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LEANNA DRIFTMIER

OUR BIRTHDAY



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER
MAGAZINE

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Friends:

Spring is really here today. I thought to myself when I got up this morning that if our clock could be turned back twenty years I'd spend a good ten hours cleaning house—I wouldn't even be near this desk except to move it out so that we could clean behind it. Back in those days I didn't feel that winter was really over until we'd given the rugs a good beating, moved the furniture out on the front porch, gotten mattresses out into the sunshine, and otherwise torn the house up from basement to attic. That's still just about what I'd do if I were able to tackle it even though common sense tells me that our house couldn't possibly need it as badly today as it did twenty years ago. If you're right in the middle of spring housecleaning now and wondering if the time will ever come when things won't get so dirty and battered I can only tell you that the time will come, and faster than you think.

After several years of being almost completely alone for months on end, things have changed a great deal for us. Howard is at home again since his business interests will keep him in Shenandoah, and for the time being, at least, Donald is at home with us too. He received his discharge from the army about three weeks ago, thereby concluding three-and-a-half years as weather forecaster for the army air-corps. At the present time his plans are indefinite, but I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see him get back into weather forecasting somewhere until he can gain admission to some university or college.

From my office windows I can see the back of Lucile's and Russell's house, and if it weren't for a garage that stands between us I'd be able to see the yard too. Lucile says that the first thing they're going to do when they get moved is make a new sandbox for Juliana and put up her birthday swing. All the years our girls were living far away in California we used to wonder if we'd ever have the pleasure of seeing our grandchildren grow up, and it's still a little hard for me to realize that all of the things we'd hoped for are really coming true.

Dorothy is busy getting settled in their new home on the farm. She can't have a lot of chickens this year because there isn't a place to raise them—that's one of the first improvements they have to make. But she is

going to have her first big garden and plans to do a lot of canning in the summer. I told Dorothy the last time she was here that it would take me a little while to get used to hearing her talk about the ways and means of buying a new team. They've never had that kind of figuring to do before.

Wayne writes such good letters about his work at the University of Iowa. He is specializing in business administration, and of course his four years in the army finance department are standing him in good stead now in his classes in accounting. We won't expect any long visits from him until he has graduated for he expects to go straight through without taking time for vacations.

Margery has her hands full these days. She has to get up at 5:30 every weekday morning because her office is located in the heart of Los Angeles, more than an hour's ride on the bus from their home in Burbank. She doesn't get home until after five in the afternoon, and then lights into housework and getting supper. Her letters generally begin: "Before I start ironing tonight," so they aren't as long as they used to be.

We had hoped that Frederick would get home for a brief visit before this time, but a number of men who worked with him have been discharged and he has what he calls a very heavy schedule of work. He writes that he enjoys some things about Washington very much, but that he wouldn't ever want to make it his permanent home. Fortunately he is able to see his cousin Lettie Field quite often, and this helps to keep him from getting too lonely.

This accounts for all of the children and there's nothing much to add about Mart and me. We've been so happy to have some of our children at home that we haven't thought about taking a trip or doing anything else out of the ordinary. Perhaps sometime this summer we'll get away for a few days, although right now I can't think of any place that I particularly want to go!

This is just about the busiest time of the year for most of you friends, I know, but if you can spare a minute between running to look after the baby chicks, starting gardens, and finishing up some spring sewing, do drop me a letter. I'll appreciate it.

Sincerely, Leanna.

Kitchen-Klatter is twenty years old this month. If you asked me, "Does it seem that long?" I would say, "Well, it does and it doesn't". In one way it seems that only nine or ten short years have passed since I first began this work that has meant so much to me, and in another way it is hard for me to remember a time when Kitchen-Klatter wasn't part of my life.

On page four you will find a picture of me as I looked twenty years ago when I first began broadcasting. This picture appeared on the cover of my first issue of the Kitchen-Klatter magazine, although it was called the Mother's Hour Letter at that time and reached only a handful of friends, comparatively speaking. As you can see (and without half-looking, as Lucile would say) I was fairly young-looking then and with very little grey in my hair. And right here I can't resist telling you that the dress I was wearing was made of green crepe de chine with a pleated waist and skirt, and I mention it because it was the first time for years I'd been able to buy such a dress—my children had just then gotten to the age where I could wear something a little fancy.

On the inside of that first little Mother's Hour Letter there was a group picture that I would have liked to reproduce once again on this page, but the cut was destroyed long ago and we couldn't locate the photograph to have another cut made. However, I am going to reprint the paragraph that appeared underneath it, for that gives you a better idea than anything else of the changes these twenty years have brought. This is what was printed under the picture:

"Yes! This is my family, all but Howard, our oldest son, who is seventeen and was away working the day this was taken. Lucile, our oldest daughter, who often plays the piano for you, is a junior in high school. Next to her is Dorothy who is twelve years old and in the eighth grade. In front of Dorothy is Frederick, or Teddy as we often call him. He is nine years old. In front of Lucile is Wayne, who is seven. Donald Paul, our baby who will be four this summer, is sitting on the little chair, and Margery, our five-year old who sings for you during the Children's Hour, is sitting on my lap."

Those were busy, busy days, but such happy days too. Like all mothers, I thought that I had my hands full without taking on any outside work, and yet when I was asked to take on a daily radio program of "cooking advice" the idea interested me so much that I couldn't refuse. After I had been on the air only a few weeks it seemed the most natural thing in the world to grab up my letter-basket in one hand and Donald in the other hand to hurry to the studio at one-thirty. While I broadcast my four-year old sat beside me at the desk and colored in his picture book—the last thing I always reached for as I went out the front door was a box of crayons and that picture book.

Radio was still something of a

novelty in those days, and when I first began broadcasting I didn't have any clear idea in mind as to what it might lead to. If anyone then had asked me what my plans were I would have said that I'd broadcast for "a while" and see what happened. What I didn't reckon with was the fact that I'd make such good, loyal friends that I couldn't just suddenly stop and lose touch with them anymore than I could suddenly shut myself away from the neighbors and friends I'd known for years. Before the first six months had passed I realized that I could never, of my own free will, give up these friends whose letters took the place of neighborly visits.

Almost from the beginning there was the big problem of how to pass on the wonderful helps, recipes, and stories of practical experiences that came to me. My half-hour on the air didn't begin to give me enough time for them, and the only solution that I could see was to print a little magazine for my listeners. All of the children helped me with this, and they took a keen interest in sitting at the dining room table after supper and folding copies for the self-addressed envelopes that were sent in those days.

As I've said, I knew before the first year was out how important Kitchen-Klatter had become to me—to all of us, for that matter, since we thought of you as family friends, but it wasn't until our bad car accident in 1930 when I was faced with the fact that I'd never walk again, that I really appreciated how fortunate I had been to have my big interest in radio. Almost sixteen years have passed since then, and I can honestly say that every single day of those years has been made a happier day because of my friends. There have been countless times when the "thing that kept me going" was the morning mail, the realization that someone cared enough to write letters of encouragement and hope.

I have been told by friends a good many times that my daily visit and monthly letter brought a breath of the outside world to them as they worked away in their homes, sometimes tired and discouraged. Well, I can say in turn that you have brought the world to me and given me the sense of accomplishing something even though I've been confined to a wheel chair. You can see why I feel that I've been rarely blessed and fortunate.

Twenty years ago I used this little poem on the cover of my first magazine. It expressed then exactly what I felt. I want to print it again at this time because there is no better way of saying what I have hoped to do and will always hope to do. If God is willing I will use it again in 1956.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the Heaven that bends above me,
And the good that I can do.

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Come into the Garden

APRIL GARDENING

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Why do we regard April as a fickle, undependable month? It really is not any more so than any other month of the year. Perhaps it is because we ourselves are impatient, longing to get our spring gardening done and rebelling at the sudden changes of weather which we are more conscious of now that we want to be out in the garden again.

