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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

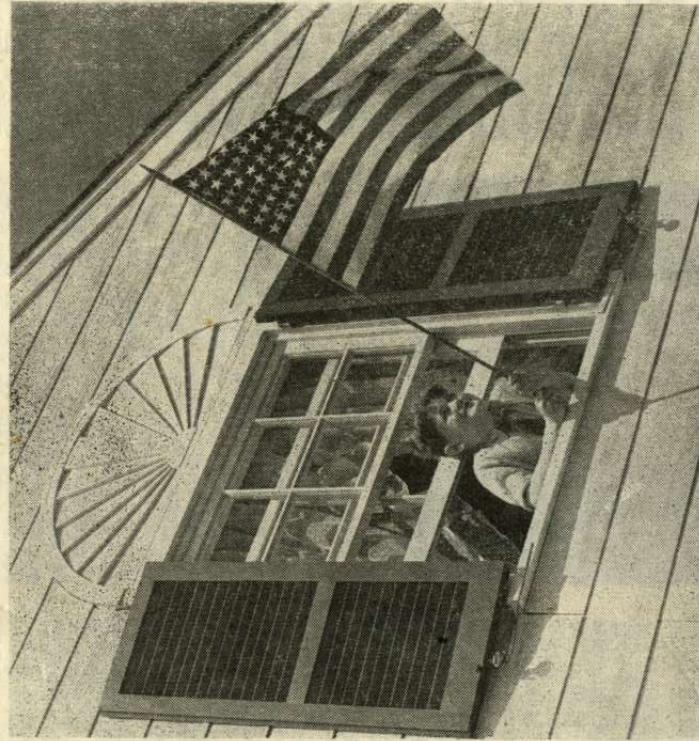
Price 10 cents



Vol. 10

JULY, 1945

Number 7



Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friend,

May I drop in and visit with you awhile this lovely June evening? If you should come to see me I would probably say, "Let's go out and sit in the garden."

Our back yard is really a secluded place and we spend most of our summer evenings there, especially since there has been no gas to do pleasure riding. This has been a wonderful summer for flowers. The pansies have been so large, the roses so beautiful and the poppies and Shasta daisies have grown so tall. We had few days during May and June when the sun shone and almost every day there was rain. Now if July and August are hot and dry, at least there will be a lot of moisture stored in the ground.

The past month has brought great joy to many Kitchen-Klatter families as sons have returned from the prison camps of Europe or have been released from the army because of having the required points.

Our son Wayne who has spent three and a half years overseas has been returned for service in the United States. He says he feels fortunate to have arrived in time for strawberry shortcake and fried chicken. My! it is fun to get the meals, for everything I cook seems to be something he is especially hungry for. I shall never forget the expression he put into the word, "Mother" when he opened the kitchen door the morning he arrived home. He had called from the depot and his father went to get him while I got breakfast ready. Wayne feels the war in the Pacific will last for some time although he hopes he is mistaken. On the way home he tried to see his brother Howard on Leyte but missed him by just a few hours. Howard was on a convoy heading for Okinawa. The boats were still in sight.

Edith Hansen's son Don is still in a navy hospital in Hawaii. The family are hoping he will soon be able to be brought to the states. Harold, the other son has been accepted for Marine service, too, and is awaiting his call.

The world is so full of sadness these days, that we Kitchen-Klatter sisters must do our part by keeping home a happy place. We owe it to our country, our families, and ourselves to keep our lives flowing on as smoothly as possible. Of course, there are anxieties, all of us mother's know this too

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.
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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

well, but let's not cross our bridges before we get to them. I have found a good many of mine did disappear before I got to them.

Although there is a shortage of a few foods, we are still extremely fortunate. There was a cartoon in our daily paper showing an American family sitting down to dinner looking with disgust at the food on the table. The father was saying, "What, chicken again?" In the back ground it showed the hungry people of Europe. Yes, we are very fortunate. I am sure our boys, returning from battle fronts, won't complain about our food. To use Wayne's expression, it "gripes" them to hear this done.

Buy all the bonds you can so the boys can have the things they need to finish the war with Japan as soon as possible.

—Leanna.

"POSTAGE FREE"

I rifle through the mail to see
If there's a letter "postage free."
Mail is to be approached with prayer,
I want so much to find it there;
For lacking that scrawled missive, I
Can find so splendor in the sky.
And all the hours like mourners go
On leaden footsteps to and fro.
Hope for the future comes to me
In letters he mails "postage free".



Wayne and I make our first visit to the garden.

JUST VISITING

My, how thankful you folks with small children can be that the 4th of July is a much safer holiday than it was when our family was small. Why is it children have such an affinity for fire crackers? Aside from being such a waste of money, many children go through life minus fingers, toes, or perhaps their eye sight because of them. Fire crackers have also caused millions of dollars worth of property damage. The only thing in their favor is that many of them were made in Japan and the explosives used in fire works sent to this country are not being used to shoot our boys over there.

By the way, that trade mark, "Made in Japan" isn't very attractive to us now, is it?

With husbands, lovers, and brothers away so long, it has been easy to let your personal appearance slip. They'll be back pretty soon and you had better begin right now to look as neat and clean and pretty as you can, every day. For many months you have had no incentive to dress up but get into that pretty house dress, get a new permanent and manicure those finger nails because I hope there is a happy reunion soon for many of you.

