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Kitchen-Klatter

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

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Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



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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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

My Dear Friends,

Now that some of you are not able to hear my daily visits on the radio, I am more than ever glad I can write this letter for all of you to read. I believe May is the busiest month of the year. Gardening, which comes first this year, chickens, housecleaning, Red Cross work, nutrition and first aid classes fill our lives so full, from early morning until late at night, that there is hardly an hour to relax during the day. However, I like to think that from 1:30 until 2:00 you are resting while I visit with you over KMA.

Yes, I am a year older than I was when you read the April Klatter, at least I have had a birthday. April 3rd, I was 57. The high spot of the day was the telephone call from Wayne, our soldier son in Hawaii. On Friday we received a telephone call from San Francisco asking us to be at home Saturday evening to receive a call from Hawaii and you can be sure we were at home. My husband was at the telephone in the Kitchen-Klatter office, Margery (who was home for spring vacation) and Frederick were at the desk phone in my broadcasting office, and I at the phone in the living room. I was so overcome by my emotions that I could scarcely talk when I first heard Wayne's voice, but soon gained control of my feelings and had a nice visit. That was the shortest three minutes I ever lived through. Wayne sent me a lovely summer hand-bag from Honolulu. It is woven from some kind of a tropical grass and has my initials on it. He has given me a purse on each birthday I have had since he started to earn money. Lucile and Dorothy were going to call me from Hollywood but couldn't get the line until after 10:30 out there which would have been 12:30 here so they gave up. I imagine they were trying to call at the same time Wayne's call was coming through.

We are having a grand spring rain today. We have had some very dry weather with dusty winds. I had begun to wonder if we were in for a drought. Yesterday we planted some new hybrid tea rose bushes, and perennials. The rain came at just the right time for them. We are planting one hundred choice gladioli bulbs as soon as the ground is dry enough.

We had good news from our youngest son, Don, who is in the Air Corps

stationed at Waco, Texas. He is to go to Grand Rapids, Mich., for a course in weather forecasting. On the completion of this, he will be ready for overseas duty, which seems to be what all of our boys are wanting. Frank Field's youngest son, John, is learning to be a dive bomber pilot.

Margery was home for spring vacation. She has been elected to teach in Pella again next year. We had a good time visiting while we sewed or washed the dishes. Only six more weeks of school and she will be home for the summer. Lucile and Dorothy would like to have her visit them in California, and perhaps she can the later part of her vacation.

By the time you read this, Howard, our oldest son who is in the army at Camp Adair, Oregon, will have been home on a furlough, I hope. It has been postponed several times but I am sure we will see him soon. He is a Corporal now in the Infantry. He is anxious to see his brother Frederick who has returned from Egypt since he went into the army.

I expect most of you are all through housecleaning. We are almost through. I have a lady help me two forenoons a week and each time we have cleaned a little. I don't believe we will do any painting or papering until fall. I want to put off the confusion such work brings, and things don't look too bad.

Mrs. Edith Hansen, the morning home-maker at KMA, has just returned from visiting her parents in South Dakota. She was accompanied home by her husband whose business connections were such that he had not been able to come to be with his family until now.

We have some nice plans for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine the coming months. Very soon, either in June or July, Lucile will start a series of contributions of a sort of family story which we think our readers will enjoy because so many of you were not receiving the Magazine when I wrote my "Life Story".

Write me a letter when you have time. I shall enjoy hearing from every one of you. Any suggestions you have for improving the content of this magazine to make it more helpful will be gratefully received. Please feel free to send in contributions for my consideration.

Lovingly,
—Leanna,

MY PLEDGE

I will buy wisely.
I will take good care of things I have.

I will waste nothing.

Although we try not to waste anything we probably do in many small ways. It is these small savings that do not seem important but taken together amount to a great deal.

Plan the quantity of food you need to prepare for a meal, very carefully. If the family have not enough meat to satisfy their appetites, have plenty of bread or something else to finish out on.

Improper cooking of food, such as burning it or adding too much salt or pepper, making it unappetizing, is wasteful, expensive and unpatriotic.

In the summer time the proper storing of food is important for much food is lost through spoilage. Food will win the war. Let none of it be wasted.

COURAGE

To send a boy to war a mother must have courage for she knows the real dangers of war, both physical and moral. It is hard to send that boy away with a smile. A mother must have something more than mere courage to uphold her during the months, yes, maybe years, which will pass before her boy returns home again.

My inner assurance that no matter where my sons may go, God will be near them, gives me the greatest peace of heart. I can leave my sons' lives entirely in God's hands and whatever happens, know that God is good. If one of my boys should lose their present life on the battlefield, they have just gone on to a better life, a continuation of that which they have lived here. A life is never really lost. This lesson of eternal life brought to us by the Easter story, should bring peace and courage to every aching heart.

HOME CANNING

Home canners may use the hot water bath method for all of their canning. This is the advice of Miss Frances Hettler, extension nutritionist at Iowa State College. The use of steam pressure cookers for canning no-acid fruits and vegetables is desirable if such equipment is available.

However, if proper precautions are taken, the hot water bath method is satisfactory. And the scarcity of steam pressure cookers increases the need for using whatever equipment is available. While sharing equipment in neighborhoods is patriotic, it doesn't solve the problem in every community.

Extension specialists or county home economists will hold canning demonstrations throughout the state during May. Both the hot water bath and pressure cooker methods will be illustrated at that time.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps!

Come into the Garden with Helen



MY PAW PAW PARADISE

By Blanche Wainwright

Because someone before my time dropped a big brown seed into soft Iowa soil, I now have at the edge of my yard a shaded jungle as beautiful as those of the tropics.

The seed was that of the Paw Paw and the one tree has multiplied to two hundred. They grow about fifteen feet tall and have arranged themselves in interesting clumps among which my shade loving flowers can all find conditions just to their taste.

I have planted it with little set design aside from the path two feet wide which winds hither and yon with many a turn from which to catch a surprising picture. This path is edged with prim baby iris and a lace work of Timber Phlox that has scattered profusely back into clumps of violets, blue, white, yellow and red. Here you may find a mossy bank strewn with the rare Anemonellas and there, from a mound of dead leaves, push the fern-like leaves and graceful hearts of Dutchman's Breeches, which vie in beauty with the waxy white Blood-root.

Treasure of treasures is a colony of white Mertensias, carefully isolated from the group of blue ones to keep the strain pure. Another woodland aristocrat happily settled is the yellow Ladyslipper.

Among the tall ferns grow the green umbrellas of the May Apple, and Jack in the Pulpit prefers the deeper mulch where the Maidenhair Ferns make their delicate growth. The little wood ferns scramble in and out every where like frolicsome babies.

All of these early flowers, along with Bleeding Hearts and Columbines from my garden have ample spring sun to mature, for the Paw Paw leaves are late in coming to take the place of the little brown tulip shaped flowers that deck their branches in April. Then when the leaves develop dense shade, the spring flowers go dormant and my collection of Hostas develop their clumps of big colorful leaves and graceful bells and the Amicifuga sends up its tall white spires and the tale is told, except when the fall Asters bring an echo of the colors of spring.

The frost that turns the Paw Paw leaves to gold, ripens the banana-like fruits that cradle the big brown seeds.

With the falling of the leaves comes planning for next year's pictures. Last fall I harvested enough surplus pink tulip bulbs so that I planted drifts of them through the lavender Timber Phlox.

Do you wonder that I can scarcely wait for May to come?

MAY GAVE A PARTY

By Mary Duncomb

May had a little party
And she invited me
By way of invitation
From a robin in a tree.

Her rich and luscious table
Had a cloth of velvet green
And its little cob-web doilies
Sparkled with a lustrous sheen.

Her sky was hung with draperies
Of clouds so soft and white
And sweetest music from the brook
Made listening a delight.

She added other guests than I—
In fact, a swarm of bees
Dined sumptuously on honey
From blooming apple trees.

The nectar for the party
Was on a tulip's lip,
And dainty crumbs of pollen
Were taken with each sip.

And when the party ended
A Maypole dance she gave
And baskets full of sweetest flowers
Which I shall always save.

MID-WEST WILD FLOWERS IN SPRING

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

The inability to travel around as much as has been done in previous years will no doubt lead us to appreciate more keenly the beauty of our immediate surroundings. The familiar is always or nearly always passed by as uninteresting and worthy of little note while we search in every direction far from home for the very object which may be right at our doorstep but unnoticed because of our very nearness to it. Thus it is that here in our Midwest where nature has been so lavish with her wild flowers, we often ignore what people living in other sections of our vast country would give a great deal to see and study.

In early spring of course there is the Pasque, found growing on well drained knolls, (now usually pastured) but oftener by the sides of the railroad right-of-way. Fortunate indeed is the individual whether child or adult who may welcome spring by means of the Pasque with its brave little gray bonnets, unfolding their woolly covering to the sun's warm rays. The worship the Indians of early days had for the Pasque is easily understood.

Not so beautiful but quite as exciting are the little Early Everlastings or Pussy Toes which come with the Bird-foot Prairie Violets and the pink Oxalis. Their silvery gray leaves whiten the ground, the small furry blooms resemble a kitten's foot. Star grass grows near by and the Blue-eyed grass opens tiny eyes to see what is going on around it. Star Grass has a small bulb as does also the Pink Oxalis.

Perhaps the most interesting of the spring flowers is the Buffalo Bean or Pawnee Apple as it was sometimes called. Seeds, flowers and unripened fruit are found on this small lowgrowing plant all at once. We come upon it as it spreads out in patches in the prairie soil among the short shrubby grass. Its leaves are divided as those of the Locust tree to which family it belongs. The blossoms are purplish pink-like clusters of small Sweet Peas, but what catches the eye are the bunches of plum-like berries lying around the plant in clusters, attached to the old flower spray by tiny threads. They look like white grapes with a delicate pink flush, and make a beautiful flower arrangement if brought home. It is said that prairie dogs carried these to their holes—in a dry country one might easily understand this, for they are rather juicy but with an insipid taste. On looking closer one may see last year's fruit on the ground under the plant, now a dry corky two celled seed the size and shape and color of a small hickory nut; full of small angular black shining seeds. Truly this is an interesting plant.

