one kind than any other state in the nation. This time it is the poultry crop that heads the list. This year Iowa raised sixty million, two hundred and eighty thousand chickens (not pounds of chicken, but chickens) or eleven percent more than last year. Minnesota comes second, raising forty-five million.

When you stop to think that the big majority of chickens are raised by women you may well know we have not been idle. Many husbands are not the least bit interested in chickens and only know there are chickens on the place by seeing them about, and having fresh eggs and fried chicken on the table. Others notice them by the amount of grain you take for them from the bins, and granary, and usually consider it an awful lot.

Now where to put this large crop is the next problem. Of course a great many will be sold on the market for eating purposes, but many will be kept and crowded into the usual amount of housing space with the idea of lots of eggs next winter.

That is a great mistake. If you keep more chickens than you can properly care for, nature will usually step in and as a result you will have chickens with colds and undernourished bodies; sickness takes its toll and you are left with just about the right number you should have started with.

Provide plenty of feeders space, sunshine and roosting space free from lice and mites, no drafts and plenty of ventilation, a balanced diet and a place to exercise, fresh water and plenty of it, and you will be reaping the harvest of your long summer hours of work and worry.

Be sure to provide oyster shell and grit. I usually put out both and let the hen do her own choosing. If you have only one, use the oyster shell as the hen needs the lime to help form good egg shells.



Five year old twin sons of Mrs. Amanda Dohe, Lincoln, Kans.

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.	—William Hillman, News
7:15 a. m.	—Lem Hawkins
7:30 a. m.	—Frank Field
7:45 a. m.	—Gully Jumpers
8:00 a. m.	—News Roundup (Sun.)
8:15 a. m.	—Coast to Coast (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.	—Southernaires (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.)
10:00 a. m.	—Earl May, News
10:05 a. m.	—Horace Heidt's Band (Sun.)
10:10 a. m.	—Rangerettes & Rangers
10:30 a. m.	—A House in the Country
10:45 a. m.	—Frank Field
11:00 a. m.	—Church Service (Sun.)
11:00 a. m.	—Ma Perkins
11:00 a. m.	—Music by Black (Sat.)
11:15 a. m.	—Lone Journey
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 (Mon, Wed, Fri.)
12:15 p. m.	—Earl May, News (Tues., Thurs., Sat.)
12:30 p. m.	—Josef Marias' African Trek (Sun.)
12:30 p. m.	—The Rangerettes
12:45 p. m.	—Market Reports
1:00 p. m.	—Blue Theater Players (Sun.)
1:00 p. m.	—True to Christ Quartet
1:15 p. m.	—Church of the Air
1:30 p. m.	—Major League Baseball (Sun.)
1:30 p. m.	—Kitchen Klatter
2:00 p. m.	—KMA Country School
2:30 p. m.	—News
2:45 p. m.	—Gully Jumpers
3:15 p. m.	—Major League Baseball Game (Mon. thru Sat.)
3:30 p. m.	—Young Peoples Church (Sun.)
4:00 p. m.	—John Kirby's Orchestra (Sun.)
4:30 p. m.	—Army-Navy Game (Sun.)
5:00 p. m.	—The First Nighter (Sun.)
5:15 p. m.	—Highway Patrol Pgm. (Wed.)
5:30 p. m.	—Drew Pearson (Sun.)
5:30 p. m.	—Jack Armstrong
5:45 p. m.	—Edward Tomlinson (Sun.)
5:55 p. m.	—Big League News
6:00 p. m.	—Your Blind Date (Sun.)
6:00 p. m.	—Major Hoople (Mon.)
6:00 p. m.	—Easy Aces (Tues., Wed., Thurs.)
6:00 p. m.	—Scramble (Fri.)
6:16 p. m.	—Mr. Keen (Tues., Wed., Thurs.)
6:30 p. m.	—Message of Israel (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.	—Sur Lea 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.	—Worship and War Program (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.	—Gangbusters (Fri.)
8:00 p. m.	—Summer Symphony Concert (Sat.)
8:30 p. m.	—Jimmy Fidler (Sun.)
8:30 p. m.	—Jone Rines' Orchestra (Mon.)
8:30 p. m.	—This Nation at War (Tues.)
8:30 p. m.	—Denny Thomas Show (Wed.)
8:30 p. m.	—Dinah Shore (Fri.)
8:45 p. m.	—A Man & His Music (Sun.)
8:55 p. m.	—Molasses 'n January
9:00 p. m.	—Old Fashioned Revival (Sun.)
9:00 p. m.	—News Here and Abroad (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 Quizzical (Tues.)
9:15 p. m.	—National Radio Forum (Wed.)
9:15 p. m.	—Tommy Dorsey's Treasury Show (Thurs.)
9:30 p. m.	—Men, Machines & Victory (Fri.)
9:30 p. m.	—Stag Party (Sat.)
9:45 p. m.	—Dance Orchestra (Mon. thru Fri.)
10:00 p. m.	—Tim George Comments
11:00 p. m.	—Newstime (Mon. thru Fri.)
11:00 p. m.	—Newstime (Sun.)