Are you a worrier? A man kept a record of the things he worried about and this is what was discovered about them. Out of 100 worries, forty never happened, thirty couldn't be changed by worry, ten were not worth worrying over, twelve were needless health worries, and only eight were worth worrying about, and those eight could have been eliminated if he had put his trust in God. Read Romans 8:28.

Many of you have lost loved ones during the past few months. I know it is no use trying to forget them. They will be with you wherever you go. You can let these thoughts make you miserable. You can dwell upon the way he met his death and the eternal question, "Why did it have to be my boy?" Or, you can remember his bravery and try to live up to the high example of his courage. You can weep alone at home or you can spend your days in unselfish service for others. Don't waste your love in weeping, share it. It isn't easy to face your loss. You can't do a good job of it all the time but you can try.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF YOUR LOVED ONE

He is not really lost to you,
though he has passed away.
In memories that never fade
he'll live for you each day.
And in the knowledge that he went
Bravely, without regret,
You'll know he went to God content
To do the task he met.
His spirit will live on with those
Who fought for liberty,
And he will be forever young,
Who died to keep men free.

—Selected.

Come into the Garden

A DEPENDABLE JULY BLOOMER

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

July gardens need not be bare of flowers if we have plenty of the lovely platycodon. This plant seems not to mind the heat at all and tolerates the dry weather without any apparent discomfort. This Campanulaceae is commonly called Balloon-flower because its inflated buds resemble nothing else as much as miniature balloons.

The star-shaped flowers may be pure white, white with blue veinings or blue. Not many gardens can boast of the double form—semi-double is perhaps the better word to use—but occasionally some plants have flowers with ten petals instead of the regulation five and these are indeed lovely. The one drawback of the semi-double flowers is that their stems seem almost too weak to carry them well but no doubt the time will come when someone develops a strain of these with strong, stiff stems. There is a so-called pink—it is different, desirable and attractive but one has to look at it through rose-colored glasses or have a very vivid imagination to call it pink. The veins are a strong pink but the petals themselves do no more than blush.

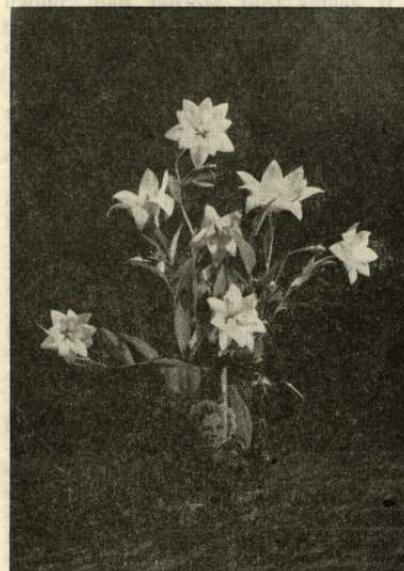
The variety *Platycodon grandiflorum* grows to a height of 2½ feet or more. A plant 3 or 4 years old may have from a dozen to 3 dozen stems. If they are not staked they are apt to sprawl. The wind will oftentimes break the brittle stems at the base of the plant. They may be pinched back as we do our Chrysanthemums to produce shorter, bushier plants.

The variety *Platycodon mariesi* is a dwarf form. It grows only about a foot in height with equally as large or larger blossoms than the variety *grandiflorum*.

Fine rootstocks may be purchased from reliable nurseries but for those who like to plant seeds it is even more fun to buy a packet of seed and grow dozens of plants at a fraction of the cost of a single nursery-grown plant. The seeds germinate easily and well. Although it is a hardy perennial, plants will bloom the first year if the seed is planted early. Seedlings will not come entirely true to color but every plant will be one worthy of a place in the garden. Even the semi-double can be grown from seeds.

I plant the seeds in early spring in a seed frame. Usually spring rains are frequent enough to keep the seed bed sufficiently moist but if not, hand sprinkling must be resorted to. As soon as the little plants are large enough to handle, transplant them carefully to a row in the garden where they should be cultivated after each rain.

If kept growing well, many will bloom by fall. As the buds open mark the plants as to color for permanent planting the following spring. They are quite easily moved in their first



Double Blue Platycodon picked from my garden. — Olga Tiemann

and second year of growth but an established plant had better not be disturbed if possible as the fleshy rootstock becomes quite large and brittle.

Platycodons make very good companion plants for Peonies. The peonies will be up and budding when the Balloon-flowers are just pushing through the soil. But they will be on duty to brighten the Peony row when it begins to look dull in midsummer. The blue-blossomed plants can do something to a Tiger Lily planting that must be seen to be fully appreciated. Try them together in vases also. Set several plants with white blossoms and several with blue in front of the Standing Cypress (*Gilia rubra*) to make a patriotic color grouping in July when all 3 bloom.

One finds many other places for them in the garden in either sun or semi-shade, just so they have well-drained soil. It is wise to mark the spot where the plants are set or one may hoe off the crowns in early spring cultivating before the plants are up. In the fall, let the old stems die off naturally. The crowns may be fatally injured if the stems are removed by force. They may be carefully cut back in late fall but remove them by pulling only when they come easily. A light mulch placed over them in late fall is beneficial in keeping the soil from alternate freezing and thawing but it is not absolutely necessary here in Northwest Missouri.