A little later on, the banks of the railroad will be pink with Wild Roses, Spiderwort will grow close to the rails, Wild Phlox will bloom among tall grasses and masses of white Anemone. Violets make a thick dark blue carpet contrasting with Buttercups which are so golden they appear to have been varnished carefully, petal by petal.

As we walk over this prairie ground we can see the young plants which later in the summer will outwit the tall prairie grass and lift their heads vaingloriously above it. Not the least beautiful and now showing gray silvery wands will be the Silver Psoralea. Could this be more easily transplanted it would find its place in every home garden, but its long roots run slyly under the soil defying us to dig them. Very beautiful it is in mid-summer with small dark delphinium-blue blossoms very sparingly snuggled among its silvered sprays, waving like fairy wands in summer winds.

Beauty, like gold, is where you find it and God has laid His hand kindly on the mid-west, writing His wonders in the prairie grass for the seeing eye to find and for the understanding heart to appreciate. Truly we may say that the prairie flowers are symbolic of His approval of a masterly job well done. He looked upon His work and found it beautiful and so may we if we look about us in reverence and humility.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

The last time I wrote to you I said that Juliana was sleeping quietly in her bassinet beside me, but tonight I'm sad to say that she's beside me and howling her head off! We're having a little private war of our own for she's determined to have her ten o'clock bottle this very moment, and I'm equally determined that she shouldn't have it until ten o'clock arrives. From bitter experience I've learned that if I give in at nine o'clock it means a hungry, screaming baby at four in the morning—and four can be such a miserable hour when you're prowling around in a cold house, half asleep, trying to get matters straightened out. (Do I hear a loud chorus of agreement!)

On the whole we're getting along far better than I had expected. Juliana is six weeks old today and we've struggled through the first big hurdles that come when a tiny baby doesn't gain too well for a time. Those days already seem dim and far away, for she weighs nine pounds now and has quite an assortment of chins! Russell even dreamed last night that when he put her on the scales she tipped them at 142 pounds, and he thought with cold chills that she would have to be put on a diet immediately.

These nights when I've been up so much of the time I've had ample moments to look into the past and wonder, from the vantage point of grim reality, how Mother ever managed. After all, Juliana is the only problem I have, but Mother kept the lonely vigil night after night and then started the day with all the demands of our big family staring her in the face. It's probably true that babies in a big family take less looking after when they grow older, but we all know that any baby, be it the first or the tenth, is an engraved invitation to work and loss of sleep during the first six weeks. Donald was the seventh and the last baby in our family, but I'll bet anything that Mother went through the same thing with him that I've been going through with Juliana.

In Mother's letter that reached us yesterday she said that they had planted a flowering crab for Juliana, and we were so happy when we heard this. I think one the nicest things you can do is plant a tree or a bush for a baby, and since we don't own our home we are grateful that Mother and Dad have planted one for her. Now when we take her back on visits we can snap her picture by the flowering crab, and every year we can see how much she has grown in comparison with the tree. I say "every year" just as though I were sure that we could take her back that frequently, but it's my fervent hope that we can.

As you can well imagine, Dorothy is enjoying Juliana very, very much. She says that it makes her time of waiting go more swiftly, and I'm sure that if her baby had been born first I would feel the same way. Dorothy



Our daughter Lucile Verness and Juliana, who was 3½ weeks old when this picture was taken.

has a sneaking preference for a boy, but I tell her that I hope she has a girl so that we can both have little daughters who will seem almost like twins once they've passed their first birthdays.

I meant to tell you in my other letter and it slipped my mind that Juliana had an illustrious bassinet occupant next to her in the hospital for a few days, since Brian Donlevy's baby was there at the same time. Most of the movie stars' babies are born at the Cedars of Lebanon hospital and you can imagine the attention they attract. I told Dorothy the other day that her baby might start out in life with Joan Bennet's baby in the next bassinet because it's due at the same time. Goodness knows they're all nice babies, but I wouldn't have wanted to leave the hospital with anyone but Juliana no matter if she isn't famous.

Summer is really here now and Dorothy and I have enjoyed going out for drives. At night the air is heavy with perfume from the blossoming orange trees, and the section of the city in which we live is so tranquil and lovely that sometimes it's hard to believe we're in one of the most vulnerable war zones. We had our first daylight air-raid alarm not long ago and I can't tell you how strange it seemed to hear those eerie sirens at one in the afternoon. That was the first time we'd heard them since last May when Dorothy, Frank and I were caught on one of the main boulevards during an air-raid alarm. I'll never forget that experience.

I'll confess that I could fill this page, and probably another one, without any difficulty whatsoever, but I'm sure I have my quota of space right now. Anyway it's exactly ten o'clock and I'm proud to say that I held out

in my little tussle with Juliana. Somehow it's so much easier to give in! And the reason is no mystery.

Goodbye for now, and my warmest regards to all of you. We have busy months ahead of us caring for our homes and doing what we can to help further the early peace that all of us pray for, but let's try and keep out enough time for this monthly visit. I always anticipate this opportunity to keep in touch with you.

—Lucile.

A PLACE TO PLAY

Although you want to use every possible space for vegetable gardens, there must be some place left for the children to play. If they have to use parkings and streets as playgrounds, there can't help but be accidents. A play place doesn't need to be bare and unattractive. A secluded bit of lawn in the back yard, equipped with a sand box, a teeter-totter and a swing or maybe a wading pool will prove attractive to the younger children. For the boys a basketball goal put up on the side of the garage, a horizontal bar or a trapeze will make the back yard a popular meeting place for the neighborhood gang.

If Father or Big Brother could find time to build a play house, this can be used by the boys as a club house or den, as well as by the little girls of the neighborhood when they bring their dolls to play "house". Yes! don't forget to plan a place for the children to play.



A tribute to a victorious homecoming is this tea towel series appropriately called "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." All the Jehnnies of all the services are represented—soldier, sailor, marine and coast-guardsmen. And of course, no sooner are they home than girl trouble besets them as depicted on three of the motifs. Catchy headings identify the different designs, all of which are done in simple outlines. So 'til "Johnny Comes Marching Home," let the making of these seven tea towels occupy a bit of spare time. Your own or a friend's kitchen will welcome the finished set. Transfer C9548, 10c, has the 7 motifs; repeat "Home Sweet Home" for a matching panholder.

Order from Leanna Driftmier,
Shenandoah, Iowa.

ABOUT PRISON CAMPS

Frederick (Ted) Driftmier

During the last seven months that I was in Egypt I was employed by the International YMCA to work as a YMCA secretary with prisoners of war. My job was to help with the religious, educational, and recreational programs of the many prisoner of war camps in the Middle East. The prisoners were mostly Italians and Germans captured by the British in Africa. While in that work I had opportunity to learn at first hand what life in a prison camp is like.

Prisoner of war camps are not concentration camps; generally speaking, they are much better than concentration camps. That is because the treatment of prisoners of war is regulated by international law, the Geneva Convention of 1929. As far as the Germans are concerned, it is one of the few international laws still in force. Although the Japanese were not original signers of the Convention, they have, since Pearl Harbor, stated that they intend to abide by its provisions. The Convention lays down a body of rules and regulations governing treatment and living conditions of prisoners. It also provides for the inspection of prison camps by representatives of the International Red Cross, official representatives of some neutral government—usually Switzerland—and the War Prisoners' Aid Committee of the YMCA. If any prisoners receive bad treatment, their government is informed, and action is taken immediately to request the enemy government to correct the situation. Such action has seldom been necessary as far as enemy treatment of Americans and English is concerned.

What happens when a man is taken prisoner? To answer that I shall assume that he is captured in Tunisia by the Germans, and tell you what I think probably happens. First of all he is searched. If he happens to be wounded he is at once treated by the enemy medical staff. Very often in a front line hospital you will find enemy soldiers lying side by side with our own. As soon as he is searched and his wounds treated he is sent back of the battle zone to a temporary prison camp. According to the Convention, prisoners of war must be removed as quickly as possible from war zones, and so he will not remain in Tunisia long. He is probably taken to Tunis or some other enemy occupied port and put aboard a ship. If he is lucky the ship will not be sunk by our own naval and air forces and he will soon find himself in Italy. Perhaps he will be placed in a large prison camp in Italy, or he might be taken on to Germany. If the latter is the case, he will have a very hard four or five day train trip to endure.

Once he is placed in the safety of a big prison camp, whether it be in Germany or Italy, life becomes easier for him. The enemy will ask him for his name and address of the folks at home he wants notified of his capture.



Frederick prepares the martin house for return of its occupants in early April.

He will then be given a card on which to write home, and this card is usually given air mail priority. If he still needs medical attention he will be placed in a prison hospital where he will probably receive medical care from American or British doctors. When doctors are captured they are usually put to work in the prison hospitals. His living quarters in the camp will be livable; many of the prison camps look just like CCC Camps with barbed wire fences around them. His food must be the same as that which the detaining power provides for its own base troops. It so happens that our enemies do not have as much food as we have, and so of course our boys are not fed as well as we would like to have them fed, but though very plain the food is enough to keep the men well and fit. As soon as his relatives learn where he is, they can send him a box of food at regular intervals and he will soon be living for the days when those boxes arrive.

