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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

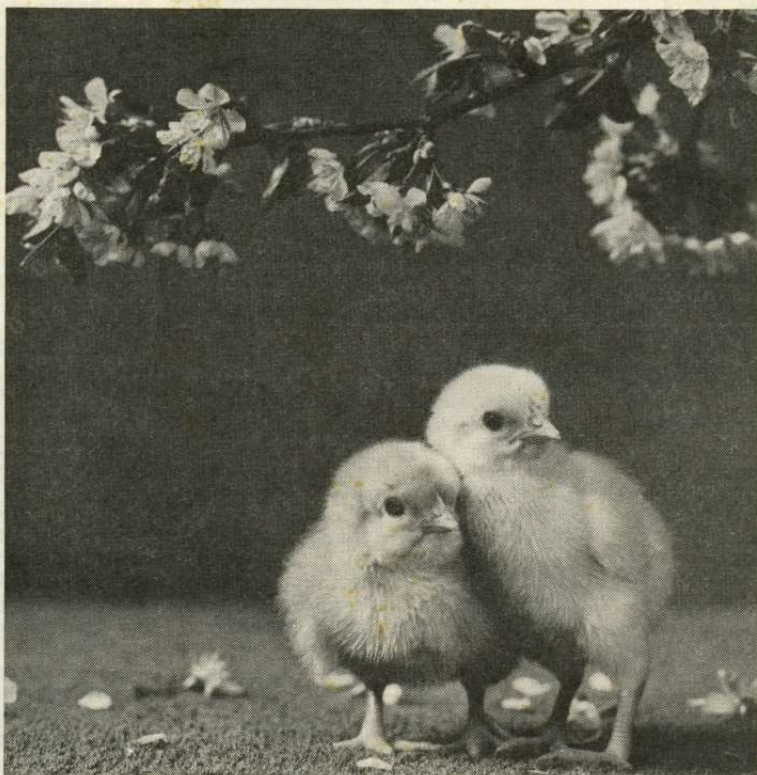
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor
M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager

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My Dear Friends,

Each month there are many new friends added to our Kitchen-Klatter circle. We want to welcome them as sisters. We are all working toward one goal, doing everything we can to hasten Victory.

Many of our circle are working in defense plants, others in creameries and food processing plants, many thousands on the farms raising chickens and planting gardens. Yes, the women of America have a responsible place to fill and they are not shirking their duty. No sacrifice is too great or work too hard when it hastens the day that our boys can come back to a "still free" America.

The big event in our family since I wrote you last, is the arrival of our first grand child. Juliana Verness was born February 25, at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, Hollywood, Calif. I doubt if any grandmother ever received as many notes of congratulation as I have had. I appreciated your letters. Lucile will tell you about the baby and I am sure will send a picture to be used in the May magazine. I have a secret I can't keep any longer. We will have another grandchild before the summer is over. Yes, the party given for Dorothy when she was home this winter was a "Pink and Blue" shower. I am so thankful the girls can be together now. They have apartments in the same house.

Howard, our oldest son who is in training at Camp Adair, Oregon, expects to get a furlough in April. He would like to visit his sisters in California if he has time, but I doubt if he can for he will have to spend several of those precious days traveling. Our other two boys in the service write that they are well, which is the best news a letter can bring.

Our hearts ache for those of you who have boys missing in action. Ted says he has no doubt many lately reported missing in Africa are prisoners. Although no soldier enjoys being a prisoner of war, much worse things could have happened. Once established in a prison camp, their treatment is governed by International agreements. Ted was an International Y. M. C. A. Secretary for prisoners of war in the British camps in Egypt, where German and Italian soldiers were interned.

I don't think Margery, who is a teacher, will have a spring vacation.

Most schools plan to run on through April and be ready for summer vacation early in May. She did think she would get a defense job for the summer. Of course Lucile and Dorothy would like to have her come to California. They will probably have plenty of work she could do there, if she wants to work. She has enjoyed her year at Pella, very much.

I had been wondering who I could get to help me can fruit and vegetables this summer until Edith Hansen, the morning home-maker at KMA, and I decided to do our canning together here at my house. I have a large pressure cooker and she has a cold pack canner so we will join forces and have a good time visiting while we string beans and shell peas. If you could listen in, you would probably hear, "Leanna, does that nice Mrs. — write to you? Doesn't she send wonderful recipes!" or "Mrs. — wrote me to ask you for the original poem she sent you so I can print it in Kitchen-Klatter". Oh yes! it will be fun and we will have those vegetables canned in short order.

I will say goodbye with this verse by Rosalie Carter:

I think that God will never send
A gift so precious as a friend.
A friends who always understands
And fills each need as it demands;
Whose loyalty will stand the test,
When skies are bright or overcast;
Who sees the faults that merit blame,
But keeps on loving just the same;
Who does far more than creeds could do

To make us good, to make us true.
Earth's gifts a sweet contentment lend,
But only God can give a friend.

Your friend,
—Leanna.

FROM MY SCRAPBOOK

No matter what it is that seems so dis-heartening, there is some blessing in it if we will but seek for it. And as for finding the way to the other side of our stone wall, wouldn't we do that more quickly and much easier if we stopped throwing ourselves against the blockade and looked for the exit which is certainly there, tiny though it may be? The kind of contentment which this attitude would bring is told in a bit of verse by John Kendricks Bangs.

"If there's no sun, I still can have the moon;
If there's no moon, the stars my needs suffice;
And if these fail, I have my evening lamp,
Or, lampless, there's my trusty tallow dip;
And if the dip goes out, my couch remains,
Where I may sleep and dream there's light again."

—Selected.

LEND-AND-BORROW

"All this canning to do, and I can't buy a pressure cooker." "I would serve homemade ice cream if I just had a large freezer." "I wish I had a phonograph to use for our party. We must have music and our radio battery has poofed out." "Where can I get a big food-grinder?" "Johnny needs an ice bag for that sore throat and I can't buy one." "Who has a thermometer?" Etc., etc.

Every neighborhood should have a "Lend and Borrow" club and since such a club should be organized so that the neighbors know *who has what*, let some one volunteer to be the one in charge of a list of the things each one has, that she is willing to lend. Copies of this list should be in the hands of the neighbors. This plan makes for neighborliness and cooperation which is so essential in these war times, and does away with the embarrassment and apologies that usually go with wanting to borrow something.

In pioneer days, sharing was the custom. People teamed up to get their work done. There were husking bees, quiltings and barn raisings. Farmers shared tools, which were scarce in the early days. Families got together and helped each other. With the shortage of farm helpers, for both outside and inside work, maybe this old fashioned neighborliness of pioneer days would solve some problems today.

GET THAT GARDEN UNDER WAY

By this time you probably have your seeds ordered and your garden planned. The first warm days the real garden work will begin. America's first line of defense on the home front will get into action armed with spade, hoe and rake.

If gardening is a new venture for you, don't hesitate to consult your seedman or state agricultural college. The latter has a fine assortment of printed literature available. Stick to the common varieties of vegetables such as radishes, lettuce, carrots, beets, turnips, tomatoes, etc. Leave experimenting with new varieties to veteran gardeners.

If you have only a small space for your garden, plan to rotate the crops. Sweet corn can follow early greens, radishes and onions. Peppers and tomatoes follow the early peas. Tomatoes and late vegetables can be planted between the rows of carrots and other earlier crops.

Come into the Garden with Helen



VEGETABLES, YES! BUT FLOWERS?

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Every day we hear repeated warnings of the critical food situation and the great need of home gardens. To those of us who have for years on end grown our own vegetables as a matter of course, it appears somewhat startling, even mystifying, to find gardens suddenly thrown in the limelight, nay, elevated to heights of national, nay, international significance.

There is no doubt but that we are going to plant gardens—rows and rows of nourishing vegetables—peas, beans, lettuce, beets, and all the rest—just as we've always done; and can lots, too, just as we've always done. Many who have never planted gardens before are buying seeds and making plans. This is as it should be. If they do their work well not only will they be assured of plenty to eat but the contact with the Good Earth will do something to their bodies and to their souls that will double the value of the vegetables consumed like "he who chops his own wood, warms himself twice."

But what about flowers? The need for war workers is great and time is at a premium. Should we take of this precious time for flowers? No doubt there will always be wars—at least there always have been. But can you name a single Springtime when Mother Nature withheld the joy of violets and hepaticas and bluebells because of a mere war? Can you think of a single Summer when there were no Bouncing Bets, no wild roses, and no elderberry blossoms because a war was on? Can you recall a single Autumn when golden rods and wild asters failed to brighten the roadsides because of a war? Earth with its seasonal offerings will always be here but the people and their wars will pass into utter oblivion.

Memories are being formed in the lives of children day in, day out—war or no war. Can't you with the graying hair remember Grandmother's flowering almond, her yellow roses, and the fragrant rosemary? Didn't Mother always have Blue Flags and verbenas and wisteria climbing up the porch? Yet there were wars in their days.

The poet says, "think of old age without memories, the only wealth life leaves us at the end." But, I say, worse yet, think of old age with only memories of war! war! Are we going to rob today's children of their quota of happy memories? Certainly not! We are going to plant flowers—food for the soul—not only in wartime but always!

HERBS USED IN OUR COOKING

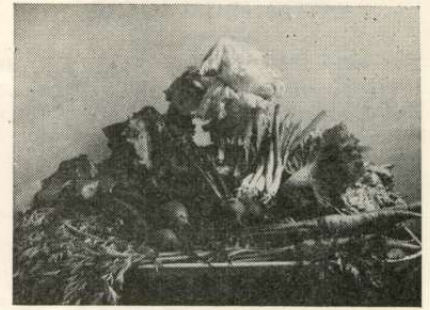
By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

When we think of herbs, we think of those plants whose leaves or roots give fragrance, add flavor to foods or are useful in a medicinal way. The ancients also thought of them in connection with witch craft or with many odd superstitions. In every country there have been always some members of primitive tribes who, by their constant association with nature, may have noticed the good or bad effects certain plants had on the human system. These men and women in their crude way were the first doctors of the race and even in our own pioneer days, many plants were grown in home gardens for just such purposes. Today we grow herbs in our garden for the pleasure their fragrance may bring or the flavor which they add to our foods. Most of these herbs are treated as annuals and may be grown from seed.

The use of herbs in foods, especially when certain foods are limited in use, provides a variety of flavors and prevents monotony in the diet. Dill is one herb common to most gardens. It is generally used in making pickles. It is a self-sowing annual. Dill seed may be planted right in the cucumber patches at the same time cucumber seed is. It may be used green, or dried at the right stage and stored away in paper bags in a dry place to be used later on when cucumbers in brine are freshened and made into pickles. The feathery green leaves give a novel flavor to salmon when added to a sauce used with it, or cooked with shrimp.

Mint is a perennial easily grown in a rather damp spot. Its green refreshing leaves are used in a mint sauce with lamb, the mint being chopped finely and added to a very little vinegar together with a little sugar and a pinch of salt. It is also added to boiling peas just before they are removed from fire, or to cool, iced drinks. Some like its fragrance when a sprig is added to hot tea. It spreads rapidly and should have a spot of its own apart from the other perennials.

The gray-green leaves of sage, dried and powdered, has long been a favorite herb used for flavoring poultry dressing or with pork sausage. It gives a distinctive flavor to boiled onions. The leaves and tender tips of this plant are used, and are gathered just before the buds open. It should be dried in the shade in some airy place and not stored until thoroughly dried. Give the young plants plenty of room while growing to prevent the leaves from becoming yellow from



over-crowding. Sage is easily grown from seed and cuttings root quickly.