The blossoms are most welcome for vases in July and August when cut-flowers from the garden are scarce. Burn the stems (char about an inch of the bottom of each stem in a flame) as soon as picked and plunge at once into cold water. They have a milky juice and invariably wilt soon after picking if not given this treatment.

JULY GARDEN NOTES

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

As we look around in our gardens in July, it is hard to realize that there are rumors of a serious food shortage next winter. There is so much to choose from that we hardly know where to begin. But we must surely realize that this abundance is perishable and must be taken care of in all the various ways we have to do so.

To mature our food crops we must take every precaution to keep them growing at maximum speed. Delay in doing this often results in stunted products which for the most part have lost their flavor. July is very apt to be a dry month, and often additional watering must be done. Happy is the gardener who does not have to carry water to his garden, as many of us do. If the garden is small, this may be done without too much trouble, but if large, nature often has to take her course and only the very necessary things get personal attention. However if any watering is done a good drenching at not too long intervals is much better than a superficial sprinkling each day, as this simply induces surface roots and does not remedy the real cause. All parts of the root need moisture particularly the fine feeder rootlets far below the surface. Transplanted plants need great care in watering, since their feeder roots have been disturbed. Do not neglect these at any cost.

For those who have the facilities of running water, canvas soaker hose is a blessing, as the gradual seepage of water is just what the plant needs. Take care of your hose—it is very precious now. Be careful not to wash away dirt from the roots. Use a small board or brick upon which to lay the end of the hose when watering, removing the nozzle. The water should run gently into the border until the ground is well soaked.

Many prefer to use the scuffle hoe instead of watering so much. A good dust mulch will prevent the ground from cracking during dry periods and letting moisture escape. Mulching the ground with grass clippings or something free of weed seed is a big help in controlling soil moisture.

Herbs are in flower now and the hot July sun will dry them perfectly when cut under the right conditions. Caraway is a biennial, it may be planted together with some annual herb in a spot not molested by the spade and be in its prime the second year when the annual planted with it has finished its usefulness. Herbs are both restful and refreshing to grow.

Although this is rather a poor month to transplant perennials, if the job is done on a cloudy day, the plant well watered and protected by a large airy pasteboard box or a bushel basket, ten times to one the operation will be successful. China Aster, Snapdragons and other late-blooming plants may be successfully transplanted during the early part of the month.

Order all bulbs early, they are scarce these days.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Wayne was a beautiful baby, by far the most beautiful baby in our family. Everyone said so, and his pictures prove it. He had very dark brown hair, and quantities of it. His brown eyes always had a certain happy light in them, and when he smiled (which was just about all of the time) he had genuine dimples in both cheeks. He was the happiest baby in the world, and he brought joy to everyone, particularly to Aunt Jessie Shambaugh. In October of the previous year she had lost her first child, little James, at birth, and this was a tragic blow that saddened the entire family. Aunt Jessie had to have a baby to love, and when Wayne came along he helped to ease a little of the loss. Through the years he has always had a special place in her heart because of this.

Summer came at last (I'm sure that all children think summer will never come) and in the early part of it we had ample excitement because Dad bought a new car, a big, shining Reo with yellow-spoked wheels, and for the first time Mother learned to drive. This gave us all such a series of thrills and scares that the passage of many years hasn't dimmed those memories in the least.

It was really Aunt Helen Fischer and not Dad who put Mother in the driver's seat. One summer afternoon she was visiting us, and as she talked she kept looking at this big gleaming new car that stood in the driveway. Probably her mind wasn't on the conversation at all, for suddenly she said, "Leanna, wouldn't you like to learn to drive that car?"

Probably Mother said at first that she didn't have time to drive, but Aunt Helen talked right around this point. She had been driving for years herself and couldn't imagine having a nice car like that simply standing in the driveway on a hot summer afternoon. The upshot of the entire matter was that she got in the car and drove down to the Fairgrounds. The race track was a perfect place to practice, so she had Mother drive around and around until she felt that she could manage by herself. Then they drove back home with Mother at the wheel, and when we children saw her turn into our driveway we were absolutely speechless. Imagine Mother driving our car!

The next noon she decided to give Dad the surprise of his life by going down to the store and bringing him home to dinner. But these fine plans were nipped in the bud at the very outset by a really spectacular disaster. During the morning all of us children had been playing in the car, and we moved all the gadgets on the steering wheel. Cars don't have those gadgets today, but in 1919 every model had levers that you pushed this way and that—and we pushed. Mother stepped on the starter without looking at those gadgets, and immediately there was a noise that rocked the neighbor-

hood. At the same time clouds of black smoke and pieces of what looked like inky cotton came rolling out of the car.

It seems that Mother had "blown out the muffler", and we found pieces of it in the neighbors' yards on both sides of us. People came running for a block or two in every direction. Everyone was sure that some building had blown up. I still remember the bleak silence that greeted Dad when he returned to the house for dinner that noon. He delivered a pretty stern lecture about everything concerned with the car, and although we children didn't keep out of it in the future for the temptation to go on imaginary trips in it was too great, Mother never got behind the wheel again without looking first to be sure that the gadgets were all where they should be.

