

TX1
K57x
C1

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

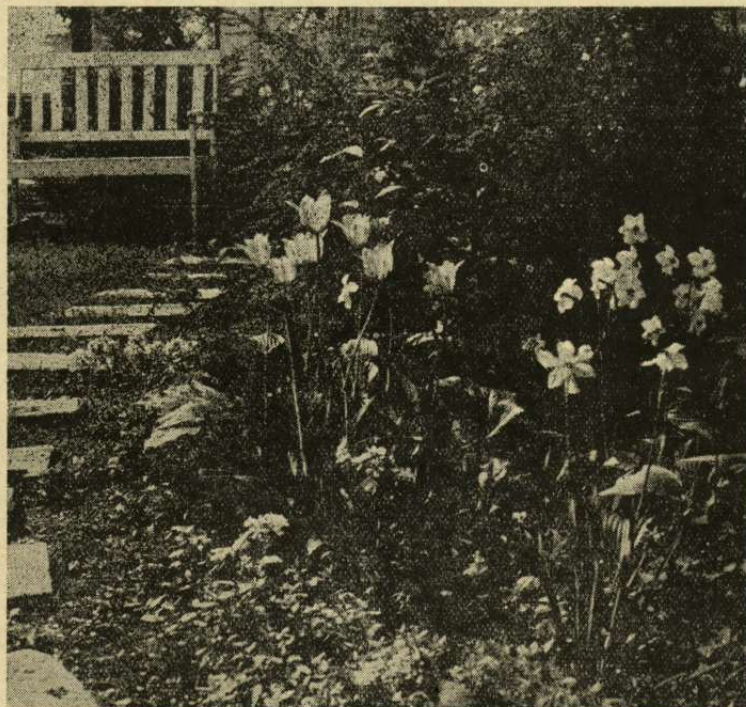
Price 10 cents



Vol. 10

MAY, 1945

Number 5



A GARDEN IN MAY

—Photo by Stitzel



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor
M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.
Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in U. S. A.

Foreign Countries, \$1.50 per year.
Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Friends,

It is raining tonight, a soft gentle rain that reminds me of the song Margery sings. "It isn't raining rain to me, it's raining violets." Yes, violets, blue bells, tulips, and many other early blossoms. The first flowers to bloom in my yard are the "Sky Blue Iris." I have borders of them around my perennial gardens and they look like blue ribbons spread out in the sun to dry. From now until frost next fall, I hope to have flowers to enjoy from my office window.

When Don was home on furlough, he took down the Martin house and cleaned out the old nests and right on schedule, April 10th, I heard a commotion, and looking out of the window, I saw several pairs of Martins chasing the sparrows away. It was a battle royal for several days. Finally, a compromise was made and half of the forty-eight room house is occupied by sparrows and the other half by Martins.

Enjoy your gardens. If you are troubled and sad, you can find peace and happiness there. God speaks a message of hope and gladness to us in every blossom and every bird song. Jesus Himself, went to the garden when He needed to pray for courage to face the future. We can find courage there, too.

Since I wrote you last, John Field, Frank's youngest son, has returned from his many combat missions in the Pacific. I imagine he will be stationed in this country for awhile, at least. I read somewhere, that all boys who have not been over seas will be sent now, to replace many who have seen three years or more of service over there.

We are expecting our son, Wayne, home some time this summer. He has put in over three years of foreign service. His sisters in California are hoping he will land on the west coast so they can see him. It would be nice if he could but as our boys often say, "This is the Army. Uncle Sam is our boss."

We are all so glad that Edith Hansen has heard from her son, Don, who was with the 5th Marines on Iwo Jima. He was wounded and is in a hospital on the Marianas. At the time I am writing this, the nature of his injury is not known. I know those of you who listen to Edith on her nine o'clock program over KMA, have marveled at her courage and poise, through all these days of waiting for

news. It has not been easy for her, we know, and her brave spirit has helped hundreds of other mothers who are experiencing the same anxieties. Someone sent me a poem expressing the thought that we mothers must be as brave as our sons. It isn't always easy.

Sometime during the month of May, our son Frederick, will be ordained as a minister. His father and I regret that we will not be able to attend the services which will be in the church in New Haven, Connecticut. The only way I could possibly make the trip would be by automobile and that is out of the question during war time. He hopes to enter the Navy as a Chaplain and may not get to come home very soon.

My sister, Helen Fischer, is going to have two of her daughters home this summer. Louise Alexander and her two children, Jean and Carter will come from California. Mary Chapin and little son from New York City. Helen's oldest daughter, Gretchen, lives near Iowa City, Iowa where her husband teaches in the State University. They have two boys, Fritz and Karl.

Our three daughters in California are well. The "little girls" as we call Juliana and Kristin, are regular little pals now and cry when they have to be separated. The girls dress them alike when they take them out together and they look almost like twins.

I think when the war is over they will all come back to Iowa to live. I hope so. Well, this is all I have room to write this time. I do enjoy hearing from all of you. We are just one big, big family and must keep in touch with each other through letters.

Sincerely,

Leanna.

AM I WORTH DYING FOR?

Dear Lord, lest I continue

My complacent way,

Help me to remember

Somewhere out there

A man died for me today.

As long as there be war

I then must

Ask and answer

"Am I worth dying for?"

—Howell M. Forgy.

JUST VISITING

Poppy Day is May 26th, for the veterans of the two World Wars. Crepe paper poppies are made by disabled veterans of two great wars, working in government hospitals. The money goes to help these men and their families. We can never pay the debt we owe them but we can show our gratitude by buying a poppy on "Poppy Day." The American Legion Auxiliary will have these poppies for sale. Be sure and buy one.

If you are not already saving tin cans—start today! Your country needs these tin cans to win the war. After removing the food, rinse the cans, remove the labels, bend in both ends and flatten. Keep tin cans protected against rust until they are collected.

Here is a good joke. A mother asked her young daughter to fill the salt shaker and bring it in from the kitchen. After fifteen minutes the mother called, "My goodness, Nellie, are you still working on that salt shaker?" Nellie called back, "Yes, mother, I guess I'm pretty slow but it takes such a long time to get salt through these little holes."

Those who make a study of the mind tell us that 85% of our sicknesses are mental or spiritual in origin and that only 15% are physical. If this be true, we must be careful of our thinking. Each morning we must drop the fears that would crowd all the beauty out of our day and fill it with faith and confidence and the knowledge of the greatness of God.

Elsie Robinson had such a good article in the Omaha World-Herald. She said that, barring the acts of God, we, ourselves are responsible for the things that happen in our lives. If your husband is rude to you, your children "sass" you, your neighbors impose on you, the merchant cheats you, blame yourself first. Get busy and make it impossible for them to do such things to you, instead of spending time complaining about it. I have thought about this a great deal and believe she is right.

Mothers of little children will find traveling in the future, not quite such a nightmare, for at least one coast to coast line has promised to have a playroom for children complete with slides, blackboards, and games for children of different ages. When I took six of our children to California back in 1924, a room of that kind would have been wonderful for the other passengers and for me.

Don't be suspicious! Why always think the worst instead of the best? Some people seem to be made that way. You have met people like that, I'm sure, and not one of us wants them for friends because they are always saying such unpleasant things even about their own relatives. Perhaps they are more to be pitied than censured.

Come into the Garden

FOR MAY BASKETS AND MAY BEAUTY

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Much depends on the season, whether it is early or whether it is late, as to just which flowers there will be for the month of May. However, if we have a selected planting of wildings, we may be very sure of plenty of blossoms for the May Baskets and for beauty in the garden throughout the month.

Hepaticas and Pasque Flowers wrapped snugly in furry coats will have finished blooming and so will Dogtooth-Violets, Bloodroots and probably Spring Beauties. But unless the season is very advanced there should be Bluebells (both the *Mertensia* and *Polemonium*), Timber Phlox, Ferns and all kinds of Violets in red, white and blue, enough for every child's basket. It is well to keep the violet varieties separated, each group to itself, for they self-sow very freely and soon the more aggressive will choke out the weaker ones. There is a white form of the *Mertensia* Bluebell known as Snowbell that is very lovely and also a white Timber Phlox. Dutchman's Breeches and Shooting Star (*Dodecatheon*) are both very lovely and dainty.