Monotony is the greatest single problem in the prisoner's life. Seeing the dawn of a new day and knowing that it will be exactly the same as yesterday, and knowing that tomorrow will be exactly as today will, in time, drive a man to distraction if something is not created to interrupt the sameness of the situation. This is the challenge that the YMCA has taken upon itself to answer. With

the help of the International Red Cross the YMCA is providing all types of activities in hundreds of prison camps throughout the world to keep the minds of prisoners occupied. Unfortunately the YMCA does not work in all camps, but where it does work, the men are better for it. In many prison camps university and high school courses are offered to the prisoners. The professors in the schools are captured soldiers who were in educational work before the war. Prisoners are always interested in athletics, and every prison camp has its football fields and basketball courts. Volleyball is also popular with prisoners. Some of the finest football games I have ever seen were played by prisoners in prison camps. Almost every camp has its own band or orchestra with instruments supplied by the YMCA, Red Cross, and sometimes by the enemy. Captured army chaplains conduct regular church services for the men, and some chaplains have had extraordinary success with Bible school classes.

Prison life is not all play. When thousands of men are placed together behind barbed wire in a small town of their own, there is work to be done. Every prison camp has its kitchens, laundries, bakeries, shoeshops, barber-shops, tailorshops, canteens and post-offices. Almost all of the work connected with a large camp is done by the prisoners. It is a rare prisoner indeed who does not want to work. Some of the prisoners are put to work on Italian and German farms, while others help to build roads and railroads. The captor country has the right to use all enlisted men (but not officers) in any work not directly harmful to their native state. The prisoners cannot be made to make arms or munitions, or other war materials. Most prisoners consider it a punishment to not be allowed to work. The prisoners usually receive payment for the work they do. It is not much, but it is enough to pay for the little luxuries purchased from the camp canteen that help to make prison life more bearable.

If your son or friend has been declared missing in action, there is always the possibility that he is a prisoner of war. It may be weeks or even months before you learn for sure whether he is a prisoner or not. When you do learn that he is a prisoner, thank God.

BEAUTIFUL, NEW, HARDY PERENNIAL FLOWERS, FRESHLY DUG FROM MY PRIVATE GARDENS; SHIPPED THE DAY THEY ARE DUG
fill my

BEST EVER TREASURE BOX
EIGHT DIFFERENT CHOICE, HARDY PLANTS FOR \$1.00 POSTPAID

My selections will thrill you. Some will be budded and all will bloom for you this year and for years to come. I, personally, supervise the digging, packing and labelling. They are guaranteed to reach you all fresh and eager to continue growing. Height, sun or shade indicated on labels.

EXTRA—A PINK JEWEL DWARF IRIS will be added to all orders reaching me before May 10th. No orders shipped after May 15th.

To those who have received my TREASURE BOX from year to year, I hope this may be the most joy-full one of all.

JESSIE FIELD SHAMBAUGH

Sunnyside Garden

CLARINDA, IOWA

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Encourage the children to grow a garden all their own. They may be more interested in the foods they eat after having grown and helped prepare them for a meal. Contests are a help to stimulate interest, also having the parents admire their garden and talk over the different vegetables. Try growing some of the unusual vegetables such as brussels sprouts, broccoli, endive, etc. These foods rank very high in the necessary food elements.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Grow an abundance of lima beans. Their nutritive value is high and dried lima beans stand ahead of the canned limas.

Cucumber is a neglected vegetable, chucked full of precious vitamins high in mineral content and if properly prepared they seldom cause a digestive disturbance.

Hope you grow watermelons. They rank high in food elements and are a blessing to folks with "excess baggage" problems.

Horseradish and pepper stimulate the digestive secretions. The precious dandelion is praised to the sky by nutritionists. Will someone please tell me how to cook them!

Protect the child's foot by buying the shoes a half size too large. Have the clerk cut and fit a pair of in-soles, then slip them in the shoes but do not glue them. They may be removed when the child's foot has grown.

Meat rationing may make it impossible for you to have the 5:00 P. M., meat sandwich suggested in the eight-day health schedule, so try one made of whole wheat bread, peanut butter, and sprinkling of wheat germ and brewers yeast (obtainable from your druggist). This sandwich is rich in protein, and the vitamin B Complex is so important to good digestion, energy, sound heart and steady nerves.

If you are an allergic individual (sensitive to certain foods), make a careful study of the foods which react unfavorably. We are now told that many troubles come from eating foods to which we are allergic. Among them are mentioned some forms of arthritis, also some stomach, liver and colon disturbances.

I am glad to help you with your health problems (please enclose stamped envelope).



OVER THE FENCE

Do any of you Kitchen-Klatter sisters have instructions for making crocheted lace using the Coronation Braid as a foundation? If you have, please write to Mrs. Frank Dunn, Clarion, Iowa.

Many of you who use battery radio sets will have to ration programs as Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dooley, of Adel, Iowa, do. They plan to get two news programs, a market report, Kitchen-Klatter and a program for the children.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Griswold have a baby daughter, Barbara Ann. Mr. Griswold was pianist for the Stamps Quartette who entertained at KMA.

If your name is "Grace" and your birthday is March 3rd, write to Mrs. Grace Williams, Blencoe, Iowa.

Mrs. J. A. Jones writes that a "Bossy" belonging to her oldest son gave birth to three white faced calves. She has done her part toward producing food to help win the war.

Mrs. Geo Miller of Galva, Iowa, has some cancelled stamps she wishes to give away. First to write, gets the stamps.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Barnett of Van Wert, Iowa, on the celebration of their 50th wedding anniversary, on March 29th. The day was made a very happy one for them by their children and many friends.

Margaret Miller of 624 E Marion St., Mishawaka, Indiana, has found two people in her city named Margaret Miller. She would like to hear from any others having that name.

Box elder bugs do not like petunias. Mrs. Clyde Haworth of Clyde, Kansas, has discovered that these pesky bugs stay away from the window sills where she has pots of petunias.

From Clara Donmyer, Solomon, Kans. The early fly is the one to swat. It comes before the weather's hot. It sits around and cleans its legs And lays almost a million eggs. Every egg will hatch a fly To drive us crazy bye and bye. —Selected.

Have you some flour or sugar sacks for sale? Write to Mrs. Geo. H. Ray, Bellevue, Nebr.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps.

MISTAKES

I've made mistakes the same as you. The same mistakes all mortals do, Just little mistakes, and big mistakes, Bringing us little and big heartaches, Bringing us sorrow and sighs and tears

Some of them shadowing all our years, Turning life's song to a sad refrain— Let's try to forget them and start again,

What's done is done and we can't turn back, Let's bravely start down life's future track,

Do what we can to help other men Who've made mistakes to take heart again.

—Jas. E. Hungerford.

3

WAYS YOU CAN HELP AMERICA WIN

Every American housewife today has a job to do on the "home front." Here are a few of the ways you can help!



SAVE FOOD

Cook foods in their skins whenever possible.

Roast at low temperature in your gas oven and reduce meat shrinkage.

Plan at least one casserole dish a week to use left-overs.



SAVE VITAMINS

Use very little water in cooking vegetables and cook only until "tender crisp."

Bring to boil quickly over high gas flame, then turn flame down and boil gently.

Use covered utensil to keep steam in. Do not add soda.



SAVE FUEL

Make full use of your gas oven or broiler by planning complete oven or broiler meals.

Do not preheat your gas oven or broiler too long. Cold start is possible, if preferred.

Avoid using small pans on large or giant burners.

IOWA - NEBRASKA
LIGHT & POWER CO.

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "I have been married for twelve years and have three children, and the only difficulty my husband and I ever have is over various business moves that he makes. I feel that I have a right to know when he invests heavily in stock for our store, or buys or sells property, but he never takes me into his confidence and all that I ever know about our financial condition is what I can piece together here and there. It doesn't seem to me that this is right."—Iowa.

ANS: I agree with you—it isn't right. Every woman is entitled to know exactly how matters stand financially, particularly if there are children, for sudden death often leaves things in a tragic tangle. Is it possible that early in your marriage you criticized your husband's judgment? Or did you try to hold him back? Many women do this, not realizing how keenly most men resent being cautioned about business moves. Try concealing all curiosity for a while, ask no questions, and seem utterly unconcerned as to his business affairs. If he feels that you aren't watchfully waiting for some new evidence as to what he has been up to, he may begin telling you more and even consulting you.

QUES: "My brother's home was broken up by divorce last year and we took their eight year old daughter under our care. It's my husband's opinion that we should never mention her mother, who seems to have been pretty largely responsible for the trouble, but I have the feeling that this is a mistake and that we should speak of both parents respectfully. I wish that you'd tell me what you think."—Kansas.

ANS: I think that your attitude is the only wise one to take. No child should have his mind poisoned towards either parent, and it's highly important that children of broken homes do not hear criticism and complaint. Time will bring its own reckoning, and as the child matures he can draw his own conclusions without prejudice.

QUES: "We have a good-sized house, Leanna, but it can't be adapted for more than one family without extensive remodeling which is completely out of the question. In recent weeks a young couple with whom we are most friendly have asked us if they can share our home, dividing all expenses equally. (Desirable living quarters are almost unavailable in this town.) Do you think that any roof is large enough for two families?"—Kansas.

ANS: It's a temptation to say "NO" very flatly, but common sense and the serious problems of today combine to make me feel that under

certain circumstances such an arrangement could work out happily. Are all four people involved equally anxious to settle their housing problem by this arrangement? Have you had sufficient evidence that they will meet all financial matters squarely? Do you keep approximately the same hours? If the answer to these questions is "yes" I think that you can give it a try. But be sure to fix up one bedroom as a separate living room so that there will be more than one place to entertain callers. I'd appreciate knowing how you come out.

QUES: "Is it necessary to take a gift if one is invited to a wedding reception? My cousin's daughter is being married and only the two immediate families are to be at the wedding which will be followed by a large reception."—Minnesota.

ANS: Yes, it is customary to present the bridal couple with a gift if one is invited to the wedding reception. However, rather than taking it with you I believe that I'd plan to send it to the house before the wedding.

QUES: "My little boy eleven years old has always received very high marks at school and no mother could ask for a better all-around record, but this year his grades have fallen 'way down. Do you think it is the teacher's fault—she is young and very inexperienced?"—Missouri.