After the muffler was repaired Mother decided to drive to Shenandoah on a sunny afternoon and take all of us to visit the Fischers. This was a trip that we'd made many times with Dad at the wheel, and it didn't occur to any of us that it would be any different if Mother drove—but it was! In those days very little grading had been done on the highway between Shenandoah and Clarinda and there were many steep hills. (One hill was so steep that Grandfather Driftmier always turned his car around and backed up so that the gasoline could flow into the engine.)

For the first five miles Mother got what they called a "good run" for all of the hills and we made the top without any trouble, but then she came to one that she couldn't get a run for, and half-way up she had to shift gears. She had never shifted gears before on a hill, and of course the engine died. Simultaneously the car started slipping back down the hill at a good clip, and that was when the screaming began. Howard and Dorothy insisted upon getting out at once, and I was torn between getting out and staying in the car for certain death!

Eventually we all climbed out and stood at the side of the road literally wringing our hands and crying as Mother tried again and again to start the engine, shift gears, and make the top of the hill. I've forgotten now, of course, how long it actually took to accomplish this, but it seemed to me that we spent the entire afternoon standing there crying. I might add that everytime the car slipped back we all sent up such a wild howl that it's a wonder people didn't come from miles around to see who was being murdered.

At long, long last Mother made the top of the hill, we all climbed back in very badly shaken, and we continued on our trip to Shenandoah. We hadn't been there long when the telephone rang. It was Dad and he was half-wild. He'd gone home from the store to find us missing and one the neighbors told him that "Mrs. Driftmier had driven to Shenandoah." Knowing her feeble capabilities as a driver he was certain that we'd never reached our destination alive. But we had!



Our family in 1919. Mother holding Wayne.

And we returned safely furthermore, and I must say right here that although Mother had many a close shave and although Dad had every fender on every car pounded back into shape time and time again, Mother never had an accident in which a soul was scratched.

Howard was the one who worried the most about Mother at the wheel. I'm sure that Okinawa doesn't hold more anxiety for him than one of his childhood rides with Mother. He was one of these "born drivers" and it gave him one start after another to see Mother merely drive down to get the morning mail! Well, one thing is certain: children of today who grow up with their Mothers at the wheel have missed a great deal. They should have been young when cars were still something of a rarity, when their Dads automatically did the driving that was done, and when their Mothers actually decided to learn to drive and carried through their decision. Those were the days.

The family photograph that appears on this page was taken on an April afternoon in 1919. As though it were yesterday I remember the frenzied activity that was involved in getting all of us dressed and down to the studio. Once there we had long delays while Frederick went into a crying spell and came out of it, while Dorothy refused to have her hair freshly combed (those fancy ribbons were my idea!) and while Dad tried to get us maneuvered into the best positions. Only Wayne slept unconcerned through it all. But we prize this picture very highly, and I'm sure that Mother and Dad have never regretted the effort involved in making that trip to the studio.

(Continued in August Number)

All the world is divided
Into two parts, just two.
The folks that I can do without
And folks like you. —Leanna

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "My daughter is half-wild with the problem of her four-year old boy, Leanna. He has had a touch of rheumatic fever and the doctor says that he must be kept in bed for a while. But there is no keeping that boy in bed. He has our nerves shattered, and we don't know what to try next in handling him."—Iowa.

ANS: When people get into this state in their relationship with a child there is only one thing to do and that it to get some outsider to take over his care. It is plain to be seen that he knows he has you completely buffaloed. Under ordinary circumstances it wouldn't be necessary to turn for aid to an outsider, but you know, I'm sure, that children with rheumatic fever *must* be kept quiet at any cost. Their future lives depend upon this. Therefore, do try to get someone in to take care of him, and both you and his mother stay away from him almost entirely until he has recovered.

QUES: "When my husband first went into the army I went to live with his parents and took our two little children with me, of course. Only two weeks before Germany surrendered my husband was killed, and now I'm faced with many problems in the future. I'd like to live independently with my children, get a job, and be on my own. My husband's parents object to this violently and say that they would be lost without us, and that the children are better off with them on the farm. I'm torn this way and that way trying to decide what to do, so decided to ask your opinion."—Kansas.

ANS: I believe I understand how much it would mean to you to have your own home and live alone with your children, but if you have had a happy life with your husband's parents and if your children are happy there (and you say that they are) I honestly believe that it would be better if you remained there. Children need a firmly rooted life, and unquestionably they'd have a better chance at it there than with you out working and trying to keep a home together. Independence is important but it can be achieved in more ways than just moving out from one certain roof. As a mother you know that the welfare of your children deserves the greatest consideration. I think that they would be happier remaining where they are.

QUES: "Please say something about only children who are so pampered and indulged that they create a problem to all mothers in the neighborhood. In our block we have a little girl nine years old who has everything in this world that a child could desire, is expected to do no household chores whatsoever, and does exactly what she pleases when she pleases. My little girl and her friends aren't

cursed with such an unreal existence, but they drive us wild with their pleas for equally fancy clothes and toys, want to spend all of their time at the afore mentioned home, and protest at being asked to do any household tasks. It has really become a serious problem to five of us mothers."—Minnesota.