Solomon's Seal does not have flowers of any great value but its distinctive foliage may be used to an advantage in bouquets. It will grow in either sun or shade. The native scarlet and gold Columbines and the blue and white Rocky Mountain Columbine are very lovely. The humming birds are particularly fond of the former probably because of the scarlet color for according to the poet it "loves any color at all so long as it's red."

Blue-eyed Marys are dwarf annuals—a patch of them in bloom in May is a refreshing sight. Plant the seeds in August (in a semi-shady spot if possible) where the plants are to bloom. They self-sow very nicely. The dwarf plants are covered with small blue and white flowers in May from the August-sown seeds.

May Apples first raise umbrella-like leaves. In late May one finds the white blossoms under the green parascals. The little "apples" develop from them later.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit is a very odd character but a sociable fellow "preaching today out in the green-wood far away." If it has a fairly moist, shady spot it will grow much larger than in a sunnier, drier location. Each plant grows from an odd tuber and usually has two three-parted leaves and a single calla-like blossom in interesting green and brown to purplish tones. The Green Dragon has an even more interesting leaf arrangement, ten to eleven leaflets spreading in a semi-circle, and an even odder "blossom," the spadix protruding considerably beyond the en-



Ina Beth Tiemann and her cousin, Jimmie Bill Rolf, filling their May baskets.

veloping spathe. Both have brilliant red seed clusters later in the summer. Spiderworts bloom along the roadside. One invariably finds them in low, wet places but they grow almost too freely in our gardens minus the moisture. They are colorful during the morning hours, (the petals simply melt when the sun gets hot.) There are white, blue-purple and rose-pink colors. They grow from a foot to two feet or more tall. There is a taller form that does not send out the vexatious root stolons and is very pretty for that splash of blue we like in our gardens.

Penstemons are lovely and there are various kinds and colors. An early dwarf with narrow gray-green leaves is a delightful shade of blue. The white *P. digitalis* is lovely. Perhaps the loveliest of all are the grandiflorus types which bloom toward the end of May. The large flowers are lavender or pure white with glaucous leaves. Penstemons grow readily from seed if they are planted in late November or early December. The seedlings will appear very early in the spring and will bloom the second year.

WHAT FLOWERS DOES YOUR BOY LIKE?

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

In our gardens this year let us keep our boys in service in our constant thought by planting those flowers they love the best and will enjoy seeing in bloom when they are home on leave. Every boy has at one time or another expressed admiration for certain special flowers in the home garden. It will give us pleasure also to tend these favorites and somewhat ease that tense feeling that we all have while they are absent from home.

Among the many flowers growing here in our garden at home, our son loved to see blooming most of all, the Balsams; the choice fringed and double Petunias; and the Sweet William; and if I had neglected to plant them would ask why. What does your son or brother like best? Why not make an effort this year to have his

choices if possible?

The Balsam is one of the easiest culture of any annual grown. Very inexpensive, they give blooms often surpassing many more expensive flowers. The seeds are easily handled—even a child may plant the little round pill-like seeds. They should be planted nearly a foot apart if they are to develop to their full beauty. Or they may be planted closely in a row and then easily transplanted. Some of the varieties, which are of many colors look like small roses, and can be used as button hole bouquets in place of the more expensive rose or as a corsage. I saw some last year as a hedge around a filling station and the general effect was beautiful. They may be planted right in the open ground, but for earlier bloom should be started in boxes inside or in a hot bed. They have a long season of bloom and can be used to good effect in many ways; even blooming on the north side of the house in full shade. They germinate in eight days.

Petunias, especially choice ones, need extra care. They should be planted in flats of fine soil in the house, early. An old washbasin is fine for this; it must have plenty of drainage. The seeds, very fine, need not be covered—merely sown thinly on the top of the soil, it first having been mixed with fine sand. Water from below. Cover with a paper or cloth and set in a warm dark place until germination sets in—ten days. Let them get strong before transplanting and then into an old dish pan, finally setting them in the sheltered border or window box in semi-shade. They are as easily grown as the ordinary petunia and may have a second season of bloom if cut back late in the fall, transplanted into medium sized pots and allowed a shady spot to recover their transplant-shock. Then bring them in; carry them over in a cool sunny window, water well and in late winter they will bud again.

The Sweet William is a biennial. To have good and lasting success, seeds of it should be planted each fall or spring for they do not bloom the first year, only make a green rosette of leaves. Even these are decorative. Often the plants survive several years, or perhaps may self sow. This old-fashioned garden flower is loved by both young and old. It is lovely in combination with white Feverfew. The seeds may be sown in open ground and the plants are easily transplanted. Germination is five days. They come in a variety of colors and though low-growing present a striking note in a border.

Each of us may remember some flower our boys loved to see when at home.

MOTHER LOVE

The love of a mother is never exhausted, it never changes, it never tires. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters become enemies, husbands may desert their wives, loves their husbands, but a mother's love endureth through all.—Washington Irving.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Frederick was christened on June 10, 1917, at the Congregational church in Shenandoah. Reverend Ferris who performed the ceremony was an old school friend of Grandfather Field's years ago in Illinois. Howard, Dorothy and I were all present for it was Children's Day, and Dorothy, who was just slightly past three, made her first public performance by singing a solo on the program. I was very proud of her.

Frederick wore a fancy white dress that day, of course, but had he been christened a short time later it would have been too late for such a dress because he was out of all his first baby clothes by the time he was four months old and into the clothes that Dorothy wore when she was a year old. Even these were outgrown shortly afterwards and then Aunt Martha came to the rescue with rompers that had belonged to her Dwight. In other words, Frederick was a very big baby and so much all boy that he didn't really appear to good advantage until he got into rompers and suits.

I don't think that Frederick was more than six or eight months old when we began calling him "Teddy." I don't know how this started since "Teddy" is a nickname for Theodore and not for Frederick. The "Teddy" lasted for years—it was always "Teddy and Wayne" through the years that they were going to grade school. It must have been when he started to high school that the "Teddy" became Ted, although I can remember that sometimes members of the family slipped and called him "Teddy" after that, much to his annoyance. But for years now it has been Ted, the name that you friends associate with him today. Yet in one way we're back where we started in 1917, for frequently members of the family now refer to him as Frederick.

There were family events of consequence in 1917. Far away in California there was a double-wedding at Grandmother and Grandfather Field's home in Redlands when Aunt Jessie Field was married to Uncle Ira Shambaugh, and Uncle Sol Field was married to Aunt Louise Oakey. The service was read in the garden, and it must have been a beautiful wedding, indeed, to judge by the photographs that were taken that morning. Aunt Sue's little daughters, Frances and Mary, and Uncle Sol's little daughter, Jean, were flower girls; in the pictures they look charming, dressed in white and carrying small baskets of orange blossoms. Grandfather Field wore a white carnation in the lapel of his coat, and looked well and erect in spite of his eighty-odd years.

Immediately after the ceremony Aunt Jessie and Uncle Ira went to San Francisco where they took a boat for Hawaii. They spent their honeymoon in Honolulu and then returned to Clarinda where their new home was almost completed. I be-



Grandpa Field and Frederick when he was about a year old.

lieve that they were just moving into it when we left our house on Summit Avenue in Shenandoah and went to Clarinda to live in the early autumn of 1917.

Our move was occasioned by the fact that Dad had decided during the summer of 1917 to leave the Bell Telephone Company and go into business for himself. He felt that the tire business was going to become important because more and more people were buying cars, and it seemed like the right time to break away from working for a big corporation and going on his own. This must have been a momentous decision for him to make when you consider the fact that we were a family of six by this time and he was giving up a certain monthly salary for the uncertainties of a new business. But Mother supported his decision and together they decided to make the break.

I realize now how much was involved in this decision, but at that time Howard and I were only concerned with the dangerous hazards of going to a new school in a new town! What were teachers like in Clarinda? Were the second-graders there like the second-graders in Shenandoah? Would we ever get acquainted with them? Those were the problems that concerned us. And I still recall with what a sinking heart we saw the big truck come and take away our familiar things, and how lost we felt when we walked through the empty rooms just before we too went away.