ANS: Before I drew any conclusions I would be sure that my little boy's health was up to par. Faulty vision and poor hearing can crop out at any time, you know. If he is in good health I would visit the teacher with an open mind (be sure that you don't feel antagonistic) and discuss the situation. As an ex-teacher I can tell you that it means a great deal when parents come and discuss these cases frankly. I always appreciated it when a mother came directly to me rather than going to all of the other mothers with a tale of woe.

QUES: "My little boy was such a good, clean-minded child until he started to school, and now he comes home repeating ugly words and offensive stories. He asks me what they mean and I feel so badly about it. My husband won't do anything for he says it will only make matters worse. I don't know what to do about it."—Iowa.

ANS: It's a rare school that doesn't have this problem, and all mothers face it sooner or later. My policy was always to say quietly and firmly that in our home we didn't use such language, and that anyone who talked this way in our home would have to stay by himself. As a rule it worked.



AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

Lay down those hoes and rakes, girls, and let us all have a glass of milk out under the old apple tree. Have you tried Mrs. Pitzer's suggestion of a glass of whey? I like its tangy flavor when it is icy cold. Anyway try a pick-me-up and a few minutes rest about ten o'clock and again about three. Lie down or sit down and put your feet up (the higher the better, it rests them) and relax all over. If you are the dreamy type, you will love it. If you are a model of efficiency, it increases your ability.

Here is May bringing Mother's Day, a double pleasure for those of us who are of the middle generation. We never would be so thoughtless as to forget to bring our Mother some token of the day. Here is another side to it. Let us all make it easy for our children to remember us.

If a small boy with ten cents asks, "Mother, what do you want?" be ready with some suggestions. Want a war savings stamp, a hanky, a pocket comb. When the present is finally before you, be sincerely appreciative. This is a good place to practice your "do unto's".

To all Mothers everywhere, the peeks into the future carried by several of the current magazines are vitally interesting. Scientists promise us that there will be wool suits that can be laundered as easily as socks.

By the way, they also tell us that one female moth and her descendants can eat as much wool as thirteen sheep can produce. If you cannot raise wool that Uncle Sam needs so badly, you can at least swat the moths in your house.

Future homemakers will have private dehydrators and quick freeze units instead of canning so many quarts of fruit and vegetables.

Houses will be centrally produced and set up to suit each family's requirements. What will Pop do when Mom can move the rooms as well as the furniture? The same author suggests that the most of the heavy furniture, like beds, studio couches, dressers and desks will be built-in. I think I wouldn't like that. They would have to stay put.

Why do I tell you this?

If you like the idea, start saving for the future and paying for the present by buying a war savings bond.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

PRUNE GELATIN WHIP

Made in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
March 18, 1943

- 1 package lemon gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup stewed prune pulp
- 2 egg whites
- 1/2 cup whipped cream

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Set aside to cool. When beginning to thicken, whip until light and frothy. Fold in prune pulp which has been rubbed through a sieve. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and whipped cream. Pour in a mold and set in ice box or cold place.

SUGARLESS CUP CAKES

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

- 2 1/4 cup sifted flour
 - 2 1/4 teaspoons baking powder
 - 1/4 teaspoon salt
- Sift together three times.

- 1/2 cup butter well creamed
- 2 teaspoons grated orange rind
- 1 cup white syrup
- 2 eggs, not beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla

Mix and bake in 375 degree oven for 30 minutes.—Mrs. Adolph Vojtech, Traer, Iowa.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING CAKE

Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
April 1, 1943.

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 packages (4 1/2 oz. size) powdered chocolate pudding mix
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup enriched flour
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and pudding mix; add eggs and beat. Sift flour and measure, then sift with soda and cream of tartar. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk and vanilla. Mix well and pour into greased eight-inch square pan. Bake in moderate oven (350) degrees 40 minutes.—Mrs. W. E. Cusick, Kirksville, Mo.

If you're blue, sick, or don't know what's the matter,
Pep up your morale by reading Kitchen-Klatter! —A Klatterer.

HOT CROSS BUNS

Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
April 8, 1943.

- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons lard
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cake compressed yeast
- 1 tablespoon sugar

Put the 1 tablespoon sugar on the yeast and mix until it liquifies. Beat 1 egg until fluffy and add to the milk which has had the lard, sugar and salt dissolved in it. Sift 3 cups flour with 1/2 teaspoon baking powder. Add half the flour to the yeast mixture and beat real hard for 3 minutes, until bubbly. Add 1/2 cup currants or raisins, then add rest of the flour. Let rise 10 minutes, then knead until no longer sticky. Cover and let rise until about double in size. Make into biscuits. Cut deep crosses across each bun with a sharp knife and let rise again until double in bulk. Bake 20 minutes at 400 degrees. Fill the crosses with powdered sugar frosting.—Mrs. Helen Ryan, Corning, Iowa.

CINNAMON TWISTS

- 1 cake compressed yeast
- 1/2 cup luke warm milk
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 egg, beaten
- 4 teaspoons sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Work shortening in sifted flour, sugar and salt, as you would pie crust. Add beaten egg and yeast which has been dissolved in the luke warm milk. Mix well with spoon. Put dough in a wet cloth—a large thin square. Fasten ends loosely and place in cold water to cover for 1 hour or until dough begins to float. Then remove dough in cloth, draining excess water off. Use a tablespoon of dough at a time and drop into a dish containing a mixture of 2/3 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon cinnamon. Pat, turn and stretch into a long piece. Twist gently, making sure surfaces are well covered with cinnamon mixture. Place on greased pan, cover loosely with waxed paper and set to rise in a cozy place for 1/2 hour. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees) for about 20 minutes. Remove from pan immediately when taken from oven to prevent sticking.—Mrs. W. M. Longenecker, Eldora, Iowa.

BUTTERSCOTCH CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup dark syrup
- 2 eggs
- 1 package butterscotch pudding mix
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 3/4 cup sour milk

Cream butter with syrup, add eggs and beat thoroughly, then add pudding mix, vanilla and salt. Put flour, soda and baking powder into sifter and add alternately with the sour milk. Beat well. This makes a very large cake.—Mrs. Carl Paulsen, Linwood, Nebr.

ORANGE ICE CREAM

2/3 cup sweetened condensed milk
1 cup orange juice
1 1/2 teaspoons grated orange rind
Chill thoroughly, then fold in 1 cup of cream which has been whipped. Freeze to a mush, pour into a chilled bowl and beat till smooth then return to trays and finish freezing.—Mrs. L. A. Boyer, Leavenworth, Kans.

NUT PIE CRUST

Use nuts that are rich in fat, like pecans or walnuts. Grind them fine. Using any good recipe for plain pastry, substitute the finely ground nuts for half the fat the recipe calls for. (If the recipe calls for 6 tablespoons of fat, use 3 tablespoons fat and 3 tablespoons finely ground nuts.) Mix and bake like ordinary pastry. Nut crust is especially good for cream filling. Sprinkle chopped nuts over top of the meringue just before serving.

HOME MADE YEAST

Scald 1/2 cup buttermilk. When luke warm add 1/2 cup luke warm water. Put in a crock and add 2 cakes of red star yeast. Mix well, then add enough flour to make a soft sponge. Let this stand till good and light, then stir in this enough corn meal to make a stiff ball. Divide into 20 equal pieces. Take each piece and make in to a ball with your hands then put on a plate and press flat. When partly dry turn over and let dry on other side a while. Keep that up till they are completely dry. Add potatoes when you bake.—Mrs. C. W. Wineinger, Baldwin, Kans.

TO MAKE VINEGAR

1 1/2 cups brown sugar
1 gallon soft water
2 cakes soft yeast
2 cups apples, cut up
Mix this and put in a jar and cover with brown paper then with a cloth. When it quits working, strain into jugs. Takes about 60 days to get ready for use.

Buy a share of freedom—Invest in War Bonds and hasten victory.

MY-PART

Coffee, sugar, meat, and cheese,
Gasoline and tires—
I can do with less of these
If the need requires;
What do such things mean to me
When across the warring sea,
Neighbor, friend, and brother,
Battle a remorseless foe:
Pain and death they undergo,
All for one another.

Rations, taxes, bonds each pay;
That's my contribution;
That's the part that I can play,
Toward the war's solution:
Mine is not to march away,
Nor to grapple in the fray,
To defend the nation:
But I can with all my might
Help to put the foe to flight,
By living on my ration.

—Robert Sidney Kieser.

NUT BREAD

1 egg, well beaten
1/2 cup sugar or 1/4 cup honey
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup nut meats
1 cup water or milk added alternately with
2 1/2 cups flour and 2 1/2 teaspoons double action baking powder which have been sifted 3 times. Set for 20 minutes. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour.—Mrs. W. W. Ettleman, Percival, Ia.

WHIPPED CREAM

1 teaspoon of plain gelatin dissolved in 2 teaspoons milk over hot water. Beat 1 cup coffee cream until a little thick, then add cold gelatine mixture and beat 1 or 2 minutes, add vanilla, sugar to taste, and a small pinch of salt. If it is too thick, a little more milk or cream may be added. Keep where it is cool.—Mrs. J. E. McConnell, Council Bluffs, Ia.

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MOCK CHICKEN CASSEROLE

4 tablespoons fat
4 tablespoons flour
Few grains pepper
2 1/2 cups milk
1 can tuna fish
1 three ounce pkg potato chips
1/2 cup mushrooms
Heat fat, add flour and pepper, add milk gradually, stirring constantly until thick. Separate fish in flakes. Add to sauce. Combine all ingredients, saving a few potato chips to sprinkle on top. Pour into greased casserole and bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes, until top is brown. 1 cup of peas or finely diced, cooked carrots may be added if desired.—Mrs. Chas. Harris, Garden City, Mo.

HONEY ICE CREAM

1 1/4 cups milk
1 3/4 cups coffee cream
1/2 cup honey
2 eggs
1 tablespoon cornstarch
Pinch Salt
Heat honey in top of double boiler and add scalded milk. Make a paste of cornstarch and a little cold milk, add and cook until thick. Add beaten egg yolks and cook 3 minutes. Chill thoroughly. Add whipped cream and beaten egg whites and mix with egg beater. Pour in trays or freezer and freeze as rapidly as possible. 1/3 cup honey and 3 tablespoons sugar may be used instead of all honey.—Mrs. Wayne Thompson, Camden Point, Mo.