Chives is a form of onion with grass-like leaves and ball shaped heads of purple bloom. These leaves very appetizingly decorate potato salad or cottage cheese, or add a mild onion favor to soup. The plants make a decorative border in front of tulips, their purple or lavender flower heads blending in nicely with colors of the tulips. However, if wanted for a kitchen vegetable the leaves must be kept cut. They are perennials and grow in easily divided clumps.

Parsley, which is used to decorate meat and vegetable dishes or in soups, salads or sauces, germinates very slowly from seed which should be soaked before planting. In potting up plants to carry over the winter, choose young ones, since the old top roots do not transplant readily.

Anise, originally a native of Egypt used now in flavoring certain types of bread or cookies, and Caraway whose seeds flavor cake, bread or cottage cheese, may also be grown in our home gardens. Garden Thyme, like sage, is used in poultry dressing. Its dried leaves together with various spices are useful in our fragrant bags which may be hung in clothes closets to drive away moths.

Many other herbs now no longer used perhaps, but still grown for their associations still grow in our gardens. There we may find Tansy, Yarrow, Costmary and many others which have curious legends of their potent charms, now fallen into disrepute in the light of modern medicine, but which are often essential ingredients of prescriptions. In cooking, however, no definite rules can be given as individual tastes decide what is best liked.

Herbs need little care, they need sun and drainage and good cultivation and are not liable to disease.

FOR NEW GARDENERS

One question a new gardener raises is about garden tools. Well! one may get along with very few and still do a good job of gardening. All you need for a small garden place are a spade or spading fork, a steel rake, a common hoe, a strong cord and a couple of stakes to tie it to. A small trowel is convenient for setting out plants but one can use the point of the hoe. Remember these points: do the job thoroughly, don't waste, don't attempt too much. Keep in mind the food values of the vegetables you plan to raise, if your space is small.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Well! We're home tonight, Juliana and I, and I'm right back here at the kitchen table where I've always written to you these past few months, while Juliana sleeps in her bassinet beside me. There is so much to tell you that I really believe I could fill all of the April issue by myself, so perhaps mother will let a few paragraphs slip by because it's an extra-special occasion—my first visit with you since our baby arrived.

I want to tell you first that both Russell and I were deeply touched by the many, many beautiful cards and letters of congratulations that you sent to us. I hadn't expected anyone but our two families to take special notice of Juliana's arrival, and consequently we were overwhelmed by your warm, friendly messages. All of the nurses and my room-mates at the hospital enjoyed them too, and we decided that none of us had realized how many clever greeting cards to new babies are available today. I would like to answer every single one of them, but I'm sure you understand that my strength doesn't permit this at the present time. However, I'm keeping every single one for Juliana's book, and during the coming year I hope to be able to thank all of you personally. Until then, please consider this letter a message from the three of us to you.

After I had written with such confidence in my last letter that the baby would be with us before the April copy had to go to the printers, I began to get little chills of worry—what if she were tardy and didn't arrive on schedule? Russell and Dorothy both thought I was very foolhardy to make such a positive promise, and I began to think so myself. You can understand then why I felt rather triumphant when she arrived almost two weeks ahead of the planned date, and I didn't have to go on trying to figure out how I'd explain to you if this letter said, "Oh dear, we're still waiting!"

It's quite an experience to have a baby in a huge city hospital today. My room reservations were made last August and I wouldn't have stood any chance at all of getting in if they hadn't been made at that time. Every available space is crowded with beds, and for the first time it has been necessary to have maternity patients on several different floors rather than on just one floor devoted wholly to this purpose. Not so long ago it was required that new mothers remain in the hospital a full two weeks, but now only eight days are allowed unless complications have developed. By mid-summer it is expected that the eight days will be reduced to four or five.

There were about sixty babies in the three different nurseries while Juliana was with them, and the far too few nurses were simply rushed to death. Every four hours when the babies were taken to their mothers it was



Russell Verness, Lucile's husband, who is a photographer in Hollywood, Calif.

one mad scramble—one cart of babies after another was rushed down the halls at a dog-trot, and my! such a terrible howling you never heard in your life. When this howling stopped just outside our door we knew that our babies had arrived, and then the nurses dashed in with these little bundles in their arms, and each time they stopped and looked at the beads around the baby's neck and spelled out V-E-R-N-E-S-S or one of three other names . . . I had three room-mates. We claimed our babies, then the nurses raced away, and we were left for twenty minutes to enjoy our boys or girls. That twenty minutes simply flew by and I never felt that I had gotten even a decent glimpse of Juliana until the day we left the hospital. I never did get to see her little hands until I had her at home!

These beads that spell the baby's last name are tied around the neck within a few minutes after birth and they are never removed until you take them off at home. This means that you're sure to leave with your own baby, although Juliana looks so much like her daddy that I certainly wouldn't have needed them to identify her. I saw her first when she was only three minutes old and I knew right then and there that I could have picked her out even though there might be two hundred babies in the nursery.

Our day at the hospital began at 4:15 in the morning, and from then until ten at night there was something doing every minute. I had planned to get a lot of reading done and took several books to the hospital with me, but I never opened a one—I couldn't even get the daily paper half-way skimmed through. And we never had time to listen to our radio! I can think of no busier place in the world these days than a maternity floor in a big hospital. Some of our complications came from the fact that the four babies that belonged to mothers in our room were on different feeding schedules, and only the nursery nurses are allowed in a room when the baby is there. This meant that our other nurses had to wait for minutes on end

to come in and get necessary things done, and our high and mighty specialists had to cool their heels in the hall while a five-pound bundle had her breakfast or lunch. I can never in my life remember such hectic and confused days, and I looked forward to returning to the peace and quiet of my home as eagerly as I had previously anticipated going to the hospital.

But now we really are at home again and beginning to pick up the threads of our daily life. Dorothy has been a great comfort to me. She drove us to the hospital, drove us home again when we returned so happily with our baby, and has taken over the job of mixing the formula, doing the baby's laundry, and giving her the two o'clock morning feeding so that I can get my rest. It's been a great blessing to us for help isn't to be had at any price, and no nurse, even though she were available, could be such a comfort as your own sister. Dorothy is not only more than willing to help us, but she thinks that it's wonderful experience in preparation for her appointment with Mr. Stork in June. (Sh-sh, I didn't tell, did I?)

These past eleven days have been so full of thrilling experiences that I don't know which ones to single out. The finest moment of all was when I first saw Juliana, of course, (I had wanted a little girl so desperately that I didn't dare hope I'd get her!) but it was almost as thrilling to know that Dorothy and Russell had sent the wire to Mother and Dad, and to Russell's parents. This is the first grand-child for Mr. and Mrs. Verness too, although we're waiting hourly for a wire telling us that Boletta's baby is safely here. Those of you who were reading Kitchen-Klatter last winter will remember that she is Russell's only sister, and that she spent several months with us here in Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Verness hoped that they would have two grandchildren born the same day, but it hasn't worked out that way!

Juliana weighed seven and a half pounds when she was born, and I'm happy to report that she was never red and wrinkled! She is a blonde baby, and I hope that her hair keeps the golden lights that it now has, although I know very well that most of it will fall out. She's a good baby, and I'm sure that my cousin, Louise Fischer Alexander, was very much amused when Dorothy called, at my request, and asked if it was all right that she didn't cry! Well, you know how foolish we can get with our first baby—just as if we didn't have good common sense!

Russell has promised to take a picture for the May issue, and then we'll have the pleasure of showing you this baby that has brought us so much happiness. Until then please take my word for the fact that she's a darling baby, and that we love her to death!

—Lucile.

Send the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine as a birthday gift. Every issue is appreciated.

MY TRIP HOME FROM EGYPT

CHAPTER III

By Frederick Driftmier

My name was posted on the list of passengers to fly the ocean that night. I rushed back to my room to pack and say farewell to the several friends I had made during my short stay on the Gold Coast. One of my friends was Mr. Joseph Morton from St. Joseph, Missouri, who has made quite a name for himself as a foreign correspondent of the Associated Press.

I had always supposed that all flying of the ocean was done in flying boats, and imagine my surprise when I learned that I was to fly the Atlantic in a large transport plane of the type used by the largest airlines here in America. It was the largest and most luxurious plane I have ever seen. The inside of it looked much like the inside of one of our new ultra-modern streamlined trains. I had a very comfortable reclining chair with my own little reading light and individual airconditioning device. Some of the passengers were carrying a conglomeration of native spears, drums, baskets, and dolls which they packed into the luggage rack over their heads. I had to laugh at one fellow; he had several native drums tied around his neck so that his hands would be free to carry his suitcases, and in the weird darkness of the blacked-out airdrome he was a funny sight indeed.

As the motors began to roar, I wondered how on earth that big airplane heavily loaded with passengers, freight, and gasoline, would ever rise from the ground. With a terrific blast of the four huge motors we rocked and lurched across the dark field. There was a slight bounce, another bounce and then we were in the air. The lights below us became smaller and smaller until they disappeared altogether, and I knew that we were over the rolling waters of the deep Atlantic. I was tired, and the driving roar of the motors was soon sweet music to my ears, lulling me to sleep. I awoke only once during the night to notice that all the other passengers were suffering from the cold; I was not, for I had remembered to bring a heavy robe to protect me from the cold of the high altitude. I dimly remember looking out the window at the millions of stars among which we appeared to be flying. It was beautiful, and I was going home—I was happy.

When I awoke at seven-thirty in the morning we were flying at about 14,000 feet over a thick pea soup of clouds. Soon the nose of the plane turned downward, and we began to descend through the clouds. Suddenly we came out of them, and there immediately below us was a small dot of an island in the very center of the blue Atlantic. It was Ascension Island where we landed for breakfast and to take on more fuel for our four hungry motors.

Our flight from the island to Natal, Brazil, was an uneventful one. Hour after hour we flew with only the blue

of the water below us, and the blue of the sky above. By mid-afternoon we were all peering out of the windows for the first sight of land. I think that I was one of the first passengers to see the shoreline of Brazil, for I seldom took my head away from the window. As we neared the land the plane descended to a very low altitude. At once we began to feel the tropical heat of Brazil. From the air the countryside appeared to be low and swampy with a great deal of shrubby tree growth.

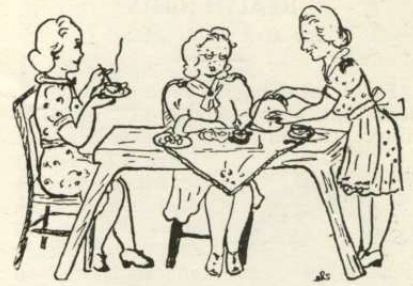
According to my watch it was three o'clock in the afternoon, but because we had been flying westward with the sun, it was actually just twelve o'clock at Natal. We had lunch at the airdrome and then took-off to fly across the jungles of Brazil to the Amazon.

I have flown a great deal, and I have seen many beautiful sights from the air, but I believe the most beautiful sight I have ever seen was a large area of salt flats lying between the jungles and the ocean on the eastern coast of Brazil. The long lines of salt mounds reflecting the bright tropical sunlight appeared from the air to be giant jeweled bracelets. Each mound seemed to reflect the sunlight in a different way so that one could see a great variation of coloring. It was a fairyland of dazzling beauty, with the sea on one side and the brilliant green carpet of jungle on the other. Here and there the green of the jungle would be broken by a bright splotch of flaming red. At first I thought the red was from a fire, but closer observation showed that it was the bright red foliage of some towering jungle tree.