Our first house in Clarinda was on the corner of 18th Street and Garfield. It had four rooms downstairs and two rooms and a bath upstairs. The thing that interested us about this house was the fact that you could go up four steps out of the living room, cross a little landing, and then go down four steps into the back hall. Or you could go up these four steps from either side and then turn and go on upstairs. This variety for going upstairs interested us, and the first few weeks that we lived there we spent much time just trying the two different ways!

Fortunately nobody was sick that winter. The only two events that

happened out of the ordinary were slight accidents that over-took Dorothy. One day she fell against the heater in the bathroom and burned the word "Perfection" right across her forehead. For a long time she went around with this brand—you could read it plainly. Then shortly after this she did something that was really unique—she vaccinated herself! Howard and I had both had our smallpox inoculations that winter, and since Dorothy and I shared the same bed we could only conclude that sometime during the night the bandage came off of my arm when she moved against me. At any rate, one day Mother noticed an ugly-looking infection right between her eyes, and when it didn't improve she was taken to the doctor. He glanced at it and said at once, "Well, the child has a perfect vaccination." And sure enough, that's what it was. No one would choose such a site for a vaccination, to be sure, but as the years have passed it has faded considerably and now it is scarcely noticeable.

That was the winter of oatmeal without sugar and clean-up-your-plate-or-Mr. Hoover-will-get-you. Our country was at war and we were singing "Keep The Home-Fires Burning" and trying not to waste anything. Every night Dad brought home the Chicago Tribune and read the war news before supper. He and Mother bought Liberty Bonds, and Howard and Dorothy and I bought Liberty Stamps. We each had our own book and felt very proud when we went to the postoffice and had new stamps pasted in. This was something connected with the war that we could understand.

(Continued in June)

PATIENCE

Often I watched my mother sew—
Patching and darning endless piles
of socks,
Letting down hems, that grow as
children grow,
On handmade petticoats and ging-
ham frocks;
Or heard my mother's voice stay soft
and light,
Dealing with anger, fretfulness, or
bruises;
As kind and quick to minister at
night,
When surely sleep was very dear to
lose,
Rich with the regal carelessness of
youth,
I took this tireless service grace-
lessly,
Not much amazed at the unhappy
truth
That no such sweet endurance dwelt
in me,
Now, by the cradled child I bend
above,
I know that patience is the gift of
love.

—Virginia Braiser.

No one who is deeply interested in many things can be unhappy. The pessimist is one who has lost interest.—William Lyon Phelps.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "I wonder if you had this problem with any of your children, Leanna. My little eight-year-old girl is taking piano lessons, and although the teacher says that she has talent and she can play things after she's been over them just a few times, she refuses to practice. If I sit beside her she'll make an effort, but even then she hates to figure out the music and will hit wrong notes and go right ahead. What do you think I should do to help her?"—Nebraska.

ANS: All seven of our children took piano lessons at one time or another, so I feel that perhaps my experience might help on this problem. I believe that a child with genuine talent will practice; in fact, you can't keep him away from the piano. A child with middling-to-fair ability will practice if encouraged at great lengths, and the child without any feeling for music simply won't make headway whatsoever. I'd work patiently with this child for another six months. She may find her stride during that time and make progress. If not, I would call a halt to the lessons and postpone the dreams of having her an accomplished pianist. She may take more interest, later.

QUES: "I'm coming to you with my problem and I know that it isn't a big one, but it is one that irritates me and troubles me almost beyond endurance. My husband is good to me and buys what I need for myself and our home, but he simply refuses to go to any social affairs with me. We've had an invalid in our home for thirty-seven years and it's just been in recent times that we could afford to have someone in to take care of her so that I'd be free to go places. He will take me to relatives' homes (if I don't ask too often) but he won't go to weddings and anniversary parties. If I act disappointed he is surly and cross, so I'm supposed to keep a smiling face always. It's necessary for me to go with him to get out, I might add. Is there any sensible way that I can get cooperation without quarreling and fussing, which would only spoil the outing?"—Idaho.

ANS: From your letter, in which you cite your complications at greater length than I can go into here, I can only say that I really don't know how to get pleasant cooperation in such a situation. I'm afraid that these habits of years standing are almost too tight to be broken. Nine men out of ten don't enjoy social affairs and won't go unless they're driven to it. (Have you ever noticed men's expressions at such affairs?) I know that it's poor consolation, but about the only thought that you can cling to is the realization that he is a good husband in every other way—and no man is perfect!

QUES: "My husband and I are worried half to death over our sixteen-year-old daughter. She has been going with a boy who is just as nearly worthless as they come in this world, a boy who won't work but plays pool all day and takes money from our daughter for his cigarettes and liquor. We thought that this was bad enough, but now she is determined to marry him before he goes into the army when he is eighteen, and I think that this would just kill us to see her throw her life away. Should we forbid her to see him, or what can we do to prevent this marriage?"—Kansas.

ANS: I believe that other mothers and fathers with this experience have found that it does no good to forbid a girl to see a boy—it only makes them more determined. You mentioned having married children—is there any reason why she couldn't go and live with one of them until this boy is safely in the army? It would be better for her to miss several months of her junior year in high school than to marry this boy. Do see if you can't get her away from your town for a while.

QUES: "What would you do with relatives who invite you to their home for Sunday dinners repeatedly but will never come to your own home? My husband and I have been married for a long, long time and his people have insisted for years that we eat with them. They don't like to leave home on Sunday, they say, for fear someone might come. My own relatives are glad to come and eat with us, so I can't lay the blame on my cooking. I'm tempted now to stop seeing them except for short visits two or three times a year. Would you take this step?"—Iowa.

ANS: No, strange as it may sound, I wouldn't take this step. The important thing is to maintain friendly relations with your husband's people, and if they are peculiar in insisting upon staying at home, why not overlook this eccentricity and go right ahead? Continue to ask them to your home, but please don't get upset when they refuse. It's evident that they're simple people who prefer staying at home—there are many such people, you know.

MY CROSS

"This cross of mine, I pray Thee God,
Help me to so carry
That others all along the way,
May, looking, be more fit
To bear their own.
I would not stay forever 'neath its
weight
But with Thy help will manage it
Until I reach Thy gate".

—Selected.



Mrs. O. O. Raush and son Virgil

MY MOM

Mothers are very important these days

To this all the boys will agree,
Each soldier claims that his is the best;

But the guy with the best Mom is me.

Each calls his Mother an angel divine,
That's only natural you see,
But more precious than gold is that
Mother of mine,

So the guy with the best Mom is me.

A toast to all of the Mothers today,
Where'er in the world they may be,

I've heard lots about Moms but again
I will say,

That the guy with the best Mom is me.

—By Pvt. John E. Franz.

"Our women's Club here sponsored a program last week honoring our men and women in service. It was in the form of a torch lighting ceremonial. As we saluted the army, navy, marine, and air corps, a tribute was given by a narrator and candle was lit. These were placed on a long table covered with a white cloth. We then saluted ten of our allies, represented by Girl Scouts in costume carrying the flag of their country. We also lit a torch for the Red Cross and lastly, to Peace, who appeared high above the other characters on the stage. The High School chorus furnished appropriate music and the Boy Scouts presented and retired the flag.

Two sailors who happened to be home on leave appeared on the stage and stood at attention while we saluted the navy.

Then, as a climax to the program, our doctor showed his films of our boys and girls in service. Isn't that a wonderful way to use his colored movie camera? It really was a thrill to families to see their boys and girls walking, smiling, or grinning at them. Whenever one comes home on furlough, Dr. Bald, takes time from his busy routine to take his picture.

Of course, a note of sadness pervaded when the pictures were shown of those who will not return, but even those families have the comfort of knowing it is possible to see those boys smiling at them.

Afterwards we served a cup of coffee and two doughnuts for ten cents to defray what few expenses we had.

Mrs. W. T. Sloan,
Platte Center, Nebraska.



JELLY ROLL

(To serve 12 people)

Beat thoroughly 3 eggs. Add and continue beating 1/4 cup cold water, 3/4 cup light corn syrup; combine 1 cup cake flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, 1/4 tsp. salt; and add to egg mixture. Add 1 tsp. vanilla. Bake 12 to 15 minutes at 425 degrees F. in shallow sheet cake pan lined with well-oiled wrapping paper. Place tea towel on table, cover with waxed paper and sprinkle generously with confectioner's sugar. Turn hot jelly roll out on waxed paper; spread with soft jelly or jam; to roll, hold paper and tea towel firmly with thumbs and forefingers, lift front end of cake from table top to start roll, and roll. Cool; unwrap and serve.