This is the month when we first go into the garden for a really good job of seed sowing. The garden spot which has probably been plowed, disked and dragged to an inviting condition, is in just the right shape to sow our seed, much of which must be planted early to insure a good crop. Perhaps it may be only a small spot which is spaded and raked as needed, but anyway it is your garden, full of potential possibilities for the coming year. On what we put into our gardens during the next few weeks will depend our source of food supply for next winter, to say nothing of the enjoyment we expect to get from our flowers. We can see then that it pays us to give careful thought to the task at hand.

We make our rows in which we plant our seeds the required distance apart according to whether we will plow the garden with a team when it is up, cultivate it with a garden hand plow, or just hoe it, the hard way. This depends on its size. However, regardless of its size, a garden is a garden, beloved and tended lovingly by its owner. Or at least it should be.

Some vegetables must be set far enough apart to develop properly, such as corn, cabbage and tomatoes. When we are planting our seed, let us remember that it is not much fun to have to thin it out later on by hand, as we will surely have to do if we have planted it too thickly. Radishes develop much better if they have elbow room, and everything else accordingly. A lettuce seed is deceptive in its present size as to what it will grow into, and what about the root vegetables, the carrots, parsnips and beets that will have to make their struggle underground. It will be as bad a problem for them as the over-crowded conditions in the housing shortage. Planting too thickly is a beginners' fault.

When planting our garden we make allowance not only for the seed we sow in April and May, but also for the plants to be set in later on. The seed of these plants may be sown now in a cold frame or a hot bed; remember to sow some of the more unusual vegetable seed belonging to the cabbage family, Brussels Sprouts for example. They grow like tiny cabbages up a stalk, and when boiled and arranged around a platter of ham are mouth-watering and highly decorative. These require no more care than cabbage and are expensive to buy when needed for the table.



A Spring Bouquet.

FLORA OF "THE STICKS"

Olga Rolf Tiemann

It was All Fools' Day at "The Sticks." Flora was looking with great satisfaction at the lush green growth of the Hardy Amaryllis, *Lycoris squamigera*. The lusty strap-like leaves were about a foot tall and they were not jesting with anyone this bright April day. It was in late June when they played their pranks and led the uninitiated into believing they were really dying. At that time the green leaves turned to yellow and then to dead brown. But they were not dying—the leaves had pushed through the ground ahead of almost everything else and had spent the time growing so fast that they could stop their work when summer had hardly commenced.

As the days passed, Violets of all kinds came into full bloom. Jooi had pinky-lavender blossoms held well above the yellow-green leaves. Confederate's blossoms were large, silvery white with a purplish heart. Jessie's Red was red—well, as red as a Violet could be. There were white, purple, cream and Downy Yellow Violets, and loveliest of all the Bicolor Pedata, the Ozark Violet. It was a mass of flowers above the birdsfoot foliage.

Collinsia verna, the Blue-eyed Mary's were blooming—dainty and charming in checkered gingham of blue and white. The seeds had been sown last August in a semi-shady bed. It had taken them more than a month to germinate and they made so little fall growth. But they'd made up for lost time when spring came and were now so lovely. *Collinsia bicolor* had been sown in March in a sunny place. Flora noted how quickly and well they were coming up.

She cut three stems of unequal length from the Pussy Willow, five stubby Iris leaves and five lavender Crocus blossoms. She arranged them in a white bowl lined with blue and set them on the dining-table. Sonny Boy going through the room at top speed, stopped abruptly, looked at the spring bouquet and said, "Now that's what I call pretty."

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

It never occurred to me when I left the University Hospital in Iowa City that there was any doubt about my complete and permanent recovery. But there were grave doubts in the minds of everyone else, and although I didn't know any of this at the time, I learned years later that when Dad had his final meeting with the doctors they told him that I had very little chance of surviving. Under any conditions, they could not be certain of my complete recovery until five years had passed.

This unhappy verdict made a great change in our family plans. Dad had intended to return to California with me when I was well enough to make the long trip, but his final meeting with the doctors put a cloud over these plans. When Mother heard the news she wrote that she wanted to return to Iowa where we could be among our relatives and friends, and when I was consulted as to whether or not I wanted to go back to California I said flatly that I didn't. I didn't know that anyone was worried about my condition, but I did know that all of my old school friends were in Iowa and that I thought I would be lonely in California.

After a few days with the Fischers I went to visit Aunt Anna, Aunt Erna and Grandfather Driftmier in Clarinda, and while I was there Dad told me that Mother and the children were coming back to Shenandoah around the first of March. This was the best news that could have come my way for I was dreadfully homesick for all of them—Dad and I felt like fish out of water away from the rest of the family.

The weeks that we waited for them to return seemed very long in spite of all that was done to make them go swiftly. During the day while Aunt Anna and Aunt Erna were both gone teaching school, Grandfather Driftmier and I played many a game of checkers. He was quite a master of the checker-board, but he was also so skillful in the way he let me beat him that I never suspected I wasn't a real whiz at the game! When checkers became tiresome we played phonograph records from Grandfather's good collection, and then when he didn't feel well enough to do anything at all (he was still a sick man from the stroke of apoplexy he had suffered in December) I worked on some new dresses that I was making for Margery. This was the first genuine sewing I had ever done, and I whiled away many an hour embroidering and appliqueing the pretty packaged dresses that could be purchased in those days.

The month of February passed in this fashion, and then in early March I went back to Fischers in Shenandoah, and Dad went to Omaha to meet the family when they came in on the Union Pacific train. That was a joyous reunion! There may have been more tears shed than is customary at such reunions, but none of the sad sad things that had happened



Picture on the cover of the first number of Kitchen-Klatter in 1926.

could really shadow the happiness that all of us felt to be together again. I couldn't get over how much Donald had changed. In the three months since I'd seen him he had learned to talk fluently, and it made him seem very grown up. It was also a source of much gratification to me that Margery could wear all of the dresses I'd made for her, and they looked absolutely lovely!

Our household goods were many weeks on the road and since we needed our own roof immediately we moved into a furnished house—the first and last time our family ever did this. We had just about two weeks together in the new place when it was time to say goodbye to Dad again. He had accepted a job with the eastern office of the Shenandoah Flag and Decorating Company, the same concern he had been associated with in California, and was to open a new office in Jamestown, New York. How we hated to see him go! And how he hated to go too. Only the fact that it was an excellent business opportunity saved the situation . . . that, plus the fact that he expected to return and see us every three or four months.

Dad had been gone only two or three weeks when Aunt Helen Fischer stopped by one afternoon to ask Mother if she would like to come down and talk on her Mother's Hour program over radio station KFNF. Mother protested that she wouldn't have any idea about what to say, but Aunt Helen brushed this aside and said that after all she lived with seven children and ought to be able to think of something that would interest other mothers. Mother was so uncertain about it that she said she thought she had better plan to sing a couple of numbers, so I went down to play for her while she sang.

This all seems very funny now when you stop and think that for twenty years Mother has been talking, not singing over the radio for a half-hour every day! I can just imagine what she would have said on that afternoon

long ago if anyone could have looked into the future and told her this. As I remember it, she sang on Aunt Helen's program for a few times, and then gradually Aunt Helen accustomed her to the idea of "saying something" and eventually she was talking for ten or fifteen minutes at a stretch. By the time Dad had returned from New York for his first visit she had reached the place where she felt at ease talking on the radio, and he was greatly impressed when he went to the studio with her and heard her talk.

When school opened that September Donald was the only child left at home with Mother. Howard and I were both entered as sophomores in high school, and the other children were scattered down through the grades. It was a quiet, happy autumn and winter without a single spell of illness except for one short siege with the mumps. I say "short siege" but it was hectic while it lasted since almost the entire family was down at once. We looked almost like a cartoon strip for one week in December, but fortunately everyone was well again when Dad came to spend Christmas with us.

While he was at home during the Christmas holidays plans were made to move in the spring. The furnished house in which we were still living had never been regarded as anything but a temporary home, and Dad was anxious to get us settled in our own property. He has always believed firmly that a man with a family should own his home, and consequently our spells in rented houses have been few and brief.

In April he returned to make final arrangements for buying the house that we live in today, and that all of us think of as the family home. It is the house that we lived in before we moved to Clarinda in 1917—Frederick was born in it. The fact that we had lived in it before made it seem familiar and homelike to us, and all of us were glad to be settled back on the hill.