ANS: Well, I suppose that every mother who reads this will recognize the problem. In every neighborhood in every generation there is such a child. My mother handled this problem by pointing out to me the acute disadvantages of being an only child, and I used the same tactics with my girls when they were small. Appeal to the child's common sense in showing him that all of these toys and clothes are merely substitutes for the things he has that the only child cannot have. Over a period of time try to make him realize that the position of the only child isn't as envious as it appears to be. That doesn't iron out the immediate difficulties but it lays the ground for less trouble in the future, since this will continue until high school days are over.

QUES: "During the school year we give our fourteen-year old daughter an allowance of \$1.00 every week, but recently my husband has taken the stand that during summer vacation she should earn her own spending money? I don't agree with him. I think that she should continue to have this money for her own little needs and I'm tempted to see that she has it even against his wishes. Do you see my point?"—Ill.

ANS: Yes, I see your point without any difficulty at all, but I don't approve for one second. I agree with your husband. There are few circumstances in which a fourteen-year-old girl couldn't make her own spending money during the summer months, and I surely think that she should be encouraged in this direction. As for seeing that her allowance continues against his wishes—that honestly shocks me. Are you deliberately trying to conspire with your daughter to deceive her father? Personally I feel that this is one of the most shameful things that a parent can do.

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



Linda Gail Griffith and mother, Mrs. Eleanor Griffith of Mound City, Mo. The baby's father, in the air corps was killed the day Linda Gail was born.

QUES: "Recently we were invited to dinner at a friend's home, but about one o'clock some old friends of ours came from a distance to visit us, and by the middle of the afternoon it was obvious that they planned to remain through the evening. I called my friend and said that we couldn't arrive for dinner, and afterwards I was told that this was the wrong thing to do. What is your advice for handling such a situation?"—Iowa.

ANS: I realize the predicament that you were in for sooner or later this happens to all of us. In such circumstances I believe it advisable to call and explain what has occurred, telling your friend that you wish to know frankly if she wishes you to bring your company or just let the dinner go altogether. In this way the hostess can decide if it is convenient to have extra people, or if her menu won't stretch to cover so many. In either event, there is a clear understanding on both sides as to why the plans have been changed so abruptly.

QUES: "Will you please say something in your column to jog the memories of those who do not acknowledge gifts in any way? I find myself growing quite cool towards a sister-in-law because she never in any way acknowledges gifts on which I've spent much thought and time, and which she has suggested when approached as to what she wished to receive. I know that she associates with people from cultivated homes, and I simply cannot understand her negligence year in and year out."—Missouri.

ANS: Nor can I understand such negligence. Surely every grown woman knows that gifts must be acknowledged by letter or by word of mouth, and although I can conceive of situations in which it might be understanding not to have such acknowledgement (if sudden disaster strikes a family we overlook all social lapses), in the situation that you outlined I can find no excuse whatsoever. May I suggest that you make an effort to retain warm feelings but desist in sending a gift this coming winter? Perhaps the failure to receive a gift might jog her memory.



FRUIT MOUSSE

1 cup whipping cream
1 cup fruit pulp
1/4 cup sugar or 1/2 cup corn syrup
2 egg whites
1/8 teaspoon salt

2 teaspoons lemon juice, if desired
Whip the cream. Combine the fruit pulp with sweetening and stir until well blended. Fold the sweetened fruit into the cream. Fold in the egg whites which have been beaten with the salt. Freeze without stirring either in mechanized refrigerator or in ice cream freezer.

HONEY ICE CREAM

Honey can be substituted for sugar in ice cream recipes on the basis of equal measures. A plain honey ice cream may be as follows: Mix 1 quart of thin cream with three-fourths cup of delicately flavored honey and freeze.

COTTAGE PUDDING

3 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten
2/3 cup milk
1/4 cup fat, melted
1 teaspoon flavoring
1 cup cane, corn or maple syrup
Sift the dry ingredients together. Combine the beaten egg, milk, melted fat, and flavoring. Add to sifted dry ingredients and beat well. Add the syrup and mix thoroughly. Pour into a greased pan, and for a thin loaf, bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about 25 minutes. As cup cakes, bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) for about 20 minutes.

Serve hot with fresh fruit sauce, maple, lemon, or custard sauce.

PEANUT CANDY

1 cup sugar
1 cup syrup
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons vinegar
Cook until a very hard ball stage. Pour in 1 teaspoon soda, stir quickly. Have already mixed:

1 box (5 cups) rice krispies
1 cup chopped peanuts
1 cup cocoanut (may be omitted). Stir up in a dishpan. Pour syrup over and stir up quick. Put in flat cake pans (greased) pat out to an inch deep or so.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

GRAHAM CRACKER CAKE

2 tablespoons butter
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs, separated
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 cup milk
1/3 cup shortening
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 cup white syrup
2/3 cup sifted flour
1 1/3 cups fine graham cracker crumbs

Blend first 4 ingredients. Add sugar gradually and cream well. Add syrup. Next, add egg yolks and beat well. Sift together flour and baking powder and mix with graham cracker crumbs. Then add dry ingredients, alternately with milk, to the egg mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in 2 greased 8 inch layer pans in moderate oven about 375 degrees, for 25 minutes. Frost with your favorite frosting or serve with sauce or whip cream.—Fern Swartzendruber, Parnell, Iowa.