RHUBARB TARTS

- 2 cups rhubarb
- 2 egg yolks
- 3/4 cup honey
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 egg whites
- 2 tablespoons honey

Wash and cut rhubarb in 1/2-inch lengths. Pour boiling water over the rhubarb and drain in colander. Mix egg yolks slightly beaten, honey, flour, and salt. Add to rhubarb. Pour into pastry lined muffin pans. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 30 minutes or until done. Top with meringue made by adding 2 tablespoons honey to 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites.

RHUBARB BROWN BETTY

- 2 cups bread crumbs
- 3 cups rhubarb, cut in 1/2-inch pieces (apples may be used).
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 3 tablespoons butter

Mix 3/4 of the bread crumbs and 3/4 fruit and place in a deep baking dish. Bring honey and water to a boil. Pour over bread and fruit mixture. Sprinkle remainder of crumbs over this, sprinkle with nutmeg and dot with butter. Arrange the rest of the fruit so that each serving will have one or more pieces of fruit on top. Bake in moderate oven (315 degrees F.) 30 to 40 minutes.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

SOFT HONEY CAKE

- 1 cup butter
 - 2 cups honey
 - 2 eggs
 - 1 cup sour milk
 - 4 cups flour
 - 2 teaspoons soda
 - 1 teaspoon ginger
 - 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 - 1/4 teaspoon salt
- Sift flour, soda, ginger, cinnamon, and salt together. Cream butter and honey well. Add beaten eggs, sour milk, and dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Bake in layer tins. This makes a large cake but keeps well if kept in container with lid.—Mrs. J. A. Welch, Knoxville, Ia.

CHICKEN IN BLANKETS

Remove whole pieces from can and drain well. Dip each piece into a batter made of:

- 1 well beaten egg
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1 3/4 cups flour
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1 teaspoon baking powder
- Fry in deep hot fat until golden brown in color.—Mrs. Fred Koepp, Route 1, Home, Kansas.

HAM EGG PIE

- 1 medium onion (chopped)
 - 3 tablespoons ham drippings
 - 3 tablespoons flour
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
 - 1 cup light cream
 - 1/2 cup milk
 - 2 cups diced cooked ham
 - 6 hard cooked eggs
- Flaky pastry
Cook onion in ham drippings until soft. Add flour, salt, mustard, mix well. Then add cream, and milk. Cook till thickened, stirring in ham and eggs. Pour into 2-inch deep baking dish. Cover with pastry. Trim and press edges to make a fluted rim. Prick top crust. Bake 425 degrees F. Serves 4 to 6.—Mrs. Ida F. Hill, Route, Waverly, Mo.

When Making Bread Pudding, add about half as many graham cracker crumbs as bread crumbs. Gives a grand flavor and lessens the amount of sweetening needed.—Mrs. Faye Ward, Powell, Nebr.

CANNING RECIPES

RHUBARB

When possible, use strawberry rhubarb. Wash and cut unpeeled stalks into 1 inch pieces. Place in wide-bottom pan with alternate layers of sugar. Use 1/4 to 1/2 as much sugar as rhubarb. Let stand 2 or more hours. Heat slowly to boiling. Remove pan from heat when contents begin boiling. Let stand several hours. Pack cold rhubarb into hot jars. Cover with sirup reheated to boiling. Process 5 minutes in hot-water bath; then complete seal.

In this recipe 1/2 sugar and 1/2 corn sirup may be used.

PINEAPPLE

Scrub firm-ripe pineapple with brush. Dry; twist out top. Cut thin slice from bottom then cut the pineapple into 1/2 inch slices crosswise or into 8 wedge-shape slices lengthwise. (Cut into halves, then quarters, etc.) Remove peeling and core after slicing. (Use peelings and cores for making pineapple juice.) Use doughnut or cookie cutter for shaping round slices. Leave long slices whole or cut into pieces of uniform size.

Well ripened pineapple may be packed raw, covered with sirup made of equal parts sugar and water and processed 30 to 40 minutes in a hot-water bath, but hot packing usually gives better results.

Use 1/2 corn sirup and 1/2 sugar if desired.

ASPARAGUS

Grade freshly cut asparagus for size. Wash. Remove loose scales. Place upright in wire basket or in square of cheesecloth and hold 3 minutes in boiling water which reaches just below the tips. Pack upright into hot jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Cover with boiling water. Process 40 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 3 hours in hot-water bath; then complete seal.

GREENS

Wash thoroughly; discard large stems and tough, discolored, and wilted leaves. Heat until wilted, using just enough water to prevent sticking. (Turning the greens over when steam begins to rise around the edges of the pan will hasten the wilting and prevent overcooking.) Pack firmly into hot jars; then loosen by cutting through the pack several times with a sharp knife. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Cover with boiling water. Process 65 minutes at 15 pounds pressure or 3 1/2 hours in hot-water bath; then complete seal.

POTATOES — NEW

Wash, scrape, and rinse freshly dug, new potatoes. Boil 10 minutes. Pack into hot jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Cover with boiling water. Process 45 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 2 1/2 hours in hot-water bath; then complete seal.

MOTHER TAKES A HOLIDAY

By Lois Shull

It's a beautiful morning. My husband and children have left and I am confronted with an entirely free day. It stretches invitingly before me. I shall have that holiday I've always wanted and do whatever I want to, all day.

Now let's see. There's never time enough to read, so I'll take the morning for that. Then I'll have a bite of lunch uptown and shop awhile. Maybe I'll even take in a matinee.

It's too good to be true! Someway, with the perfect chance upon me I can't seem to settle myself to reading. First, I decide, I'll get all those papers gathered together and make them into bundles ready for the paper drive. That takes only a few minutes. And, oh yes, I have some waste, fat I should strain. So I do that and put it aside to drop at the butcher's on my way to town.

Now I shall read. I pick up a magazine and have read maybe a paragraph when the phone rings. It's the wrong number, so I go back to my story. I have reread the first paragraph when there's a knock at the back door. It's the man to read the water meter. I let him in and wait impatiently till he leaves. Now I read the beginning of the story again and put it down when I see the postman walk by, without stopping. I had hoped for some mail from our Jim today. Well, I'll just write to him anyway. It won't take long and I can surely spare him a few moments from my holiday. I'll enjoy the rest of my free day for knowing I've not neglected my soldier boy.

The phone rings and startles me from my letter writing. It's my best friend.

"What are you doing today?" she asks.

"Oh, nothing much," I say. "For once in my life I have a completely free day. All my work's caught up, so I'm taking a holiday."

"You lucky thing! Well say," she suggests, "why not go to the Red Cross rooms with me this afternoon. I've promised to roll bandages and we're so short of help."

I think of the show and the shopping I've promised myself. "Well—" I hesitate. Suddenly I remember our Jim—over there somewhere, maybe in a fox hole right this minute. He's not taking a holiday. "Why not!" I say. "I'll be glad to go with you."

"Fine. I'll meet you at the corner at 1:00 if that's all right with you."

"Okay, I'll be there," I say, and hang up the receiver. I glance at the clock. There's time to finish my letter to Jim, if I hurry. It will only take a minute to dress. And I can snatch a sandwich for my lunch. Yes, I can just make it.

It's not turning out to be just the sort of day I'd planned, I think, picking up the pen and my train of thought, but—oh well—it's still a beautiful Holiday!

Listen to the Kitchen-Klatter Program over KMA—1:30 P. M. Daily.



In our living room. Don and his dad and mom. Don is a Weather Forecaster in the Air Corps.

FINGER PRINT PLAQUES

Wouldn't you like to make a plaque on which the print of your child's hand is shown? It is really very simple and is something you will cherish more as your child grows older. You will need some plaster of Paris, some water and a shallow dish or pie pan.

Mix 1/3 cup of water with 1 cup of plaster of Paris. Add water slowly and stir until it is like thick cream. Pour this in a shallow pan and place a loop of string at the top of the pan if you wish to hang the plaque on the wall. Smooth the paste with a knife so it will be perfectly even on top.