We stopped overnight at Belem, Brazil, near the mouth of the Amazon River. We were off to an early start the next morning, flying across the Guianas to Trinidad. Trinidad is a very mountainous little island, covered with dense jungle. I was only on the island a little more than an hour, just long enough to notice that it was very hot and damp.

From Trinidad we took-off for the last lap of our long journey. On and on we flew across the blue Caribbean Sea, passing over many islands large and small. The small islands lying off the southern coast of Florida were most interesting. Some of them were very barren and rocky, while others were covered with a dense carpet of green foliage. The water surrounding these small islands and coral reefs was of many different colors. Nearest the islands the water would be a light green, shading off to light blue, dark green, and then a still darker blue.

Need I tell you that I was thrilled to see the American shoreline after three and a half years in foreign lands? I must confess that my eyes were moist, and there was a catch in my throat as I stepped down from the plane onto the good old U. S. A. There had been times when I thought I might never see my homeland again, but my dream had all come true; my prayers had all been answered. I was home.



AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

Here's April. April with the latest Easter since 1883 and until 2033 or thereabouts. Did you ever wonder why Easter is set by the first full moon after the spring equinox? Historians tell us it was because the religious pilgrims needed the light of the full moon to guide them on their way.

How fitting that Easter comes in the Spring when Mother Nature on every hand is proving to us that the dead can live again. There isn't even room for doubt in the open country.

Spring fever: Standing knee deep in a snow drift, my head in a fleecy cloud, wondering which corner Spring is around.

Chewing my nails over a supper menu and wondering why I ever worried in 1940 over what to cook.

The best cartoon I ever saw was a picture of our government officials behind a grocery counter in front of which stood an irate customer shaking Ration Book No. 2. The line underneath read, "Don't blame us, Blame the Japs!"

I hope all the appeals from lonesome women jarred a lot of old-timers into new neighborliness. But just remember, girls, to the next person that moves in, you are an established resident!

Every club, every community, should set up a clearing house of some sort for this summer's vegetables. Perhaps the women in your neighborhood could take turns keeping a list of who has beans and who wants corn. Ask your grocer about prices!

But remember, every bit of food we waste gives aid and comfort to our enemy.

So are you if you bite off more than you can do in the way of chickens and garden.

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.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Food rationing is here to stay for sometime, so we should do some planning. If you have plenty of milk,



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

teach the family to eat cottage cheese and drink some whey—if they will. Cottage cheese is often called the system cleanser but should be made quite soft or it may cause bloat. Whey seldom disagrees with the stomach but may at first upset the imagination. If you feel worn out and house cleaning looms up so big, try drinking one-fourth glass of whey with tablespoonful of Wheat Germ three times a day. If the Wheat Germ is to be taken as you would swallow a pill, it is a good idea to chase it down with hot whey.

Wilted outer leaves of lettuce, cabbage, or celery may be washed thoroughly then boiled and the water used for cooking other foods or making gravy. Vitamins and minerals are so valuable we should not waste them.

Bread contains the same amount of starch whether toasted or plain, but toast requires more chewing and the saliva converts the starch into energy.

Health authorities tell us to scald the dishes after washing them, then let them dry instead of wiping them as tea towels are seldom free from harmful bacteria.

When stretching is so important to health why do we neglect taking at least a few big ones before jumping up to turn off THAT alarm clock.

Good hearty laughs stimulate the digestive secretion and can cure many cases of stomach disorder. I organized a "Stretch and Laugh" club when I was giving health and diet talks on the radio, and I think everyone enjoyed it. When a number of amusing reports were sent in they were mailed to the members. Let me know if you would be interested in belonging to such a club, but I would want at least 50 members to start with.

Hold on now "Friendly Fat" folks some of you misunderstood me. You certainly do need a moderate amount of exercise but I am guessing the most of you have more than you should have when doing the daily work, if the heart and kidneys are to bear the effects of "excess baggages". Do try and take time to follow the health schedule in regard to the REST period, in the eight-day reducing schedule. Better be safe than sorry.



OVER THE FENCE

Mrs. C. D. Johnston, Albia, Ia., Rt. 2a, would like to hear from Kitchen-Klatter sisters. She would like to exchange quilt pieces or patterns. Write her a card.

Mrs. Ruth Gaule, who used to live at Bedford, Iowa, Rt. 3, has moved to Springfield, Ill., Rt. 6. In a recent letter she told me of her present home, a house built back in the 1860s. The wood work is of walnut and huge antique locks are still on the doors.

If you have stomach trouble of any kind, strained honey will be good for you, writes Mrs. Omer H. Steen of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. She has found it very beneficial.

If your name is Lillie or Lillian, or if you were born on July 26, 1912, Mrs. Clifford Carmichael of Corning, Iowa, would like to hear from you. Mrs. Carmichael is collecting war-time recipes. Send her your favorite one.

Mrs. Geo. N. Chase, Allen, Nebr., has made a "Victory" quilt using small sugar sacks put together with bright colored print. The lining was of dyed sacks. The only new material used was three yards of print and a one pound roll of cotton. She quilted a pretty pattern on each sack and strip.

"I am a war mother and since the fall of Corregidor, Philippine Islands, May 7, 1942, we have had no news except a message from the War Department—Missing in Action. I would like to hear from other mothers who had sons on Corregidor."—Mrs. G. J. Beyer, Orange City, Ia.

Mrs. Clarence Linn, Rolfe, Iowa, says you can stiffen crocheted baskets without using your precious sugar. Take 1 tablespoon corn starch, 1 tablespoon flour and 2/3 cup salt. Mix thoroughly. Add 1 cup water and bring to a boil. Let partly cool. Rub paste well into the basket and shape it, to dry.

If you have any of the buttons used in making Battenburg lace, such as we made years ago, Mrs. N. J. McCoy, Salina, Kansas, would like to hear from you.

If any of you would like the job of crocheting a dress for a little 2 year old, write to Mrs. Jake G. Meester, Parkersburg, Ia. She has a pattern.

I wonder if any of our readers have more than 8 grandsons in uniform.

Giles Smith of Melcher, Iowa, writes that his mother has 8 now and will soon have ten grandsons serving their country.

"Duco" is the name of the cement we used for mending broken china.

This warning comes from Mrs. Agnes Cooper of Kellerton, Ia. You can't be too careful when handling hot jars. She had one explode in her right hand, almost severing it at the wrist. As a result she has a very badly crippled hand.

If you think you are busy taking care of one or two babies, read this: Mrs. K. L. Peterson of Fremont, Nebraska, took care of her sister's three children while the sister was in the hospital. Mrs. Peterson has four little ones. The oldest of the group was six years of age.

Colleen Barnes of Lawrence, Kansas, RR 3, will exchange quilt pieces for any kind of a house plant.

Thieves broke into the cellar of Mrs. Brella Sailors, Shubert, Nebraska, and stole almost all of her canned fruit and vegetables. She had about enough to last her two years. With rationing of canned goods, this was a real calamity.

Mrs. Edna Murphy, Farmington, Ia., uses Carbola as a deodorant in damp cellars and outbuildings. It keeps flies away, too, and is death to ants and box elder bugs. Mrs. Murphy also writes that an old tooth brush is fine to brush the wicks of the oil stove. She uses it each time before lighting the wick and it keeps an even flame.

Mrs. Will Rowley, Alcester, South Dakota, suggests that we look in our old pincushions when we are in need of extra needles. They have a way of hiding inside the cushions and we may find enough there to run us for the duration.

O God, throughout tomorrow and the next day and the next,
Watch o'er the sea!
Let starlight nights prevail, I ask of Thee!

O Master of the waves that rock his ship upon the deep,
Protect and guard the little boy I used to rock to sleep.

IF YOUR KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE IS LATE

The Kitchen-Klatter Magazine is printed and mailed so that, during normal times it would reach you about the 1st of the month. However, because of the war demands upon our transportation and postal facilities it may take several days longer. With this in mind, please give the magazine a little more time to reach you before writing to us about it.

Having the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine in your home identifies you as a progressive home-maker.

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "I wish you'd give me your opinion on children having the run of the neighborhood, Leanna. I've tried to teach my two boys that the only house to which they have free and easy access is their own home, but no other mothers in our neighborhood seem to share my viewpoint."—Minn.

ANS: I have always felt that all children should learn very early to respect the privacy of their friends' homes. I don't believe that any of us like to have a gang of youngsters walking right into the house at any time, and particularly at meal time. I think that children should be taught to knock and wait for an answer before they enter any home other than their own, and in later years your boys will thank you for your training in courteous respect.

QUES: "I've come to the point where I don't know what to do about my eleven year old boy, for he teases his sisters unmercifully (they are both younger) and has them in tears half of the time. His father and I have tried everything we can think of, but we can't see any improvement whatsoever."—Missouri.

ANS: I know that the problem of an older child who teases his younger brothers or sisters is enough to drive any parent to distraction. Severe punishment never seems to help matters any, and sometimes only makes the situation worse. I believe it's time you tried showing him much more individual attention, praising him at every possible opportunity for anything favorable that he has done, and ignoring, as far as you can, his sisters' complaints. Ask his father to give him new responsibilities in which he can feel more grown up. Often making such a boy feel like a respected equal will make him forego his childish teasing.

In the last issue I told you that I would share with you some of the letters that I have received which contain a report of solutions that were suggested in this column. So many of you say that you keep all back numbers that you can turn to the original question if you like.

Do you remember the Minnesota mother (December, 1942) who worried about her daughter's long-planned trip to a southern army camp to see her boy friend? I suggested that someone try to make the trip with her, and this is exactly what happened. One of her aunts who had had considerable traveling experience made arrangements to go, and both of them had a grand time. The entire trip was a happy one for everybody concerned.

And then the five women who wondered what in the world to do about

the family that refused to contribute to the school lunch—(January, 1943). Well, all five called on the family, as I suggested, and a letter just last week stated that although they had dreaded the encounter, it turned out better than had been expected. The uncooperative parents have met their obligations right on schedule, and from all indications they intend to continue doing so in the future.

Two interesting letters came in response to problems that were discussed in the issue of April, 1942. The sister in town who sent her two small boys out to "Aunt Margaret's farm" on Saturdays, took the first hint that was dropped her way—she honestly hadn't realized the inconvenience that was caused. Since then she has never sent them out unless arrangements were made in advance.

The young mother who didn't share her husband's opinion regarding a name for their expected baby wrote that they had a girl in June whom they christened Emma Louise. "I didn't like the first name," she said, "But my husband began calling her Emmy Lou himself, and I think that this is fitting for a little girl. In fact, we both like it very much!"

In July, 1942, I suggested to one of our Nebraska Kitchen-Klatter sisters, an expectant mother, that she take advantage of good hospital care since she could afford it. Several months later she wrote that she was so grateful she had ignored neighborhood comments and gone to Lincoln, for they had great difficulty getting her baby to breathe and without the finest modern devices it couldn't have been saved. I hope that some of those who were so quick to criticize turned the matter over in their minds when they learned how narrowly she missed losing her baby.

Do you remember the Minnesota woman who had such a problem about her nineteen-year-old son and his abuse of the family car? I told her what our policy had been regarding our own boys and the family car, and in reply she said that my suggestions seemed sound enough but that nothing could compare with gas and tire rationing when it came to such a problem! I think that I can hear a chorus of agreement on this point!

I haven't even brushed the surface of the stack of letters that I'd like to share with you, but for the time being this is all that space permits. At intervals in the coming months we'll discuss other letters, and this way we can all satisfy our curiosity as to how such and such a problem worked out.

—Leanna.

The Kitchen-Klatter Magazine is designed for the practical home-maker.