Incidentally, our only session with the fire-department came just the day before we moved. Dad had gone up to the new house to clear a great deal of accumulated brush from the large garden, and he made the same discovery that a good many other people have made—a sudden gust of wind can put burning grass out of control in a split second. One minute Dad's fire was burning safely and harmlessly exactly where he wanted it to burn; the next minute he saw flames licking at both our garage and the neighbor's barn. He couldn't leave it to run for help, so it wasn't until his shouting attracted neighbors who ran to call the fire department that he had any assistance.

The next day we moved into our old-new house, and it was to be the last time that Mother would have to tackle the problem of where to put things and how to arrange furniture to the best advantage. I say the last time as though I were utterly confident that the folks would never move again, but I don't think they ever will.

(Continued in May Number)

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

By Lois Shull

The huge moving van, loaded till it groans as it pulls out, moves away down the street, followed by Dad and the children in the family car. You stay behind to sweep through the house one last time. You have instructed your family just where the large pieces of furniture are to be placed in the new house and have found this excuse to stay behind for a few more minutes in this house which has been home for so many years.

You won't admit it, but it breaks your heart to think of leaving. You go through each room, sweeping and remembering. Ah, yes, how many memories this house holds for you! Every room brings mental pictures of the happy years you've spent here while your babies grew into school children.

When your husband comes back for you, he goes through the house carefully, to be sure nothing has been overlooked, he says. Could he be noticing the loneliness of this hollow, echoing house, you wonder? Having loaded the last few small articles in the car and with the children's pet kitten in your arms, you and Dad drive away, toward the new house. Neither of you say anything of your inner feelings. Dad tells you that the movers got everything in the right places and that the children wanted to stay behind while he came for you. They are doing what unpacking they can and will be there when the men come to connect the gas range in the kitchen, turn on the water and the lights and put in the telephone. He says the house looks fine already. You've had a few days before moving to clean the house and put up curtains so it shouldn't be too hard now to get everything in place. Dad says the children love the new house already. You wish you did!

You still say nothing about the empty feeling in the pit of your stomach as you drive up in front of the strange house. There's nothing else for it, so you go up the walk. The children rush out, laughing and talking all at once. One child reaches for his pet and the frightened kitten makes a dash for freedom, with the youngsters chasing in mad pursuit down the walk after him. By the time he's captured you are inside the house. Sure enough, the furniture looks fine, as Dad said. There's even some semblance of order, if one ignores the boxes piled about in the centers of the rooms. Threading your way through them you go to the kitchen just as the children bring their runaway pet in to give him some milk. They shout about the wild chase for their kitten and about how much fun it is to move, and don't you love our new home, Mom?

HOME? you think. We-e-ell, of course, all your family are here and all of your furniture and belongings. There's the kitten lapping his milk. The cold lunch you prepared yesterday has been spread out picnic style on the kitchen table. In a short while the beds will be made up, and order will be restored in the whole house.

Well, say, haven't you been a ninny! Of course this is Home. What difference does it make *where* you live as long as you have your precious family and belongings with you! You smile suddenly at your family—at the topsy turvy furniture and boxes.

"Oh yes," you say, "it's a lovely new Home!"

LITTLE THINGS

When I would see the Master's hand
I do not view the mountain grand,
For man can make a hill so high
Its top will almost reach the sky.

Yet in a little plant or tree
The Maker's skill I plainly see.
A human hand has never wrought
A single flower, nor ever caught
And fixed a blossom's color tints—
A blush the sun's warm kiss imprints.

The lightning's flash, the thunder's
roar,
Mere man has made them o'er and
o'er,
But never formed a tiny seed
Of flower, tree or even weed
With living germ to make it grow—
Life's secret he will never know.

A mighty engine man can build
To do whatever he has willed,
Yet human mind has ne'er designed
A crystal like the ones we find
In frost or snow or jewel stone.

A mind supreme and that alone
With wondrous skill can fashion
these—
In them God's power a human sees.
—Owen H. Barnhill.

Roscoe, California
November 10, 1933.

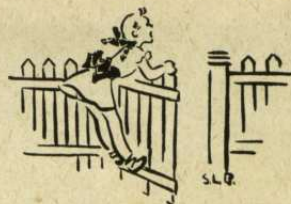
KITCHEN-KLATTER KINKS

"When washing windows, use an up-and-down stroke on the outside and a side-to-side stroke on the inside. This way you can easily see which side needs additional polishing if a mark is left."—Mrs. Wright Miller, Boliver, Mo.

"I tried everything to remove stains on our windows that were caused by old rusty screens and had no success until I used dissolved Bab-o. This made them as clear as crystal."—Mrs. J. T. Shultz, Richland, Iowa.

"To prevent chocolate from sticking to the pan, grease the pan thoroughly before putting in the chocolate. This will prevent waste. Lamp wicks won't smoke if you dip them in vinegar and dry thoroughly. Lemons can be freshened if old and dry by placing them in hot water for about two hours."—Mrs. Ben Engelkes, Parkersburg, Iowa.

"Rub butter on scissors before cutting marshmallows or fruit to prevent sticking." When dry-cleaning a garment at home, outline bad spots with white basting thread. It is easy to find the bad spot when wet. Darning that has to be done at night is made much easier by using the end of a flash-lite as a darning."—Mrs. Helen Smith, Cedar, Iowa.



THE SCHOOL LUNCH

As the school year moves closer and closer towards its close, we find that it becomes increasingly difficult to think of ways to pep up lagging appetites. These are the days when we need real eye appeal in the food that our children see when they open their lunch boxes. And it would be a very jaded appetite indeed that failed to respond if lifting the cover of the lunch box revealed a dainty paper napkin, two radish roses and some tender white hearts of cabbage, or perhaps some stuffed olives and crisp celery curls, each in its wrapping of transparent wax paper.

Another time there might be pickled baby beets and a luscious spiced whole pear with the stem left on. A relish "bouquet" to top the lunch is most attractive and is made of carrot sticks, rings of green and red peppers, turnip strips and celery curls. Always include a set of small salt and pepper shakers in the lunch box.

Extra-special things that will make a difference at this time of the year include fruit turnovers, cup-cakes that have had a hollow made in them for preserves or jelly, and fancy little tidbits made by dipping the balls of cake that have been removed from the cupcakes, and rolled in chopped peanuts or boxed cocoanut. This cocoanut mix makes an excellent substitute for frosting since it contains sugar. If spread over the batter before putting into the oven it toasts a delicate brown in the baking and is delicious.

Include marshmallows from time to time for the children to put into their hot cocoa. They also enjoy milk puddings to which marshmallows have been added while the pudding was still warm. Cream puffs may be used successfully in the lunch box if a tablespoon of unflavored gelatin is soaked and added to each two cups of filling while hot.

Bake nut bread, raisin-brown bread and other fancy breads in baking powder cans so that attractive round slices can be cut for sandwiches. Make popcorn balls by forming the corn around lolly-pop sticks, and hear the children's happy praise when they return from school and tell you how surprised they were to find the popcorn balls. For variety, add shelled peanuts to the popcorn from time to time.

Sandwich Spread Supreme makes up into two kinds of filling that keep well in the refrigerator for some time. Heat together slowly one pound of sliced cream cheese and one can of evaporated milk. Remove from fire when cheese is melted and divide mixture into two parts. To one-half add finely cut dates, nuts, raisins, or combinations of dried fruits. In the other half mix olives, pimentos, ham, and hard cooked eggs, all cut finely.



GRANDMA'S MOLASSES SQUARES WITH APPLE-SNOW TOP

- 1/2 cup shortening (lard may be used)
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2/3 cup molasses (country sorghum preferred)
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 3/4 teaspoon nutmeg
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 1/2 cup buttermilk or sour milk

Cream together shortening, sugar and eggs thoroughly. Add molasses, beat again. Sift all dry ingredients 3 times. Add alternately with milk to first mixture. Bake in an 8 inch greased pan in moderate oven until done (around 50 minutes).

