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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

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Number 4



Easter Greetings from Juliana.

Photo, Verness





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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My Dear Friends,

Easter Greetings to all my Kitchen-Klatter friends! Some way Easter with it's message of hope, renewed life, and the promise of the life hereafter means more to us this year than ever before.

In the pigeon hole of my desk tonight, are some letters that I find myself thinking about again and again. They are so full of grief, the kind of grief that nearly breaks one's heart. I have never sat in my living room and talked to these mothers who have written to me but I know them as well as though we had visited together for years. Many of you have sent me pictures—little boys in overalls playing with a big collie dog, little boys riding on a load of hay, little boys standing beside a birthday cake with ten candles, and now these boys are gone.

Words seem empty things when we wish to comfort these mothers whose boys will not be coming home. We haven't lost one of our boys, it is true, but you can't live in this world for over a half a century and be a stranger to sorrow. I have learned by experience and by the experience of those far wiser than I, that one help for grief that seems too hard to bear, is to turn your life outward, rather than inward and to keep the memory of your loved one fresh by giving your heart, love, and interests in his name. True love does not wither and die but lives on through the years. Yes, words can't seem to express my sympathy for you who have lost loved ones but you know you are often in my thoughts and prayers.

Since I wrote you last, we have had a visit from our son Don, who is now located at the Army Air Base in Pueblo, Colorado, as a weather forecaster. We were really surprised to see him. The week passed so rapidly. Our other two soldier sons are still in the Philippines, as far as we know. One with the 24th Division and one with the 96th.

Now I must tell you about the cover picture. As you may have guessed the little girl feeding the rabbits is Juliana Verness, Lucile's little two year old. "This picture was taken in the children's playground at Golden Gate Park. It is an enchanted place for children. There is a miniature farm with tiny farm buildings, and all kinds of chickens, baby lambs, goats, and other animals. The rabbit section is made like a little town with the

kind of buildings that are in the picture. There is also a section devoted to swings, the kind that even babies can ride in safely, a merry-go-round, slides, a kiddy-car race track, and they've even taken the worn-out animals off the merry-go-round and mounted them in the grass so that little children can climb on and off—something they adore doing, you know. I think that the most wonderful experience any child could have would be to live close to the park. From morning to night we hear Juliana say, "Daddy, let's go to the park." Soon we will get pictures of her feeding the big Australian swans, and the antelope and deer. Russell thought that he would wait for these until Kristin arrives so that we can get both girls together," Lucile writes.

Our daughter Dorothy now lives in San Francisco and I guess Kristin and Juliana have presented quite a problem to their mothers for neither one have had children to play with and have to be taught to share playthings with each other. The last reports are that they are behaving much better. I told the girls it would take time and not to be discouraged.

Before you receive this, I hope that Edith Hansen, the morning home maker on KMA will have heard from their son Don, who was with the Marines in the battle of Iwo Jima. I know that many of you who have sons on the Pacific or the German fronts are anxiously awaiting word from them. I hope the mail man will not pass you by.

These are busy days ahead but I would surely appreciate hearing from you.

Your Friend, Leanna.

### THE LETTER

Did you forget to write the letter?  
Did you wait another day?  
Could you bribe yourself by claiming  
You had nothing more to say?  
You plan a little party,  
Or, perhaps, take in a show?  
Did the music make you sleepy  
While you dialed the radio?  
Can you give a worthy reason  
Why their letter missed the mail?  
Did you this one need deny them?  
When they knew you wouldn't fail?  
Well you knew they would be waiting,

Did the mailman pass them by?

If you didn't write the letter

They will surely wonder why.

—Selected.

### BEREAVED

He who dared bravely,  
Bravely died,  
And asks no tears of you:  
For you were by his side  
In that last hour of Death;  
He saw your smile  
Ere the light fell dim,  
And all the breath  
Of your warm love  
Encompassed him.

And so, just one quick sob of grief,  
As when you kissed the other day  
And said goodbye;  
Then smile,  
And gird yourself to walk awhile  
A steep and lonely way.  
Your lost one lives and loves you still  
Onward and upward!  
He awaits you there  
Beyond the hill.

—A. D. Purdie,  
A Chaplain in the R.A.F.

### JUST VISITING

After reading all the letters received about the "borrowing neighbor who does not remember to pay back", I have decided that some of you have reached the conclusion that it is better to give than to lend and it costs about the same.

The necessary conservation of food has made a decided change in table etiquette. It is now good table manners to "sop up" gravy or vegetable juices with a piece of bread, cut a salad up so that you can eat every bite of it or take a chicken wing up in your fingers to get off every bit of the meat. However, you can use the bones for chicken soup if you cut most of the meat off before sending it to the table for the family.

A mother wrote to me that she was being criticized by her neighbors for not taking a war job. She had told them that she had her family to care for, a big garden to plant, and chickens to take care of and would have lots of canning to do later. These women then asked her why she didn't take a war job and buy the food canned that her family would need, insinuating she was not patriotic. I do not want to belittle women in war work for they are doing a wonderful job and are needed badly but I do think the friend who was going to raise a big garden and a lot of poultry as her contribution is doing just as important a job and should be given just as much praise for it.

If each one of us would do as a Kansas woman recently did—resolve to salvage enough fat to equal her weight—it would be quite a help to the war effort. Keep a tin can on your stove or nearby table and save every drop of grease. In a short time you will be emptying the contents into a larger can and filling it again. One 4-H boy salvaged fat from a skunk he had trapped. That called for real patriotism! The need for fat has increased and it is necessary for every one of us to turn in all the used fat we can.



# Come into the Garden

## TUBEROSES

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Tuberose are a source of great joy and beauty when they bloom but nothing more than vexation when after all one tries to do for them, they appear entirely unappreciative and ungrateful and refuse to open even a single blossom. However, they really are not at all difficult but there are a few cultural rules one should remember and adhere to. The storage period is important, too.

They should be planted when danger of frost is past. I plant mine out about the second week in May. Since they seem to like the same conditions as Hybrid Tea Roses and also make good companion plants for them, I plant mine between the Tea Roses. The Roses are in an open, sunny location.

Not all the tubers in a cluster will be of blooming size so leave them in fairly sizable clumps in order to be sure that each clump has several that will thrust forth bloom stalks. They belong to the Amaryllis Family, a fact which should be remembered when setting out the tubers for many members of this family object to too deep planting. Set the tubers so that the tops are just barely covered with soil. When rainfall is normal, they will need no other care except shallow cultivation occasionally to prevent weeds from growing.

After being planted, the crowns of spear-shaped leaves grow rapidly. In July the flower stalks commence to shoot upward and in August the waxy white, funnel-shaped blossoms will begin to open on 2 to 3 foot stems. The blossoms have an intense fragrance, so strong as to be objectionable to some people, but I love it. They are very lasting and pleasing as cut flowers and their sweet fragrance makes them desirable additions to bouquets such as Gladiolus.

Tuberose are not hardy and cannot be left in the ground over winter. The tubers have to be dug and stored in the fall as we do our other tender bulbous things. But if this is properly done there is no reason why they cannot be kept over from year to year and their beautiful blossoms enjoyed each summer. I dig mine before a heavy freeze is expected. Leave the clumps intact just as dug with the soil clinging to them. Let them dry a week or more until the leaves are withered. Cut away most of the foliage when it is dry and pack the clumps snugly together in a bucket or heavy pasteboard box. Store them in a warmer place than you do your Gladiolus. They will require just a little watering during the winter. Authorities say if they become so dry that the tips are no longer green but completely dried out (or if the tips are broken off by careless handling) they will not bloom the following



Tuberose.

year. Be cautious about the amount of water given—just an occasional sprinkling is usually all that is necessary. If they should be kept too moist and cool, the tubers will rot very quickly.

Tuberose multiply very rapidly but it takes several years for the young tubers to reach blooming size. Once a tuber has bloomed that particular one becomes worthless but in its place a number of young tubers are formed during the period of storage. Then it takes several years for these new tubers to become large and strong enough to form buds. However, if the clumps are not divided into too small divisions at planting time, there should always be some tubers that are large enough to bloom each year.

Nursery catalogs often list both single and double varieties of Tuberose but the single ones are usually the best bloomers.