Now grease the hand to make the print with a little cold cream, spread the fingers apart and press them into the soft plaster of Paris. Hold the hand in this position several minutes and lift it off slowly. Before the plaque gets perfectly hard, write the child's name and age under the print of the hand. One may leave the hand white and paint the background a dark color.

You can make plaques for the dining room or kitchen wall by placing a colored picture of fruit or vegetables, colored side down, in a plate or flat pan. Fill the pan partly full of plaster of Paris cream, using proportions given in the directions for making the hand plaque. When hardened, remove from the dish and you will have a pretty decoration for your home.

GOOD ADVICE TO MOTHERS

"I see the results of the war on our home front here every day. Mothers with nervous breakdowns, dads with heart ailments, blindness, accident cases and so on, resulting from worry over these boys of ours. They will find many of their parents greatly changed on their return, so please speak to these mothers on your radio and tell them to please not worry, it doesn't help and our boys want to come back and find us just the same, not mentally and physically ill. We must keep busy and above all get our rest and correct foods and laugh once in awhile if there isn't anything funny. Walk and exercise our body and minds as well."—Kans.

COOKING HELPS

"I think this is a nice way to fix liver. Grind 1/2 cup raw liver and have some butter in a skillet. Let heat. Then stir in scant cup of cracker crumbs. Add liver. Stir well, salt and pepper and serve."—Mrs. Jvon Nordheim, Pauline, Nebraska.

"Here is the way I top my pies and puddings when I don't have egg whites or whipping cream. I use the pudding powders for my pie fillings and over the top I sprinkle crumbs of graham crackers or plain cookies. This is an attractive topping."—Mrs. E. W. Winslow, Pierson, Iowa.

"Browned potatoes. Before frying cold potatoes slice them and dredge well with flour. This not only causes the potatoes to brown more quickly but improves flavor."—Mrs. Henry Mengedocht, Herman, Nebraska.

"If you have trouble making sausages hold together, why not mould them into patties and add a little flour?"—Mrs. B. F. Cates, Richmond, Missouri.

"To test the oven without a thermometer, I put in a pinch of flour and as that browns, so will your baking. If it scorches the flour, it's too hot. If it stays white after a few minutes, it's too cold. This is a sure test. If the flour gets light brown, it's just right for Angel Food Cake."—Mrs. A. Hove, Decorah, Iowa.

"If you have any mashed potatoes left from dinner and plan to make potato soup for supper, use your mashed potatoes to help thicken it. When making mush, any corn bread left over may be rolled fine and added when the mush is nearly done. Have salt and pepper mixed and in a shaker near the stove to season your food with."—Mrs. Alice Macy, Osceola, Iowa.

"I believe that most users of coal ranges pay little attention to the thermometer on their oven. Sad experience has taught them that either it or the recipes are not reliable, and most of them have worked out methods of their own. An expert angel cake maker in our community tests the oven as many people do an iron, by touching it with a wet finger. If it barely sizzles, she says she puts her cake in, and then increases the heat gradually until at the end of an hour it is "about like you'd have it for any other cake."—Mrs. W. H. Heifner, Panora, Iowa.

"For an upside down cake or gingerbread, use this in the bottom of the pan instead of brown sugar. Melt 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine, in a nine inch square pan and then add 1/4 cup molasses. Arrange sliced apples and black walnuts and pour your cake batter on and you'll have as good an upside cake as in the old days."—Mrs. L. Poppinga, Malta Bend, Missouri.

Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

Nature was very kind to us during the month of March and those who had their first flock of baby chicks were fortunate in having plenty of sunshine to get the chicks off to a good start. I always feel that if I have several days of sunshine that a lot of chick troubles are eliminated. Then the question of turning them outside pops up. Be sure the ground is warm, as a chick that has been protected from all cold and drafts is very sensitive to cold damp ground and cold ground can easily bring on bowel trouble even at several weeks of age. It is nice to have a green pasture to turn them on. Last fall I dug up the ground in the pen in front of my brooder house and planted it with fall wheat and when my chicks were ready to be turned out on it they were almost lost in it. Rye is just as good. This helps solve the problem, when the brooder house can not be moved. It also freshens the soil. One could use oats or barley as it grows very quickly if you were not able to get it done in the fall, but by fall planting it is ready much earlier.

It is estimated that 75 to 80 percent of poultry diseases could be avoided if proper methods of sanitation are used. By renewing the ground in this way losses can be checked. Under present conditions we must observe every method possible to produce more pounds of meat and more dozens of eggs.

Although the farm woman is not building ships or planes or guns, she is contributing just as much to the war cause when she uses every means possible to save food and send it to market in the best possible condition. Nature did a wonderful job in designing and building an egg but we in our hurry and bustle seem to forget the shells are fragile and many, many eggs never reach their destination. Many are damaged when placing them in the cases. Always place the small end down, whether packed for hatching or for food consumption. Never sell dirty eggs. Clean eggs go with careful management. I know it is hard to keep straw in the nests at times and I think I have tried everything that I ever heard of for nests but I find that if a hen wants to scratch she is going to scratch and about all one can do about it is to put in more nesting material. I have found, however, that if you use the old grass raked from the lawn that it does not prove quite as attractive as fresh straw. Keep the dirty and checked eggs at home for your own use. Break them immediately into a pint jar and set in the refrigerator and no odors will be absorbed from the shell. In handling eggs one is apt to get careless, but this is a very necessary chore—much in the same category as washing dishes after the company has gone. Pretty tiresome and monotonous but "it has got to be done."

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

For three months we have been working on wheel chair robes for Veterans' Hospitals and I am very well pleased with the number we have been able to turn in. We have some unfinished robes, both crocheted and knitted, and if you are making blocks for them, please get them to me as soon as possible. Those of you who are piecing robes can send them in any time. The need is constant and I'll be glad to see that any you make are turned in for use where they are most needed.

We have neglected our other shutin friends lately, I'm afraid. Let's remedy that now. A request has come for books for a man who has never walked and cannot use his hands. He loves to read, and I am told that he turns the pages of the books with his toes. Might be well to write first and find what kind of books he prefers. Vernon Strother, Box 154, Irondale, Missouri. He is 20 years old.

Rev. Geo. Meggers, Pisgah, Iowa, is quite ill and needs cheer. Will you send him a card? Genevieve Yeager, Farmington, Mo., has been in bed for four years. She is gaining, but needs encouragement.

Here is a child who has never walked. She is seven now. Virginia Mercer, Box 483, Greybull, Wyoming. Toys would be welcome. Miss Lillian Southwick, Rt. 2, c/o Eric Southwick, Spartansburg, Pa., enjoys mail. She had polio a number of years ago and has not walked since. She is almost 14. Please send cards to Mrs. Nora E. Reynolds, Nodaway, Iowa. She is entirely helpless, past middle age, and has four boys in service. Mrs. Lloyd C. Philo, 29 Washington Court, Battle Creek, Mich., also would enjoy mail. She is unable to do anything and mail helps pass the time.

Are you needing to buy a gift for someone? Or are you handicapped and need to sell some of your work? The Original Shut-In Shop, conducted by Margaret Nickerson Martin, 402 Van Buren St., Jackson, Mich., can help you. Mrs. Martin, herself a shut-in, has been the means of helping hundreds of shutins sell their work. She handles all sorts of fancywork, rugs, baby clothing, aprons, holders, all fine quality work. Send her a sample of the things you make. She will give you her opinion frankly and if she thinks the article saleable, will do all she can to help you to market it. On the other hand, if you want to buy something for a gift or for yourself, write Margaret and tell her what you have in mind, or tell her how much you wish to spend and let her make a selection for you. You will be satisfied.

If it is greeting cards you want, write to Clarence Power, 301 Cherokee St., Marietta, Georgia. He has all kinds at all prices and guarantees satisfaction. Help our shutins in a practical way, and help yourself at the same time.

Subscribe for Kitchen-Klatter —
\$1.00 a year



OVER THE FENCE

Dorothy Betts, 1128 West Gage Avenue, Los Angeles 44, California, makes scrap books for crippled children in hospitals. If you have any poems or short stories simple enough for children to read, she would appreciate having them.

Miss Eileen Goebel, R. R. 3B., Remsen, Iowa, would like some pen pals.