Cut in 9 squares and serve warm with:

Apple Snow Topping

Pare and coarsely grate 1 large, tart apple. Add 1/4 cup sugar and 2 unbeaten egg whites. Beat until light and fluffy. Fold in 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, and 1/8 teaspoon salt. Serve on top of hot gingerbread at once. Very delicious.—Mrs. Iva Dennewill, Indianola, Ia.

COFFEE MOLASSES CAKE

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup corn syrup
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup strong coffee
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup raisins

Cook dates and raisins together in small amount of water. Let cool. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cream shortening with molasses and beat well. Stir in egg and beat again. Combine coffee and corn syrup and add alternately with the flour mixture. Beat well after each addition. Add fruits. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes.—Mrs. A. L. Jolley, Abilene, Kansas.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

ORANGE CUPS WITH HONEY- CRANBERRY RELISH

- 1/2 lb. cranberries
- 1 large orange
- 1/3 cup strained honey
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 6 small oranges

In case more servings are needed, one or two unpeeled red apples may be ground or cut fine with the cranberries.) Wash cranberries and put through food chopper with one large, unpeeled washed orange, using medium blade of chopper. Add salt and honey. Cover and let stand at least forty-eight hours in refrigerator. Fill hollowed out orange cups just before serving.—Mrs. Iva Dennewill, Indianola, Iowa.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

- Sift into mixing bowl
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 2 1/2 tablespoons cocoa
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 Tablespoons sugar
- Add to dry mixture
- 1 egg
- 1 cup maple syrup
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/3 cup cold coffee (a little more if needed)

After everything is measured into bowl, beat very thoroughly. This is important. (An electric mixer is ideal.) Can be baked in square pan or cup cakes, and is an excellent cake. Maple syrup is sweeter than corn syrup, and you can't tell this cake from one that is made from sugar.—Mrs. L. M. Doster, Barnum, Iowa.

BUTTERSCOTCH CAKE

- 1 cup dark syrup
 - 1/2 cup crisco (melted)
 - 2 eggs
- Beat these three ingredients together thoroughly for at least five minutes.

Sift together:
1 package butterscotch pudding
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/4 teaspoon salt
Add this to the first mixture; then stir in 3/4 cup sour cream and flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in a moderate oven.—Mrs. Gordon Pauley, Truro, Iowa.

"COOKING IS NEVER OUT OF DATE"

When my mother's cookin' things,
You bet I never wait
To put away my ball er gun—
I drop 'em where they are an' run,
For fear I'll be too late.
The most excitin' kind o' game,
Er toy, er storybook,
I let 'em go, an' never mind,
The very minute that I find
My mother's goin' to cook.

When my mother's cookin' things—
P'raps it's pies to bake,
Er doughnuts bobbin' up an' down
In boilin' grease till they are brown,
Er p'raps it's johnnycake—
Whatever kind o' thing it is,
I always like to hook
The biggest piece of dough I can,
An' make it in a pattyan,
When me an' Mother cook.
—Burgess Johnson.

FRENCH BREAD

- 2 cups lukewarm water
- 1 tablespoon salt

Place water and salt in large bowl and add 1 yeast cake which has been dissolved in 1/4 cup lukewarm water. Stir in 6 1/2 cups flour. Mix and turn out on bread board, knead and add gradually 1 cup of flour. Put in bowl to rise until double, and then punch down and let rise double. Make into two long loaves or small rolls. Place in greased or floured sheet and gash top of loaves 1/2 inch deep. Brush tops with white of 1 egg and 1 tablespoon water. Cover pans with damp cloth and let rise until double and light. Bake until the loaves start to brown and then brush again with the egg white mixture and finish baking. Cool loaves in a draft so you can hear them crackle.—Mrs. Stewart Blades, Manilla, Iowa.

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FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "Several of my friends and I are joining together to ask you what you would suggest doing with a member of our young married women's club of the church who always slides out of entertaining in her home. She has a nice home, no children, and even part-time help, but although she will contribute generously with time and money, she always has some excuse when we ask her what date would be convenient to entertain us. She is the only person who isn't willing and ready to open her home, and we've wondered if you think it might be advisable to come out frankly and discuss this with her before our next calendar is made?"—Minn.

ANS: When I was younger I might have said that I thought it would be all right to bring this sore point out in the open and discuss it with her, but now that I've grown older I'm inclined to feel that it is the better part of wisdom, to say nothing of kindness, to accept some things at their face value. Since she contributes generously of her time and money you cannot feel that she is shirking responsibilities, and there must be some good reason, known only to herself, for not wishing to entertain in her home. You mentioned elsewhere in your letter that she doesn't entertain any other clubs or organizations, so you can't feel that you are being slighted. Please accept her as a good member and overlook the problem.

QUES: "I'm turning to you for help about a difficult situation, Leanna. We have one little girl, now almost five years old, who has what I would consider quite a serious speech defect. She lisps badly, doesn't pronounce a number of letters, and even though I'm with her constantly I often find it hard to understand her, and I know that strangers must not be able to understand a word that she says. My husband and his parents say that she will outgrow it, but I'm doubtful that she will without some kind of specialized attention. If I took her to a city specialist right now there still wouldn't be much time before she starts to school. I want to do this, although it will mean heavy expense and being away from home for quite a while, but I've met with nothing but opposition. Do you think that I should insist upon taking this step to help her?"—Ia.

ANS: Yes, I do. A child of that age shouldn't be talking so unintelligibly, and although she may outgrow it in time, you don't want her first years of school made difficult. A child who doesn't talk well is generally the target for pretty cruel mockery from other children. I think that she should have highly skilled attention, and the sooner the better. You may hear two years from now that this must be done, and you will regret

then that you lost so much time. I believe that I would insist upon this if I were you.

QUES: "This is a problem that I've wanted to take up with you for a long time, Leanna, and finally I'm getting it down on paper. We have a large and active aid society in our church, and during the year we make an average of five complete layettes and give them to unfortunate families in our town. It has always been the custom for a committee of three to take the layette and explain that it's from the aid society, etc., and since I went on one of these missions and saw the really sad embarrassment of the young mother who received it I've wished that we could change our plans. Do you think it would be presumptuous for me to suggest that in the future only one person go with the layette and explain casually, not stiffly as our committee did, that a group of church women did the sewing in their spare time? It would seem to me so much more kindly a way to handle the matter."—Kansas.

ANS: I agree with you wholeheartedly. Personally, I would like to see all such matters handled in this way. I really don't feel that a committee should make the call, and I hope that not only do you present the matter to your aid society but that you succeed in winning them over to your viewpoint.

QUES: "May Day will soon be here and I'd like to do something different for my little girl who will be ten years old then. I had thought something of furnishing all materials for the youngsters to make May Baskets, and supplying the candy and popcorn for them. This would be the night before May Day, you see. What would you think of such a plan?"—Missouri.

ANS: I think that it would be very nice. Most little girls love to make things together, and if you have a good supply of paper, boxes, etc., they'd probably thoroughly enjoy making their baskets even though as a rule each child works separately. Be sure and ask your little girl if they'd rather keep their baskets a secret, or make them together. Be guided by her decision.

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Shenandoah, Iowa

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

"Leanna, I've been thinking so much lately about something which I wonder if you couldn't mention in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I believe it would help lots of people. Had you ever thought about a task that Gold Star mother-in-laws could do to "carry on" for their sons? I'm sure you know as I do, many lovely young girls who married service boys. Many only had a few days, weeks, or months before the husband went overseas. Then would come the dreaded word, "Killed in Action." There we have a widow who was but for so short a time, perhaps, a wife. Many of them only 18 or 20 years old. Of course, some are older and had a child or two but so many are young with perhaps a tiny baby or two. Many of them live with either their own or their husband's parents. Now, here's where I think those gold star mothers could do such a noble thing and it would be "carrying on", I'm sure, as their sons would have wished. Of course, for awhile, they can most help the young wife or mother by just being loving and kind and sharing their mutual grief. Then comes their big chance. After awhile, when grief has been somewhat dulled by time, be a truly loving mother to that girl and help her begin a new life. Don't let her become old before she need be. Help her to keep young and happy. Urge her to get out again to be with her friends, including men friends. I don't believe those dear boys who have to die want their wives to remain grieving widows and their children to be brought up without a father's care.