Donald, Mr. Driftmier, Dorothy, Ted and I. This picture was taken in February while Donald was home on a furlough.

MOTHERS

Mothers are the queerest things
'Member when John went away;
All the others cried and cried
When they said goodbye that day.

She just laughed and seemed to be
Not the slightest bit upset;
Was the only one who smiled—
Other eyes were streaming wet.

But when John came home again
On a furlough safe and sound;
With a medal for his deeds
And without a single wound:

While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed and joked and danced about—
Mother kissed him—then she cried,
Cried and cried, like all get-out.

WHEN MY SON GOES

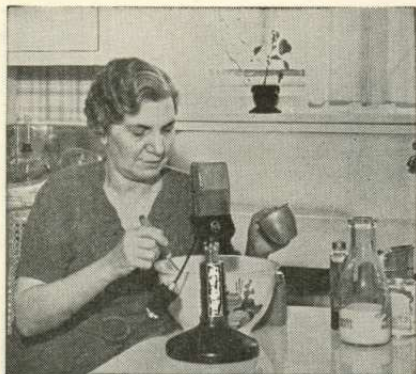
By Regina Stewart

Lord, give me strength to climb to-
morrow's mountain!
Lord, give me strength to face the
coming storm!
And give me faith, strong faith, when
my son leaves me,
To know that Thou wilt keep him
from all harm.

When my son goes—because our na-
tion needs him—
God, take my hand and lead me in
Thy way.
Help me remember Thou hast trod
before me
A road like that which I must tread
this day.

How comforting, dear God, that I
have taught him
To follow Thee through gladness and
through pain;
For now I know, though life or death
his portion,
Some day, somewhere, I'll see my son
again.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps.



“Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen”

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE COOKIES

Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
Feb. 18, 1943

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon soda in
- 1 cup molasses
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 2 tablespoons cocoa
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, then dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Roll into balls size of a walnut, press out a little so they are about 1/2 inch thick. Bake.

These can be varied by using white corn syrup and finely cut cocoanut or chopped nutmeats; or dark corn syrup and a tablespoon ginger makes them into ginger snaps. They are also good just plain. If desired, they may be rolled in sugar before baking.—Mrs. Jerry V. Jelinek, Scribner, Nebr.

HONEY COOKIES

Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
Feb. 25, 1943

- 1 cup honey
- 2/3 cup shortening
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup chopped nuts or raisins
- 2 cups quick oats
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cream honey and shortening, add beaten eggs. Add nuts or raisins, or a combination of both, then add sifted dry ingredients. Drop on greased cookie sheet. Bake 10 to 15 minutes in 350 degree oven. Watch them closely as they burn easily.—Gertrude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Ia.

HONEY CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
March 4, 1943

- 1/3 cup butter or other shortening
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1 package semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1/2 cup chopped nutmeats

1 teaspoon vanilla
Cream shortening, add honey gradually and cream together till light and fluffy. Add egg and mix thoroughly. Sift flour once, measure and sift again with salt and soda. Add gradually to first mixture, add chocolate chips, nuts and vanilla and mix thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet, 2 inches apart. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees) for 10 to 12 minutes. Makes about 4 dozen cookies.—Mrs. Otto Bredberg, Stanton, Iowa.

SUGAR COOKIES

- 3 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 scant teaspoon soda
- Sift together and cut in 1 cup shortening as for pie crust
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 tablespoons sweet milk
- Flavoring

Mix and add to above mixture. Roll out, sprinkle with sugar, cut and bake on lightly floured cookie sheet 8 to 10 minutes in a 400 degree oven.—From Edith Hansen, KMA.

YEAST COOKIES

- 1 cup melted fat
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- Pinch Soda
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups all purpose flour
- Put 1 cake compressed yeast in 1 cup of warm water to dissolve. Add to all the other ingredients. Add flour to make soft dough and let raise about 3 hours. Then add enough flour to make a dough soft enough to handle. Roll out a little at a time to about one-fourth inch thickness and sprinkle with a little cinnamon and sugar and bake in a hot oven till they are brown on the bottom.—Mrs. S. J. Cohn, Centerville, Ia.

PLAY RUMENU

Now . . . the whole family can pick nutritious meals—have fun doing it—with NEW . . . RUMENU card game. Easy to play. Deck—84 cards and instruction sheet—50c prepaid. RUMENU, 609 Nicholson Austin, Minn.

MOLASSES REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons ginger
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves

Mix and chill in refrigerator several hours before baking.—Mrs. R. A. Gray, Nebraska City, Nebr.

LEMON JELLO AND COTTAGE CHEESE

- 1 package lemon jello
 - 1 cup hot water
 - 1 cup cottage cheese
 - 1 cup cold water
 - 1/4 teaspoon salt
 - 1 cup salad dressing
 - 1/2 cup chopped green mango pepper
 - 1 cup chopped celery
 - 1/2 cup cabbage chopped fine (if desired).
 - 1 tablespoon minced onion
- Add water to jello, cool and beat, add cottage cheese and salad dressing and beat together, then add all vegetables and blend lightly together. Put in flat dish and chill.—Mrs. Chas. C. Leforgee, Richmond, Mo.

BARBEQUED LIMAS

- 2 cups lima beans
- 8 cups water.
- 1/4 pound diced salt pork or bacon
- 1 1/2 cups liquid
- 1/2 cup fat
- 1 medium onion
- 1 1/2 tablespoons prepared mustard
- 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1—10 1/2 ounce can tomato sauce
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 teaspoon chili powder

Soak the beans in the water over night. Cook with diced salt pork or bacon until beans are tender. Drain, reserving 1 1/2 cups liquid. Fry onion in fat, add liquid, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, salt and chili powder. Boil 5 minutes. Put alternate layers of beans and sauce in baking dish until full. Top with bacon. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.—Mrs. Jasper Martin, Sutherland, Ia.

MACARONI—HAM SALAD

- 1 cup diced cooked ham
- 2 cups elbow macaroni
- 3/4 cups chopped celery
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- Salt and pepper
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 3 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 1 1/2 teaspoon barbeque sauce
- 2 tablespoons catsup
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard

Combine ham, macaroni, cele.y, pepper and onion. Combine remaining ingredients, mix well, then add to first mixture. Mix lightly and season to taste. Serve in crisp lettuce cups.—Mrs. Sam Wilkin, Sutherland, Ia.

PARTY DESSERTS

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup fine stale bread crumbs
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup milk
- 4 eggs
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Mix the flour and butter, add the milk and stir over heat until thickened. Melt chocolate over steam, add to the cream sauce with the salt, bread crumbs, sugar and well beaten egg yolks. Beat well. Fold in the well beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into a greased pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees) for one hour or until well set in the middle. Serve hot with hard sauce.—Mrs. W. Falk, Scribner, Nebr.

VICTORY CAMEL PIE

- 2 large (5 cent) Holloway caramel suckers
- 2 tablespoons dark syrup
- 2 cups milk
- 3 tablespoons flour (rounding)
- 2 eggs yolks
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Put 1/2 cup milk in pan and heat, add broken suckers and melt, stirring frequently. When melted, add syrup, then the remaining 1 1/2 cups milk. Let come to boil. Combine egg yolks and flour, adding enough milk or water to make smooth. Stir thickening into caramel mixture and cook until thick and smooth. Remove from stove and add butter and vanilla. Cool and pour into baked pie shell. Use whites of eggs for meringue.—Mrs. Claude Otterson, Winnebago, Minn.

SUGARLESS CAKE

- 6 tablespoons shortening
- 3/4 cup white corn syrup
- 3/4 cup milk
- 24 1/2 graham crackers
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs, separated

Cream shortening, add syrup and yolks. Beat well together. Mix baking powder and cinnamon with finely rolled cracker crumbs. Add alternately with milk, fold in beaten egg whites and add vanilla. Bake in long cake pan in 350 degree oven, and cut in squares. Serve with whipped cream on top.—Mrs. Britt Oden, Exline, Ia.

MERINGUE DELIGHT CAKE

- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 teaspoon lemon extract
- 1/4 teaspoon almond extract
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/3 cup cold water

Cream shortening and sugar. Add



The back of our home and the Kitchen-Klatter Office from which thousands of magazines are mailed each month.

rest of ingredients and beat together for two minutes. Pour into a shallow pan lined with waxed paper. Cover with meringue. For the meringue beat 2 egg whites until stiff. Add 1/3 cup cocoanut, 4 tablespoons granulated sugar. 1/4 cup chopped candied cherries, and beat until creamy. Roughly spread over cake batter. Bake 40 minutes in moderately hot oven. Let cool in pan. Use a sharp knife which has been dipped in cold water to cut the cake.—Mrs. McKinley Atkins, Meriden, Kans.

GRAHAM CRACKER WALNUT PUDDING

- 1/3 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 18 graham crackers, rolled fine
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup dates or other dried fruit
- 1 cup ground walnut meats

Cream shortening, add sugar, beat well, add eggs one at a time and beat thoroughly after each. Combine cracker crumbs with baking powder and add to shortening mixture. Fold in dates and nut meats. Bake in 8 inch layer pan, 375 degrees for about 35 minutes or until done. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream, hard sauce or fruit sauce. Makes 8 to 10 servings.—Mrs. Anna Leffler, Audubon, Ia.

PEPPERMINT STICK CREAM

- 1 egg yolk
- 2 cups milk
- Dash of salt
- 1 egg white
- 3 tablespoons tapioca
- 1/3 cup crushed pink peppermint candy

Mix egg yolk with small amount of milk in saucepan. Add remaining milk, tapioca, salt and candy. Bring mixture quickly to a full boil over direct heat, stirring constantly. Remove from fire. Mixture will be thin—do not overcook. Beat egg white stiff. Fold hot tapioca mixture gradually in egg white. Cool. It thickens as it cools. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses with chocolate sauce. Serves 4. All measurements level.—Mrs. Freddie Koehlmoos, Pilger, Nebr.

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NEIGHBOR BOB'S Dinner Table ALMANACK

PLAIN FOLKS' WISDOM . . .

Neb Miller's remark, "Trouble with most folks is that they're tryin' to make something for themselves instead o'somethin' of themselves." . . . Mrs. Cratchet to her little boy, "The emptier the pot the quicker it boils. Watch your temper."

In making pies that are likely to be juicy, the good woman says, "cut the lower crust larger than the upper and fold over like a hem to prevent leaking at the edges." And, naturally, to have a crust that's light and flaky and a real praise-winner, make it with Mother's Best Flour. There's a flour that's different. Folks use it for all baking—and swear by it for making delicate cakes and pastries as well as the whitest, lightest most golden loaves of bread you ever pulled out of an oven.

Strikers and work-stoppers can argue about how beneficial they are to the war effort all they want to—but one thing can't be denied: "A pulling mule can't kick—and a kicking mule can't pull."

Bulwer Lytton's little verse:
"Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod

And waits to see it push away the clod
He trusts in God . . ."

Until next month at this same time, remember, "When a man eats out of a woman's hand, it saves a lot of dish washing."

Yours,
Neighbor Bob.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Last month I told you of three shut-in people and you responded most generously to help them. I wish you could see the letter that came yesterday from Mr. Swartz. He was so pleased with the pieces you sent him, and asked me to extend his appreciation for every scrap.