Our friend, Libbie Novak, Elberon, Iowa, is still in a cast. She has been at the University Hospital, Iowa City, Iowa, and is now at her home. She wishes to thank all who sent her cards and letters.

If that cistern water needs to be sweetened this spring, dissolve 2 pounds of alum in a pail of water. Pour this into the cistern and stir the water. Five minutes later, add 1 pound of soda ash dissolved in a pail of water. Stir again. This will clear the cistern water.

Listen to this! Seven is surely a familiar number to Susanne Bartos, Crete, Nebraska. She was born at 7 o'clock, the 7th month, the 7th day, 1937, weight 7 pounds, 7 ounces. Her name has 7 letters, she walked 7 blocks to school, her teacher's name had 7 letters. Her father's name had 7 letters, her brother's name had 7 letters, her grandmother and grandfather had names with 7 letters, and another grandmother born in 1887 was 57 when Susanna was 7. Her mother was born July 7, at 7 o'clock and weighed 7 pounds, 7 ounce. Do you know a record that equals this one?

I am glad there are people who make real homes for old folks who have only their old pensions to live on. Mrs. Emma Cole, Des Moines, Iowa, is one of those who does this. She says, "I try to make a home for them, not just a stopping off place. They can play the radio or come out in the kitchen and visit with me." Isn't that a wonderful work she is doing?

Mrs. J. I. McClellan, Emporia, Kansas, writes that she had never done anything so gratifying as the Nurses' Aid work she had done this past year. Eight ladies went 80 miles to the Winter's General Hospital to work when they needed help badly. Besides feeling she is doing her bit, she wouldn't take \$100 for what she learned.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight I've been doing something that is only done once a year—coloring Easter Eggs. By the time you read this Easter will be past, but right now it's the foremost thing in our minds. Dorothy and I are going to have a little Easter party for our girls, and we've had a great deal of fun planning it. I think that we'll eat breakfast together at our house (and I'm sure that it will be chicken since we haven't enough points between us for ham), and then we'll let Kristin and Juliana hunt for eggs. I'm going to get them each a little stuffed rabbit, and I'm just hoping that Russell doesn't catch sight of one certain rabbit in a store window near my office before it's sold. This rabbit stands twenty-eight inches high, and you know how men are when it comes to toys . . . the bigger the better!

Our routine these days is what might be called demanding. Every morning we're up at 6:45, and at 7:45 Russell leaves the house with Juliana. He takes her to Dorothy's up on the side of Twin Peaks and then goes by streetcar from there down to his place of business. I leave the house at 8:30, and believe me, I doubt if anyone in San Francisco moves faster than I do in the 45 minutes that I have between Russell's departure and my own departure. The breakfast dishes almost fly through the dishpan, and no beds were ever made at such lightning speed.

At five o'clock I walk back into my house again, and if it's a nice day I find Dorothy, Kristin and Juliana waiting for me. This means that they've all been to Golden Gate Park earlier, you see. Then Russell gets home at six and we're into dinner preparations. After dinner I just let everything stand and spend the next hour and a half with Juliana. She loves to be read to now, and we have a big easy chair in the corner that she calls "nice and cozy and warm" when we settle into it. Then eight o'clock sees her into bed, and my tasks for the evening begin. I believe that the person who first coined the phrase "a strenuous life" had something like this routine in mind.

The best time of the week so far as I'm concerned is Saturday and Sunday for I have both of those days at home, and Russell is home on Saturday afternoon and Sunday.

I look back now and wonder what in the world I ever found to do with myself during those two years in Hollywood before I worked and before Juliana was born. Well, at least I wasn't under the impression that I was very busy then.

The thing that we're watching for now with great eagerness is Wayne's expected return on furlough. The other Sunday evening just at dusk, Russell and I went down by the ocean and watched some big ships come through Golden Gate, and as I sat there in the car and watched I thought what a wonderful moment it would be when we could see

Wayne come through again. Not that we'll really know which ship is his, of course, for arrivals are never announced because of security reasons. But it's nice to think about just the same. We can hardly wait for him to see Kristin and Juliana.

Our house is full of flowers these days. We have dozens of beautiful calla lilies blooming in our backyard, and many narcissus. Then last week a friend from Santa Cruz came in and brought us three-dozen gorgeous jonquils and a big armful of flowering quince, so we have been well supplied. I told Russell that it was feast or famine. We can go for weeks without anything fresh and blooming, and then overnight the house is so full of flowers that we could almost open a floral store.

The kettle is singing away so I must get up and fix a fresh batch of dye. We thought that last Easter was nice with the little yellow chickens that we got for our girls and many colored eggs, but this Easter is much, much nicer.

Warmest regards always,

—Lucile.

MOTHER

By Frederick Driftmier

For the past six years I have been working in one capacity or another with men—all kinds of men, rich and poor, soldiers and civilians, Americans and British, Germans and Italians, Egyptians and South Africans.

As a teacher, YMCA Secretary, and student counselor I have talked with men in foxholes and on ships at sea, in prison camps and in college rooms, in New York City and in the wastes of Africa. Their backgrounds may differ, and their interests may vary, but about some things they are all alike. Every man has love for his mother. When a man won't talk about anything else, he will usually talk when asked about his mother.

I remember one British soldier that I very much wanted to help. He was just a young fellow, but he had been in more trouble than a forty year old bum. Constant dissipation had brought him to the brink of disaster. He was tough and hard, and when I asked him into my office I wondered what on earth I would say to him. Before I had a chance to say anything he took out his cigarette case and offered me a smoke. On the inside of the case was a picture.

"That is a nice picture," I said. "Who is it? Your mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your mother must be very proud of the fact that her son is in such a fine regiment."

"She is, sir. Very proud." He took a long drag on his cigarette, and I waited for him to continue. He looked out across the desert for several moments and then said, "I know what you are thinking, sir, and I would like to tell you something. You see, I have been a pretty rotten soldier. You know that, don't you? But last night I decided to turn over a new leaf. I'm going to change my life. I used to keep this picture back

in my tent, and I put it in this case only last night. I think that if I carry her picture with me I'll be a better man. Every time I look at it something happens inside of me. She really is very proud of me. You can see that in her eyes, can't you?"

I don't think that I did anything to help that boy, but the picture of a mother did more than she will ever know. Someday I would like to visit all of the mothers whose sons have showed me their pictures. Such visits would take me all over the world.

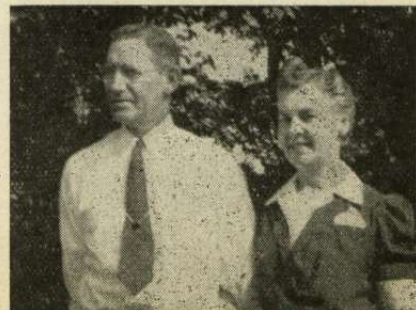
Photographs are wonderful things, and most men have one of their mother, but in the heart of most men there is a picture finer than the work of any artist. That picture is a self-portrait of a mother. Such depth, such character, such design no artist's canvas ever equalled. The colors, rich and pure, are not of pigment and oil, but of love, sympathy, kindness and understanding. Each mother paints with a skill known only to her, and every moment she is with her son she adds something more to an ever more beautiful masterpiece. The picture is great according to the greatness of the soul that inspires it. It is one invaluable piece of art that never can be taken from a man. With him constantly when alone or in a crowd, on the battlefield or in the quiet of his study, there is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the admiration of its beauty. Its charm and sublimity purifies the thoughts and stifles the passions. Fortune is the man who carries such a treasure with him. Blessed is the mother who paints with perfection.

SCHOOL IS OUT

Have you seen the joyous skipping
Of the kids around the town?
Are you hearing all their laughter?
Not a worry or a frown.
Have you stopped to realize
That the sparkle in their eyes
Means that they are free?
Let's help them to enjoy it
This freedom they have earned.
Play with them, and lay aside,
The lessons they have learned.
Let's not fret, let's not worry,
Soon be time for them to hurry,
Hurry, back to school.

—Mrs. W. S. Moore, Walnut, Ia.

KMA Homemaker Programs
Edith at 9 A.M., Leanna at 1:30



Mrs. Edith Hansen, the morning homemaker on KMA, and her husband Aage Hansen.