GOLDEN TAPIOCA DESSERT

1/3 cup tapioca
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup honey
1/8 teaspoon salt
2 cups water
Cook in sauce pan until clear and slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Will be thin but do not overcook for it will thicken as it cools. Peel carefully 2 or 3 oranges, cut in small pieces, use a little of the peel and the juice of half an orange. Add this to the tapioca mixture when cooled. Serve with whipped cream.—Mrs. J. J. Ries, Hedrick, Ia.

YELLOW SPONGE CAKE

4 egg yolks, beaten well
Rind of 1/2 lemon or lemon extract
Boil 3/4 cup white corn syrup
Pour over 4 stiffly beaten egg whites
Add the yolks to the whites then add 1 cup cake flour which has been sifted with 1/2 teaspoon baking powder and a pinch of salt. Bake in an ungreased pan 45 minutes in a 325 degree oven.

Frosting

Boil 3/4 cup white corn syrup. Add 8 marshmallows. Pour over 2 well beaten egg whites and beat. Add a pinch of salt and vanilla or lemon flavoring.—Mrs. R. C. Zeller, 610 Seymour St., Tama, Ia.

KITCHEN HELPS

For cleaning Rancid Lard. To 1 gallon rancid lard add 1 gallon water and bring to boiling point. Add 2 quarts water. Let cool, and skim. Lard will come to the top and can be easily removed.

Make French Dressing with half lemon and half lime juice. This will make an especially good dressing for fruit, vegetable or fish salad.

Peeling Potatoes. Pour very warm water over potatoes. This enables you to peel them very thinly, thus saving the part next to the skin which contains the best food element.

To Clean Teakettles. A tablespoon of borax in a kettle of hot water will remove the coating which forms inside a teakettle.

To Clean the Grater after grating lemon rind, try the pastry brush. It cleans and brushes off around the sharp points.

Home-made Fly Swatter. Cut a piece of inner tube 6 1/2 inches long and 4 1/2 inches wide. Round the corners. With a harness punch, cut a lot of small holes in the rubber, or use scissors if you have no punch. Then sew onto an old fly swatter handle. These outwear most boughten swatters and never snag or catch curtains or mar furniture.

To Successfully Starch Dark Clothing, add about 1/2 cup vinegar to the starch after you have starched the white clothes.

Covers for the Rolling Pin can be made from a pair of size 5 children's white stockings. Cut the feet off and hem the raw edge. This gives two covers that are easily laundered.

Make a pastry cloth by binding a square of heavy white duck with bias tape. You can make it the size of your bread board and tie on with tapes, if desired.

The Soap-filled Pads used for scouring aluminum are excellent to remove the black marks made on floors by rubber soled shoes.

To Remove Glue or Airplane Cement from clothing, rub alcohol on the spots and then wash or sponge with turpentine. When glue starts to loosen, scrape off, then wash as usual.

Bon Ami will clean chromium articles. A sister who lives in a trailer discovered this when experimenting with different cleaners for her stove pipe.

Coating for Raised Doughnuts. Make a very thin mixture of powdered sugar and milk or water and flavoring. Dip when slightly cooled and lay on waxed paper to drain. You can scrape up the icing that runs off and use again. Vary the flavor by using cocoa or different flavorings.

When Making Meringue for pies, just before you put it in the oven to brown, sprinkle about a tablespoon of granulated sugar all over the top of the meringue. Be sure the meringue touches all sides of the crust. It will not shrink on the pie and the sugar causes it to slice cleanly and not stick to the knife.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

A card from Mrs. F. Temple Head today asks me to thank you for the lovely cards and remembrances you have sent her. Her eyes are so much worse that she cannot see to write legibly—and is not able to answer your letters. She has been ill so long and I am sorry she has to give up the pleasure her letters give her.

In the same mail, a fellow patient in the sanitarium wrote about Mrs. Lois Luman. Lois has been in the hospital for 2 years now and every time she thought she was beginning to improve, something happened to give her a set-back. She is just now beginning to gain following two recent operations. She has four children, the oldest about ten, and being away from them is one of the hardest things she has to bear. The children are in a Home since their mother has been in the sanitarium. Will you write her? Address Box 390, Webb City, Mo.

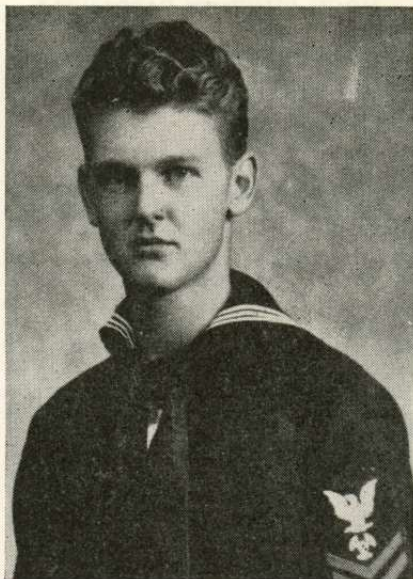
We have been asked for a letter shower for Miss Anna Larson, c/o L. N. Olson, Rt. 2, Ventura, Iowa. She is crippled and confined to her home. She pieces quite a lot of quilts and I'm sure would like quilt prints.

During these times when our boys are in all the corners of the globe, you may like to write to a shutin who may be near where your boy is. Mrs. Ruth Hastie, South Makaretu, Takapau, New Zealand is a splendid correspondent. She has been an invalid for a good many years, in fact, since a short time after she was married. Her husband is doing war work and Ruth worries what will become of her if he is called to do military service. Her brother is with the New Zealand forces in Africa and in her last letter she told of receiving snapshots from him and how strong and well he looked. Ruth has a birthday June first—she will be 40. If you write at once, she will get your letter just about in time for her birthday. Postage to New Zealand is 5¢ an ounce.

Mrs. Mark W. Neely, Rt. 6, Kingston, Kings County, Nova Scotia will like to hear from you. She has arthritis and has been in a wheel chair for ten years. She is not able to walk a step but she does do a lot of quilt piecing. She has made 121 quilt tops. Imagine that! She has lots of hobbies—hankies, shakers, dogs and stamps, also she wants dog pictures to put in a scrapbook. Maybe you could help her with some of her hobbies.

Now for a nearby shutin. Caroline Oehmke, R2 B9, Linn, Kansas will have a birthday the last part of this month. She has been in a wheel chair for a long, long time and now is needing a new chair. She has a tiny greenhouse where she raises houseplants and if you have bulbs or slips of any kind, either for indoors or outdoors, I am sure she will be more than happy to receive them.

International Shutin Day comes early in June. Let's be thinking up a lot of nice things we can do to make some shutin glad to be alive.



Mrs. A. H. Nelson of Omaha, Nebr., sent this picture of her son Bill, 19 years old, who has been in the Navy two years.

PRAYER

What can a mother find to keep
Her heart alive and warm
When suddenly her boy becomes
A man in uniform?

What can she give him he can hold?
What armour can he wear?
Against the wintry hail of death—
What shield is there—but Prayer.

—From Cromwell, Iowa.

WHY I PLANT A GARDEN

Why do I plant a garden?
I'm glad to let you know.
The first of all the reasons
Is cause I love it so.

I love to cover dormant seeds
With just a bit of earth;
And then behold the miracle
My effort has brought forth.

I love it for it's beauty,
For the smell of growing things,
For lovely blossoms that greet me
And the pleasure that they bring.

I love it for the exercise
That keeps my body slim;
I love it for the vitamins
That make us full of vim.

I love it for the rosy hue
It paints in a child's cheek;
For the saving that it gives us
As we live from week to week.

I love it for a garden
Is like a lovely poem.
But most of all I love it
For it helps to make a home.

I love it for a garden
Was in God's perfect plan
It was put there for a purpose
To insure good health to man.

—Amy B. Vincent.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

By James Pearson

Certainly a word about home safety will not be out of place in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

A housewife recently went to put coal oil in the stove and accidentally got gasoline instead. As a result the home burned down and she was killed by the fire.

Another woman tried to hurry up the kitchen stove with a dash of kerosene and it exploded. House and housewife gone!

A little tot fell down the outside cellar steps, as the door was open. It died from the fall.

A little child ran behind the tractor as daddy was backing it around in the yard. He did not know the child was there. He ran over it and killed it.

Another child wanted to ride on the tractor with daddy. He took it along for a little ride and in some way it fell off and was crushed by the wagon he was pulling.

A child got hold of some rat poison, ate some and died.

A child ran out into the road and was struck by an automobile. He died almost instantly.

A child was fooling with an electric cord in the basement, where the ground was wet. He was killed by an electric shock.

Grandpa slipped on the waxed floor, broke his hip, and died after some days of suffering.

We could go on and on and relate instances of such home accidents that have occurred here in Iowa within the last very few weeks. In 1941 there were 101,000 people killed in accidents of all kinds in the United States. 40,000 traffic accidents, and 32,000 home accidents. The balance from various causes, in factories, mines, drownings, shootings, etc.

We hope people will give more heed to the Safety side of life in the home. Never boost the fire with kerosene by direct application. If it is necessary to use kerosene, pour some in a little can out in the yard or porch and put three or four cobs or sticks in the fluid. Take the saturated fuel and put into the stove and immediately apply the match. In this way, it is pretty safe.

Never wash garments in gasoline. Gasoline is more dangerous than dynamite in many ways, especially because of its vaporizing.

Life is too serious to flirt with death, to try and gain a moment or two. May we suggest that the subject of home safety be taken up for discussion at clubs or aid meetings. There is an unlimited field for doing good. Get people to think *before* an accident, and thus *prevent*, rather than think *afterwards* and *regret*.