This time I want to tell you about a little girl—well, she isn't exactly a little girl in years as her birthdate is August 30, 1905—but she is so helpless that to me she seems small. She is Evelyn Swearingen, and she is at the County Home, Spirit Lake, Iowa. She has a rare sort of bone disease, caused by a horse falling on her when she was a child. She has been bedfast for many years, and has to lie flat on her back all the time. In addition to this, which in my opinion would be nothing short of torture, each of her legs is in a splint from ankle to past the waist and they have to be propped up with pillows. Her right arm has been useless for many years—it was the first part of her body to be afflicted and now she tells me her left arm is gradually getting worse. They have to be so careful in moving or even touching her as her bones break so easily. Even so little a thing as a sneeze is apt to break a bone. In spite of all this she writes the most cheerful letters. Her pet hobby is collecting dolls and if you have an odd one I'm sure she would be more than pleased to have it. She wants a cabinet to keep them in but I'm not just sure how to get that for her. Maybe some of you who live near her might have some suggestions on that subject. Evelyn also collects perfume bottles—and friends.

Another shutin who in having troubles right now is Mrs. Charlotte Studebaker, 927 Walnut Ave., N. E., Canton, Ohio. She has a birthday coming up, May 20, and I'm sure a word of cheer would mean a lot to her. She has been in a wheel chair for a long time. Her hands are so badly drawn that she cannot write with a pencil but she sometimes grasps a pencil in her closed fist and writes a few words on a typewriter. She suffers a good deal. Just recently she lost her son, and to one who is so helpless that means even more than to those of us who are able to keep busy and drown out our troubles in helping someone else. Charlotte collects open salt cellars of china or glass, and she also likes cactus plants. Do send her a card or better still, a friendly letter.

If you are interested in helping shutin folks, drop me a line. You can send it in your letter to Leanna. Every now and then I make up a list of shutin people and I'll be glad to send you one.

I take Thy hand, and fears grow still;
Behold Thy face, and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth, and boundless Love.
—Johnson.

» Victory Garden Notes «

GARDENS FOR VICTORY

Mrs. Erma Wyckoff

Gardens for victory? Well, why not? Home grown vitamins hit the spot. So, clad in cotton our own South grew, We'll plant our garden and tend it, too.

Our hearts are in this hard grim war—

It's Victory we're fighting for!

We don't need silks or sweetened tea
But we do need to be free.

So as we plant and hoe and reap
We will not wail and sigh and weep.
Instead, we'll pray to God above
"God bless the freedom that we love."

"I am going to raise some vegetable type soy beans again this year. I handle my soy beans the same as I do bush beans in the garden. We like them cooked in their green state. I pour boiling water over them and let them soak ten or fifteen minutes. This makes them easier to shell. They have a rich, nutty flavor and are high in protein content."—Fremont, Nebr.

"This year I am going to raise more lima beans for drying. I always plant them when the weather is really warm, covering the beans with an inch of mellow soil. I am careful to put the eye down. Don't plant them too thick—four inches apart is about the right spacing."—Topeka, Kans.

"Too many gardeners grab a hoe or the handle of a cultivator half way down the handle which results in a stooped over position. The same job can be done with less effort in an upright posture. To keep my garden tools in good condition, I keep a brush in a can of grease near my tool rack and swab them with this before I put them away."—Grand Island, Nebr.

"Are you a 'step waster' or a 'garden traveler'? Do you have to make several trips to the house or tool shed when you spend an hour in the garden? A little planning will eliminate the waste of time and energy. If possible have a cart or even a basket in which you keep spray gun, stakes, twine, trowels, clippers, bug dust, fertilizer and other items you may need."—Horton, Kans.

"I made a handy weeder. Saw off a piece of broom handle about 6 inches long. In one end bore a hole the size of a 40-penny nail. Insert a nail with the head removed. Flatten the point of the nail and file it so that it has an up-curved shape. This home-made tool is handy when working with small plants."—Trenton, Mo.

"I have only a small back yard and have never had a garden but this year I am going to find a place for a 'Salad Garden', if nothing else."—Omaha, Nebraska.

"Transplant small plants, tomatoes, peppers or cabbage, in paper containers such as cut-off breakfast food boxes. Then when the weather is

right to set in garden, put the container and all in the ground. By using cardboard boxes the roots are not disturbed and the boxes soon rot away. While keeping in the house do not water too heavily, or enough to soak up the boxes."—Liberty, Nebr.

"If you are bothered with striped cucumber beetles on your young cucumber vines, try sprinkling your young vines with black pepper. This has been a big help to me."—Rago, Kans.

"If radishes get too hot to eat raw, cook them and fix like you do turnips. They need not be peeled as the red makes a nice vegetable dish. Also, planting pole beans and early corn is good in a small garden. The corn can be picked off the stalk and the beans climb up and no extra space or stakes are needed."—Des Moines, Iowa.

"I think it pays to get the early things planted early. I even plant a row of green beans early. As a rule they don't freeze and if they do the seed doesn't cost much. I plant disease resistant tomatoes in tin cans each spring, and put them in the window with my house plants. I have two cans planted now for real early ones. When it is cold I bring them into the living room and set them on the radio nearer the stove. Tomato seed must be kept warm so they will germinate. If the ground is rather dry in the garden when I plant anything, I make a trench to plant the seeds, then take a sprinkling can and water it, plant my seed and cover the row, and always pack the dirt on top, then the seeds have a good chance to grow. When I plant onion seeds I always walk on the row to press the dirt down firmly over the seeds. I have grand luck raising onions from seed."—Hubbard, Iowa.

"Sow radish seed real thin with the carrot and beet and other seed that is slow in coming up. Plant cucumber seed in a row about 12 inches apart. This doesn't take so much room as it does when you plant them in hills. Plant a few radish seeds with the vines and the bugs won't stay very long, or plant nasturtiums and you will have some flowers in this way."—Luzerne, Ia.

"The smaller the plot, the harder the scheming. Some crops, like radishes and lettuce, need space early in the spring. Others like potatoes and parsnips are there for the summer. The slender ones, as carrots, need little space between rows. Tomatoes and cauliflower more room. Squash and pumpkins may climb the dry sweet corn stalks."—Concordia, Mo.

To keep bugs off of cucumber vines, dry used coffee grounds and sprinkle on top of vines. Bugs will never bother them.—Ottosen, Iowa.

FRESHNESS AND COLOR IN YOUR HOME FOR SPRING

By Sue Somers

Spring is just around the corner and with it comes that ever recurring need to freshen and brighten up the house with a bit of attention here and there. Perhaps its a new slip cover that's needed, or drapes, or the springs in some chair need attention because they are either extending below or above where they should be. Then again it may be a new rug is needed to cover a worn spot in front of the favorite chair or the cushions need a fresh cover. This is by no means the end of the list for there are many things that we all must do this spring,—for instance, I know that I will have to shampoo my rug. So on and on goes the list of problems for the homemaker in war time. More than ever now it is up to us as home-makers to keep our homes neat and attractive.

Perhaps you are one whose problem is slip covers. When you consider new slip covers you must first decide whether they are to be plain, figured or striped. To decide this one must note what the three other outstanding pieces in the room are—that is the rug, wallpaper, drapes (if any) and any other large upholstered pieces of furniture. If a large number of these are noticeably figured then we must choose a plain slip cover. Or if only about one-third of these surfaces are figured then we could choose a stripe slip cover,—also vice versa—if there is already quite a bit of stripe surface and some plain, then we could have a figured slip cover. There are so many lovely inexpensive washable materials on the market that make nice slip covers that I would think it unwise to consider anything not washable. Just a few I might mention are denim, ticking, dyed muslin, novelty weave crashes, etc.

Now we must consider the styles of the slip cover. In my own opinion I think it's practically impossible to buy a ready made slip cover that is correct for both the furniture it is put on and the room it is put in. For true harmony and beauty one must choose the material and then tailor it to the furniture it is to fit. There is a method for doing this that is so easy that anyone who can run a sewing machine can make a slip cover in a few hours time. I like the style particularly well because it can be washed and ironed much more easily than the ordinary slip cover, and there will not be the pulling and tearing out at the corners nor any pouching like one finds with the average slip cover. The method is to make your slip cover to fit your chair just as you always do but instead of making seams where the chair will give simply add four inches to the length of your slip cover and tuck it into your chair at these places. That means there would never be a seam joining the inside arm and back pieces to the seat—you would simply add 4 inches to the length of each of these pieces as well as to the 3 sides of the seat and then tuck them all down into



Bobbie and Billie, great grandsons of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. DeWalt of Cameron, Mo. Bobby is showing Billie how it SHOULD be played.

the chair. The same thing is done between the arms and back and also between the wings and back if the chair has wings. Then instead of seaming the outside arm pieces to the back they may be snapped, zippered or pinned. This means that in your finished slip cover the back is one separate piece, each arm is a separate piece, and the seat and apron are together as a separate piece.

MISSING

No, I have not heard from my soldier
In the time he has been away,
Since the letter I had from Manila,
Just a year and two months today.

Since then I've been watching and waiting,
And hoping each passing mail
Would bring me some word from my loved one,
But always to no avail.

Then there came an official notice
From the War Department, one day,
Which said that my Johnny was missing,
Just "missing" was all they could say.

My friends give me little to hope for;
They offer me solace instead,
And say I had best have it over
And admit that my darling is dead.

But something within me keeps hoping,
And firmly I stand on that ground
That somewhere out in the Pacific
My boy will be kept safe and sound.

And sometime, somewhere in the future,
When the war is over and past
He will come, from the realm of the missing,
He will come to his mother at last!
—Robert Sidney Kieser.

THE EVENING STAR

By Harold Saton

* The evening star a child espied,
The one star in the sky
Is that God's service Flag? he cried
And waited for reply.
The mother paused a moment ere
She told the little one
Yes that is why the star is there
God gave his only Son.

Chicago Evening Post.

DO YOU EAT A TON OF FOOD A YEAR?

Few people are able to realize how much food it takes to feed one person for one year. In actual weight it amounts to about a ton a year. If a family expects to produce enough food to supply themselves for a year they need to count on spending some time and energy in doing it. One cannot expect to produce a ton of food in odd moments, or on a small garden space.

Every patriotic family who has some land should be looking over their resources and making plans to produce not only enough food but enough of the right kind of food to feed themselves through the coming year.

For detailed food production and garden plans see your county extension agents.—DeKalb County Herald.

Dear Leanna: Sorry I am so late in sending my renewal. I was away on a short vacation, card was misplaced, and have been very busy and rather short of funds. Hope I am not too late for the next number. I sure don't want to miss any as every number is so full of everything.—Mrs. Jas. J. Horton.

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.



PANHOLDERS AND PANHOLDERS

Now, aren't you glad you saved those tiny scraps of muslin, prints and plain colors? Just see what an exciting array of gay panholders can be fashioned from these bits of material. Whether you prefer the vegetables, fruit motifs, flower faces, sun-bonnet babies or pieced designs, your scrap bag can surely supply the "makings"—and those odds and ends of floss will do the rest. You may indulge your preference in stitch too, for embroidery, applique and piecing are all employed here. Hot iron transfer C9542, 10c, brings motifs for this entire group of panholders.

Order from Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

WHAT SHALL



WE READ

BOOK REVIEW

By Edith Seabury

WE TOOK TO THE WOODS

By Louise Dickinson Rich

(This book was one of "Books of the Month" for last year. It is still among the best-sellers. Louise Rich writes the book herself and answers questions that people ask her relative to her life in the Maine Woods)

During most of my adolescence, specifically between the time when I gave up wanting to be a brakeman and the time when I definitely decided to become an English teacher, I said, when I was asked what I was going to do with my life, that I was going to live alone in the Maine woods and write. Of course I found out as I grew older that everybody is at one time or other going to do something of the sort. It's part of being young. The only difference in my case is that, grown to womanhood. I seem to be living in a cabin in the Maine woods and I seem to be writing. Only I am not living alone, there is Ralph, my husband; Rufus, our four year old son; Gerrish, who works for us, but is in no sense a servant.