## GERANIUMS

By Mary Duncombe

The Geranium is a very old plant as plants go—that is, it is one of the first to be brought into our homes for winter culture. They are native to many corners of the globe, some coming from South Africa, some from Australia. Of course, all plants are old, in that they have existed somewhere in their native state before travelers began to bring them home to be grown in their own homes. But because the geranium is a true "kitchen-plant" giving pleasure to all the members of the family instead of just a few, it has always had a beloved place in our homes.

The geranium family is a large one. There are well over 170 species. It is commonly known as Cranebill or Storkbill, which ever you may prefer, because of the shape of its seed pod. When in doubt as to whether a perennial plant is a geranium or not, the seed pod will settle the question without a doubt. When the seed is ripe the parts of the pod turn back in a curl, throwing the seed far and near.

Of all the many different houseplants growing in my window, perhaps the favorite one is the geranium. It is one of the most adaptable of plants, suiting itself to almost any condition. True, it is not as often found in the more modern decorative settings, places which demand a certain line of leaf or a distinctive manner of growth but it seems to be the most generally beloved in the ordinary home and in many places where beauty instead of style is loved most of all. Just the sight of a common ordinary geranium in full bloom seems at once to suggest all the love and comfort a home can bring.

One must not think that there are only a few types of this plant. We may have them both as houseplants and also perennial plants outside. We will also find there are several types of the indoor variety. First, we will find our old friend, the zonals. These come in all the shades of red, pink, and white. They are single and double. They have been improved so much in recent years that they now bear enormous trusses of large-flowered blooms. These are the best for outdoor planting in beds in full sun. They are also very easily propagated for indoor bloom. Then there are the tri-colored kinds. These are made up of zones of brown, red, and yellow on a green background. Mrs. Pollock is the best of these. The colors are brilliant, the growth is sturdy, and the colors of the flowers, of all these tri-colored ones is a fiery red.

There are two dwarf-growing geraniums which I like very much. One of these is called by the very appropriate name of "Little Darling" or "Kleiner Liebling". It has small leaves of light green and clusters of tiny pink flowers.

Ivy geraniums are easily grown if you like a vine inside which also flowers, and they are a good choice for any window. I like a white one I have, name unknown; a double bright red intensity; and also a lovely double pink Comtesse De Grey. There are also the hybrid varieties which are a cross between the ivy and the zonal. These have a typical ivy leaf but do not climb. They are also constant bloomers.

Martha Washington Geraniums are a one period bloomer and have a dormant stage. The Cactus 'group are not generally seen because they are rare, are rather difficult growers and have a dormant state which is rather exasperating to an impatient flower lover. But their very unusualness is a challenge to almost any one interested in this class of plants.

The scented geraniums are for those who like herbs. Their bloom is some what disappointing, the only ones I have cared much for as bloomers were Mrs. Taylor with tomato red bloom and Countess of Scarborough, a trailer with deepish purple bloom. But the exquisitely cut leaves and the perfume of the scented ones are well worth having in one's collection of geraniums. And don't you still remember with pleasure Grandmother's apple jelly flavored with the fragrant leaves of the rose geranium?



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Our first autumn and winter in the new house moved along uneventfully except for three things. Two of these things were funny little incidents concerning Dad, and the other thing was a serious round of illness.

On October 7th, Dad's birthday, his office force at the telephone company decided to have a surprise party for him, and arrangements were made with Mother to have all of the guests assemble in his absence around nine-thirty in the evening. In those days our house was dark quite early, and the general understanding was that when he returned to the darkened house he would figure that everyone had gone to bed, but when he turned on the lights . . . well, there would be the fifteen or twenty people waiting to greet him. And as a great concession, Howard and I were allowed to remain up for the party.

Now this particular little incident has no point unless I tell you in advance that Dad is less given to forceful language than anyone we've ever known. None of us have ever heard him swear, he's always managed to express himself eloquently without any "cussing."

One of the things that he constantly reminded us of was the inadvisability of leaving chairs or toys in front of a door, or anyplace else where a person might walk through the darkness on his way to turning on a light. The last thing he always did at night was to go through a room and move back any object that could be fallen over.

On the night of the party it was decided that it would be a good joke to leave a chair directly in front of the door, and another chair between the door and a light switch. After this had been done we all sat there, laughing and giggling in the darkness, waiting for the sound of his car in the driveway. Finally we heard it, and then we sat silent as ghosts while he walked through the back porch and opened the kitchen door. Crash! he hit the first chair. There was a loud shuffling noise, and then Dad broke loose with everything he had ever thought about "people who didn't have sense enough to put chairs where they belonged". A moment later there was a second crash, and in the time that it took him to get from there to the light switch he finished his outburst.

How we managed to keep quiet I don't know, but it wasn't until the second the room came from darkness to light that he suspected he hadn't been alone. There we sat in a circle ready to burst with laughter. I think it was the only time in his life that he has been genuinely shocked by surprise. And the harder he tried to explain the long history of provocation that led to his violent outbreak the funnier it seemed. No one has forgotten this particular party for it was the first and last time that anyone ever heard him really cut loose.

It must have been about the same time that Dad played a good joke on Mother. We had two telephones in the house, one upstairs in the hall, and one downstairs in the dining room. On this particular day Dad suddenly slipped in through the back door, a loaf of bread in his hand, and whispered to us not to tell Mother that he was at home. She was in the living room at the moment and didn't hear him come in and tiptoe upstairs.

Then the telephone rang in the dining room and Mother answered it. Yes, dinner was almost ready, and would he please stop after he left the office and pick up a loaf of bread? "That was Dad," she said as she went to the kitchen. "He's on his road home for dinner."

We didn't say a word when he slipped downstairs again, tiptoed across the living room, and went out the front door softly. Then in just a moment he was back again, walking in swiftly, as he always did, with the loaf of bread in his hand.

"Why Mart!" Mother said when he walked into the kitchen. "How in the world did you get here so fast?"

"I can make it home in no time," he said, "When I put my mind to it."

And mother stood there helplessly trying to figure out how this could possibly have happened. All of us kept it a secret from her for a long time, and she was puzzled by it for weeks. Howard and I thought that this was the funniest thing we had ever heard in all of our lives. And Mother thought so too when we finally explained how Dad had managed to get from the office to the house in about two minutes.

That Christmas we had our usual tree, but I couldn't enjoy anything, not even the beautiful big doll that Mother had spent many a night dressing, for I awakened on Christmas morning with the measles. It wasn't the type of measles that is sometimes called "German Measles", but the old-fashioned kind when your eyes hurt for days if you leave a darkened room. Howard picked them up next, and then Dorothy. They were both very sick, and before I had gotten out of bed their measles had turned into pneumonia. The doctor was there several times every day, and a nurse too, for Mother and Dad were worn out with trying to give the exacting care that pneumonia demands.

Dad came into our room early one morning (it was May the 8th) and told us to hurry up and get dressed. We were going down to Aunt Helen Fischer's for breakfast. We had never done such a thing before, but we didn't question the business, so we hurried to get dressed as fast as we could. I remember most vividly that I couldn't get my hose-supporters fastened, and that when Dad tried to master them he gave up in disgust and said that he didn't know why children had to wear such things!

We had breakfast at Aunt Helen's and then went on to school. We had been told to go back to Fischer's house for dinner, so we turned up there at noon, still not wondering too much about this strange break in our



Baby Frederick, Dorothy, Howard, Mother, and I.

daily routine. Dad was there for dinner too, but not Mother. Where was Mother? Well, she was at home, and after we had finished eating we were to go home and see her.

The moment we walked in the front door of our house we suspected the truth, for something reminded us of the day we had returned from Clarinda three years earlier to find Dorothy, our new baby. We went on into the downstairs bedroom, and there was Mrs. Clark, the nurse who had taken care of Howard and Dorothy when they had pneumonia. She had a bundle in her arms this time, and the bundle was our new brother who had been named Frederick.

Frederick was the biggest baby in our family by far—he weighed slightly more than eleven pounds at birth, and there was something about him so unlike a baby that even I knew he looked funny in a very fancy pink wool kimona that Aunt Martha Eaton had made for him. I remember Frederick vividly as a small baby. He looked serious and he was serious. Looking back, I believe he was the only baby in our family who didn't lend himself to pretty clothes and airings. He seemed perfectly contented if someone rocked his cradle once in awhile, and gave him a smile.