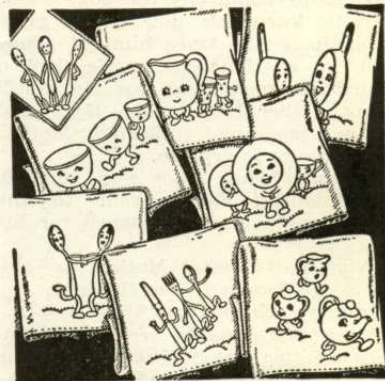
A CHALLENGE

"Radio is surely a wonderful blessing during this day of anxiety. America has many privileges that other countries do not have—the lovely school yards and buildings and the churches that always look so inviting on Sunday morning, with their doors open to welcome us. I wonder if there are others who feel as I do—that the world looks so different on Sabbath day."—Mrs. F. R., Waterloo, Nebr.

I'm wondering if all women do not feel as I do, the thrill of that old hymn, "A Charge To Keep I Have". The challenge of life is *right now* for us mothers.

1. To keep our family's morale high.
2. To keep the family well fed, clean and healthy.
3. To watch the budget closer so that time and money can be spared for others.
4. To be more cheerful, more understanding, more generous.
5. To teach "Love" not Hate in a world of people gone mad with mis-understandings.
6. To teach our children to hold fast to the "Right" though the storm about them threatens.

That is the challenge to each of us mothers but the very enormity of it brings out the best there is in us. *We will not fail!*—Mrs. H. V., Spirit Lake, Ia.



GAY NEW TEA TOWELS

Animated cutlery, dishes, glassware, pots and pans bring their infectious gayety to a new set of tea towels. They offer a mixing bowl parade, a knife, fork and spoon dash, the soup spoon dance, and four more equally interesting tea towel designs, with a trio of teaspoons as motif for a matching panholder. Outline embroidery does the set in a jiffy—it could even be done in running stitch.

C9505, 10c is a hot iron transfer of the eight motifs—the kind of transfer which may be stamped several times.

Order from Leanna Driftmier,
Shenandoah, Iowa

BACK NUMBERS

The following back numbers of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine are available: 1941—Jan. Mar. April, May, July, Aug. and Sept. 7 for 50c—Order at once if interested.

Order from Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

HOW TO MAKE A PRIZE WINNING QUILT

By Alma B. Mackey

Quilt making is an art that has come to us down through the ages. Women in the castle as well as the cottage have fashioned events in history, and art, by creations of patch work. Our Grandmothers made their own cloth, also their dyes, before they could even begin the actual cutting out and piecing the blocks together. In judging quilts a score card is used, and the first twenty points out of a possible one hundred are allowed for design and color, another twenty-five points is given for value of article and amount of work.

First choose a simple pattern. An all-over design is more effective either in applique or pieced than one made of blocks. They usually place first. A familiar pattern with a different color scheme is good. Instead of the familiar pink roses on white, use white roses on a dusty pink background. Make the large floral center spray on rich cream or shell pink. If you choose a pieced quilt like the Lone Star, Rising Sun, or Drunkard's Path, why not the rich British Tan or rust with cream, or if you must make it in blocks, use silver gray and white for a beech tree, with our pine tree pattern.

After choosing the pattern we are now ready to buy the material, and let's hope you are not under the spell of our departed Scotch Grandmother and decide on something that will wear rather than the very lovely Satine that is especially made for fancy quilts. If you do, you have lost the first 25 points on the score card before the quilt is even cut out. Buy the lining when you buy the top and of the same quality of material, and the same color, or at least never more than one shade darker.

Not much attention is given to size, as we usually make our fancy quilts to fit a certain bed we have. Unless for a twin bed, about 72 x 90 is a good size. After the patches have been basted on, if we are making an applique quilt, press them before whipping down with the same color thread as the patch.