Forrest Lodge is in the woods alright, there is nothing north or south of it for so many miles that it scares me to think of it. We have no plumbing. We get our water from the river and from the spring up back in the woods. This is no hardship in summer but in winter, with the snow knee deep, and the wind howling like a maniac up the river, and the thermometer crawling down to ten below zero, it is a supreme test of fortitude to leave the warmth of the fire and go plunging out into the cold, no matter how great the necessity. We like to think it builds character.

There are three families living in Middle Dam. We all try to bring enough food from the Outside to last with care over the breakup and until a load of supplies can be brought in. Of course we must feed all people who "drop-in" and our carefully counted potatoes don't always go around.

Every year we have crowds of deer hunters come in. The real excitement of the deer-hunting season isn't hunting deer, but hunting deer-hunters. It's the same every year. On a clear cold night the telephone will ring: "Say, you ain't seen anything of a couple of hunters, have you? Yeah, they're staying here. They ought to be back." So we sit down and hope they didn't get lost in our neck of the woods. But sooner or later we usually hear the sound of three grouped shots, the universal woods signal of distress. Ralph groans and starts out with his gun to find them. After spending most of the night firing shots back and forth, they are located wandering around usually in a circle.

We do all our shopping by Mail Or-

der, more formally, from Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward. Everybody is thoroughly familiar with the Mail Order. I show up at Middle in a new pair of slacks and Alice Miller says, "Oh yes those are Wards' slacks. A dollar and ninety eight. I was thinking about getting me some."

People ask us, "Aren't children a problem raised under these circumstances?" I always answer, certainly children are a problem, only in the woods the details of the problems aren't quite the same as they are on the Outside. This problem starts with getting them born.

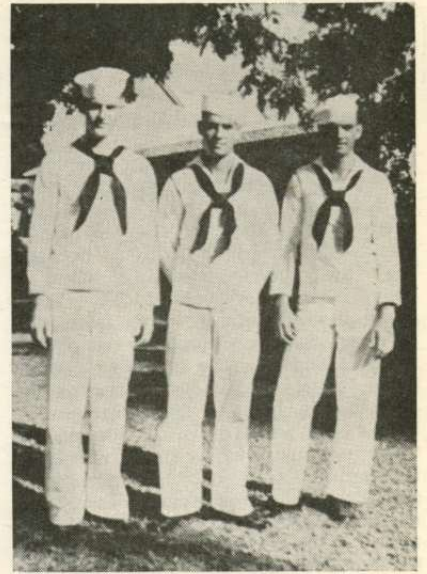
Rufus was born on the eighteenth of December at two-fifty-five a. m., with thermometer down to ten below zero. I was supposed to go out to Rumford to have Rufus; but then he wasn't supposed to be born until the first of the year. When I awoke in the middle of the night I knew there was nothing to do but remain calm. It was pitch dark and no lights on the Ford, the only car that could get us through. I told Ralph to heat water, I didn't know why, but in books people always heat water. Then he went out of the room to heat a blanket and get a basket for "the kid". When he returned five minutes later, he was a father.

Ralph had read a little book, "If Baby Comes Ahead of the Doctor", so he went ahead capably, greasing Rufus and going over him carefully to see if he was alright. "I guess I'll call Doctor and tell him there's no need of his coming way out here. No sense in spending twenty dollars for nothing." And so Rufus missed his chance of having the Doctor look him over.

We have the excitement that comes with the change of seasons, which of course changes our work and interests. Smelting starts out the spring season and while smelts aren't the most cooperative of fish, they are a lot of fun to catch and taste mighty good after the winter's diet. Then comes sugaring-off time and getting pails of sap we make into enough syrup to last us the entire twelve months. Then as spring moves into summer the berries start getting ripe. Acres and acres of raspberries and blueberries to be picked and canned, some preserved. In between times we fish and work in the garden.

Is our life worthwhile? I have peace here. It may suffer surface disruptions but the depths of that peace cannot be shaken. Discontent is only the fear of missing something. Content is the knowledge that you aren't missing a thing worthwhile.

I know that many people, perhaps most people, couldn't feel that, living here, they held within their grasp all the best of life. So for them it wouldn't be the best. For us, it is.



William, James and John Sturkey, Mayetta, Kans. Taken at Pearl Harbor.

SEWING HELPS

I have made my own clothes since I was 16 years old. I love to sew and I do a lot of making over of old garments. Perhaps I can give a few pointers on sewing.

First, the pattern one buys must be as nearly one's measurements as possible. Study the illustration. Don't pick an unbecoming design just because it is "style". Before cutting material, see that every wrinkle is pressed out. Pin the pattern to the material in many places and notch and dot every place, just as directed. One cannot cut out material hap-hazardly and expect a nice looking garment. I always pin on all my pattern and I change here and there, saving all the cloth possible. This is a trait my mother taught me. Make sure your pattern is on the straight of the material.

Don't just start sewing seams together and if they come out even alright and if they don't, cut off the excess. A pattern seam usually fits perfectly if pinned together all along before sewing.

Be at ease while sewing. You cannot hurry, especially if you are a beginner. Take the pattern guide and follow it as directed, pressing all seams as sewn.

Maybe I can give a few helps on buttonholes. Start the back of the buttonhole and *don't pull the thread tight* so that the material puckers the least bit. Pull the thread firm, just to meet the edge of the cut material. When one side is buttonholed, and you are ready to turn the front end and start toward the back on the other raw edge, do not buttonhole around the front until you have crossed over and made 1 buttonhole stitch on the last side, then come back and complete the 3 stitches necessary for the front of the buttonhole. Now complete the last side, making a bar tack at the back.—Mrs. Fred Oetken, Northwood, Iowa.



FOR THE CHILDREN

A SAFETY FIRST LESSON
By Lois E. Sprague

Little Jerry skipped merrily in the rain. His little brown puppy followed close behind him. He was having just as much fun as Jerry. The rain was quite warm today. Before Mother had driven away in her car she had said, "Put on your bathing suits, children, and you may play outside."

"Come, Buster Boy," Jerry called to his dog. "Watch me sail this little stick in the gutter." "Oh no, don't do that," warned Sister, looking at the brown water flowing swiftly down the side of the street. "It is too dirty. Don't you remember, Mother always tells us to play on the side walk or in our yard! Shall I run and get a parasol? It is such fun to hear the rain falling on its silk roof."

As Jane hurried to the house to get the parasol, Jerry slipped into the street with his bit of wood and dropped it into the little stream of water that was rushing down the curb side. Buster Boy jumped up and down, barking in delight at the whirling sticks and papers floating past.

The rain fell faster and faster. The drops bounced up as they struck the paving, making a little cloud over the street. Jerry brushed the rain from his face as it plastered his hair tight to his head, and ran down over his eyes. This was even more fun than a shower bath at the swimming pool.

For a few seconds he could not see before him. Meanwhile his play boat raced down the gutter and followed the swift current around the corner. Buster Boy chased gaily after it. Jerry ran a few steps and then stopped to feel for his boat.

He heard a crash. At first he could not tell where the sound came from. He heard the purr of a car's idling motor and the sound of ladies' voices raised in excitement. As the rain slackened and the mist above the pavement cleared, he saw his mother down the street near the corner. Her car was standing in the street. Mother was out in the rain beside the car. She was holding Buster Boy in her arms. Some other ladies in the car were calling to her in anxious tones. One of them asked, "Is he badly hurt?" Another called, "Here, wrap him in my rain coat."

Jerry stood very still. Just then his sister came flying down the side walk. She did not stop until she reached her mother's side. Jerry walked slowly toward them. Mother waited. She looked at Jerry with tears in her eyes. "Now Sonny," she said, "do you understand why Mother has told you never to play in the street? Our car struck Buster Boy, but it might just as easily have been my Jerry, since

you too, were playing in the gutter." "Yes, Mother," replied a very sorry little boy, "I'm sure I will never play there again." "Very well," said Mother, "now we must do something for Buster Boy. He has had a bad jolt and we must take him into the house and wrap him in warm blankets until he feels better." By the next day, Buster Boy was ready to trot about. From that time on, neither Jerry nor Buster Boy needed to be told to stay out of the street.

MAIMED ANIMALS

The hunter who shot these animals certainly didn't do a good job of it. All he did was to shoot the consonants out of them and leave the vowels. How quickly can you supply the missing consonants and restore these poor animals to their natural form?

- 1. — u — . Bull.
- 2. — a — a — o — o . Kangaroo.
- 3. — i — a — e . Giraffe.
- 4. — i — a — e — e . Chimpanzee.
- 5. — a — i — o — u . Caribou.
- 6. e — e — a — . Elephant.
- 7. — o — e — . Monkey.
- 8. — o — u — i — e . Porcupine.
- 9. — a — i — . Rabbit.
- 10. — u — i — e — . Squirrel.
- 11. — i — o — o — a — u — . Hippopotamus.
- 12. — a — u — . Walrus.
- 13. — o — e — . Horse.
- 14. — i — o — e — o — u — n — o — . Rhinoceros.
- 15. — o — e — . Mouse.
- 16. — u — a — o — . Buffalo.
- 17. — o — i — a — . Gorilla.
- 18. — u — . Skunk.
- 19. — a — o — . Baboon.
- 20. e — . Elk.

MY DADDY TEACHES ME
By Laura Emily Mau

My Daddy teaches me to say
My prayers every day,
And taught me many verses from
The Bible that I say.

I'm always asking him to teach
Me verses that are new;
I love them more and more because
They really are true.

Falls City, Nebr.
Jan. 25, 1943

Dear Aunt Leanna,
I am 7 years old. My Mother and I love to read the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I am in the second grade. My Mother listens to you every day and so do I when I am at home. My teacher's name is Miss Knight. You can put this in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine if it is good enough.
Your friend,
Mary Jane Bright.



Sammy and Gilbert Green, sons of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Green, Salina, Kans.

Why does a rooster resemble a cavalry officer? Because they both wear spurs.
Crooked as a rainbow, teeth like a cat, guess all your lifetime and you can't guess that? A circular saw.





Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

I have had several letters of inquiry concerning chick troubles, which seem to me to be starting a little early in the season but in each case the parties said they got their chicks earlier in the season than they were accustomed to do. That may be part of the cause of the trouble. Having chicks so early in the season requires more careful planning of feed and handling.

One complained of chicks picking each other's toes and vents until they bled, then a whole bunch would start and act like cannibals. Well, they were at heart, after they had tasted blood.

Chicks must be kept busy, and well fed. If you do not have access to green food for them, give them alfalfa hay leaves. I take a few feet of poultry netting and join the ends to form a circle. Fill this with leaves and they will soon swarm all over it.

Add salt to the mash if it is not included in the feed formula found on or in each sack. One pound of salt to each one hundred pounds of feed. Or dig a big chunk of sod and put it in the brooder house. That gives them something to scratch at, but by all means keep them busy.

Sour milk given as is, or made into Dutch cheese will also help eliminate that ravenous appetite.

Another letter told of their chicks doing so nicely until she turned them out one sunshiny afternoon. Now all seemed to be droopy and had bowel trouble. She thought they had picked up some infection from the ground in the pen.

That may be true, but my guess would be that although the day was bright and the sun warm, the ground was likely too cold for their tender feet. Just as it would not do for a child to sit on the ground under the same conditions. We would hardly be considered sensible if we took a baby from its warm dry bed and set it out on the ground to get its sunbath, especially not in February or March, and a chick has the same delicate organs a child has. So be sure the ground is warm before you turn your chicks outside.