Oh, ask not thou, How shall I bear
The burden of tomorrow?
Sufficient for today, its care
Its evil and its sorrow,
God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day.

—Saxby

OZARK'S WILD FLOWERS

Annie Parish Slankard

Should I write only a few words in describing each of Ozark's wild flowers, it would take reams of paper. Their number rivals those of the Rockies. One must go high and well back into the deep ravines or down into the river bottoms to find the rarest and most interesting of these varieties.

I have chosen a favorite few to tell you about. I will begin with the dogwood. Most people know about it, as it grows so profusely over all of Missouri and Arkansas. The tree is low and is often broken away and ruined by thoughtless people. There is a beautiful story connected with the dogwood trees, telling how the cross on which Jesus was crucified was made of it. Its blossoms are in the form of a cross, two long and two short petals. In the center of the petal's outer edge are the nail prints, brown with rust and stained with blood. In the flower's center is a tiny crown of thorns. At the time of the crucifixion the dogwood was a tall, beautiful tree of the forest. Its neighbor trees were greatly distressed that one of them should be used for so cruel a purpose. Jesus, so sensitive to all sorrow, gave this promise: "Never again shall the dogwood grow large enough for a cross, and all who see it will remember that I was crucified. It shall always be cherished, always protected as a reminder of my agony and death." Its blossoms are creamy white and the rusty bloodlike stain is a familiar marking.

Then there is the Sarvice. It is a companion tree to the dogwood. It is tall and slender and its blossoms are snow white. The Sarvice is a hilltop tree and we must admire it from a distance. It bears a fruit that is edible, but the tree being so tall and unfriendly, the fruit is hard to obtain. While the dogwood is blooming along the trails and highways, the sarvice looks down, its snow white blossoms sweetening all the countryside.

Wild plum is another early tree flower. Its perfume is very sweet. Its sweetness can be picked up miles away if the hilltop breeze is favorable. I can't remember that I ever gathered wild plum blossoms, because of the thousands of honeybees feeding upon them. One other flowering tree of early spring is Hawthorne or Red Haw. Its flowers are also white. Many tiny flowers make a huge cluster. Its perfume is strange, something like almond or maybe just a breath of ether.

Then there is the Spicewood with small yellow flowers. Its long switch-like can be broken up and steeped for tea. You will not find sweeter fragrance in an ordinary cup of tea. Spicewood is found only along streams or damp vales.

The Redbud is one of the earliest blooming trees, its rose color harmonizing with the snowy whiteness of the Sarvice. Redbud is also a hilltop tree and often is in full blossom late in February.

Wild Columbine is an early summer flower, a really beautiful thing. It is not plentiful in these hills. At one time it grew here in abundance, but forest fires and tourists have taken most of it out. It is found, now, only on high table lands or ledges on the face of the cliffs, usually around some seeping spring. Its colors are delicate yellow, orchid, and deep purple, blended perfectly. Its perfume is like that of the tame variety, except to us natives. We notice a subtle difference.

Another favorite is the May apple. Its flowers are a waxy white. Its perfume is a fascinating tropical odor. It bears late in summer, a delicious fruit. The plant is small and its leaves umbrella shaped. It is found only in damp black soil, nearly always beside a year-round brook.

Wild honeysuckle grows always just out of reach, far out on little projections or on topmost heights of an old grey bluff. Its perfume will sweeten the entire valley.

On these same ledges grows the Sweet William. Its rare coloring cannot be found in commercial dyes. There are two varieties. One blooms in spring, a bluish lavender. The other blooms later and is something like a nellrose pink. They are members of the phlox family.

The strangest flower in all the Ozarks is the all green violet. I have read that this plant is found nowhere else except in these hills. It is not plentiful. I know of only one place where it grows. I never fail each early summer to make the long trek into its hidden valley, there to marvel and admire this strange flower. It is all green, plant and flower. The center flower is lighter, the tiny stamens a still paler green. It does not resemble other violets, but is considered one of that family. I found, as close neighbors to the green violet, many varieties of wild fern. These fern grow always in deep, moist ravines or black shady vales, the vales so lying that high hills may shade the fern at least eight hours of the sunlit day. Some of the giant varieties are knee high and the long fronds quiver gracefully when a stray breeze filters down through higher timber. A lazy person or a timid one will never see these lovely fern vales. It is real labor to tramp across Ozark hills, but it is worth it.

There are many odd flowers in my Ozark wild gardens. One of these is Indian Peace-pipe. This little parasite plant grows in complete darkness, feeding on leaf mould or under rotting logs. It is pale in color, but perfectly formed. The drabness of its colors lightens up as it is kept in open air.

Jack in the Pulpit is quite odd and is still very mysterious to me. It is known to many people as Indian turnip. Its first appearance is that of a tightly rolled parasol. As it grows, the one white veined leaf unfurls and at full blossom Jack stands straight and well protected in his pulpit.

Another odd wild fruit tree is the Pawpaw. It grows quite large, old



Helen Fischer's daughter, Mary Chapin and little son Elliott Field, who was 4 weeks old when this picture was taken. We think her baby and Lucile's look something alike. The mothers are first cousins.

trees being ten or twelve feet tall. The bell shaped blossoms are small and so dark a wine in color that they are almost black. The fruit is a rich yellow inside its green and black mottled skin. In Louisiana the Pawpaw is known as the wild banana.

There is a little flower in these old hills that I missed. It is wild ginger. The plant grows in mulching leaves or moss. The flower lies flat on the ground and at first glance you would say it was a mouse or caterpillar when you take it into your hands. It is an attractive little flower of fine grey fur.

These Ozark hills are colorful the year round. In bleakest winter there are cedar and pine for green, wahoo and bittersweet berries for red, poison ivy for orange and gold, and strangely, the two winter birds of these old hills are brightly colored. The red bird is the reddest red, the jay is the bluest blue, both love still grey woods on a winter day.

TEA SUBSTITUTES

These should be used carefully. Many herbs that have been used by previous generations as tea substitutes are really medicinal teas and are not good for us to use as beverages. Rasp- berry tea, sometimes used for black tea, or tea made from the root of sassafras, should only be used occasionally and never as a beverage. I have been told that very good tea is made from tender alfalfa leaves. This drink would not be harmful. My children remember the "cambric" tea they were allowed to drink. They thought it very amusing to see me pick the imaginary "cambrics" out of the air, put them in a cup and then fill the cup with hot water, and add cream and sugar.

WHAT SHALL



WE READ

BOOK REVIEW By Edith Seabury

HAPPY LAND

By MacKinlay Kantor

"Marsh's", the gold and black sign above the drug store, meant a great deal to everybody in Hartfield. It meant gleaming old mirrors and white topped, wire legged tables at which three generations of Hartfield people had eaten strawberry sundaes. It meant prescriptions faithfully filled, a place to lounge and loaf, joke and gossip, to read magazines on the rack free or to play victrola records in the back room, also free.

When Miss Emmy, the old maid who worked at Marsh's got back from dinner at twelve-thirty, then Lew Marsh could go home to his own dinner. Lew was forty-six but he didn't think he looked it. He hurried home to meat balls, escalloped potatoes and sliced tomatoes skillfully prepared by his wife Agnes.

Lew and Agnes chatted about events of their respective mornings, while they ate at the round, old-fashioned table. You don't talk much about the war, not when you have a son who has been gone with the Pacific fleet for nearly two years and when you haven't heard from him for six weeks or more.

Then came the ringing of the squeaky door bell and Lew's answering journey to the door. Then came the little telegraph girl and then, a yellow envelope and the queer lines of type which were so hard to understand.

The Navy Department deeply regrets to inform you that your son was killed in action—etc.

For several weeks after that Lew Marsh didn't stay at the store any more than he could help. He sat around, he couldn't seem to shake himself out of it. In his mind was one big WHY. Rusty had been killed fighting for his country. What was Rusty Marsh's country anyway? He didn't know life, he hadn't had a chance to live. He hadn't seen places he had wanted to see, he hadn't even paid his own rent or made a scooter for his little boy. He had his dreams, had gone to school, worked for his dad, and then the war and death. Where was any personal world, any wonderful and worthwhile world for which Rusty Martin had died?

The doorbell rang and Lew didn't go at first but at last he looked out on the porch. "Grampa", everything went filmy as Lew whispered the word. Gramp standing there looking just the same. People didn't come back like this. Why he had died just after Rusty was born.

"I know," conceded Grampa, "but I couldn't stand it any longer. You grievin' so hard. Felt like I had to do something. So I told the Authorities I would like to come and take a

walk with you. Come on Lew, let's take a stroll."

Time slipped back as Lew and Gramps started on their walk, and he saw again the parade of the 168th Infantry. He saw himself as he looked when he returned a corporal from the last war. He saw Agnes for the first time, the new Methodist minister's daughter. He stood behind the drug store counter and made her a peanut dope sundae and they had gone on picnics.

Rusty was born in 1920 and Agnes had had rather a bad time of it so they had never had any more children. Gramp had died soon after Rusty's birth.

Lew remembered Rusty playing Indian in the corn back of the house. He could hear the whooping and smell the cool, green corn in the twilight.

"That's one thing," said Grampa, "Kids could always do in America, play Indian and Daniel Boone, Buffalo Bill and so forth. You know Lew, that's one thing God intended in America forever. Kids have got to play Indian, always. Nobody must be allowed to stop'em."

Lew saw Rusty being made a member of the Owl Patrol, Troop One, Boy Scouts of America. How proud he and Agnes looked at the ceremony.

Then Hitler had gone crushing into Poland and Rusty began talking about joining up. He went to Des Moines to the College of Pharmacy and finished up in 1941. Still the world wasn't at peace and Rusty joined the navy.

And that was the end—the end of everything.

"Remember this," Grampa mused mildly, "As long as American boys can be Boy Scouts, as long as they can eat ice cream and go to high school, play football or have picnics, it'll be worthwhile." Then Gramp left him.