Don't try to be selfish and hold her and your grandchild in your home. Don't worry about the stepfather. He may be the buddy of your son because they'll seek the maturer girls who have known what the war is all about, for their life's companion when they come home. I'm sure they would look on the little child or children as a sacred trust given them by one who died for the mutual cause they fought for.

I believe that these mothers will find that as they "free" these girls to live a new life again, they will actually find the bonds of love between them will have grown deeper. It seems that lots of times the tighter we try to hold the farther apart we become while if we loosen the bonds they actually grow stronger.

—Mabel Nair Brown.

If I should die, and leave you here awhile,

Be not like others, sore undone,
who keep

Long vigils by the silent dust, and weep.

For my sake, turn again to life,
and smile,

Nerving your heart and trembling hands to do

Something to comfort weaker hearts than thine,

Complete these dear unfinished tasks of mine,

And it may be that I shall comfort you.

—Anonymous.

FAMILY FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

I quote, "Now that April's Here." Away my thoughts fly to the thousand (well, maybe it's only a hundred!) and one things to be done in early spring. Upon second thought, another quote: "Here we go again!"—and go again we do with housecleaning, baby chicks, early garden and yard cleaning. Let's not forget that April brings Easter, too. Easter—rebirth—a new beginning—a new peace. Blessed peace!

Humbly we begin to see all the many blessings wedged firmly among the homely tasks of everyday living. Honestly now, we love these tasks! They give us a feeling of importance, our own particular niche in the world, more important than ever before because this year we're going to be our brother's keeper, striving toward a world of brotherhood. Let us work, save, and grow to feed a hungry world. We homemakers can lead the way.

April! Children dash home from school to grab rakes to get that trash heaped into a big pile for a bonfire. They lean on the rake handles, sniffing the smoke scented air.

"Mom," calls the eleven-year-old, "can't we build a rock garden over in that corner? There's a book at school showing pictures of such a pretty one."

What a grand idea! I'd often dreamed of such a corner, and what a grand place for son to put his collection of rocks and stone 'pretties' picked up through the years. Maybe there will be a few less in his pockets on wash days!

"Oh, mother, can we make a little pool?" questions Big Sister.

"Well, I'm not sure that's a wise idea with the baby toddling all about this summer. Can't we think of something else?" I ask.

"How about a small grill or fire-place for hamburger suppers?" queries the sophomore.

"Yes, yes, let's do," agree the others, and right then and there plans begin to fly thick and fast.

I chuckle as I mosey toward the brooder house. What fun they will have on the new project sorting rocks, hauling dirt (I can see the coaster wagon rigged up as a dump truck), and I can see Sister insisting on her female prerogative in the arrangement of the plants.

Sh! don't let on I told you, but Mother will be right out there too, pouring over seed catalogues for new sedum and border plantings; all the while busy trying to keep the toddler from unplugging as fast as we plant.

Unless I miss my guess, Dad won't be able to resist getting his hand in on the construction of that grill.

Yes, April's here and the whole family moves to the great out-of-doors to stir up a sizable mixture of work and play.

I collect Crochet Hot Pads in exchange for quilt pieces, feed sacks, old dishes and buttons.—Mrs. Cy F. Casper, Prague, Nebr.



By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

If you have read the book "Gone With The Wind" you have become acquainted with the character of Scarlett O'Hara and know that when she was troubled or perplexed she would say, "Oh, I'll think about that tomorrow" and proceed to put it out of her mind.

I have often said the same thing to myself when I lay awake at night, but some way the same thing would bob up the next day again—big as life and twice as plain; so there are some things that have to be settled once and for all, and in this day and age you have to be just a little ahead of time or you'll miss out. This is certainly true when it comes to ordering chicks.

I've heard many, many complaints about the difficulty in getting baby chicks when they're wanted, or the particular kind that is wanted. For one thing, many more people than usual are ordering only pullets, and this leaves a surplus of cockerels to be disposed of by the hatchery.

I know of one concern that contracted with a man to do nothing but battery feed all their surplus chicks for broilers. This is one operation that has to be figured out very accurately to come out even, to say nothing of making a profit. And if it runs true to form, the market drops just about the time you're ready to sell.

Some are trying the method of using scratch feed scattered over the mash for the first few days, and then changing entirely to scratch feed. I am using this method and have had good results so far.

I had my brooder house cleaned last fall and scrubbed the floors with a strong lye water. I repeated the process this spring, and when it was dry I sprayed it with DDT. I did not see any signs of mites, but there have been a couple of sparrow roosts in the brooder house during the winter and I didn't want to take any chances.

A few days later I carried in the stove, set it up and saw that all of the connections were tight, and then lighted it and let it burn for several hours. I also had all litter and feeders ready long before I needed them, for one never knows just what the weather will be. And I usually draw a day that is raining and snowing when I am to get my chicks.

Treat your chicks as you would any other babies by keeping them warm, full and dry. Keep them busy and not overcrowded. Add a little salt to their feed, one pound for each 100 lbs. of feed, and this will act as a preventative for cannibalism which is so hard to cure once it gets started. However, be sure to read the label of your feed formula for it may contain sufficient salt that none need be added. For quicker results, add a little salt to their drinking water since it helps to overcome ravenous appetites.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Did you have fun writing to the shutins I told you about last month? I thought you would, and here are some more to write to this month. Shutin folks are really shutin in winter when it is cold and icy outdoors and letters mean a lot then.

Lena Springer, Rt. 1, Box 170, Industry, Ill., has had a pretty miserable winter. She has a spinal ailment and was bedfast for many years. At present she is able to be up a little but suffers terribly. Her hobby is collecting birds—not real ones, of course. Maybe you can find one to send her when you write.

J. Warren Anderson, 2214 N 12 St., Kansas City, Kansas, is one of our elderly friends. He has been bedfast for several years. He likes view cards. Another elderly shutin who likes viewcards is Mrs. Dora Crowell, Sequoia Hills 472, Scenic Drive, Knoxville 16, Tenn. Not so long ago she and her husband had to give up their own home and go to a strange city to live. She is not able to be out at all and is so lonely and homesick.

Mrs. Emma Neufind, 322 W Huron St., Missouri Valley, Iowa, has run out of quilt pieces. She was 78 the other day and is entirely alone since the death of her two sisters last year. He husband died three years ago, just a few weeks after their 60th wedding anniversary. About all she can do is piece quilts, or crochet if she has thread. Mrs. Mae Benson, Fillmore, N. Y., wants some silk pieces to make novelties from. And Edna Casper, 455 Franklin, St., Elizabeth 1, New Jersey, needs old clothing to make into rags.

Yesterday the A.W.V.S. ladies came for the wheel chair robes. They are to be taken to the Navy and Marine Hospital in San Diego and they asked me to tell you that the boys love the robes and get so much good from them. Also, that they could use as many more as we can make. Thousands, if we can supply that many. I am starting one—will you?

Remember when I asked you to send old beads to a Sanitarium in Minnesota? Well, they received nearly 70 packages and were so thrilled over them. They make them into jewelry and I am told that their work is lovely.

Dr. A. W. Acton, 627 N Sierra Bonita Ave., Los Angeles 36, California, tells me you are responding nicely to the call for used stamps for the boys in the hospitals. He has received sixty-odd packages so far and asks me to tell you to keep them coming. I told you before to send only commemorative stamps but now he has found a way of disposing of even the common stamps in exchange for those of other countries, so send him all the stamps you can of all kinds. These are not to be new stamps, you understand, but the ones that you get on letters and packages. Cut them off carefully, leaving a little paper around the stamp so its edges won't be damaged.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

On this warm, spring-like afternoon I'm sitting here in my old room at home once again where I've always written to you when I returned from California for visits with the folks. The room is the same and the typewriter is the same, so the big difference today is that I'm not here for a visit, but here to live for—well, for as far as I can see into the future.