Many of the Field grandchildren were rocked in this cradle, from Bob Eaton, Aunt Martha's oldest son, on down the line. Aunt Helen Fischer who was teaching school in Shenandoah, Iowa, at the time Bob was born made it for him. It was of plain colonial style, and decorated in a method popular at the time, burning a design on the soft wood by using an electrically heated needle. On the headboard were the word "Jesus, like you, was a baby once, too", printed above a picture of a Madonna and child. Poppies suggesting sleep were drawn along the sides and on the footboard was a picture of "Wynken, Blynken and Nod". Do you wonder that this lovely cradle was used many times and became one of the family circle's most loved possessions?

(Continued in May Issue)



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTION AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "A month ago our son was discharged from the army with a medical release after almost two years overseas. While he was gone his wife and two little babies lived with us, and we all got along very well. Now that he is back they want to move into a place of their own, but my husband and I feel that this would be a terrible mistake because he is sick and nervous and much as he loves the children, they drive him almost crazy at times. We have plenty of room for them here, and I think that for six months or a year I could be a great help to him by keeping the children out of his road, and something things along. What do you think about this?"—Kansas.

**ANS:** I think that they should get into their own place at once. You see, it's important to your son to take up the life that he knew before he went into the army, and as long as his family is living in your house he can't feel that things are really back to normal. He wants to have his own home again, and feel that he is on his own. You can stand behind them and help by taking the children for several days at a time if things get tense, but I do think that it would help him to take up the ordinary responsibilities and cares of family life in his own home.

**QUES:** "At the risk of sounding selfish and cruel I want to tell you what I'm up against, Leanna. My younger sister (there were only two of us girls) married a man who is shiftless, to put it mildly, and my husband and I have to come to the rescue again and again. She is now expecting her third child, the third in five years, and I'm tempted to tell her that if she has anymore I won't lift a hand to help. Don't you think that I'd be justified in making this clear to her?"—S. D.

**ANS:** Well, from your viewpoint you might find gratification in "making this clear" but what earthly good would it do? Haven't you lived long enough to know that this is one thing in which all of the advice and reason in the world comes to nothing? There may be other points on which to take a stand, but certainly dictating the size of her family isn't one of them.

**QUES:** "For the past ten years my husband's mother has spent the winter months with us, and although at first it wasn't too bad, I find now that her six-months stay with us is awfully hard to get through. The biggest problem is that she nags at my three children from morning until night. Nothing that they ever do is right, and she flatly contradicts my instructions to them. They hate to see her come now, and last week my two girls got into such a nervous state that they both cried for hours.

She has to stay with us, so please don't suggest that we send her elsewhere."—Missouri.

**ANS:** No, I won't suggest that you send Grandmother elsewhere, but I would suggest that you have one good plain understanding and clear the atmosphere. Tell her flatly that you are capable of assuming the responsibility for your children's behavior, and that henceforth you want her to keep this in mind. At the same time make your children realize that she means well but doesn't understand, and that they aren't to get worked up over anything that she might say.

**QUES:** "Not long ago we moved into this neighborhood and at first I thought that it would be a perfect place for our family, but now I'm at my wit's end because of the children who live around us. They have no daily chores such as my children have, and are simply turned out of the house in the morning to do as they will until night. Frankly, I didn't know that there were such mothers. These children pound at the windows if the doors are locked and they can't burst in, pay no attention whatsoever to anything that I say, and simply run wild. I don't want trouble and hard feelings for we have to live here, but what in the world am I going to do?"—Nebraska.

**ANS:** I know that this can be one of the worst problems we ever encounter in neighborhood living, and there seems to be so little that we can do without causing hard feelings. Since the children ignore all of your requests and demands, there is nothing to do but go to the parents, not on a look-here-I-won't-have-this basis, but in a neighborly, friendly way. Go out of your road to cultivate these mothers as new neighbors, for if you can gain access to their homes on a friendly basis you can get your ideas across in the natural course of events. This may sound ineffectual, I realize, but if you want to avoid hard feelings it is just about the only thing that can be done.

**QUES:** "I've shed a good many tears over this, Leanna, and can't make up my mind what to do. My son's wife lives with us, and two months ago she gave birth to her first child, a little girl who was born with a deformity. We can't decide if we should tell our boy now, or wait until later. We have reason to believe that he is in the heaviest fighting in Holland and we don't want to grieve him, and yet think what a shock it will be to him to return without any warning as to what to expect. Can you give me any advice?"—Iowa.

Note—Will you please write and tell me how you would answer this mother's question?

—Leanna



Pvt. Lloyd McClanahan, La Plata, Missouri, is in the Cavalry.

### TO MY SON

In the Silence of my home tonight  
I offer up a prayer,  
That God may guide and comfort you  
Some where over there,  
That he may give you strength,  
And give you wisdom too,  
To carry on and do your best  
In what ever you may do.

—Contributed

### "KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING"

That is the name of the theme song that brought the Kitchen-Klatter Program on the air each day at 1:30 over KMA.

In response to my inquiry as to what my listeners thought about, while the music was being played, I had a wonderful letter, from Nellie O'Neil, Terril, Iowa, which said in part:

"Now, again, I am thinking of that wife bravely carrying on, teaching, working, saving, or caring for the babies, with all its lonesome work, with the daddy gone overseas; of mothers who not only have their sons to pray for and be concerned over, but who have daughters as well in the great conflict. I am thinking of that daddy over in England who has been shellshocked, and who knows that his wife has a new baby since he left and who doesn't know how he himself is going to recover or if any of his three children—all babies—will know him when he returns.

I am thinking of those agencies here in the USA who are trying to help "Keep the Home Fires Burning", ministers working overtime to keep up morale, of doctors who waken too tired to get to the office, or Red Cross Helpers who give so liberally of their time, of nurses who help until they nearly drop from exhaustion, for the need is so great; of mothers who stick to their jobs of homemaking when it would be easier to quit and go out and get a job, but they want it nice for hubby when he comes home.





### POPPY SEED ROLLS

Mix your own favorite Sweet Dough such as you use in Parker House Rolls or Cinnamon Rolls. Set aside to rise. Grind 1 1/2 cups poppy seed. Then bring to a boil about 1/2 cup water, 1 1/2 cups sugar, and add the poppy seed. Bring to a boil. If too thick, to spread add more water. Set aside to cool. When you have worked down your dough once or twice (twice is better) take dough and form into balls about the size of a baseball or pumpkin ball. Lay on floured board for about 20 minutes. Then roll your dough very thin almost as thin as pie dough. Then spread with the poppy mixture on your dough. If the poppy mixture is too thick to spread well, thin with water, or sweet cream. Now roll like you would cinnamon roll making a flat roll, pinch edges together, gently lift the roll and place in a greased pan. Let rise about 1/2 hour, coat roll with beaten egg yolk or sweet cream, and bake about 20 or 30 minutes depending on the number of rolls in the pan.

Cut into slices when cool and eat.

### BARBECUE RIBS

Put 3 or 4 spareribs cut in pieces in roaster. Slice one large onion in over this. Then salt and pepper to taste and cover with the following sauce.

- 3/4 cup catsup
- 3/4 cup water
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon red pepper
- 1 teaspoon black pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1 teaspoon chile powder

Mix together and pour over ribs and bake 1 1/2 hours.—Mrs. R. A. Gray, Nebraska City, Nebraska.

### ONE DISH MEAL

Cook 2 cups spaghetti and drain. Place in a baking dish. Add 1 can of canned meat balls. Slice 1 large onion. Place in skillet with a little fat and brown. Add 1 can (2 cups or more) tomatoes, 1/4 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Simmer 10 minutes then pour over meat and spaghetti and bake in moderate oven 1/2 hour.—Mrs. Herbert Bletscher, Route 1, Falls City, Nebraska.