If you quilt the quilt yourself, mark the quilting as you proceed; and choose a pattern that suits the design of the applique, not a bold design for a modest little floral pattern. It is always better to have your quilt quilted by one person, rather than a group, for no two people quilt the same.

When all the quilting is done, bind with a bias strip cut 1 1/2 inches wide. Piece and press double with seams inside. Hold the two raw edges together and sew around on the top side edge, turn over and whip down on the wrong side, catching in top of fold. This makes the binding perfect-

ly even. A scalloped edge is better than a straight one.

Always put your name and date in one corner. First write it, then outline with the same color or contrast as the color on which it is written.

HOBBIES

Souvenirs, postcards and Iowa postmarks.—Miss Lela Williamson, Eagle Grove, Iowa, c/o Ray Williamson, Rt. 4.

Handkerchieves.—Mrs. Ernest Stoeckmann, Paullina, Ia.

Dogs (miniature), and small pitchers.—Mrs. W. H. Winkler, Rt. 2, Atchison, Kans.

Hardy chrysanthemums and peonies. Would like to hear from someone who could knit a doily from directions and thread I have on hand.—Mrs. E. E. Stewart, Homewood, Kans.

Shakers.—Mrs. Elbert Haden, Pannora, Ia.

Shakers.—Mrs. Louis Lintz, Richmond, Ia.

Shakers.—Mrs. Gustie Clinton, Rt. 1, Vail, Ia. (Shut-in.)

Shakers.—Mrs. Clifford G. Hubbell, Rt. 2, Florence Sta., Omaha, Nebr.

Postmarks with stamp attached, stamps and TB seals, whole match books without the matches, advertising pencils.—Mrs. Knowlton Moore, 407 Delaware St., Hiawatha, Kans.

China dogs and stamps.—Emma M. Allen, 1346 H. St., Geneva, Nebr.

Crocheted holders and handkerchieves.—Mrs. Ed Machovec, Rt. 4, Ft. Dodge, Ia.

Tea or Guest Towels and hankies.—Mrs. J. J. Hale, Como Sta., Rt. 3, St. Paul, Minn.

Buttons.—Mrs. V. J. Smith, Gove, Kans.

Pitchers.—Mrs. Carl H. Petersen, Pierson, Ia.

Small bottles, not over 4 inches tall.—Mrs. Ted Hanusa, 34 Orchard Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Postmarks.—Mrs. John Younkman, 1014 So. Dodge Ave., Wichita, Kans.

Miniature telephones.—Lettie Parkins, Jackson, Minn.

Scrapbooks, poems, cacti.—Dorothy Thompson, Robinson, Kans.

Hankies and shakers.—Mrs. C. J. West, Rt. 1, B660, San Diego, Calif.



Eula Kenney of Corydon, Iowa, R1, has 252 paper napkins in her collection.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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

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

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

SHAKERS. Eucalyptus wood, typical of California, 25c. Mrs. L. Gilbert, Lemon Grove, Calif. Rt. 1, Box 660.

LEATHER BILFOLDS WITH ZIPPER, \$1.25. Leather or suede coin purses, 30c. Postpaid. Handmade by blind couple. Mrs. Nellie Worcester, 1529 W. 18 St., Des Moines, Ia.

KITTEN BASKET QUILT PATTERN—Bonnet Pattern—25c Free gift with each order. Delphia Sparks, Browning Mo.

CROCHETED 60-INCH ROUND TABLE COVER—\$5.25 pp. M. Howard, Nemaha, Nebr.

PATRIOTIC SHAKER SETS—3 1/4 inches high. Each shaker has 2 US flags in colors and Texas star burnished on. Per set, 50 c postpaid. Guaranteed to please. Jake McKinney, Wheel Chair Invalid, Box 45, Dublin, Texas.

IF YOU WANT any kind of handwork done, write me for prices. Tea towel sets, doilies, pot holders etc. Bessie Dingsley, Rowley, Ia.

HOBBIES—Shakers and hot pan holders. Miss Leona Roggenkamp, Wheaton, Kans.

POT-HOLDER 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.

A BIG BARGAIN

Figurines for the What-Not Shelf, or to use with flower arrangements. Fawn, Squirrel, Bird, Frog and Rabbit, beautifully glazed in one or more colors. Fine for gifts. 5 for \$1.00. (Regular price 35c and 50c each.) Order from Sue Field Conrad, Clarinda, 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.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

THE FAITHFUL FEW

(Written by the mother of Mrs. R. C. Lake, Orient, Iowa, who was one of the "Always Faithful.")