In my last letter I told you that I'd write about our new home and it isn't really my fault that I can't—we'll have to hold the railroad responsible, I guess. Our household goods are still chugging along someplace between San Francisco and Shenandoah, and we're only hoping that Juliana's long separation from most of her toys will make them seem brand-new when they finally arrive. And right here I must tell you that one evening when we were still in San Francisco and busy packing, she asked if she could pack a box of her own things. We told her that she certainly could and she busied herself for almost an hour filling a cardboard carton in her room. The next morning before she got out of bed we looked into the carton to see what she had packed, and the collection was somehow awfully funny and pathetic. Along with her teddybear, blocks, a couple of books and a handful of doll clothes she had packed four oranges and three lemons, a piece of bread, two stalks of celery, the lid of the coffee pot, a pair of mittens and a sheet. I told Russell that it was enough to make you wonder exactly what she really thought it meant to break up a home and move to Iowa.

One bridge that I've been crossing repeatedly before I come to it is the fact that the kitchen in our new home doesn't have a single cupboard in it and I have four barrels of china on the road! This is a problem that many of you friends have tackled, I'm sure, and I'm equally sure that you agree with me when I say that it should be spelled with capital letters—PROBLEM. Well, a number of ideas for solving it have occurred to me and next month (oh, surely we'll be in our own house next month!) I'll tell you what we finally hit on for housing dishes and food.

To be perfectly frank, it would take a great deal more than lack of cupboards to dampen my enthusiasm over prospects of living in our very own home for the first time. We've never felt permanently settled to the point of buying a house—as a matter of fact, we were always apartment dwellers until we moved to San Francisco in 1944. We had a house there, if you can call anything in San Francisco a house. You may recall that I once told you San Francisco was a city of apartment dwellers, and the comparatively few houses were built in a solid row with your neighbor's side wall smack up against your own side wall.

We still find it a little strange to accustom ourselves to the sense of space here, the big front yards, side yards and back yards. Last night



Lucile, Russell, Dorothy, Juliana, and Kristin. Sorry Frank couldn't be in the picture as he was working that day.

when Russell and I took a short walk we figured that if this block where the folks live were in San Francisco there would be seventy-five or more families in it rather than fourteen or fifteen. And the quiet! Our ears were so attuned to the never-ceasing roar of traffic, the clanging of street-car and cable-car bells, that we constantly notice how still it is here. Why, we can actually hear dogs barking far away at night!

Another thing that we can scarcely get used to here is the food. I hadn't seen a full pound of butter for over six months before I returned. I hadn't seen whipping cream for more than three years. We had grown so accustomed to standing in long lines for everything from a pint of milk (we were rationed to a pint per day some of the time) to a pound of coffee that I'd forgotten it was possible to buy food in any other way. And one more thing that still surprises us are the Iowa chickens. I don't know what California chickens are fed (if anything) but they haven't enough fat on them to show in the water when they're boiled, and they are so blue from general undernourishment that you feel they must have frozen to death. You can have those chickens if you want them. I'll take the fine big fat golden chickens that Mother roasts on Sunday morning.

Russell is very, very busy these days getting his studio into good condition. He is opening a photographic studio just as soon as all of his necessary equipment is rounded up, and of course he is happy for it is what he has always wanted to do. Russell loves to work with children, and one of the things that he is enjoying is fixing up a playroom where youngsters can have a good time without being conscious of the fact that they're having their pictures taken. I guess that all of us mothers are alike in wishing that we had pictures of our children in which they are their own natural selves, not stiffly posed and self-conscious. Russell considers Juliana and Kristin his most severe critics of the new playroom, and if they'll like it well enough to forget everything around them, he'll feel that he's done a good job.

Juliana had such a happy, happy third birthday. Kristin and Dorothy stayed over for it, and we all got up very early in the morning to see what the birthday fairy had left. Then in the afternoon about four o'clock we

had a few little children her age come in for ice cream and cake. That cake was really something to behold! I let Juliana decorate it herself, and she had everything on it from rosebuds to birds. I had intended to put the little pink sugar letters that spell "Happy Birthday" across the top of the cake, but when she had finished most of the letters were concentrated in one spot on the side. Oh well, it made it seem much more her own cake so it didn't matter.

Some night this week I want to get busy and put her birthday cards in her book. There were so many, many lovely ones from you good friends that I'll just have to make room for them, no matter what. I hope that those of you who were thoughtful and kind will accept this as a real thank-you from Juliana, her parents and grandparents. It will have to serve since you can't peek in the door and see her turning them over carefully before she says, "These are from friends, aren't they, mama?" And I assure her that they are.

I haven't had time to do any sewing lately, but soon I must get busy and put the finishing touches on a beautiful yellow spring coat that Grandmother Verness sent to Juliana for her birthday. She didn't hem the sleeves or put in the skirt hem because she didn't have her there to try it on, but I'm tickled to death to do those few little things. In the same package came the most beautiful white dress you ever saw in your life, so Juliana is really fixed for Easter. Now if mama just had a new coat and dress. . . .

One of the things that I'm enjoying the most about being here is visiting with you on Mother's program. However, I must admit that it does still seem strange to me not to have to rush through with the dinner dishes so that Mother can go on the air at one-thirty. We did that for so many years that I still catch myself looking at the clock every day and wondering if we'll get through clattering dishes before Kitchen-Klatter. It isn't hard for me to understand why Mother has always said that the nicest time of the day comes when she wheels into the office and visits with you, for I too think that it's a great pleasure. Nothing could ever take the place of it.

Juliana has just come running up the stairs to tell me that she took a walk with her daddy and went over a hundred miles! I happen to know that they walked the length of Brown's pasture, and I know too that the day is coming swiftly when it will be exactly one block to her eyes and not a hundred miles. It makes me feel like saying, "Time, Time! Stop in your flight!"

Next month surely I'll be able to tell you about our house, and then when summer is really here I'll expect you to stop in and see for yourself what I did about kitchen cupboards!

As Ever, Lucile.

Mrs. Dorothy Daby, 209 So. Broad, Mankato, Minnesota, will exchange crocheting for washed feed sacks. Write to her first.



FOR THE CHILDREN

MRS. ROBIN'S APRIL FOOL

Maxine Sickels

It was spring in Iowa. Spring in Iowa means that if you wear a coat you are too warm, if you leave your coat at home, you are too cold. It means that if you carry your umbrella and wear your raincoat and rubbers, the sun shines and if you leave them all at home, it rains.

Perhaps that is the reason April First is called All Fool's Day for even the weather is fooling all of us.

This April Fool's Day was bright and fair and warm and sunny. Allen and Karen went along to school laughing and talking and swinging their dinner pails. It was one of those days when it is much more fun to go to school than it is to get there.

They played April Fool's jokes on each other.

Allen said "Oh, see that snake!" and pretended to hunt for a stick while Karen ran screaming down the road.

Karen said, "Here comes a car!" and laughed when Allen turned to see it.

At Mr. Brown's they called to tell him a pig was out in the road and then shouted "April Fool! April Fool!" when he came to see.

Mrs. John's washing was already on the line and they called to her that a sheet had blown loose and was dragging on the ground. She laughed and said, "I've been April Fooled already this morning, you young scamps," but they saw her peeking out the door just to be sure! They laughed and waved and she waved back.

Where the road dipped into the hollow there were trees and bushes growing in a thicket where many birds built their nests. Karen and Allen never tired of snooping and peeking around there to see who was at home. Last year they had found a brown thrasher's nest in a brush patch, a blue bird's in a hollow post, several robin's in different low trees and bushes and, of course, an oriole's swung from the tip of the maple tree. An oriole doesn't care who finds his nest—only a bird can reach it.

This year one pair of robins had spent a lot of time in a red haw tree and whenever the children came near they set up a chirping and chirking as if they were greatly excited, but no nest was in sight.

This morning they looked again until they heard the first bell ring and knew they had to hurry on their way.

To the robins, scolding on the fence, Karen said, "We only want to see. We wouldn't even touch it—and you know it."

School ended, it always does, and April played one of her jokes. Just as the children reached the thicket of

trees, a spring shower pattered over the hill and they were glad to stop under the trees. While they were standing there, they kept looking and looking. The birds were quiet through the shower but there were sly rustlings as if they moved to get a better look at these children.