Lew went to the store for the first time that night and worked until after ten. He saw things that needed to be done and he felt his enthusiasm coming back. About ten-thirty, a young man walked in. He wore the uniform of the U. S. Navy.

"I guess you're Rusty's father aren't you? I'm Tony. Thought maybe Rusty had said something about me in his letters."

Lew remembered, "So you're Tony." And they shook hands.

"Rusty and I used to talk a lot and he sort of wanted me to come and call on you and his mother if something should happen."

There was a misty silence, then Lew said, "I guess maybe I'd better call up Rusty's mother and tell her we're comin'."

Lew and Tony walked through the peaceful streets of the small town to

the white house which had been Rusty's home. It seemed to Lew right then that the small American town was the most ideal place in which a boy could grow up.

Tony told them about Rusty and how he had died. "He was real good at his job. I can't tell you much more except that I thought a lot of Rusty. We all thought he was real good at any job he had to do."

Lew finally went over and made a fist out of his hand and hit Tony lightly two or three times on the shoulder.

"Come on, let's eat mother's lunch, shall we, Tony?"

"IF YOUR BLUE STAR TURNS TO GOLD"

If your blue star turns to gold
Be as brave as was your son.
Courage though a virtue old
Is admired by everyone.
Read the promises of God
And believe that they are true.
Though son sleeps beneath the sod
Still his spirit walks with you.
In fond memory he'll return
As a baby, boy and man.
Never can you lose him now,
It is nature's heavenly plan.
Mother hearts do not forget
But to smile is best and wise,
Son deserves a mother brave
As he looks down' from the skies.
Life may never be as gay
Time and work will ease the pain,
Live in patience day by day
Till you meet in heaven again.

—By Amy Martin, Dec. 12, 1942.

TO THE MEN OUT ON THE ACRES

Soldiers without uniforms,
Patriotic as can be
Are the men out on the acres,
Who feed humanity.
They too fight many battles,
For they have troubles galore,
Yet they never know defeat
But just come back for more.
They never receive a medal,
No rank of great repute,
Still they feed the millions
And help a lot to boot.
So "when Johnny comes marching
home,"
Midst rousing shouts and cheers,
Give one to the men on the acres,
Who have fed us through the
years.

—I. Bennett.

AS TO LOOKS

J. K. Bangs

"Some folks in looks take so much
pride
They don't think much on what's in-
side.
Well, as for me, I know my face
Can ne'er be made a thing of grace,
And so I rather think I'll see
How I can fix th' inside o' me.
So folk'll say, He looks like sin
But ain't he beautiful within."



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE NEW HOME

By Lois E. Sprague

Wee Wee Kitten was very unhappy. He was cold and he was lost. Now he could see very well in the dark but no where could he see anything that looked like home. He could smell none of the familiar scents of the old barn where he lived with his brothers and sisters.

Mother Cat had taught him to run quickly to their nest if a dog should come near. She had told him to spit and scratch if rough hands tried to pick him up. But Mother Cat had never told Wee Wee Kitten what to do when he found himself dumped out of a sack onto a strange road with no warm nest and no kind mother to be found.

Wee Wee Kitten sat very still for a while, hoping his mother would come to carry him home. Finally he began to creep hurriedly from one little clump of grass to another, looking and listening for something he knew.

A bright light blinded his eyes. A loud noise roared over his head, and then passed on down the road. Bits of dirt struck his body. He did not know how nearly he had come to being caught under the wheels of a car.

Wee Wee Kitten grew more homesick every minute. He was getting hungry, too. Suddenly he heard the terrible noise of a dog's bark. He started to run. He dashed into a tangle of bushes. He could not get away. He was caught by the branches. He began mewling loudly.

He felt the warm breath of the dog on his back. He thought it would surely kill him. He was too frightened to move. It sniffed his body. It pawed him with its big foot. Then it picked him up with its mouth. It did not hurt him but Wee Wee Kitten was still afraid. It trotted up the road with a jogging motion. This made him think of the time his mother moved him, with the rest of her kittens, to a new nest in the old barn, only she had held him by the back of his neck as she trotted along.

The dog came to a gate. It stopped and opened it with one paw. It carried Wee Wee Kitten along a path of stepping stones until it came to a step. There it dropped him gently and lay down with its big paw on each side of the kitten. Wee Wee Kitten's heart beat fast. He tried to creep away but the big dog pawed him with its foot.

A sound of whistling and then of footsteps came nearer. The soft light of a lantern shown over them. The smell of warm milk made him forget

everything but his hunger for a minute.

A boy's warm hand which smelled of cows, lifted him from the ground. Wee Wee Kitten was glad to be out of the dog's reach. He felt less frightened now. He tried to find the warm milk, but the hand held him back. It carried him over the step into the shed. It put him down beside a clean saucer. Then he saw warm milk pouring into the saucer. He lapped it eagerly. Some other cats came running to drink with him.

He looked up quickly when the boy began turning a cream separator near by. He had never seen such a thing before. He could see the streams of milk pouring into the pails. He turned back to his saucer of milk. When the saucer was empty the other cats sat down and began licking their fur.

It reminded him of his mother. He felt warm and happy. He had found a nice new home.

I WILL BE

1. P — l — — t e.
2. H — — p y.
3. K — — d.
4. G — n — r — u s.
5. H e l — — u l.
6. T r — — h — u l.
7. H o — — s t.
8. O b — d i — — t.
9. L o — — — g.
10. R e — p — c t — u l.
11. D — p — n d — — l e.
12. F — r g — v — n g.

Answers. 1. Polite. 2. Happy. 3. Kind. 4. Generous. 5. Helpful. 6. Truthful. 7. Honest. 8. Obedient. 9. Loving. 10. Respectful. 11. Dependable. 12. Forgiving.

TRY THESE

Two people sit on the floor with their backs together. Lock arms and stand up together, with arms still linked.

Lie on the floor with arms folded. Rise to sitting position without help.

With heels against the wall and knees straight, try to pick up a penny placed a foot in front of you and straighten back up against the wall.

Lean over and pick up a handkerchief without bending the knees.

MOTHER AND HOME

The home that holds a mother
Is a cheery place and fair,
Her smile lights up the corners
And puts the sunshine there,
There's peace and joy and comfort,
There's gladness every minute,
For the home that holds a mother
Has a bit of heaven in it.

—Selected.

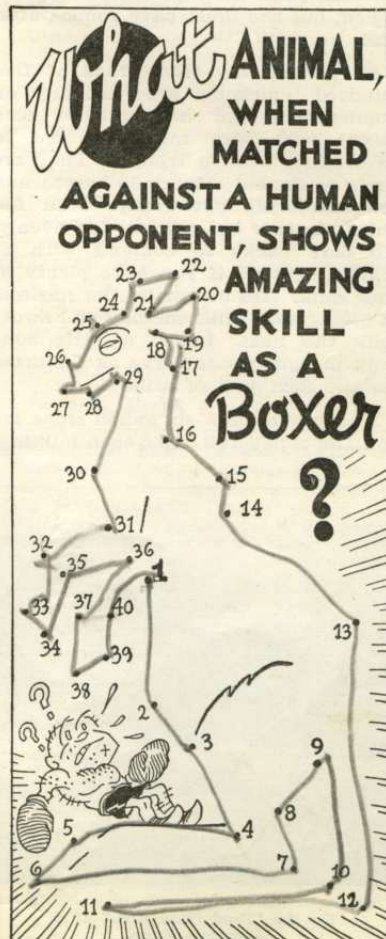


Janette LeRue Parkins, Jackson, Minn., takes her doll for a ride.

Little Prayers for Little People

Father hear us as we pray;
Guard and keep us every day;
Help us with Thy loving care
Every day and every where. Amen.

Jesus, keep me all this day,
When at school and when at play;
May I do the things I ought,
May I hate each evil thought;
Help me love and trust in Thee,
Now and through eternity. Amen.



Practical Poultry **POINTERS**

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

Many people are of the opinion that skimmed milk is only fit for pig feed, but I am a firm believer of feeding it to hens and young chicks as you can get a profit in egg yield and a fine growth in chicks by feeding it in the sour form.

Experiments have proven that sour milk fed to poultry will return three to six times as much profit as when fed to pigs. When eggs are around 30¢ a dozen, skimmed milk is worth two dollars a hundred weight as feed for pullets.

When hens are fed tankage as a source of protein, it sometimes causes a lower percentage of fertility of eggs, while milk shows no effect whatever on the eggs.

Milk should always be fed sour, because birds will consume more of it in this condition. It has a slightly laxative effect and the lactic acid combats many disease germs.

When feeding milk to hens the amount of animal protein must be cut down. When hens are allowed free access to sour milk and water the milk will furnish half of the protein and one-third the liquid necessary for a hen, but she must have some water, also.

At present my first brood of five hundred chickens are thriving on home-grown and home-ground feed mixed with sour milk and fed in twelve-foot wooden troughs. They are three weeks old (March 16 hatch) and are feathering out nicely. Milk fed chicks feather out quickly and evenly. No bare backs to contend with at marketing time if you have plenty of sour milk. Do not make the mistake of giving sour milk one day and sweet milk the next. Leave a little sour milk in your jar to serve as a starter for the next pail of milk.

I keep mine in a six gallon stone jar and add a pail full after each milking.

HUMMING BIRD STORY

By Viola Wilson

Recipe: Take one glorious summer day and a Cardinal Climber vine bedecking its green lace gown with gay red polka-dots. Add thereto one Ruby-Throated Hummingbird plus a goodly measure of patience and love. There you have the ingredients for the sweetest adventure in friendship ever granted to a human being!