EGG PLANT

(Italian Style)

Slice 1 large egg plant. Beat 2 eggs and mix with 1/4 cup grated cheese, salt, and pepper to taste, and 1 tablespoon minced parsley. Dredge the egg plant in this mixture, and brown in a small amount of hot fat. When brown pour 2 cups tomatoes over egg plant and cook 2 minutes. Transfer to buttered baking dish and bake 20 minutes, at 350 degrees. Serves 6.—Mrs. C. H. Huckabee, Route 1, Plattsburg, Missouri.

SALAD COTTAGE CHEESE

1 package jello (lime or orange)
1 cup hot water
Cool the above.
1 cup cottage cheese, 1 cup salad dressing, mix.
1 cup diced celery, 3 tablespoons green peppers, 1 tablespoon onion, a little salt. Combine as any salad.—Mildred M. Hutcherson.

PEPPERMINT ICE CREAM

1 pound peppermint stick candy
1 pint cream

Crush stick candy and let stand in cream overnight, then freeze, using 1 part salt to 8 parts ice. With a mechanical refrigerator, whip cream, fold in crushed candy, freeze.

ORANGE CREAM SHERBET

3/4 cup granulated sugar
3/4 cup water
Grated rind of 1 orange
2 egg whites
1 1/2 cups orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/2 cup coffee cream
1/16 teaspoon salt

Cook sugar and water slowly for 10 minutes. Add grated rind to syrup and continue cooking for several minutes. Strain. Add syrup to fruit juices. Cool. Pour into freezing tray and freeze firm. Remove mixture to chilled mixing bowl and beat until light. Add coffee cream and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which salt has been added. Pour into tray and freeze. If ingredients separate, stir mixture again.

PEAR SALAD

4 egg yolks
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon butter
12 marshmallows
4 tablespoons vinegar
1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash of red pepper

Beat yolks, stir in sugar, vinegar, salt, and butter. Boil until thick, then add 12 marshmallows, stir well until dissolved. When this is cool, add 1 cup whipped cream and 1 cup nut meats. Serve on a pear or peach on a lettuce leaf.

Marshmallow creme can be used instead of marshmallows only add it when the cooked mixture has cooled.

SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE SYRUP CAKE

1 1/2 cups dark syrup
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup sour cream and 1 teaspoon soda or could use 1/4 cup shortening and 1/2 cup sour milk.

1/2 cup cocoa and 1/2 cup boiling water
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups flour

Beat eggs and syrup vigorously. Add cocoa mixtures and sour cream mixture and beat in the remainder of ingredients. Makes 20 large cup cakes, 2 layers, or a flat cake.—Mrs. George Wessendorf, Storm Lake, Ia.

NOTES ON SOAP MAKING

Slow stirring in one direction and gentle pouring and handling are essential in good soap making. A greasy soap shows shortage of lye. Hard crumbly soap may be due to excess lye or too hard stirring. Hard brittle soap may be caused by too low temperature while setting. If there is liquid in the bottom of the box, it is probably lye. Cut up the soap and reheat, adding 7 pints of water. The ingredients will blend together. The bulk will be greater but fat will be the same. Soda, borax, ammonia, kerosene and naphtha are sometimes added to increase the cleaning power.

FOOD FOR FIFTY

Fruit Salad

6 heads of lettuce, 2 dozen oranges, 2 cups diced pineapple, 1 pound grapes, 6 bananas, 1 cup walnut meats, 2 cups celery, 1 quart dressing.

Waldorf Salad

4 quarts apples, 2 quarts celery, 2 cups nut meats, 1 quart salad dressing.

Chicken Salad

5 quarts or two chickens, 5 quarts celery, 1 cup French dressing, 1 quart mayonnaise.

Boiled Coffee

5 cups coffee, 2 eggs, 1 cup cold water, 8 quarts boiling water.

Lemonade

4 cups sugar, 9 quarts water, juice of 3 dozen lemons.

Cocoa

1 1/2 cups cocoa, 2 cups sugar, 8 quarts milk, 1 quart water, pinch of salt.

Mashed Potatoes

1 peck potatoes, 1 quart milk, 1 cup butter, 5 tablespoons salt.

Scalloped Potatoes

6 quarts potatoes, 2 quarts milk, 1/2 cup flour, 1 1/2 cups butter, 3 tablespoons salt.

Biscuits

3 quarts flour, 2 tablespoons salt, 1/2 cup baking powder, 1 quart milk, 12 tablespoons lard.

Baked Beans

3 quarts navy beans, 2 pounds salt pork, 4 tablespoons salt, 1 tablespoon mustard, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 onions, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Meat

20 pounds beef, 16 pounds pork or 40 pounds of chicken, 3 quarts of gravy.

Bread

9 dozen rolls or 8 loaves bread.

Vegetables

8 No. 2 cans of corn, beans, or peas.

Butter

At least two pounds.

Olives and Jelly

Five glasses of jelly, 1 1/2 quarts olives or pickles.

Dessert

8 pies. 3 large cakes. 6 quarts of ice cream.

HONEY RICE

1 cup rice
3/4 cup honey
1/2 cup raisins
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook rice in salted water until tender. Drain. Wash. Heat honey in a heavy pan, add rice and raisins; cook slowly 5 minutes. Pour mixtures into well greased shallow baking dish and dot with butter. Bake at 350 degrees until browned. Remove from oven and stir in lemon juice and vanilla. Serve sprinkled with chopped nuts and cinnamon.