Karen touched Allen on the arm and nodded at the top of a big, old corner post that was being crowded closer and closer by a hickory sapling. "Do you see what I see?" she said in a low voice.

"All I see is a few old sticks on top of that post!" Allen answered. Then he looked at her and nodded "Um hm, Mrs. Robin's nest I betcha!"

Climbing carefully on the fence and brace post, they peeked over the edge, and sure enough, there sat Mrs. Robin, her bright eyes wide, but never a feather moving.

"April Fool" they said together.

When the April shower was over and they started down the road, Allen said in a puzzled voice, "I am not sure whose April Fool joke that was, are you?"

APRIL FOOL JOKES

All boys and girls enjoy playing tricks on people on April 1st. Did you know that this custom dates back almost four-hundred years, and that it is supposed to have originated in France? The funniest trick ever played in our house was the time that Donald, who was then about ten, offered to make pancakes for the family, and when we cut into them we found a paper napkin neatly baked in each pancake!

KNOW YOUR STATE Illinois

Flower—Native Violet
Nickname—The Prairie State
Area—56,665 square miles
Capital City—Springfield
Largest City—Chicago
Bird—Cardinal

THE RAIN

Pitter-patter falls the rain
On the schoolhouse window pane,
Such a dashing, such a splashing,
Will it e'er be dry again?
Down the gutter rolls the flood,
And the crossing, deep with mud,
And the puddles, oh! the puddles
Are a sight to stir one's blood.
But let it rain, tree-toads and frogs,
Muskets and pitchforks, kittens and dogs,
Dash away! splash away! who is afraid?
Here we go, the umbrella brigade.



Henry Joe and Robert Francis Falk of Effingham, Kansas. Their daddy made the rocking horse.

RIDDLES

Why is there never such a thing as a whole day? (Because every day begins by breaking.)

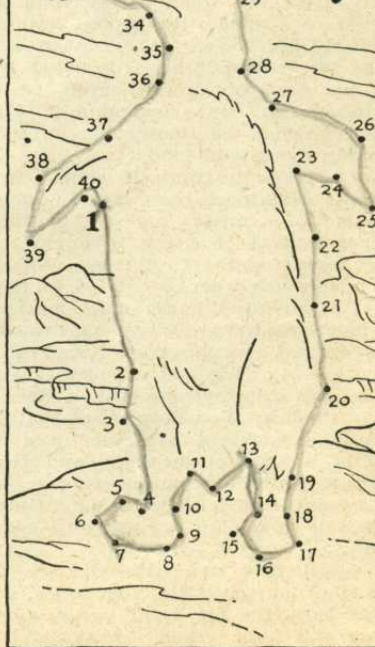
What did the big toe say to the little toe? (Look, a big heel is following us.)

Why is a circle like a bell? (Because it makes a ring.)

How does a book resemble a tree? (They both have leaves.)

What is always running but never moves? (A clock.)

WHAT
Antarctic Bird
HAS WINGS THAT
ARE USELESS FOR
Flight?



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PRETTY SHELL BAR PINS. Made from tiny pastel shells. Choice of Diamond or Crescent shape. 3 inches in size. \$1.00 each. Mrs. M. J. Young, 603 East Yerby, Marshall, Missouri.

FITS-ALL SEWING MACHINE DARNER, for hosiery, clothing, and linens. 40¢. Easy to operate. Ethel Strayer, 2971 Dudley Street, Lincoln 3, Nebraska.

FOR EASTER AND MOTHER'S DAY. Chenille corsages that please. Crimson Star Columbine with snow white inner petals. Beautiful Amaryllis in rose with white veins. Lovely Orchids in lavender or white with purple throat. Roses in American Beauty, pink, or yellow. Groups of Pansies or Strawflowers, also Gardenias, Grapes, Iris, Petunias. Each 60¢. Mrs. J. Leonard, 9215 Lyndale South, Minneapolis 9, Minnesota.

BABY CLOTHES: Kimonas, slips, 60¢ each; dresses, \$1.00; hand decorated. Crocheted jackets, \$2.25. Toeless Slippers, 75¢. Mrs. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

TWO HARDY ASTERS and 4 Cushion Mums, \$1.00; Unnamed Iris, all colors, 6 for \$1.00. 10¢ postage. Mrs. Fred Hodson, Earlham, Iowa.

FIVE USABLE NEAT POT HOLDERS, for \$1.00, or 25¢ each. Colorful and useful fabric pieces in pre-war colorfast cotton prints. Ideal for aprons, pinafores, children and baby dresses, and etc. 25¢ for one order or 4 orders for \$1.00 postpaid. Can fill any order large or small. Mrs. Mabel Schiller, Route 1, c/o A. B. Brainerd, Minnesota.

CROCHETED HEN AND TWO CHICKS, 85¢; crocheted and embroidered articles for Easter. Send \$1.00 to \$10.00. Yo Yo tablecloth, 76 by 70, \$20.00. Velvet pieced lap cover, \$8.00. Quilt pieces, 50 for 35¢. Large crocheted Service Flags, \$1.25. Vera Lachelt, Janesville, Minnesota.

FOR SALE: White crocheted centerpiece, 66 inches across, \$15.00. Mrs. Will Kracke, Hope, Kansas.

FOR A GIFT FOR MOTHER OR GRADUATION. Colored slip on earrings and brooch set, \$1.00 postpaid. Carrie Hooper, Early, Iowa.

NYLON DOILIES that need no ironing or blocking, \$1.00; sequin earrings, 50¢; sequin dress or coat pins, \$1.00. Myrtle McManus, 217-17th Street, Boone, Iowa.

HARDY AMARYLLIS BULBS. Large, blooming size. For immediate shipment, carefully wrapped, \$1.00 postpaid. Sunnyside Gardens, Clarinda, Iowa.

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

FOR SALE: Pretty crocheted cross book-marks, pastel shades, 25¢. 8 inches long. Send stamped envelope. These are very nice to put in with your Easter or birthday cards. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Iowa.

PLANTS: 15 Perennials, \$1.00; 8 labeled Iris or 15 unlabeled, \$1.00; Lamium, Golden Leafed Honeysuckle, Auchusa Myosotidiflora, 25¢ each. **SEEDS**: Pacific Hybrid Delphiniums, Crested Pyrethrum, Longspurred Columbine, 10¢ each or three for 25¢. Hardy Begonia Bulbs, small, 3 for 25¢, large 25¢, extra large 35¢. \$1.00 orders postpaid. Mrs. B. L. Smith, 506 Miami, Hiawatha, Kansas.

FOR SALE: Home made cotton pieced house coat, lined. Mostly hand made. Write to Mrs. O. R. Boraas, Rt. 2, Dawson, Minnesota.

CROCHETED DOILIES, snow crystal and other designs, 10 inches, \$1.00. Made of white J. P. Coats, size 30 thread. Mrs. Edward Blecha, Munden, Kansas.

SEQUIN EARRINGS, colors, 60¢; 13 inch pineapple doily, \$1.00; 13 inch and two 10-inch pineapple doilies for buffet, \$2.25; 19 inch to match for table, \$1.75; 12 inch ruffled doily, colored edging, \$1.10; 13 inch ruffled doily, center 5 inches, \$1.50, or iron them yourself, \$1.25. All doilies are white, tan, or cream. Mrs. S. Priest, 3871 Walnut Avenue, Lynwood, California.

CROCHETED YARN ROSES, 15¢ each. Straw roses, 20¢ each. 12 inch stem buds, 10¢. Myrtle McManus, 217-17th Street, Boone, Iowa.

1946 HEALTH BOOKLET (by a nurse). Suggestions for persons who find it hard to reduce. Gas forming foods. Nervous and Anemic. Allergy (food sensitiveness) cause and relief. 30 health questions answered. Vitamin importance and dangerous ONE. Cooking suggestions, etc. 35¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

LOVELY LITTLE GIRL BLOUSE PATTERN, size 4, for 5¢ and 3¢ for mailing. Mrs. Goldie Deiousseau, Clyde, Kansas.

FANCY KNITTED DOILIES in various sizes. In white, ecrú, \$1.25 and up. Also in two-tone. Mrs. M. Ledet, Route 3, Audubon, Iowa.