My "filling stations" for Hummers consist of small glass vials holding one teaspoon of nectar. This is made by mixing one teaspoon of sugar with three teaspoonfuls of water and stirring until dissolved. A green leaf is wrapped around the vial and secured with scotch tape or fine wire, a flower from the plant upon which the vial is to be hung, is inserted in the top and the filling station is hung in a place that will be easy to reach. Then, just sit back until the birds discover it. After the birds come regularly to the vial, seat yourself near it—then gradually move closer until you can touch it. You have to be patient and above all, never move quickly when they are near. After they come to the station a few times as you touch it, you can hold it in your hand and sit a bit farther away. But do not work too fast, for remember, they are only tiny wildlings, and you have to win their confidence. It does not take them long to realize that you have food for them and mean them no harm and they will come to you readily, and, if you are lucky, they will search you out wherever you may be in the yard.

Himmer came back this year, but so late I had given up hoping for her. Then one day as I looked out the door, a wee bird dropped lightly to the rim of the tiny glass of nectar that was standing on the porch rail. I moved quietly to the door and we looked at each other for a moment, then she flew to the screen and squeaked that little note of hers! Tears ran down my face as I said "Hello, Himmer!" That evening she was coming to me in the garden and remembered all her cute tricks of other years.

The weather man forecast a temperature of twenty degrees for one night and I was afraid she might suffer so I opened the window and called to her. She came in and spent the night on the rack that holds ivy pots and next morning was happily flitting about my houseplants. When it got warm the window was opened and she sailed out but returned many times and wanted in again.

It left a bit of heartache when she had gone for the experts tell me their life span is only two or three years and this was her fourth with me. The first bird I tamed, Milady, came back five years but the fifth she was so old and tired I had to devise all sorts of ways for her to come to me as the younger birds would drive her away. But we finally found just the right place to hide and she would perch there, patiently waiting until I came with her "sipper".



Mrs. Viola Wilson feeding a humming bird.

The males are a bit more difficult to tame than the females unless you are lucky enough to have a baby male find your filling station. Then you will learn that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach" could well have been written about the male hummer. He is usually just sprouting the feathers that make the ruby throat as the season ends. One wee red spot will appear—then his head will turn—and the spot is black! For it seems the gorgeous coloring in those feathers is only a refraction of light. Watch one perched sometime. At first the throat will be all black, then as his head turns it will be rose, rose-gold, yellow, orange, burnt orange, then that breathtaking red.

The female has only tiny brown flecks of color on the throat. One sure way to tell if it is male or female is by the tail feathers. On the female they are a tiny rounded fan edged with white. On the male the tail is forked and as he grows up, all the white vanishes and the tail is solid black. Watch them in flight and the difference is very marked.

So, when summer comes 'round again, may I wish you luck in your adventure in friendship with my friends, the Humming Birds?

RECIPE FOR A SOLDIER

Take one draftee, slightly green, stir from bed at an early hour, soak in shower or tub daily, dress in olive drab, mix with others of his kind, grate on sergeant's nerves, toughen with maneuvers, add liberal portions of baked beans and roast beef, season with wind, sun, rain and snow. Sweeten from time to time with chocolate bars. Let smoke occasionally, bake in 110 degree temperature summer, and let cool in below zero winter. Serves 140,000,000 people.—Sent by Mrs. K. Madsen, Humboldt, Ia.

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BARTER

By Mrs. R. H. Marks

To trade, or barter, is a trait of the human race, so in ancient times it was necessary to use some medium to "designate exchange of commodity and the measure and standard value."

Cows seemed to be the first medium of exchange and of high value for the milk was used, the cow was a "beast of burden," when killed the flesh was good food and the skin, scraped and tanned, furnished clothing. The horns adorned the heads of the men folks and were supposed to keep away evil spirits. To trade a cow for a wife was a good price.

Later corn, salt, wampum, furs, etc. were used for exchange, but all these things were inconvenient to carry for it was often necessary to trade around several times before completing a deal.

Some countries began to carry pieces of stone or metal in odd shapes to use as barter and eventually slabs or nearly round discs of metal were found to be more practical. The first designs were very crude.

The American Indians used gold and silver and made rings for the fingers, toes, ears and nose, and other ornaments of beads to attract the fairer sex and use in exchange for commodities.

Finally coins were made of copper, lead, bronze, silver, gold and iron in shapes to represent the exchange of certain things. One form was good for three chickens, another was used only for the purchase of a wife, some were used for clothing only, etc.

The early Japanese and Chinese coins were large rounds of metal with a square hole in the center and were strung on a cord and worn around the neck. This shape still remains the same but greatly reduced in size.

Here are a few queer customs pertaining to coins.

An English custom was to pass out Maundy coins to the poor people on Maundy Thursday during holy week.

In Russia, during the World War, pieces of cheese were marked and used as money.

Coins were made to bury with the dead to pay their way into heaven. The Chinese had paper money which they burned at funerals to help the departed spirit into the next world.

In some sections of the world most anything could be traded for a wife, while in other places they had money to be used only for that purpose.

It eventually became necessary to have a substitute for money which could be more conveniently carried so paper money was used.

There is a saying that "the love of money is the root of all evil." Whether this is true or not—we are all interested in what it will buy.

Use Your Money for War Bonds

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AID SOCIETY HELPS

MOTHER & DAUGHTER BANQUET

Sue Field Conrad

So many requests for help in giving a Mother's Day banquet have been received that I have offered to Leanna the following plan which I prepared for a group of friends in California. If the treasury of your Aid Society needs refilling, plan a banquet or tea. This idea for a program could be given at a tea as well as a dinner. Don't let this Mother's Day go by without observing it in some way.

THE TABLE

The table could be set in a very homelike way of a generation ago with a colored tablecloth and napkins in paper rings which could have the names of guests on and serve for place cards. The plates could be at the places and the food put on in serving dishes "family style".

The decorations should be just garden flowers in old-fashioned vases and if candles are used they should be in old-fashioned candlesticks.

For favors there could be little old-fashioned nosegays of either real flowers or made of small gumdrops wrapped in cellophane.

The program could be made attractive by securing reproductions of Whistler's Mother from the Perry Picture Company or some of the daughters could look thru magazines and find small pictures of mothers and children that they could cut out.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM

Everything should be made as beautiful and gay as possible in simple, inexpensive ways. Grandmothers, mothers and daughters should be seated together. In case one has no grandmother or daughter, it may be possible to invite a substitute for this joyous occasion.

The informal singing should start early, copies of words to be at the table, while the first course is being served,—a daughter leading the girls in.

"How do you do, Mothers Dear, how do you do?"

We are very glad that we are here with you,

For of all the mothers grand, you're the best ones in the land—

How do you do Mothers Dear, how do you do, do, do?"

A mother leads the mothers in singing the same words changing the word "Mothers" to "Daughters".

Between courses have the favorite "Mother" songs sung.

Following the last course, the toast program is held. A mother and daughter may preside together, or some outstanding daughter or mother chosen as toast mistress.

The first toast should be "To Our Mothers" by a daughter.

The speaker may be introduced by the toast mistress with the following rhyme:

"Now, in thinking of daughters, we just racked our mind,
To see if there might be a daughter we'd find,
Who'd just say the things you girls would each say,
From the depth of your heart to your mother today.
Then, we thought of Miss _____ who's with us tonight
And I know when you hear her you'll think I was right
In choosing this one to speak now for you;
So give her a hand, come on girls, please do."

TOAST TO BE GIVEN BY A DAUGHTER TO MOTHERS

Mothers, mine is the pleasure of trying to tell you in words how welcome you are here tonight although it is a time when words are hardly needed.

We know without words, how welcome to the heart is the coming of spring. The birds, and the bees and the butterflies tell us without the use of a vocabulary, yet thousands of writers have tried to put into words the thrill that it brings to every heart.

Every human being knows the warmth and peace and joy, that fills the heart when getting back to Mother after a long absence. Words have never been able to express it—but writers have never ceased trying, and so, as we read the poetry of all ages we find these tributes which put into beautiful language the feelings that lie deep in the heart of each one of us.

The following poem is one of my favorites. (Quote your favorite poem)

The second Toast would be "To Our Daughters" by a Mother. The speaker may be introduced with the following:

I feel very sure that already you've found,
That my judgment in choosing is perfectly sound.
But, Oh! How I quivered to think of the rest,
For each thinks her mother the dearest and best,
So what could I do
For one mother to stand for all mothers to you?
But my quivers soon ceased when I thought of this one
Who sent all my doubtings away at a run.
Mrs. _____ you all know and where could you find
A mother whose heart is more tender and kind—
A mother to everyone and so tonight
She speaks for you mothers; A hand now—that's right.

TOAST TO BE GIVEN BY A MOTHER TO DAUGHTERS

'Tis a toast "to the Daughter" is it?
From the Mothers gathered here;
It shouldn't be hard to give a toast
To Her we hold so dear.

We've known her all her earthly life,
She's been a part of ours,
We've weathered her through ups and
downs

Through "cross" and happy hours.
We've wiped her nose and combed her
hair

And buttoned up her shoes
And sent her off to school each morn
With not much time to lose,
We gave her bread and jelly
When she trudged home at night,
And heard her say her tables
With cheeks and eyes so bright.
We've washed her clothes and ironed,
And lengthened down her skirt;
We've darned her hose and cut her
nails

And cleaned her ears of dirt;
We've made her bed and cooked her
meals,

And tidied up her room
And swept up all she's strewed about
With many a swish of broom.
We've hunted all the things she's lost
And put them in their place;
We've mended many a ragged tear
And sewed on yards of lace.
We've asked her Pa if she could go
When she was afraid to ask;
We've stayed up many a night to do
Her uncompleted task.
We've lain awake till she came home
And wondered where she'd been;
And oh, the prayers that we have
prayed

That she be kept from sin.
We watch her grow from babe to girl,
From girl to womanhood,
And all our love and interest
Are centered in her good.
While We—well we just love her—
I'll here a secret tell
Which she will never really know
Till life has served her well—
When she first lay upon our arm
With nose against our breast
She captured us completely
And paid for all the rest.
So, here's a toast to Daughter,
She's only what she is—
The center of a mother's love,
One of life's mysteries.



Mrs. Hattie Miller, mother of Mrs. Guy Sturdy, Harveyville, Kansas, and flowers she received on her 83rd birthday.