Try making your meringue with karo. Proportions are 1/3 or 1/2 cup karo to 2 or 3 egg whites.

For an effortless baked dessert—place whole grapefruit in the oven, bake 1 hour, halve, top with brown sugar and serve.



Your two KMA Homemakers, Leanna and Edith on the Hansen porch steps.

COOKING HELPS

Add a can of mushroom soup to cream chicken or noodles and tuna fish. It makes a little go a long ways. Dissolve jello in 1 1/2 cups hot water. Cool until thick. Add one cup apple sauce and pour in baked pie shell. Let set and serve with whipped cream. To save time when peeling potatoes to be boiled, peel only a strip around the potatoes lengthwise. The skin will come off easily when the potatoes are cooked. Carrots can be peeled easily with a coarse grater. To keep hot fat from spattering, sprinkle a little flour or salt in it before frying. Excess fat can be easily removed from gravy by removing meat and adding a small piece of ice to the gravy. The fat hardens and adheres to the ice. To prevent foods being fried from absorbing too much fat, add a teaspoonful of vinegar to the lard.—Mrs. W. H. Yates, Jr., Leavenworth, Kansas.

A pinch of soda added to rhubarb while cooking improves the flavor, and not as much sugar is needed. If brown sugar becomes hard, put it in a tight container with cornmeal to soften.—Mrs. Alice Macy, Osceola, Ia.

When making ice cream in a freezer, and there is not quite enough ice, roll up newspaper and lay it in the middle of the freezer with salt and ice above and below it. It will freeze as usual as long as the salt water soaks up the paper. Ice cream can be frozen with lots less ice.—Mrs. Claude Spies, St. Catherine, Missouri.

For rhubarb cream pie, use 1 cup of crushed rhubarb in filling made for lemon pie in place of lemon, and cover with meringue.—Mrs. C. E. Milbrandt, Elmore, Minnesota.

Here is a very popular dessert which is made without sugar. Purchase an angel food cake at the bakery or grocery store. Break it up into small bits and place in the bottom of a pan. Cover with layer of any prepared chocolate pudding. Use 2 1/2 cups of milk instead of 2 cups as called for in recipe on box of chocolate pudding. Be sure the pudding has cooled before pouring over the cake pieces. Then chill for several hours in refrigerator. Cut in squares and serve with ice cream or whipped cream.—Mrs. Fisk, Boone, Iowa.

SUNDAY SICKNESS

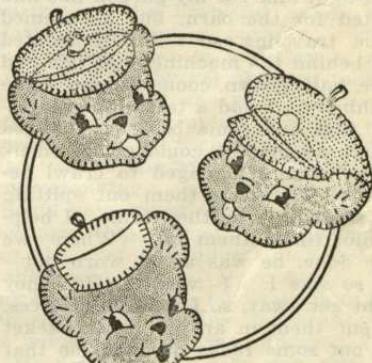
Sunday Sickness is a disease peculiar to church membership. The symptoms vary, but it never interferes with the appetite. It never lasts more than four hours at a time. No physician is ever called. It always proves fatal in the end (to the soul). It is contagious. The attack comes on suddenly Sunday mornings; no symptoms are felt on Saturday night, and the patient awakes as usual, feeling fine and eats a hearty breakfast. About nine o'clock the attack comes on and lasts until about noon. In the afternoon the patient is much improved, and is able to go car riding, if he has the gas. The patient will eat a hearty supper and invariably goes to work Monday morning. The common name for this dreaded disease is Sunday sickness. Prayer and church going will immunize one to its attacks.—Congregational Church Bulletin.

CAN MORE THIS YEAR

Have you planned to grow more vegetables this year than ever before? We are urged to do this. After battles cease in Europe, there will be millions of hungry people depending on us for food. What you can do may seem little to you, but if you will can enough vegetables for your own use, more of the commercially canned product can be sent overseas.

"FROM THE FAR WEST"

I must say in closing that I certainly enjoy your magazine, read it from beginning to end, even the children's page, every word, then feel rather sad because it isn't twice as big. It's more than a monthly club meeting, as one lady wrote to me. To me, it's a lovely visit with grand people whom I'd like to call friends."—Mrs. R. D., Fresno, California.



Here is an up-to-date version of the three bears off to war. One Soldier, one Sailor and one Marine complete the ensemble of extra-special panholders. You'll like these colorful bears, boldly but simply embroidered with contrasting floss. Their flashy smiles and snappy eyes will add a touch of cheer to your kitchen. Stamped on heavy felt for adequate protection for your hands, the set of three comes as C9749, 50¢. Floss included. — Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.



Practical Poultry Pointers

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

We are now coming into the season when farm work is really pressing, and owing to the wet, cold months of May and early June, things seem to be piled up a little more than usual, and it is hard to give the chickens and their buildings the proper attention.

Lice and mites multiply very rapidly during hot weather, and we may have sprayed earlier in the season and have felt safer, only to discover, to our sorrow, that we have plenty of mites. These are often brought into the buildings by sparrows. As yet my treatment given to the roosts and nests last fall seems to be making good the guarantee to keep out these pests for one year.