## "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIR

### HONEY BARS

Mix together, 1 cup honey, 3 eggs well beaten, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sift 1 1/3 cups, flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup nuts, 1 pound raisins or dates or prunes. Turn in oblong pan spreading not more than 1/2 inches in thickness. Bake in moderate oven, not too hot, and cut in strips 1/2 inches wide and 3 inches long. Roll in sugar if you can spare it.—Mrs. Eugene J. Wallace, Cameron, Missouri.

### MOLASSES COOKIES

4 cups flour  
2 teaspoon soda  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 1/2 teaspoon ginger  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
Sift the above ingredients three times. Combine molasses, shortening, and boiling water. Add raisins and chill.

1 1/2 cups molasses (sorghum)  
3/4 cup shortening (melted)  
5 tablespoons boiling water  
1/2 cup raisins  
Roll 1/4 inch thick and bake 400 degrees, 15 minutes.—Mrs. Ray Huntley, Route 1, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

### OATMEAL CARROT COOKIES

1 1/3 cups flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon allspice  
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg  
1/4 teaspoon cloves  
1/4 teaspoon soda  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 1/2 cup quick cooking oatmeal  
1/2 cup raisins  
1/3 cup shortening  
1/3 cup sugar  
1 egg  
1/2 cup molasses  
1 cup grated carrots  
1 teaspoon grated orange rind  
Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet.—Mrs. Ernest A. Rhode, Hampton, Nebr.

### APRICOT FLUFF

2 cups cooked, dried or fresh apricots  
1/2 cup white syrup  
1/2 cup finely ground cocoanut  
1/2 cup whipped cream  
Put the apricots through a sieve. You may omit cocoanut if you wish.—Mrs. P. B. Bush, 1109 Tama Street, Boone, Iowa.

### CREME DESSERT

Beat together 2 egg whites, 1/8 teaspoon salt, add 2 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon orange extract, beat 2 egg yolks. Add 3 tablespoons sugar. Soak 1/2 tablespoon gelatin in 3 tablespoons cold water. Add rind of 1 lemon and 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Melt over hot water and add to egg yolk mixture. Mix well and fold into the egg white mixture. Pour into molds. Chill. Serve with or without whipped cream.—Mrs. L. M. Hall, Jackson, Minnesota.

### CORN SYRUP BROWNIES

1 cup flour  
1/4 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup shortening  
1/3 cup sugar  
1/4 cup milk.  
1 cup corn syrup, dark  
2 eggs, separated  
2 squares, chocolate, melted or 6 tablespoons cocoa and  
1 tablespoon fat  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
Cream sugar and shortening. Add beaten yolks and syrup. Add milk alternately with dry ingredients, sifted. Fold in whites. Spread in oiled pan and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from oven, cool and cut in 2-inch squares. Makes 40 cookies.—Mrs. Max Robertson, Route 1, Marion, Kansas.

### CREAM OF CAULIFLOWER

3 cups cauliflower  
2 tablespoons butter  
Dash of pepper  
1 small onion, sliced  
3/4 teaspoon salt  
1 quart milk  
Grated cheese  
Cook the cauliflower in an uncovered kettle in enough boiling salted water to cover. Only about ten minutes of cooking is required. Drain cauliflower and chop fine. Cook onion in butter until soft and yellow. Add milk, seasoning and cauliflower. Serve piping hot with strips of toast. Grated cheese may be sprinkled over the top of the soup if desired. Five servings.

### SUMMER FRUIT CAKE

1 cup stewed raisins  
1 cup raisin water  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 cup shortening  
2 cups flour  
1 teaspoon soda  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon nutmeg  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup nut meats  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
Boil raisins, strain and mix raisins with shortening. Put sugar, flour, soda, spices, and salt in sifter and mix into shortening and raisins alternately with raisin water. Add vanilla and nuts. Bake in tube pan 375 degrees for one hour. Can be put in cup cake pans also. Or can add gum drops and candied fruits.



## CREAM PIE

- 1 baked pie shell
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1/4 cup honey
- 3 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 1/2 tablespoons flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 3 egg yolks, beaten
- 2 teaspoons vanilla

Scald the milk. Blend the flour, cornstarch, salt, and stir into the corn syrup. Add the syrup mixture and honey to the scalded milk. Cook over low heat until thick and smooth. Beat egg yolks, add a little of the hot sauce and stir well. Add to the custard and cook 3 minutes longer. Cool. Add vanilla. Pour into baked pie shell, cover with a meringue made of the 3 stiffly beaten egg whites to which add gradually 3 tablespoons sugar, beating well. Brown in oven. It takes about 15 minutes in a preheated 325 degree oven.—Mrs. Chas. Laverty, Route 1, Neodesha, Kansas.

## RAISIN NUT COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon ginger
- 1/4 cup milk
- 3/4 cup molasses
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon soda
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup nut meats
- 1/2 cup cooked raisins

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually. Add eggs and molasses. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Add nuts and raisins. Drop from teaspoon onto lightly greased sheet. Bake about 20 minutes.—Etta Boucher, Smithton, Mo.

## ICE CREAM FOR FREEZERS

- 1 1/2 quarts milk
- 1 large can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 large can evaporated milk
- 1 3/4 cups white syrup
- 3 tablespoons vanilla
- 3 Junket tablets
- 3 or 4 well beaten eggs

Stir milks, sugar and syrup together very thoroughly then heat to luke warm and add the Junket tablets which have been dissolved in about a tablespoon of cold water. Add vanilla. Pour into freezer and do not disturb until the mixture sets like clabbered milk. When it has set, add the well beaten eggs and freeze. Cream may be used instead of the evaporated milk.—Mrs. R. E. Barnes.

## DINNER MENU

Liver with Bacon   Scalloped Potatoes  
Cabbage Salad  
Corn bread or muffins—butter  
Apple Dessert with crunchy topping  
or  
Gingerbread with whipped cream.  
Coffee or Milk  
—Mrs. R. G. Pratt, Waterloo, Ia.

## COOKING HELPS

"When you have a little meat left over such as roast beef or pork, I make my favorite dressing, placing it in a baking dish and put pieces of meat on top of dressing and bake till dressing is done. Its a good meat stretcher."—Mrs. Lewis S. Terry, 607 Otsego Street, Storm Lake, Iowa.

"I heard you ask about sugarless recipes so am sending one. Yesterday, I made some sauce of chocolate, cuban cane syrup, water, and cooked it until a desired thickness and added a little butter and flavoring then I let it cool and we used it on some ice cream which I also used cuban cane syrup in."—Mrs. Dorothy Fagan, Gladbrook, Iowa.

"To scale frozen fish lay in cold water just long enough for the skin to thaw and begin scaling at the tail. It is so much easier than to let it thaw completely before scaling."—Mrs. Walter Ehler, Cleghorn, Iowa.

"Instead of straining all my tomatoes for juice as I canned them this summer when it was so hot and I was so rushed, I put them in two quart jars without even pelling, (just washed and cored them), cold packed them the required time. This winter I bring them up and strain them when I have more time and the flavor is excellent. Of course, I always can up some strained, but have found this a short cut when I have a large quantity to can at once."—Mrs. Louis W. Fischer, Route 2, Woodbine, Iowa.

"A teaspoon of vinegar beaten into boiled cake frosting will prevent it from breaking when cake is cut. Adding a few marshmallows cut up fine and allowed to dissolve, will also prevent the icing from breaking."

"Lunch meat stuffed with dressing, baked potatoes, or baked beans, a green salad, milk, and tomato juice. I make a stiff dressing of bread or crackers, seasoned with salt, pepper, celery, sage, and butter. Of course, I used some kind of meat stock. I take a piece of lunch meat, place a tablespoon of dressing in the center, fold the meat up around the dressing and fasten together with a toothpick. Bake until done."—Mrs. G. L. Hawkins, Maryville, Missouri.

"Your doughnuts will have that 'different' flavor if one-half stick of cinnamon bark and four whole cloves are added to the fat used in frying them.

"Just a word about housecleaning meals. I get ready for housecleaning just about like I do for company. I roast a nice roast, make a gelatine salad, also a large rice pudding and stick it into the refrigerator, then all I need to do for dinner is to put some potatoes in to bake and after dinner make salad out of them, the second day instead of potatoes I open corn or peas so that I have one hot dish beside the coffee or tea.

"I do not have a family but a large bungalow that I want to clean all myself for I do one room at a time and do not muss up the whole house."