Another trouble is overcrowding. I am afraid that is going to cause lots of trouble during the coming season. Every one is so eager to help produce eggs and meat for human consumption that more chicks are crowded into the same space and in a short time they begin to show the effects. Then they usually die down to the proper number that there should have been in the first place. Nature has a way of her own of doing such things.

When potatoes were first introduced into Germany, the people refused to eat them. There was a scarcity of food, so the king ordered the ears cut off of all who would not eat them.

THE OSAGE ORANGE (Toxylon pomiferum)

By Mrs. Lottie Mincer

The war is on! No more hair pins, no more coat-hangers, no more pins and needles can we have! I suspect wire fencing will also be scarce.

My mind goes back over the long years to 1865. That summer we drove to southwest Iowa in covered wagons and settled on 1,200 acres covered with prairie grass. The farm sloped gently from the hills to the Nishna river. The only trees were a few along the river.

The next year, Father ploughed the tough sod under and planted corn. How it did grow! Now we had neighbors, who had moved west to get free pasture and have it they would! So they turned their horses and cattle out. If these got into our fields, they didn't care. Many and many a day Mother helped me, a twelve year old, up on old "Bill's" back and away we would go to chase them out! Later in the summer, those great ears of corn would bang against my legs until they would be black and blue and I could hardly walk.

It was out of the question to build rail fences, such as we had had in Indiana. We didn't like to be quarreling with the neighbors. Father decided hedge fences would solve the problem. In the fall, he gathered bushels of the lovely green hedge "oranges" where he could find them. In the early spring he painstakingly cut them open and put the seeds in a gunny sack.

In early March, when the ice went out, he placed the bag in the river to soak. He watched them carefully and when they began to sprout, he ploughed some ground and fixed a nice seed bed.

He and the hired man were all ready to go to work, when they found that our horses were gone. They went to hunt them and they didn't come back. Mother knew the seeds mustn't dry out, so she and I bundled up and started on the job. Never will I forget it! The cold ground, the raw March wind, the gray clouds spitting an occasional snow-flake—all these things are clearly in my mind today—75 years later. How our backs did ache! Our fingers got so cold! I can still feel those slimy, sticky seeds, which were about the size of an apple seed! It took us three whole days!

Well, we had just finished when Father returned with all the horses. Thieves had not only taken ours, but every other horse around and the men had tracked them in the mud, came upon them suddenly in their camp. The thieves ran away.

The seeds came up and grew splendidly, and next spring Father set the hedge around the whole 1,200 acres.

When I am riding and see the fine old Osage Orange trees torn out by the roots lifting their orange toes to the sky, it makes me feel queer inside.

If all our steel goes into cannon and shells, maybe we can sprout some more hedge orange seeds and start over again.

KMA PROGRAM SCHEDULE

BLUE NETWORK COMPANY
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Shenandoah, Iowa.
— 960 Kilocycles —

- 5:00 a. m.—Sunrise Special
- 5:45 a. m.—News
- 6:00 a. m.—Lonnie & Thelma
- 6:30 a. m.—Morning Worship
- 7:00 a. m.—News Summary (Sun.)
- 7:05 a. m.—Morning Minstrels (Sun.)
- 7:15 a. m.—Ted Driftmier
- 7:30 a. m.—Morning Worship (Sun.)
- 7:30 a. m.—Frank Field
- 7:45 a. m.—Jess & Carleen
- 8:00 a. m.—News Roundup (Sun.)
- 8:00 a. m.—Morning Headlines
- 8:15 a. m.—Coast to Coast (Sun.)
- 8:15 a. m.—Gully Jumpers
- 8:30 a. m.—Back to the Bible
- 9:00 a. m.—Homemaker's Visit
- 9:15 a. m.—Sun. School Lesson (Sun.)
- 9:30 a. m.—Southernaires (Sun.)
- 9:30 a. m.—Songs of a Dreamer
- 9:45 a. m.—Newstime (Sun.)
- 9:45 a. m.—Earl May, News
- 10:00 a. m.—Church Service (Sun.)
- 10:00 a. m.—Earl May
- 10:10 a. m.—Chuck Davis
- 10:15 a. m.—Breakfast Club
- 10:30 a. m.—"Stump Us"
- 10:45 a. m.—Ma Perkins
- 11:00 a. m.—War Journal (Sun.)
- 11:00 a. m.—Lone Journey
- 11:00 a. m.—Music by Black (Sat.)
- 11:15 a. m.—The Goldbergs
- 11:30 a. m.—Lonnie & Thelma (Sun.)
- 11:30 a. m.—Farm & Home Hour
- 12:00 Noon—News (Sun.)
- 12:00 Noon—Earl May, News
- 12:15 p. m.—Musical Meditations (Sun.)
- 12:15 p. m.—Frank Field (Tues. & Thurs.)
- 12:30 p. m.—Horace Heidt's Band (Sun.)
- 12:30 p. m.—Utah Rangers
- 12:45 p. m.—Voice of the Dairy Farmer (Sun.)
- 12:45 p. m.—Market Reports
- 1:00 p. m.—Pilgrim Hour (Sun.)
- 1:00 p. m.—Fiddle Dusters
- 1:15 p. m.—Church of the Air
- 1:30 p. m.—Kitchen-Klatter
- 2:00 p. m.—Ted Driftmier (Sun.)
- 2:00 a. m.—Songs by Morton Downey
- 2:15 p. m.—Toby and Suse
- 2:15 p. m.—Gully Jumpers (Sun.)
- 2:30 p. m.—Uncle Sam's Series
- 2:30 p. m.—Victory Hour (Tues.)
- 2:45 p. m.—News
- 3:00 p. m.—Lutheran Hour (Sun.)
- 3:00 p. m.—Gully Jumpers
- 3:30 p. m.—Young People's Church of the Air (Sun.)
- 3:30 p. m.—Jokesters
- 4:00 p. m.—Back To God Hour (Sun.)
- 4:00 p. m.—Jimmy Morgan
- 4:30 p. m.—Musical Steelmakers (Sun.)
- 4:30 p. m.—News
- 4:45 p. m.—Lonnie & Thelma
- 5:00 p. m.—The First Nighter (Sun.)
- 5:00 p. m.—Terry & The Pirates
- 5:15 p. m.—Jimmy & Jack
- 5:30 p. m.—Back to God Hour (Sun.)
- 5:30 p. m.—Jack Armstrong
- 5:45 p. m.—Captain Midnight
- 6:00 p. m.—Drew Pearson (Sun.)
- 6:00 p. m.—Fulton Lewis, Jr.
- 6:00 p. m.—Strange Dr. Karnac (Sat.)
- 6:15 p. m.—Edward Tomlinson (Sun.)
- 6:15 p. m.—Doc & Esther
- 6:30 p. m.—Stars & Stripes in Britain (Sun.)
- 6:30 p. m.—Earl May, News
- 7:00 p. m.—Watch the World Go By
- 7:15 p. m.—Neighbors (Sun.)
- 7:15 p. m.—Lum 'n Abner (Mon. thru Thurs.)
- 7:15 p. m.—Dinah Shore (Fri.)
- 7:15 p. m.—Boston Symphony (Sat.)
- 7:30 p. m.—Family Circle (Sun.)
- 7:30 p. m.—Flat Mtn. Opera (Mon.)
- 7:30 p. m.—Duffy's (Tues.)
- 7:30 p. m.—Back to the Bible (Wed.)
- 7:30 p. m.—Town Meeting (Thurs.)
- 7:30 p. m.—Meet Your Navy (Fri.)
- 8:00 p. m.—Famous Jury Trials (Tues.)
- 8:00 p. m.—John Freedom (Wed.)
- 8:00 p. m.—Navy Pre-Flight (Fri.)
- 8:15 p. m.—Edward Tomlinson (Sat.)
- 8:30 p. m.—Jimmy Fidler (Sun.)
- 8:30 p. m.—Spotlight Bands (Mon. thru Sat.)
- 8:45 p. m.—Dorothy Thompson (Sun.)
- 8:55 p. m.—Little Known Facts
- 9:00 p. m.—Old Fashioned Revival (Sun.)
- 9:00 p. m.—Raymond Gram Swing (Mon. thru Thurs.)
- 9:00 p. m.—John Gunther (Fri. and Sat.)
- 9:15 p. m.—Gracie Fields (Mon. thru Fri.)
- 9:35 p. m.—Music Society (Mon.)

Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

HOBBIES

Shakers and Holders. Will exchange.—Mrs. Astor Lovald, Milroy, Minn.

Turkish Towels, any size and color. Wants state name embroidered in corner. Will exchange for your hobby.—Mrs. Barbara Dvorak, R1, Clutier, Ia.

Wooden Souvenirs with state or town name on, also Edgar A. Guest poems.—Mrs. H. Hill, Novinger, Mo.

Old Fountain Pens.—Donald Williams, 29110 Sunnydale, Detroit, Mich.

Pitchers of all sizes.—Mrs. F. C. Butefish, Maple Hill, Kans.

Old Songs.—Lenore Daby, 1300 First Ave., Mankato, Minn.

Hankies with crochet edge. Will exchange.—Mrs. Gerrit Pater, Rt. 2, Hines, Minn.

Colored or Crystal Glass Slippers. Will buy or trade for something else.—Mrs. Tom Pliner, R1, Ft. Dodge, Ia.

If your name is Lena, write to Miss Lena Ione Terry, c/o I. O. O. F. Home, Mason City, Ia.

Pictures of twins, triplets, etc., also old people, soldiers and heroes.—Mildred Redmon, 118 S Dewey, Maryville, Mo.

Vases. Will exchange for your hobby.—Mrs. H. G. Stuhmer, Box 182, Kenesaw, Nebr.

Wash Cloths. Will exchange.—Marjorie Preheim, Freeman, S. D.

Shakers and Vases. Will exchange. Write first.—Mrs. Fred Nuernberg, Young America, Minn.

Vases. Has some that are 100 years old. Will exchange shakers for vases.—Mrs. D. E. Spaith, 145 W Pine St., Lancaster, Wisc.

Odd Perfume Bottles, Hankies, Paper Napkins, Beads.—Miss Ebalena Jane Harms, c/o John Harms, R1, Ackley, Ia.

Small crocheted doilies and holders, and hankies. Will exchange.—Mrs. Julius J. Jensen, R1, Storm Lake, Ia.

Shakers. Will exchange.—Mrs. Albert Walch, Burr, Nebr.

Old Coins. Especially wants an 1856 flying eagle penny. Will buy or exchange.—Mrs. S. E. Wilson, Harcourt, Ia.

Holders.—Mrs. Harvey Neuschwan-ger, Bloomington, Kansas.

Shakers and Novelty Dogs.—Mrs. W. F. Keas, Gypsum, Kans.

Small Jugs. Will exchange for your hobby.—Mrs. J. E. Jett, Clarinda, Ia.

Novelty Shakers, also crocheted sachets.—Mrs. Harry Severns, 3104 Burnside, St. Joseph, Mo.

Shakers and Crocheted Potholders. Will exchange.—Mrs. Chas. Kaser, R1, Osborne, Kans.

View Cards.—Miss Viola Lund, 116 Evelyn Street, Topeka, Kansas.

Crocheted Holders. Will Exchange.—Mrs. W. O. Tharp, R2, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Miniature Perfume Bottles.—Lorraine Mitchell, R2, Orient, Ia.