FOR THE CHILDREN

MEET MRS. THUMPER

By Marine Sickels

Our farm shelters any number of pets; kittens, a dog, lambs who have lost their mothers, orphan pigs, hungry calves.

So I thought a long time before I answered Lynn's request for a Mama Rabbit for his birthday. But a little boy only has one birthday each year and it doesn't take very many of them until he is too big to want a rabbit. That was the reason a second big white rabbit came to live with us.

A pet must have a name and while she did not like to be petted, she got petted. At first we talked of Snowball. (She looked like a snowball.) Then we talked of Jumper. (From our reader at school.) Finally we agreed upon Mrs. Thumper. And Mrs. Thumper she is to this day.

After living quietly in the brooder house which we had turned into a rabbit home, for some two weeks, she suddenly busied herself piling up a pile of straw about a foot high and wider than that. In the top of this she made a nest which she lined with a blanket as soft and white as the one your mother used for you. Only Mrs. Thumper used her own white fur which she pulled out until she looked like a shaggy rug.

We looked at the nest through the door and were surprised and excited to see the top blanket wiggling as if it were alive.

Even then we were afraid to peek under it. Many times a day we went to see what we could see. Which, for the first few days was just a white blanket wiggling. The day the first small boy saw a tiny pink leg sticking out, we all watched hopefully. Nothing happened. From then on we saw now and then, a pink ear, or leg or nose, nearly every time we looked. (A little rabbit is born without fur and is as pink as a real baby.)

The boys said that was Junior who kicked the cover off and who finally refused to stay in the nest another day. He came tumbling down to the floor and went crawling around like a kitten for a little rabbit has to learn to hop. It doesn't take him very long, two or three days, but his first tries are awkward and funny.

Soon they were everywhere and one sad night Junior slipped out through a hole in the netting, and hid under his house. The boys tried to frighten him with sticks or to dig him out with the spade. He refused to budge. We thought of all the things that could happen to a wee white rabbit in the dark with no mother to care

for him; cats and rats and skunks and stray dogs.

Just before it was too dark to see, he came slipping out and we all went to help. Can you imagine trying to catch a rabbit in your hands. Well we did, in the corner of the fence.

When we put him back in the nest, Mrs. Thumper touched him with her wiggly nose and he hopped over to the nest with his five brothers and sisters.

FIVE LITTLE WORDS

There are five little words, I'd have you to know,

They are: "Pardon me," "Thank you," and "Please."

Oh, use them quite often wherever you go;

There are few words more useful than these.

These five little words are filled with a power

That fame or money cannot give
So commit them to memory this very hour

And use them as long as you live!

—Anonymous.

MOTHER

M is for Mother,
As well as for May;
And this is the month
That brings "Mother's day."

MAIL CALL

Place a row of chairs on each side of the room. On the back of each chair place the name of a city, as Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, or any other ones. A player sits in each chair. The one who is the Postman calls out, "Mail from Chicago to Omaha." Use any two cities. These two have to change places. While they do this, the one who is postman tries to get one of their chairs. Then they have to be "it".

CAN CHARLIE CHAN

Can Charlie Chan catch Chin Chun or can Chin Chun catch Charlie Chan and his Chan Kin in Chung King.

THE TANGLE GAME

It takes four children for this game and one to be "it." The four players take hold of hands and form a circle. The one who is "it" is blindfolded. The ones in the circle step over each others hands until they get all tangled up. The one who is blindfolded tries to untangle them. This is fun. Try it and see.



Kristin Johnson, twenty months old. Kristin is our daughter Dorothy's little girl.

A VERY YOUNG GARDENER

"I planted all my garden seeds here in a nice, straight row, And then I settled down to wait to watch my garden grow.

I planted them at ten o'clock and now it's nearly three—

Those must have been bad garden seeds my brother gave to me!"

PUZZLE

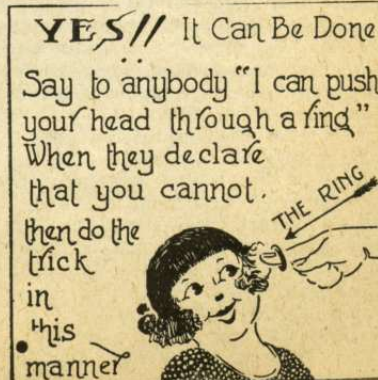
I have a toe but not a hand;
I cannot sit, but I can stand.
Sometimes about the lawn I flit;
Sometimes I cannot move a bit.

You tie me up and tie me tight,
That does not stop me in my flight;
Can you guess what I am to you?
Your faithful plodding little —

Shoos

A GOOD TRICK

This trick takes a milk bottle and a box of kitchen matches. See how many matches you can pile on the bottle neck. Give each person playing 25 matches. Some one starts by putting a match on top of the bottle. Each player, in turn, puts one on. Any one who knocks any matches off has to add them to his pile. The one out of matches first, wins.



OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

HOBBY EXCHANGE LIST

Will exchange view cards, hankies, or pitchers.—Mrs. Bessie Butler, Randolph, Kansas.

Will exchange your hobby for print sacks or white ones. Write first.—Mrs. Mabel Booth, East Main Quilt Shop, Route 4, Richmond, Missouri.

Will exchange view cards.—Mrs. Ervin L. Vich, Jackson, Minnesota.

Will exchange stamps. Write.—Elma C. Lehman, Fortuna, Missouri.

Will exchange hobby of same value for embroidered tea towels or pot holders. Write first.—Mrs. Laverne Bute, Jackson, Minnesota.

Will exchange something of same value for embroidered tea towels. Write First.—Miss Betty Mae Bute, Jackson, Minnesota.

Will exchange view cards.—Betty Lou Hansen, Bronson, Iowa.

Will exchange pot holders, hankies, and would like pen pals. Mrs. E. B. Gillet, 2822 So. 15th Street, Omaha 9, Nebraska.

Will exchange view cards.—Mrs. Elmer Peltz, Livermore, Iowa.

Will exchange pot holders for cuttings or slips of house plants.—Mrs. Wesley Walker, Route 2, Fowler, Kansas.

Will exchange stamps. I have mostly foreign ones.—Earl Thornton, Kirksville, Missouri.

Will exchange recipes.—Mrs. Henry M. Robben, Route 1, Box 80, Victoria, Kansas.

Will exchange hankies.—Mrs. Clayton Pendland, Oneida, Kansas.

Will exchange novelty pins.—Dorothy Pendland, Oneida, Kansas.

Would like to have overseas envelopes. Also pen pals and view cards.—Mrs. Frank Krow, Jr., 1526 Birch Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.

Souvenir Spoons. Would like one from each state. Have California, Colorado, Nebraska, and Kansas. State if you want cash or what in exchange?—Miss Mayme Dittmar, 403 Blunt Street, Clay Center, Kansas.

Will exchange shakers. Write first.—Mrs. Elmer K. Young, Grand Junction, Iowa.

View Cards, Bob and Jimmie Ray Thornton, Box 15, Kirksville, Missouri.

Will exchange patterns for tatting, Crocheting, and knitting.—Mrs. E. Graves, 715 North Ash, McPherson, Kansas.

Will exchange buttons. Mrs. Ubbie Jutting, Ackley, Iowa.

Will exchange old glass.—Mrs. Will Patten, Aurelia, Iowa.

Will exchange buttons.—Otila Vavra, Linwood, Nebraska.

Will exchange postmarks and would like new pen pals. Evalina Meyer, Scribner, Nebraska.

Will exchange five view cards at time.—Vernon Ewing, 15540 Roscoe Blvd., San Fernando, 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 6 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.—Prices 35¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 3 books. Postpaid.

Order from Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

"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 name and address. Rejection rights reserved.

FIFTEEN BEAUTIFUL GREETING CARDS for everyday occasions. A \$2.50 value for only \$1.00. Everyday Gift Wrap assortment, \$1.00. Mrs. Lena Boden, Adams, Nebraska.

JOIN HOBBY CLUB. Write letters, make friends, exchange hobbies, nationwide. (Women only.) One dollar a year dues. SAMPLE club paper, ten cents. Write, Aleta Morrisette, Route 3, Box 798, San Bernardino, California.