—Mrs. George Woods  
Delphos, Kans.



Margery Driftmier, our youngest daughter.

## RULES FOR KITCHEN SAFETY

1. Discard portable electric cords that are frayed or worn. Don't overload electrical outlets beyond the capacity of the line—you can find out what that capacity is from your electric irons or other appliances turned on while you leave the kitchen for any reason.

2. Never use gasoline or other flammable liquids for dry cleaning. Such flammables should not be kept inside the house for any reason.

3. Wear sensible clothing when working in the kitchen. Long flowing sleeves are awkward and dangerous, particularly near gas ranges or open flames.

4. Use care in taking the lid from hot water kettles and pots or you may be burned by escaping steam. Keep pot handles turned so they do not project over the side of the range.

5. Strong cleaning chemicals, such as lye, should be kept out of reach of children, and the cans in which they are kept should be plainly marked.

6. Keep a folding ladder in the kitchen or pantry and use it for reaching high shelves or for hanging curtains and other overhead jobs. Do not depend upon chairs or other impromptu ladders.

## BOOSTS

"I feel like one of my best next door neighbors has moved away when I haven't received the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Leanna, I think it's the best little magazine in the world for the money. I read every page from cover to cover, not once but over and over again, and I have saved every number."—Mrs. E. M., Toledo, Iowa.

"Some time ago a lady handed me a Kitchen-Klatter and I fell in love with it. I know I read every word of it over several times. She told me the price per year was one-dollar. I am going to pass my Kitchen-Klatter on to my friends and I have an idea you will get more subscriptions from around here."—Mrs. H. S. West, Chester, Iowa.



## Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda C. Wiles

By now, no doubt many of you are in the midst of your preparations for your new baby chicks or perhaps I should say half of you are and the other half have your first brood started. For some reason or other it does not seem to me that people are taking interest in early chicks as they have other years. Does war news over shadow this topic, or is it because the W. F. A. has not issued a definite statement as to its egg price support plan. In some localities the flocks of hens are greatly reduced and feed is high, and these same parties are not going in very strong for new flocks. But if your flock be large or small it certainly pays to give them the best of care, for the lack of proper care for only a few days soon shows its effects. Have the brooder house in A-No. 1 condition before getting your chicks, free from mites, drafts, and any disease germs that might be lurking in the corners. Have plenty of feeders so there is no crowding and so the chicks can easily find them. I put feed on newspapers the first day or two, also on the flats that come in the egg cases, as the little cup like wells hold the feed and the chicks find it quickly. There should be two, three-foot feeders for each one hundred chicks and three waterers. These should be increased as the chickens grow. Use a good commercial starter and at the end of three weeks gradually change to a fine scratch feed along with the mash but keep it in separate feeders.

Do not over crowd. I believe crowding is the cause of many many chick troubles. Close confinement causes cannibalism and feather picking. Keep your chicks busy. Put a chunk of sod in the brooder house or hang a head of cabbage or potatoes on a string where they can pick on them to keep them out of mischief.

By adding two ounces of table salt to each gallon of water for several days helps to overcome this ravenous appetite. I find by adding ground oats to their diet this can be prevented. I use a commercial feed and then add oats that has been ground as fine as the mash.

Last week my little grand-daughter spent the weekend with me. I dressed a hen on Saturday night for our Sunday dinner and for some unknown reason she doesn't miss a single part of the job. When I catch a chicken she hippity-hops along aside of me while I take it to the chopping block and pets it as we walk along and says, "Little hen it won't be long now, and it won't hurt much." She always wants to open the crop and the gizzard, (and I always let her for how else will she learn), and last week she was astonished to see the eggs inside. In this way I am trying to teach her the mysteries of nature reproduction and don't think she can't ask questions!

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayslett

Here is a report on the wheel chair robes that we have been working on the past two months. Twelve pieced robes have been received, all finished ready for use. Some of these have pieced tops and outing flannel backs, tied like a quilt and finished around the edge. Some have both top and back pieced. Either is all right. Some are all new material, some are of old material that has been washed and pressed and that is all right, too.

Crocheted and knitted blocks are also coming in and if you are making some like this I hope you will finish them and send to me soon. My address, in case you have forgotten, is 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif. So far, not enough of any one kind of block has been received to make a complete robe. That is why I hope you will get yours in soon.

Quite a few six inch knitted blocks have been received. I am crocheting an edge of black around each and will sew them together with black. There are two reasons for this. It makes the finished robe prettier and then, sometimes to blocks are not all exactly the same size and I can put a little more around the smaller ones and make them match the rest in size. About a dozen knitted blocks have come that are 10 inches square. I have not done anything with them yet, hoping someone would send more like them. The same with woven blocks. There are about half enough of them to make a robe. They are woven on a 4-inch frame. Can someone make more like them?

A good many crocheted blocks have been received but many of them lack the outer black row and we do not have enough yarn to finish all of them. Maybe you have some yarn or would be willing to buy some. I can buy the yarn here at 35c for a one and one-fourth ounce hank, if you wish to send the money to get some. A number of folks have said they would be willing to help do the knitting if yarn were furnished, but I have not had much to send them. Do look around your sewing box and see if you haven't some odds and ends (any color) that you are not going to use. It need not be full skeins. No amount is too small to be used. Don't send it to me. Ask for the name of someone who will knit it, and send direct to them.

The last time I talked with the committee here, they told me that smaller robes are very acceptable. We started making them 60 x 70 inches but 48 x 70 will do. Either size is all right.

Several have asked what is done with the robes. I turn them over to a committee who take them to a hospital close here where wounded soldiers are constantly being brought from the Pacific battle area. I am not permitted to tell you the hospital, but take my word for it that a great many of them are needed, and help if you can.



## OVER THE FENCE

I am anxiously waiting to hear from my friends who have loved ones who were prisoners of the Japs. Several have already written me their sons or husbands have been released.

Mrs. Raymond Hundley, Kansas City, Missouri, has written over 1,000 letters to families of service men killed in action. Her only son lost his life in New Guinea.

Mrs. C. W. Beymer, Lawton, Iowa, would like to buy a feed sack that is white with small fruit scattered over it and a border of larger fruit. Write her and name your price if you have one.

Wanda and Velma Bruns, Bancroft, Iowa, would like to have some pen pals. They didn't state their ages.

Mrs. Robert Moore, Hopewell, New Jersey, would like to hear from farmers' wives interested in the problems of gardening, chicken raising and so forth.

America Barker, Castalia, Iowa, will exchange something of equal value for eight print blocks, four inches square. Would like to hear from distant states. Write to her first.

If your little girls have any paper dolls they are through playing with, send them to a little shut-in girl, Myranda Benedict, Corning, Mo.

Viola Cochrane, 619 N. Poplar, Creston, Iowa, has been crippled with infantile paralysis for eight years. She is eighteen now. I know she would enjoy receiving some letters.

Congratulations to Aunt Jane Harter, Kidder, Missouri, who was 98 years old on March 1st.

Let's have some reports from the "Name Clubs." What are you doing these days? I haven't heard of a "Florence" club yet.

Golden Weddings celebrated by our friends:

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Jencks, Windom, Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vogel, Churdan, Iowa.

Congratulations from all the Kitchen-Klatter readers.

"Tis praise for your fine programs,  
Your little bits from life.  
The poetry and humor  
Help to clear away the strife".

—Mediapolis, Iowa.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I've saved my lunch hour on this day to write to you, for my evenings these weeks are pretty full—and that could be classified in the department of understatement.

I must tell you first what I have been doing these last few nights. As I may have told you earlier, when Juliana was born I began keeping a different sort of book for her. It is a combination of everything—a sort of journal or diary, a record of her physical development, and a record of the world in which she is growing, as well. It's a big fat book now—over 100 pages, and I decided that the only way it could be kept permanently was to have it bound. So these last few nights I've been busy getting it in shape to go to the binders. The last entry in it is a picture of the Fields that was taken in November, 1943, and on that page I wrote about the way that I remembered them years ago when I was a little child as contrasted with today. It's that kind of a book, you see, just a mixture of everything. Now it has gone to the binders with instructions for the gold printing on the cover that will read: "Juliana's First Two Years", and I feel that I've accomplished quite a bit. When she is four I will have the next one bound, and all in all, I'm sure that she will treasure these books when she is grown.