China Dogs.—Mrs. Milton Pitt, Logan, Ia.

Shakers.—Mrs. Floyd Auldridge, Osborne, Kansas.

Small Crocheted Articles. Will exchange.—Dorothy Daby, 1300 1 Ave., Mankato, Minn.

Odd Shaped Soaps. Will exchange.—Miss Bess Meduna, Box 84, Weston, Nebr.

Poems to make scrap books for sick people. Also sacred songs.—Mrs. Jack Cox, Jr., R1, Mercer, Mo.

Miniature Furniture made of wood, glass, china, plastic, etc. In exchange will send perennial plants and seeds, some very old buttons or what you wish.—Mrs. Mike Wolfe, Box 756, Lander, Wyo.

Crocheted Pot Holders. Will exchange.—Mrs. W. O. Tharp, R2, Oskaloosa, Ia.

View Cards, especially historic places, and potholders.—Edna Spidle, Gallatin, Mo.

Crocheted Potholders and Old Fashioned Tooth Pick Holders. Will exchange.—Mrs. R. L. Hall, Louisburg, Mo.

China Dogs and Horses. Will exchange. Mrs. Will Kracke, Hope, Kansas.

Pitchers. Will exchange for your hobby. Write first.—Mrs. Nora Popp, Box 184, Dighton, Kans.

Dahlia Tubers, Cactus and Perennials. Will exchange.—Mrs. Roy D. Olson, Hanley Falls, Minn.

Crocheted Potholders, Chair Set, Doilies, Old Songs. Wants to hear from ones whose birthdays are Feb. 11, and name Dorothy.—Mrs. Dorothy Daby, 1300-1 Ave., Mankato, Minn.

Shakers. Will exchange.—Mrs. John Vithen, Kimballton, Ia.

Dogs, Viewcards, Perfume Bottles.—Mrs. Dorothy Millenbruch, R3, Holton, Kansas.

Match Covers.—Mrs. Bob Schotanus, R4, Ackley, Ia.

What-Not Animals and Articles.—Mrs. Ubbie Jutting, R4, Ackley, Ia.

Hankies. Will exchange.—Mrs. Lucile Wittig, 105 N Alice St., Sioux City, Ia.

Pencils.—Mrs. Arthur Clausen, Ft. Calhoun, Nebr.

Towels and Potholders.—Mrs. Walter Royalle, Severance, Kans.

Bottles, Miniature Airplanes and Animals.—Bernard F. Gray, Bendena, Kans.

Potholders, Flowers. Will exchange. Mrs. Roy Pyke, 603 Cottage Ave., Abilene, Kans.

Pictures of dogs and cats.—Mary Alene and Larry Eugene Cox, Rt. 1, Mercer, Mo. Poems, Sacred Songs and Whatnot articles.—Mrs. Jack Cox, Jr., same address.

Little Vases and Baskets, and Holders. Will exchange.—Mrs. W. W. Maxwell, Wick, Ia.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 50,000 people read this magazine every month. 5¢ per word. \$1.00 minimum. Payable in advance. When counting words include name and address. Rejection rights reserved.

HEALTH HINTS BOOKLET; Safe non-starvation "Eight-Day" reducing schedule using common foods. Articles on Grey Hair, Wrinkles, Why We Grow Old, and many other health suggestions for all. Write your name, address, and words "Health Booklet" on paper and wrap it around 15 cents. Then mail to Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, 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 Hayzett, Box 288, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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INFANT'S DRESSES beautifully hand embroidered in pastel shades, \$1.95 each. Also flannel sacques and kimono. Vee Stevens, 1434 K St., Apt O, Lincoln, Nebr.

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MILITARY SERVICE GUIDE BOOK gives a complete story of the Insignia, Emblems, and Flags of our fighting men. Only 15c. Special premium. Howard Rasmussen, Boonville, Mo.

QUILTS, CUDDLE TOYS, EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES with tatting and crocheted edges. Woven Rag Rugs, Cross Bookmarks, Baby Quilts specially designed. Quilting for others a specialty. Prices quoted on request. Worthington Quilting Dept., 912 Church Ave., Worthington, Minn.

APRON PATTERN. Very attractive and pretty style. Medium size. 12c. Marie Kostlan, 4216 So 21 St., Omaha, Nebr.

REGISTERED RED PEKINGESE PUPPIES. Russell Jacobson, Jr., Concordia, Kans.

NOVELTY PINS. Handcarved, mapleleaf shape, 3 inches, made of cedar. Safety catch. \$1.00. Mrs. Harold Madsen, 1907 Franklin, Cedar Falls, Ia.

POTTERY BUTTONS. Rainbow terracotta, very durable and beautiful. 1 1/4 inches in diameter. 50c for 6. Sue Field Conrad, Clarinda, Ia.

6 DIFFERENT CREEPING PHLOX SUB-LATA, labeled, \$1.10. Rare Hardy Orchid Bletilla, 40c. Crown Imperial Lily, 35c. 7 Giant Wheelleaf Oxalis, 25c. List. Darrell Crawford, Salina, Kans.

WANTED: Directions for making articles of crocheted hairpin lace. Write to Mrs. Gilmore Gorman, 468 Pierce St., Gary, Ind.

THE WORKBASKET Pattern Service. Each month's issue includes a large sheet of directions for making all sorts of articles suitable for the home, wearing apparel, novelties etc., also a free transfer pattern. You will be delighted with the Workbasket. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

VICTORY GARDEN SPECIAL. King Corn book, how to can and dry corn and many other good corn recipes, only 10c postpaid. Send to Mrs. Mae Zeigler, Laurel, Ia.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

A SACRIFICE SALE

I know of a group of ladies who made over one hundred dollars having a Sacrifice Sale. Furniture, dishes, bric-a-brac, and clothing of all kinds was donated for this sale. Unlike a rummage sale, the things donated were to represent a sacrifice on the part of the giver. In other words, very nice articles were for sale, sold at reasonable prices. The mother of a high school girl was glad to pay \$5 for a beautiful white formal, worn only once; and a business man bought a heavy all wool overcoat from a friend who was moving to Florida—glad to pay \$10 for it. The sale was a huge success.

MILE OF PENNIES

That is a lot of pennies! It may take a year or more to reach this goal but when you do, you will have over \$800. Put up a chart resembling a thermometer in the church auditorium and as the pennies roll in, mark the progress on the chart. Ask anyone and everyone to help. Send cards to members of your church who have moved away. Ask each child in the Sunday School to give a yard of pennies. Once interest is created in this plan, you will be surprised how many pennies will be given.

TRY THIS IN YOUR SOCIETY

You can help your Aid Society or Club by taking subscriptions for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Collect \$1.00 for each subscription, send me 75c of this amount and you keep the 25c for your Society. No premiums can be given with this special offer. There is no better magazine for the home-maker. It is clean and is designed for the practical housewife.

Send in at least five new subscriptions with each order. Since the last issue, clubs have been sent in from the following towns: Gowrie, Ia.; Manning, Ia.; Lovewell, Kans.; Villisca, Ia.; Washta, Ia.; Cameron, Mo.; Johnson, Nebr.; Table Rock, Nebr.; Summerfield, Kans.; Tarkio, Mo.; Rippey, Ia.; Vail, Ia.; Adams, Nebr.; McCallsburg, Ia.; Flandreau, S. D.; Sterling, Nebr.; and Jefferson, Ia.

PLANT SALE

Perennials grow better when divided. As soon as real digging and transplanting weather arrives, plan a plant sale.

PLEASANT RIDGE RED CROSS UNIT

On that eventful December 7, 1941, I sat by my radio and heard the news that stunned America of the devastating raid on Pearl Harbor. With the thought that my own son might be in that hail of bullets, bursting bombs and sinking ships, I paced the floor wishing that I could shoulder a gun and go to the front, wishing I could go as a nurse, anything to help bring this terrible destruction to an end.

But gradually my brain began to function and I knew the only part that I was destined to play in this war was a very common-place one, doing the humble tasks.

In January 1942 I notified the ladies in our rural school district that I would like to have them meet at my home to organize a unit to do Red Cross work, and that each lady was to bring one prepared dish of food and her own table service. Because I thought there would be too many to work effectively if they all came the same day, I asked the ladies in the south half of the school district to come on Wednesday and the ladies in the north half to come on Thursday. Seven came on that first day. Some days there would be as many as twelve ladies but five would be a very good average each week. We finally decided that we had been a little too optimistic in expecting 100% attendance or an attendance of 25, so we decided that the entire district would meet one day each week. From June until November we worked only one afternoon each week, now we are again working all day.

Last May we pieced and quilted a quilt from scraps of material donated by the members of our unit. From this quilt we realized the sum of \$27.50 which our County Red Cross chairman said we could use to buy materials to make quilts and lap robes for convalescent service men. There is such urgent need for the quilts and laprobes that there seems to be no possibility of making too many.

In the past year our little group have completed 50 garments, four 81 x 108 quilts, and twelve 54-inch lap robes.

The only officer our unit boasts is the treasurer and there is no "boss". A more harmonious group of women would be hard to find.

Why not organize a unit in your community and have the genuine pleasure that has been mine the past year of meeting and becoming better acquainted with your neighbors. **The war is not over. "Uncle Sammy" needs you, every man, woman and child.**

—Edith Moran.

"I listen in when I can to your radio talks. You surely do put out some wonderful information. I have been a reader of your big little magazine less than a year, but I enjoy every thing in it—its wonderful recipes, household helps, and the letters from Frederick and your daughter. I think you surely get your dollar's worth of reading."—M.T., Melcher, Iowa.

AN EASTER PARTY

Easter Hat Show. Choose partners. Each couple is given tissue paper, scissors, needle and thread and paste. The boy is to make an Easter hat for his partner. When the hats have been finished the girls put them on and parade before judges, who choose the most clever hat.

Egg Blowing Contest. Use the smooth top of a table for this game. Have two egg shells on the starting line—the inside of the eggs has been blown out. Two play this game, seeing which one can blow her egg across the table first.

Rabbit Race. Line several gentlemen up at the end of the room. Have them hop like rabbits across the room. Tie a pink ribbon around the neck of the winner.

Easter Parade. A couple enter the room, wearing as many things as possible, besides their regular attire, such as rubbers, hat, gloves, handbag, umbrella, cane, etc. They walk slowly around the room and leave. The guests are then given papers and pencils and told to make a list of the articles worn.

Questionnaire. Give each guest a questionnaire. Each question is to be answered by words starting with his initials.

1. Your name.
2. Who would you rather be?
3. Where do you live?
4. What do you think about?
5. What is your hobby?
6. Describe yourself.
7. Your favorite flower.
8. Your ambition.
9. Your greatest accomplishment.

For example—Name, Leanna Ruby Driftmier. Who would you rather be? Lady Ruling Damascus. Where do you live? Left Road Down. Etc.

Act Out Mother Goose Rhymes. Divide the crowd into groups of five. Each group is asked to act out a Mother Goose rhyme which the rest must guess.

Dizzy Walk. Place two pieces of string across the room, about one foot apart, making a walk. One at a time, turn the players around rapidly, five times, and ask them to walk between the two strings.

A Can Contest. (No ration points required.)

1. A city in China.
2. A bright can.
3. A singing can.
4. A can in Panama.
5. A heathen can.
6. A noisy can.
7. A shrewd can.
8. A floating can.
9. A poetic can.
10. A sweet can.

Answers: 1-Canton. 2-Candle. 3-Canary. 4-Canal. 5-Cannibal. 6-Cannon. 7-Canny. 8-Canoe. 9-Canto. 10-Candy.