CROCHETED AND FELT EARRINGS. Screw backs, \$1.00 per pair. Felt parrots for lapels, any color, \$1.00. 12 inch doily pineapple design, white, \$1.00. Tea towels, bird of bias tape, 75¢. Mrs. Sophia Priest, 3871 Walnut Street, Lynwood, California.

NEW WINE PREWAR SATIN DRESS, size 38, gored skirt, send stamp for sample. Laura Nordsieck, Alma, Missouri.

TEN NEW WOODEN SHAKER SETS. Descriptive list and free gift, 10¢. Beautiful 3-piece steamboat set, now, \$1.25. Jake McKinney, Box 45, Dublin, Texas.

SCRIPTURE TEXT RUSTIC PLAQUES that shine in the dark, 50¢. Assorted mottoes. Also religious statues, pictures, and so forth. All shine in dark. Order now. Ruth Kuntz, 302 S. East Street, Anaheim, California.

WILL EXCHANGE CLOTH SHOPPING BAG for 4-10¢ war stamps. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State Street, Barborton, Ohio.

LAYETTES made to order: Diapers, \$3.50 per dozen; Komonas, 60¢; Nainsook Dresses, \$1.75. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

MACHINE QUILTING. Cotton or wool batts furnished at market price. Write for price list. Mrs. Z. B. Baughn, Box 320, Centralia, Kansas.

CROCHETED BOUQUETS made of sunfast Strautex, roses, \$1.00; jonquils, \$1.00; can make any flower wanted. Pinafore dress clothes pin bag, \$1.00. Bessie Schollmeyer, 1328 Marshall, Boone, Iowa.

ORDER YOUR PATTERN for Hanging-Pocket Apron from Terrill's, 1600 B. Avenue, N. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Enclose 10¢ coin and 3¢ cent stamp.

PRETTY HAND-WOVEN POT HOLDERS, 2 for 35¢ or 6 for \$1.00 postpaid. Also have Magazine Agency. Pluma Ray, Lenox, Ia.

KNITTED BABY BONNETS, \$2.00; Booties, \$1.50; Sweaters, \$3.50; Mittens, \$1.00; Customers pleased and satisfied. Best yarn used. Mrs. Frank Webster, 3005 Grand Avenue, Davenport, Iowa.

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

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 stationery and envelopes. Nice for gifts. Price 25¢. Gertrude Hayzlett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

LOVELY CHENILLE ORCHID CORSAGES for coats. Leading colors. Ideal gifts, 75¢ each. Two or more, 65¢ each. Freda Poverlin, 1700 East Court, Beatrice, Nebraska.

CREED OF A HOME

This is a home of love. Altho you enter it as an acquaintance, we sincerely hope you will leave it being our friend. Our garden, literature and music are but a few of the things in life we love. We, of this home, believe in God. Those who love peace and believe in freedom for mankind are welcome here. Old friends will find our family smaller—two have gone to war, thus far. The hungry, travel sore and weak will find comfort here. In this home there are no deaf ears to the sorrows and trials of others; but we dislike display of temperament. Hearing petty gossip about people known or unknown to us, or about their faults, displeases us. Individuals hates are not known nor welcome here. If you have grievances toward some one, please do not expect us to share your feelings. Unavoidable arguments in this home are short-lived. This is a home of truth, so speak not falsely. It matters not when you call—you'll always be welcome. Everything we possess we will gladly share with you; and we will do our utmost to make you "feel at home."

—Carl Winfred Snyder.

MAY POLE PLANTS

By Lois Neff

"April showers bring May flowers."

For flower beauty outdoors later make indoor beauty to-day in a clever seed planting arrangement which may be used as a center piece for a table, as a bit of beauty before a window or as a bright spot in the room of a sick person.

Fill paper cups or half of egg shells with fertile soil and plant flower seeds in them. Select flowers which do well when transplanted. Decorate the cups or shells with crepe paper or with pictures of the flowers planted in them.

If egg shells are used make them stand upright by placing them on a bit of modeling clay or by cutting holes in the top of small box lids to place them in.

Arrange your seed containers in a circle and in the center place an apple in which has been inserted a stick wrapped in paper of gay spring colors. From the top of the May Pole extend a pretty colored ribbon to each of the cups holding the seeds.

Place this arrangement on an inverted box lid covered with paper doilies. Keep the soil moist then place in a sunny spot when the plants begin to grow.

Later when the ground is warm enough outside just place the plants in the containers in the soil. The paper cups will deteriorate and the plant roots will not have been disturbed. Before the plants in the egg shells are placed in the ground tap the shell with a hard object until the shell breaks in places. The roots can then find their way through the crevices into the soil.

Some of your containers might hold tomato plants for future health and vegetable garden beauty, too.

FOR MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's Day comes on May 13th this year. You know it is always the second Sunday in May. If you can plan to do it, have some lonely mother whose children are far away, eat dinner with you and spend a pleasant afternoon. Try to do some friendly thing for mothers of boys who have lost their lives in this war. A bouquet of flowers, a box of candy, or even a plate of cookies will express your love and sympathy to a lonely mother.

Many groups of young people will be planning "Mother and Daughter" parties or dinners. This is a lovely thing to do, for what mother does not enjoy "going places" with her daughter.

One of these dinners that I remember best was given by the daughters in our church. Big May baskets of tulips and lilacs were placed in the center of the table and at each place were small bouquets of violets. Tiny nut cups had been covered with dainty ruffles of lavender crepe paper. The dessert consisted of grape sherbert and little cakes frosted with pale lavender icing.

Between courses there were short toasts and appropriate songs. Following the dinner the guests went into the church parlors which had been made very home-like with rugs, floor lamps, comfortable chairs, and many bouquets of flowers. After a short social hour there was an interesting book review given by one of the daughters, followed by music with all joining in the singing of old familiar songs.

It may be that you can use some of these ideas. If you feel the mothers would enjoy some games and contests, here is one I am sure they would find interesting.

KNOW YOUR PIES

1. To shape by trimming. Prune.
2. Two of a kind. Pear.
3. A pretty girl. Peach.
4. An _____ a day keep the doctor away. Apple.
5. The swiftest part of a stream. Currant.
6. To cut or chop into very small pieces. Mince.
7. California sundried product. Raisin.
8. A spread for bread, and England's neighbor. Butterscotch.
9. The oldest berry. Elderberry.
10. The saddest berry. Blueberry.
11. The tree Washington chopped. Cherry.
12. Time of an event. Date.
13. An English game played in a walled court. Squash.
14. A device for drawing water, and one's relation. Pumpkin.
15. Sweetest pie. Sugar.
16. Product of the tropics. Coconut.
17. Popular coating for candy. Chocolate.
18. A coniferous tree, and a fruit. Pineapple.
19. A common fowl. Chicken.
20. The first First Lady. Martha Washington.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

FIX UP THAT KITCHEN

Because the church is becoming more and more a social center in the community, a well planned and equipped kitchen is necessary. Many of you helping in church kitchens, have had to cook on old rusty gas or oil stoves or cracked and decrepit coal ranges which were, perhaps, donated to the church kitchen years ago by some one who could no longer use them. Why not start a movement for a better equipped, more convenient church kitchen. It may not be possible to do much until after the war but you can at least make plans and accumulate a sum of money toward the ultimate goal. It may be that a good scrubbing, a few coats of hard enamel, and a little work by a repair man could improve the stoves a great deal.

PROGRESSIVE TEAS

For the hot summer months when the treasury is low and everything else seems at an equally low ebb, try a series of progressive teas to make money, and to furnish a pleasant afternoon for your members who feel that the biggest exertion they can make with the thermometer hovering in the nineties, is to comb their hair and slip over to their friends' homes for a quiet, restful afternoon.

Your Aid President should really start these teas. She can begin by inviting four women to her home, each of whom will pay ten cents. Then in a few days each of these four ladies should invite four others to their home for tea. Carry this on until every woman in your society who can, has entertained at a tea. Of course the same women will be invited to more than one tea, but 10 cents is a small sum and most people will be able to pay that a number of times during the summer.

The hostess should donate the refreshments, and a cool drink and wafers would surely be ample. Don't go in for entertainment that takes work and effort. Most women welcome an opportunity to sit and do some handwork away from the sound of the neighborhood gang in the back yard. Perhaps someone will be happy to review a book she has read recently, but whatever you have, keep it simple—and cool.