Well, all three of us girls are together again. It's nice now to wake up in the morning, glance out to see what kind of a day it is, and realize that Dorothy, too, is getting up in a house a few miles away to start her day. She and Kristin arrived a few days ago, and it was really wonderful to see them. You friends know, I guess, that Kristin had a pretty hard first year and was a frail, delicate little thing, but now at twenty-months I'll have to tell you that she looks fatter and healthier than Juliana.

It was a lot of fun to see our little girls together again. When Dorothy first arrived and we were sitting in the living room talking, I told Juliana to take Kristin into her room to see her toys. It gave us both such a thrill of satisfaction when they slid down from their chairs and trotted into the bedroom to play with Juliana's things. However, we are having to get them used to each other slowly for I'm very much afraid that they are both typical only children who haven't had other children to play with often. The more I see of children the more I think that they need companions of their own age as badly as they need orange-juice and cod-liver oil.

Having Dorothy here will put off nursery school for several months. I don't want any of you to think that I intended to leave Juliana at some building early in the morning and not call for her until late afternoon. They have such schools for working mothers who keep long hours in shipyards, aircraft companies, etc., but this particular school doesn't operate in that

way. The child is taken for only a half-hour the first day, then an hour, then an hour-and-a-half, etc., until he is happy and adjusted to the change. One parent is required to spend two or three weeks just making this change. Then for the first several months the child is kept only from eight until twelve, and he doesn't put in a full day (which means until three) until he's much, much older. Each teacher has only four children under her direction, and the entire building is arranged for little children with ramps throughout instead of stairs, specially built furniture, a big enclosed playground, and everything that a youngster could wish for to play with. For an only child in a big city it is by far the best solution to the problem of playmates. And later, when Kristin is older, both of our little girls will go there.

We have daffodils and calla lilies blooming in our garden now, and on Saturday and Sunday it's a pleasure to sit out there for a while and enjoy the sun and the flowers. I don't do much sitting, I must admit, for I think you have some idea of the things that have accumulated for my hands during the week, but at least we have a little time to enjoy ourselves and to enjoy the picture that Juliana makes as she takes her Teddy-bear for a ride in the cart that Grandmother and Grandfather Verness sent her for Christmas. And is there anything sweeter than a little child bending over to smell a flower? I don't think so. Until the next time . . .

—Lucile.

## OTHER MOTHERS WRITE

"Leanna, I believe we mothers underestimate little things in our daily rounds. I hurry so much with the necessary work and I find it easy to say, 'Yes, honey, I'll read that to you after awhile,' or 'I'll cut out a doll dress sometime today,' but after a patient waiting and I'm confronted again, I find it even easier to say, 'But you see I'm getting Daddy's dinner, just lay it on the sewing machine.' I had that happen since Christmas and caught a tired sigh and a disappointed look on my little girls face so I left the dishes, cut out and made a gay yellow dress for the Christmas doll. The proud way she showed it to the older ones as they came from school was reward enough. Her voice has happiness itself, 'Mother made it.'"—Mo.

"So often the mother is gone before the children realize the sacrifice she made and the greatness of her love for them. Don't you think that parents can do much towards awakening this appreciation even at an early age by drawing attention to Dad's or Mother's goodness? I have noticed children who thought Dad was the best ever when to me his faults were glaring. The mother in that case had caused the children to idealize him by always calling attention to 'the nice things Daddy has done for us' or encouraging them to do little things

for Daddy when he comes home so tired from working all day. We have a neighbor lady whose word is never questioned by her grown children simply because Dad always gave Mom credit for being very intelligent. He valued her judgment and it became second nature for the children. I think too often Mothers and Fathers criticize each other and point out their failings before the children."—Nebr.

"It is really a privilege these days to have a home to work in and loved ones to cook nourishing and appetizing meals for, when so many homes and families are broken up. After all, home and all it stands for, is the chief reason why our boys are now enduring the many hardships and separations that they are. It is to preserve our rights to have these homes, and so we should regard the art of homemaking and housekeeping and child rearing a privilege acquired at a great sacrifice. Every time we wash a dish or sweep a floor or care for a child we should lift our hearts in a prayer of thanks. It is not easy for us all to be good housekeepers, some are not gifted in the quick, easy competent ways of others; some have too many duties such as a large family and perhaps not enough money to go around. Time is so short, before we know it, the families are grown up. Even then, we must still try to keep our homes pleasant, comfortable places to return to. God Bless Our Homes."—Minn.

"I want to give my opinion on the subject of training our girls to be good homemakers. I feel that too few girls are being properly trained in the art of homemaking. I am using this method with my six year old daughter and hope to continue and find this way of training o'kay. I think we mothers should take more time to teach girls tasks, only one new one a week, but explain to them all the details and why it's done in such a way and the safe way to do that task, so as to avoid accidents. Then that one job will remain with them through life and be correctly done. I teach my girl how to make simple good dishes, such as cocoa, custards, and gelatine desserts under my supervision. Proper way to dust, use the vacuum sweeper, arrange flowers, set the table properly, make her bed. I believe too often mothers ask their girls to wash dishes all the time and that's all they see in housekeeping. This, I think, makes them hate housework where it could be beautiful as well as necessary. I am trying to teach my daughter to be a nice hostess by experience. I have her to go to the door to greet friends and entertain them for a few minutes. Please understand, I am not making a drudge of my girl, her tasks are not regular, just learning how to do them. She plays 99% of the time."—Ia.

"I have enjoyed your Kitchen-Klatter so much. I read it from page to page. Even my husband finds interest in it."—Mrs. A. Q., Confrey, Minnesota.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THUMPER

By Maxine Sickels

#### CHAPTER THREE

Thumper hopped along chuckling to himself over the real friendliness of little Mrs. Meadow Mouse. His heart was warm and so the snow and cold did not bother him much. He did not seem lost even in this strange white world for he had a friend.

He went hoppity, hoppity hop until he came to a bank. Carefully he peeked over the edge, tipping his tall pink ears forward to hear the better. He could see nothing. He could hear nothing. So he skittered down the bank into the road and went hopping along. He came to some bushes and to some wide boards across the snowy roads. Up in the tallest of the tall bushes sat a bright red cardinal. Thumper thought him quite the prettiest bird he had ever seen.

"Where! Where! Where! whistled Mr. Cardinal cocking his head and looking down at Thumper with a bright eye. "Where—what are you talking about?" asked Thumper. "I'm talking about where are you going. I never saw you this far from home before," answered the saucy little red bird.

Thumper sat quietly but his heart beat pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. Maybe, at last, he was going to find out how to go home. He remembered Mr. Cardinal for he had seen him many times eating seeds on the bird feeder near his pen. "I am going home as soon as you tell me which way to go," said Thumper with a friendly little rabbit grin. Mr. Cardinal flipped his tail and gave a surprised whistle. "Are you lost?" he asked. Thumper wrinkled his nose. "Yes, I am. I ran away to play with Gray Bunny and now I can't find the way home." "Run right up the road that way," said Mr. Cardinals giving his top knot a jerk to the left. "And hurry. About two minutes ago I saw a little boy standing at the gate looking this way and that way. He must have been looking for you."

"So I ran and here I am," said Thumper as he snuggled into my arms waiting to be put back in his pen.

Next time I'll tell you about Mrs. Thumper who was our Easter Rabbit.

### TONGUE TWISTERS

Nine noble nymphs nibbling nutty nubbins.

Ten tiny tree toads trailing tadpoles.

Seven silly Severn Sailors sailing sloops in sloppy seas.

Three threepenny thrushes thrashing thrashers.