When the meeting's called to order,
And you look around the room
You're sure to see some faces
From out the shadow's loom,
That are always at the meeting
And stay until it is through,
Those that you can count on—
The Always Faithful Few.

They fill the vacant offices
And are always on the spot,
No matter what's the weather
Though it may be awful hot,
It may be dark and rainy,
But they're the tried and true
The ones you can rely on—
The Always Faithful Few.

There's a lot of worthy members,
Who come when in the mood,
When everything's convenient,
Oh! they do a little good
Of course, they're a factor
And are necessary, too,
But the ones who never fail us
Are the Always Faithful Few.

TAKING SUBSCRIPTIONS

To our honor roll of Aid Societies taking subscriptions for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine we add societies at Belgrade, Nebr., Mason City, Iowa, Orleans, Ind., and Washta, Iowa. Any Aid Society may send in a club of five or more subscriptions, keeping 25c out of each \$1.00 received for the subscription. Please write names and addresses plainly: *No premiums* can be offered when this plan is used. Why not present this plan at the next meeting of your club or society?

Exira, Iowa.—"Our Aid is going to sell lunches at a sale Sept. 3. We will sell pie, rolls and coffee. Last winter we cleared \$40 at one sale".

Fremont, Nebr.—Some one donates an apron. Pass around to each member of your Society or Club. Each person sews a patch on the apron, placing under it a silver coin. As soon as the apron has "made the rounds", have it brought to a meeting and remove the patches. Some societies have found as much as \$25 concealed on the apron. (Note. Don't use too small an apron!)

Control your temper and mellow your disposition and peddle charity instead of malice and you will find that the flowers will grow more abundantly along your pathway.

SAFE AND SANE HALLOWE'EN

Many neighborhoods or communities plan parties for the young people on the night of October 31, in this way doing away with the Hallowe'en pranks that formerly were all too numerous.

There must be a spooky atmosphere, whether the party is given in a club house or a private home. If one uses electric lights, cover them with blue paper or cloth. If you are *very careful* about the danger of fire, you could use candles stuck in the necks of bottles.

Use the traditional decorations—cornstalks, autumn leaves, Jack O'Lanterns, orange and black streamers, skeletons, bats, witches and black cats. Suspend toy spiders from the doorways with elastic. Dress some one in a black costume and with phosphorus paint a skeleton on them. Turn out all the lights and have them appear in the room. Suspend a broom stick by thin wire from two ends of the broom. Tack on it a cut-out witch. A few live black cats slinking around will add to the spooky atmosphere. Announce that no guest must allow one of these cats to cross his path during the evening.

In one corner of the room have a cider keg from which cider may be served in tin cups or mugs.

Let someone, dressed as a witch, sit cross-legged in a dimly lighted corner, in front of her a lighted Jack O'Lantern and a cauldron. Folded slips of paper bearing fortunes are in this kettle. The guests put in their hands and draw out the fortunes. The old witch may tell fortunes in other ways, too.

Midnight Air Raid

Tack on the wall a large map of the world, being sure to have *Tokio* in plain sight. Give each player a small paper cut bomb shape, with his number on it, and a pin in it. Line up the pilots at the opposite end of the room, placing obstacles in his way—chairs, tables, books etc. Give the pilot a minute to study the location of the obstacles and the position of the

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City of Tokio on the map. Blindfold him. He must cross the floor without touching any of the obstacles (escaping anti-craft guns) and pin his bomb as close to the objective as possible. If he touches an obstacle, he "crashes". The winner of this game is the one who places his "bomb" nearest the target.

A Fortune Told

Give each guest an apple and a paring knife. Each tries to pare his without breaking the peeling and if he accomplishes this, he throws the peeling over his left shoulder. The initial it forms is that of the beloved. If the paring breaks, the person will have no sweetheart.

Food

Spicy Cider Cup—Serve hot or cold. Heat gently 1 quart of sweet cider, with 1 stick of cinnamon and several whole cloves. A slice of orange may be placed in each glass. This serves 6 or 8 persons.

Doughnut Sandwich.—Split the doughnut through the center and spread with apricot paste to which nut meats have been added. Sprinkle top with powdered sugar.

Angels on Horseback.—Wrap a piece of cheese in a strip of bacon. Fasten with a toothpick. These are nice to roast in a fireplace, either outdoors or in the house. Toast them on the end of a green stick or weenie fork.



My two secretaries, Gertrude Hayzlett and Ethel Baldwin and I at work in the Kitchen-Klatter office. Now you know what my morning mail looks like. Nearly 1000 letters on the table in front of me.