ATTENTION: Will sell or exchange used player piano rolls, in good condition, for crochet or embroidery pieces. Myrtle Wise, Route 2, Ridgeway, Missouri.

SOLUTION THAT TOUGHENS FIBERS and doubles your silk and hosiery wear. Tested and proven, 25¢ in coin. Ruth Stipp, Oakland, Nebraska.

BEGONIAS NAMED, rooted cutting, 4 for \$1.00, postpaid. Geraniums. Write, Mrs. O. E. Kellar, 1223 E. Oak Park, Des Moines 16, Iowa.

EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES, 36 inches. Some with crocheted motif. All have colored crocheted edge, \$3.00. Mrs. Ernest Marcum, Center, Kentucky.

CROCHETED PIN CUSHION, pastel shades, 75¢. Crocheted wool yarn basket, and seven balls of darning cotton, 75¢. Viola Breitbarth, Box 355, Truman, Minnesota.

YARN DOLLS: 7 inches tall, washable. Yellow braids, crocheted dress, \$1.00 postpaid. Chenille corsages, 50¢ each. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Missouri.

MAMMY POT HOLDERS with crocheted skirt, \$1.00 each. 11 inch pineapple design doily, \$1.00 each. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, West Virginia.

SPECIAL MACHINE QUILTING. Beautiful design lock-stitch. No marking. Priced by size. Send quilt tops to Maude Reed, Victoria, Illinois.

QUILT PIECES. Print and so forth. Colorfast, 50 for 20¢, 100 for 35¢. Order from Mrs. Susan Nieland, South Maple Street, Carroll, Iowa.

LOVELY PRINT APRONS, bib style, \$1.00. Mrs. G. S. Valentine, Route 7, Topeka, Kansas.

FOR SALE: Real old watch, in excellent working order, \$18.00. Also taking orders for embroidered pillow cases, 42 inches, hemstitched with crocheted edge, \$2.85 pair. Helen Chuldt, Poynette, Wisconsin.

BABY CLOTHES: Diapers, \$3.50 dozen; kimonas, slips, 60¢; dresses, \$1.75; crocheted jackets, \$2.25; hoods, 75¢; mittens, 50¢; toeless slippers, 75¢. Mrs. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.



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AID SOCIETY HELPS

LADIES AID COLUMN

One of my favorite things in this world is an old-fashioned church supper. It seems to me that you'd have to go a long way to find anything nicer than the big tables stretched out in the church basement, children running around happily, friends greeting each other, and over it all the wonderful fragrance of hot coffee. I don't think that any church should do without this form of fellowship, and right now when we're all concerned about bringing people together to work within the church there can't be a better way than by establishing a monthly church supper.

Don't wait until next winter to make your plans for this. Start now, this very week, to revive the custom if you once had it, or to organize your first supper if it's new to your church. Someone must be responsible for starting the ball to rolling, so it's a good place for the Aid to take the initiative. Ask the minister to make the announcement from the pulpit, and at that time he can furnish any additional details that need to be reported.

As a rule, Thursday or Friday evenings are the best time for most people, and be sure that you set the hour at 6:30 so that chores can be done before the family starts out.

Coffee should be prepared in the kitchen by a committee, and probably the same committee will be responsible for arranging the tables and getting things in order. Don't try to use tablecloths—sheets of clean, white paper are amply good. Everyone brings his own dishes and silver, so there won't be the burden of washing mountains of dishes. And just a word about the tables belongs here: don't make the mistake of stretching them out in long straight lines. For these suppers it is much better to arrange them informally with just enough room to pass around comfortably.

We are given so many directions and instructions every time we turn around these days that I really believe it's better simply to have people bring what they choose to fix. At first you may find that you're long on salads and short on something else, but after a few suppers you'll find that in one way or another the situation has sort of leveled it-

self out and you have just about the right amount of everything.

It's the time-honored custom for the supper to begin with the crowd singing "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow" or an equally appropriate song. Grace is returned by the pastor, or by a visiting pastor, and then the crowd gets in line to pass by the big table where the food is waiting. (Desserts should go on a second table at the side).

This method has the advantage of giving everyone a chance to pick up exactly what he wishes to eat, but it also has the disadvantage of making the line move very slowly—and sometimes people at the end of the line have pretty poor pickings.

You may find that your best solution is to divide the food and place a representative collection of everything at both ends of the table. This way the crowd can be seated, and the food passed down the line exactly like a large family gathering at home. However, there may be people who object to this for one reason or another. Don't impose any hard and fast rules. Experiment until you find the most efficient way of serving that pleases the crowd, and even then be ready to make changes if they are necessary.

After the meal has been concluded and everyone has gathered up his dishes, it is nice to have a short, informal program. At our last church supper we had a "Hobby Show" with different collections placed on small tables, and short speeches from the various people whose things were shown. Musical programs are always enjoyed, and an occasional debate between members of the Men's class and Ladies Aid is good entertainment. Just be sure that you keep the programs short and informal so that no one is worried or burdened by them.

It's nice to ask other ministers of the communities to attend a supper, and be sure that you don't forget to invite new families in the neighborhood. I'd make it a goal to have at least one or two strangers present at every church supper. It will do more to assure them of your friendliness and interest than any number of brief nods after Sunday morning worship.

Don't drop these suppers when warm weather comes. Most church basements are so cool that it's a treat to be in them on a hot summer night, and if a change is needed, picnics are always in order. In most of our communities there is quite a slackening off of church activities during the hot months, and I think a great many of us now feel that we can't afford to take three-months vacation with all that needs to be done by our church.

One final word about church suppers—don't forget that children and young people dearly love them. We're always looking for ways to keep our children actively interested in the church, and one of our best means is the church supper. They learn to know the older people better than they could in any other way, and you'll find in years to come that it made a great difference to them to be able to participate in church suppers.

CONTEST FOR APRIL PARTIES

WASH DAY CONTEST

1. What George Washington is noble for in regard to his cherry tree? Lye.
2. What storms will elopide in either summer or winter? Lines.
3. What baby likes best of all during his morning bath? Water.
4. What causes the washer woman to burn her hands if not careful? Fuel.
5. One of the main articles found in a steam engine. Boiler.
6. What was found at the base after Washington's cherry tree had been cut? Chips. (soap chips.)
7. Color chosen by many brides with the superstition "be true"? Blue.
8. Used in matrimonial ceremonies? Wringer.
9. Never a wash day without the help of our most common domestic animals? Soap.
10. Something used by nearly every nation in the world? Clothes.

A FISHING CONTEST

1. A prolonged cry? Wail. (Whale).
2. A choir singer? Bass.
3. The mariner's dread? Rock.
4. It's awful slippery? Eel.
5. It's a good idea sometimes to come down off it? Perch.
6. An animal that has practically disappeared? Buffalo.
7. A persistent serenader? Cat.
8. A weapon of warfare? Sword.
9. What we are liable to do in deep mud? Flounder.
10. Mother's pride? Son (sun).
11. Sometimes they shoot? Star.
12. A censorious, complaining fish? Carp.
13. A household pet? Dog.
14. A swindler? Shark.

ANTS

1. What ant sees things? Observant.
2. What ant is angry? Indignant.
3. What ant hires his home? Tenant.
4. What ant is joyful? Jubilant.
5. What ant is trustworthy? Confidant.
6. What ant is an officer? Commandant.
7. What ant is the youngest? Infant.
8. What is the ruling ant? Dominant.
9. What ant lives in a house? Occupant.

KNOW YOUR HATS

Give each guest a paper, cut in the shape of a sombrero hat, and a pencil. The following contest is written on the hat. Answers to be written opposite questions.

1. A canal. Panama.
2. What Columbus was. Sailor.
3. A tree. Fur.
4. A horse race. Derby.
5. A chicken. Leghorn.
6. Not seen, heard, or smelled. Felt.
7. Herdsmen. Cowboy.
8. Very small and close fitting. Turban.
9. Kind of tobacco. Plug.
10. Latest kind of hat. Nightcap.
11. Worn in Mexico. Sombrero.
12. An animal. Beaver.