### ANIMAL FRIENDS

1. What ox is free to everyone, yet cannot be seen? Oxygen.

2. What sheep is apt to blush? Sheepish.

3. What dog blooms in the spring? Dogwood.

4. What sheep is a pitcher? Ewer.

5. What horse grows underground? Horseradish.

6. What rat always agrees? Ratify.

7. What boar does not live at home? Boarder.

8. What pup is often made by children? Puppet.

9. What ram was a ruler? Rameses.

10. What hen is a dye? Henna.

11. What bull is used as a gun? Bullet.

12. What pig is a race of small folks? Pigmy.

13. What lamb is an ornamental covering? Lambrequin.

14. What cat grows in the woods? Cat kin.

15. What cock is a pest? Cock roach.

16. What goose grows on a bush? Gooseberry.

### A BUTTERFLY STRING HOLDER

You can make one of these for Mother. Cut a strip of cardboard about four inches wide and six inches long. At each end of this piece of cardboard sew a piece cut the shape of a butterfly wing. Get out your colored crayons and add some gay stripes and dots to the cardboard butterfly. Then wind string on it.

### DON'T BE A GOOSE

"Geese is a low heavy set bird which is most meat and feathers. His head sits on one end and he sits on the other. Geese can't sing much on account of the dampness of the moisture. He ain't got no between-his-toes and he's got a balloon in his stomach to keep him from sinking. Some geese when they get big has curls on their tails and is called ganders. Ganders don't haff to sit and hatch but just eat and loaf and go swimming. If I was a goose I'd rather be a gander."

—Sent by Gordon Lee Haefner, Arthur, Iowa.

### TRY THIS

Place an unopened tin can, about five inches tall, on the floor. About two feet from the can place a button. Have the player stand on one foot on the can and with his other foot raised from the floor, pick up the button.



Barbara Jean Potts, Santa Monica, California, and her Easter Bunnies.

### A LETTER GAME

Fill blanks with r-t-a-e:

1. C----r. A vent in a volcano.

2. S----k. A stripe.

3. R----d. To keep back.

4. B----y. To be treacherous.

5. H----h. The fireside.

6. B----e. To scold.

7. G----r. Article of clothing.

8. B----h. A very slight breeze.

### A RIDDLE

It's not a ship, it's not a boat;  
And yet you often see it float!  
Upon it none of us may ride,  
Since there is nothing much inside.  
Just whence it comes or where it goes,  
I doubt if anybody knows;  
Yet you may watch one any day  
Just floating gently on its way.

Answer—A cloud.

### POP CORN BALLS

For a large dishpan of popped corn:

3 cups sugar

1 cup corn syrup

1 inch cubed paraffin wax

3/4 cup boiling water

Pinch of cream of tartar

Butter size of walnut

1 teaspoon flavoring

Boil together until it will form a hard ball in cold water. Pour over popped corn and form into balls.

Note: You may add peanuts or nuts. You can color it with food coloring.



EACH RABBIT HAS TWO EARS  
YET YOU CAN'T FIND MORE  
THAN THREE EARS  
IN THE PICTURE  
CAN YOU?



## AN APRIL FOOL PARTY

The French say "April Fish" instead of "April Fool," the inference being that they are easily caught.

Let the guests find the front door locked and have to go around to the back door. Provide each guest with a dunce cap which must be worn during the evening.

You will be able to think of all kinds of April fool tricks. The more of these you have, the more hilarious the party.

When it is time to serve refreshments, pass a plate upon which are slips of paper with numbers from one to nine. Each guest chooses three. The numbers stand for the following items: 1. glass of water, 2. empty glass, 3. toothpick, 4. sandwich, 5. cake, 6. candy, 7. coffee, 8. potato, 9. pickle. After a little fun over what each one drew, fill out the plates so that each has a sandwich, pickle, cake, ice cream, and coffee.

## A GREEN CONTEST

1. A large European city and green? Paris Green.
2. Green and a dairy product? Green cheese.
3. Green and a part of your body? Greenback.
4. Green and a musical instrument? Green horn.
5. Green and a dwelling? Greenhouse.
6. Meaning always and green? Evergreen.
7. Green and a surface of the globe? Greenland.
8. A delicious apple? Greening.
9. A green used in battle? Grenade.
10. A green included in the name of a famous poet? John Greenleaf Whittier.

## A SAILOR'S CRUISE

Fill in blanks with words that rhyme:  
A sailor took a trip one day  
Departing from the —;  
And for this necessary trip  
He took the latest type of —.  
"This ship," he said, "Is very neat,  
And we are promised lots to —;  
We saw a native down in Cuba  
Playing on a shining —.  
There were no ice skates to be had  
When we arrived at —,  
In bathing he took many plunges,  
To capture floating bits of —.  
Alas! rough weather made him ill  
As they went sailing by —.  
He felt he could not live 'til morn  
Although he hoped to reach  
Cape —;  
Oh, yes, it was a happy day  
When he sailed back to the —.  
1. USA; 2. ship; 3. eat; 4. tuba; 5. Trinidad; 6. sponges; 7. Brazil; 8. Horn; 9. USA.

"I do not know just when my time runs out, so will send my dollar now. I do not want to miss a single copy. I get so much comfort out of it. I think it just about covers everything that we homemakers like to read."—Mrs. E. H. B., Blue Rapids, Kansas.

## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. 5¢ per word. \$1.00 minimum. Payable in advance. When counting words include names and address. Rejection rights reserved.

**I WILL EXCHANGE** a novelty set of shakers (cup cake or elephant) for a .25 cent war stamp and 10¢ postage. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State, Barberton, Ohio.

**ODOR SACHETS**, violet or tuberose in cellophane bag, 15¢ and 3¢ stamp. Silk basket sachets, 20¢ and 3¢ stamp. Negro Mammy dolls, \$1.50. Negro Mammy doorstop to be placed over quart milk bottle, \$1.25. Rabbit match scratcher, 35¢. Memo pads, 25¢. Mrs. Chas. Heller, Box 21, East DuBuque, Illinois.

**LIVELY CHENILLE ORCHID CORSAGES** for coats. Leading colors. Ideal gifts, \$1.00 each. Two or more, 90¢ each. Freda Poverlin, 1700 East Court, Beatrice, Nebraska.

**CROCHETED DOILIES**, ecru, white, or variegated, 8 to 12 inches, \$1.00; 18 to 20 inches, \$2.50. Mrs. A. Johnson, Cushing, Nebraska.

**THREE PIECE BUFFET SET**, \$1.25. Rick rack lace variegated pillow sheet set, \$2.00. His, hers pot holders, \$1.00. Mrs. Geo. Brotherson, Box 266, Wall Lake, Ia.

**LADIES' ALL WOOL SUIT**, size 16, soft yellow, lovely material and workmanship, zipper placket, 6 gore skirt, prewar quality, almost new, \$12.50. 14 wool and velvet quilt blocks, 15 by 15, and enough material to finish quilt, "Rocky Road to California" design, bright colors, \$4.50. Rose glass aladdin lamp which has been converted into an electric lamp, maybe used either way, like new, no shade, buy your own, \$5.50. Mrs. Helen Hardtke, Winnebago, Minnesota.

**FOR SALE.** African Violets, White Lady, \$1.00; Pink Beauty, 75¢; Blue Girl, 75¢; Trilby, 75¢; add 30¢ for postage and packing for one plant; for more than one, add 25¢ (not 25¢). Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Crocheted book marks in form of crosses or panel with ribbon inserted, 25¢, pastel shades. Send stamp and envelope. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Ia.

**HANGING POCKET APRON**, entirely new tie apron idea. One yard material. Fine for gifts or church bazaar sales. Send for pattern to Terrill's, 100 B Avenue Northwest, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Enclose 10¢ coin and 3¢ stamp.

**NOVELTY DOLLS**, made of yarn, bottles, acorns. Items, 25¢. Miss June Winslow, Route 4, Bethany, Missouri.

**SELECT COLORED POST CARDS** of Petrified Forest, Desert Scenes, Water Falls, Utah Scenery, Black Hills, Mountain Views. Fifteen for 25¢, postpaid. Helen Eaton, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**HOME MADE** Clever Print Holders, patchwork aprons, crocheted articles. For information write, Mrs. Nellie McChesney, 1924 Clay Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

**CROCHETED DOLL DRESS DISHCLOTHES**, fine for gifts. Fifty cents each. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, 1239 William Street, Baltimore 30, Maryland.

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

**YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS** on 500 gummed labels. Use on stationary and envelopes. Nice for gifts. Price 25¢. Gertrude Hayzlett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

## "SENTINEL"

### GUARDS YOUR FOOD

Prevents odors and tastes of one food penetrating another by keeping a "Sentinel" in your refrigerator. Yes, cantaloupes, fish, onions, butter, milk and other foods may be kept in the refrigerator safely if you place a "Sentinel" on the top wire shelf. It absorbs odors. Price \$1.00 Postpaid.

Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER COOK BOOKS

Any for \$1.00

- Vol 1.—Cookies and Candies.  
Vol. 2.—Salads and Sandwiches.  
Vol. 3.—Vegetables.  
Vol. 4.—Cakes, Pies, Frozen Desserts and puddings.  
Vol. 5.—Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals and Meat Cookery  
Vol. 6.—Pickles and Relishes of all kinds, Jellies and Jams.  
Vol 7.—Household Helps Book.

With an order for six of the books for \$1.00, I will send you, free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures. Price 25¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 6 books. Postpaid.

Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa

## POEMS FROM MY SCRAP BOOK

A book of my favorite poems including many I have read over the air. This book has in it comforting war poems, and makes a nice gift for a war mother or wife. With an order for three of the books for \$1.00, I will send you, free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures. Price 35¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 3 books. Postpaid.

Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa

## THE SUGAR SHORTAGE

Manufacturers say the lack of sugar is due to shortage of shipping tonnage. Most of our raw sugar comes from Cuba and the West Indies and has to be carried by ship to the United States. It is expected, with the fall of Germany, enough ships will be released that we can have more sugar in our sugar bowls. Here's hoping so. We may not need it but we do like it.



Miss Josie Pfannebecker  
Rt 1 Bx 136  
Sigourney Iowa

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## OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

### EXCHANGE

Will exchange old Time Tables. Will send them their hobbies or will buy old time tables around the early 1900 to 1925 or later if they are attractive. I do so want a time table of the old Colorado Midland Railroad.—Mrs. W. E. Bowen, Mack, Colorado.

Will exchange miniature pitchers.—Mrs. Chas. McMurphy, Roseville, Ill.

Novelty Shakers. No glass ones, please. Also wants antique flower vases.—Lillie Lowrie, 328 Martin, Longmont, Colorado.

Will exchange shakers.—Mrs. Herman Dohe, Firth, Nebraska.

Will exchange handkerchiefs and pictures of radio entertainers.—Miss Arlene Endicott, P. O. Box 347, Ridge-way, Missouri.

Will exchange pot holders and crocheted dollies.—Mrs. Wesley Edwards, Route 1, Hutchinson, Kansas.

Will exchange tea towels, shakers, and hankies.—Mrs. George Witerfski, Box 65, Wilber, Nebraska.

Will exchange shakers.—Mrs. Geo. Wessendorf, Storm Lake, Iowa.

Will exchange jig-saws and handkerchiefs.—Miss Lillian Pleyer, Star Route, Salisburk, Missouri.

Will exchange something of same value for cut glass, buttons, and mustache cups.—Mrs. C. R. Wilson, 904-2nd Avenue, South West, Pipe-stone, Minnesota.

Will exchange shakers. Write first.—Mrs. LeRoy E. Harrison, Macks-burg, Iowa.

Collector of small lamps. Have one 45 years old. Have an extra of copper and I will trade pineapple chair back sets for small lamps.—Mrs. M. C. Guenther, 3226 N. Kenmore Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois.

Collector of miniature figures, all sorts of air planes, and view cards.—Bernard Gray, 1113 Mound, Atchison, Kansas.

Will exchange patterns. I collect needlework, lawn ornaments, stuffed toys, wooden toys, and so forth.—Mrs. Earl R. Mildenberger, Route 3, Wells, Minnesota.

Would like postmarks.—Mrs. Cecil Foster, Dearborn, Missouri.

Will exchange shakers.—Mrs. John C. Johnson, c/o Yuma General Hospital, Yuma, Arizona.

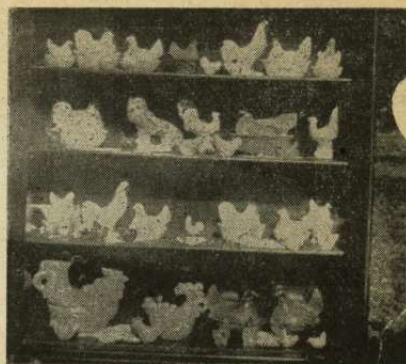
Will exchange shakers.—Mrs. Velma Hutton, 1901 Central Park, Topeka, Kansas.

Will exchange old or odd buttons, crocheted pot holders, and shakers.—Mrs. Clara Fiala, Route 4, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

My hobby is collecting playing cards, the extra joker or the card which has the scores on it, and I will supply postage if the friends will send me their cards.—Donna McCoy, 517 Perry Street, Beatrice, Nebraska.

Will exchange postmarks. Two by four inches.—Elizabeth Arleen Goe-man, Route 2, Cook, Nebraska.

Will exchange miniature pitchers.—Mrs. C. A. Russell, Weston, Iowa. c/o Underwood, Route 1.



Hobby Collection of Mrs. Otto Gem-mingen, Hampton, Iowa.

### HOBBIES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

By Mrs. Elv Espe

Collecting books by Mark Twain was the first hobby of Winston Churchill, later he became interested in inscribed books by contemporary authors. Another hobby he enjoys is painting. In addition he has an interesting collection of stove pipe hats and canes. However, it is said that he carries a cane, not so much to support his heavy body as to prod anyone who does not move along fast enough.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of a former president of the United States, is said to possess one of America's most noted collections of gorgeous feather fans.

Collecting miniatures of yesterday's beauties is the hobby of Ginny Simms of the radio and films. The dressing table in her bedroom has a large round unframed mirror. All around the edge of the mirror framelike, Miss Simms has hung small miniatures of old fashioned beauties, painted in the style of the English portrait artists of the 18th and 19th centuries.

The hobby of William Powell, screen star, is the collecting of the dullest books procurable, consequently the chronic book borrower never raids his cases.

General Charles DeGaulle, leader of the Free French has one of the worlds greatest collections of military buttons and insignias.

Bette Davis, well known film star decorates her mantel with a valuable collection of Toby mugs. Anne Shirley keeps rare copper pieces above hers, and Michele Morgan uses the space above one of her fire-places for Chinese pottery horses. Fibber McGee is a collector of coins.

Kate Smith of radio fame collects antiques as a hobby, as does George Raft, screen star. In his home are found many American as well as English antiques. A picture of the interior of the Raft home shows Mr. Raft dining by old-fashioned candle light.

Francis Perkins, Secretary of Labor, is often pictured with her collection of sea shells, which is said to be quite an outstanding one.

Collecting old shoes is Henry Ford's hobby. It is said, he has a sample of every type of shoe ever made in the United States.

(Continued in May Issue)



## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### SPRING HAT SALE

For a little fun at a spring Aid or club meeting have each person bring a spring hat in a box or bag. It should be made of old odds and ends and be ridiculous. These can be sold, "unsight and unseen" for ten or twenty-five cents, the money being put in the treasury. The party buying the hat should wear it for the remainder of the afternoon.

### TEA TOWELS

Has your Aid ever made tea towels to sell? There is a nice profit in them and the demand for pretty embroidered towels will surprise you. So many housewives do not have the time to make pretty tea towels and every one enjoys using them.

Ask your members to save flour sacks, wash and press them. If they do not have enough to fill your orders you can buy the material and still make a little money on each one you sell. There is no end to the clever patterns you can use, kittens, dogs, flowers, and vegetables. The finished towels sell readily for twenty-five or thirty cents. The work can be done at your afternoon meetings or, if desired, members may each take a few towels home and embroider them in their spare time. Try this idea in your society.

A big silver dollar and a little brown cent,

Rolling along together went,  
Rolling along the smooth sidewalk.  
When the dollar remarked, for  
dollars can talk,

"You poor little mite,

I am bigger and more than twice  
as bright,

I'm worth more than you, a hundred  
fold;

And written on me in letters bold  
Is the motto drawn from the pious  
creed:

'In God We Trust', which all may  
read.

"Yes, I know", said the cent,

"I'm a cheap little mite, and I  
know

I'm not big, nor good, nor bright,  
And yet" "said the cent, with a  
meek little sigh,

"You don't go to church as often  
as I."

—Anon.