When shutting up broody hens, give them a treatment for lice and they will appreciate it. A broody hen seems to harbor lice more than a laying hen, and if given a treatment at the beginning of her period of broodiness, she will go into production sooner. July is a good month for summer culling. I usually have my hens culled twice a year, although I was not able to get it done last year, I sure hope to the present season.

If you are not selling eggs to a hatchery, get rid of all cockerels. Your hens lay just as well, and you will conserve feed that will help feed the young chickens.

I told you some months ago about by experience with a 'possum, or I should say opossum—but I think you all know what I mean. Well, the last episode has to do with coons (raccoons). The dog was in a frenzy about 2 A. M., and I knew by his bark he meant business. I turned on the yard light and got my garden hoe and started for the barn, but he seemed to be traveling, so I finally located him behind the machine shed. He had three half grown coons behind some machinery. I had a terrible time getting that and some barb-wire moved enough so that he could get at them, but he finally managed to crawl behind it and bring them out spitting and scratching as they came. I helped him finish them off. When we were done, he was about worn out—and so was I. I was afraid they might get away, so I took no chances.

I put them in an old paint bucket and put some rocks on them so that I could be sure they were there the next morning. I hope that was all of the brood and that the mamma coon goes somewhere else to feed now.

We also managed to kill a ground hog. It had climbed to the top of a telephone pole, so I walked to the house and a bamboo fishing pole and poked it until it leaped from the cross-arm into space. Then the dog grabbed it. His teeth are too dull to hurt a ground hog, so I had to do most of the killing. A ground hog will take chickens too, but they work in the day time.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Today's mail brought the first three letters in regard to the scrapbooks we talked about last month, and each of the three contained an order for ten of the books. I know you will enjoy making them and our soldier and sailor boys all over the world enjoy reading them. Two of my own boys have told in their letters of the pleasure they had from some of the books, so I have first-hand information on the subject. I don't know who made the ones they saw, but there is always a chance that the book you make will find its way to your own boy. Why not try it?

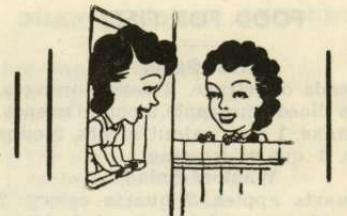
The blank scrapbooks are prepared under the direction of the USO and sold at cost plus postage, which amounts to \$1.50 for ten books. They do not send less than ten books. Full directions are printed in each book so you will have no trouble in making them. They also tell what to do with the finished books. Send your order to me at 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif. I'll have the books mailed to you. While you are waiting for them to come, begin going through your magazines for material to put in them, stories, articles, jokes, cartoons, puzzles, and anything else you think your own boy would enjoy if he were to get the book. Get your club or Sunday School class interested. A group can paste ten books in an afternoon. Be sure to put your name and address in each book.

The wheel chair robes are still coming in and they are asking for more all the time, so keep them coming. This is another project that is nice for group work. Just today seven robes came by express from the Willing Workers of High Hill, Missouri. A few days ago the third shipment came from the Altamont Ladies Aid of Cuffy's Grove near Harlan, Iowa. They made 25 robes and are working on more. One group in Indiana spent an afternoon making crocheted squares for robes. We can use unlimited quantities of squares as they are asking for 75,000 robes. The squares can be knitted in either 6x6 or 8x8 inch size, crocheted in 4 or 5 inch squares or woven on a 4 inch frame. We have a dozen or more robes started in these various sizes, waiting for blocks to finish them. If you can't make blocks, maybe you can furnish yarn. Write me about that.

I have had a number of requests from shut-ins for fancywork material. They ask for linen for doily centers, stamped pieces of all kinds, and crochet and embroidery thread of all kinds. Look in your sewing box and let me know what you have that you can spare.

Mabel Starrett, Manito, Illinois is editor of a little paper made up of material written by shut-ins. If you are a shut-in and write, send her a sample short story or poem. She especially wants things that will appeal to children and young people.

Letters are requested by Mrs. T. H. Cuda, 1829 Norman St., Crete, Nebraska.



OVER THE FENCE

Mrs. C. W. Reeves of Le Mars, Iowa, writes us she belongs to a very active Sunshine Club. They have four wheel chairs which they loan to people in their community who need them.

What is your pet peeve. Here is one that I agree with, letting the cat or dog eat table scraps from dishes the family eat from!

Julia Ferguson, daughter of Lina Ferguson, KMA flower lady, was valedictorian of her class. Her grades averaged 97 percent.

Ruth Tague, Gorin, Missouri, would like to have pen pals this summer. She was 13, June 20th.

Mrs. Clay Ballatyne, Lamoni, Iowa, says 12 is her lucky number. She was born in the 12th month 1912, was married February 12. Her husband was born February 12. She has 12 aunts, has lived in 12 houses in the 12 years of her married life.

Mrs. Charles Kruse of Glidden, Iowa, sends the recipe which she says relieves pains of arthritis.

2 oz. olive oil, 2 oz. powdered charcoal, 1 1/2 oz. senna leaves, 1 1/2 lbs. black figs, 15 oz. seedless raisins, 2 oz. glycerine, 1 oz. slippery elm bark powder. Mix charcoal, oils and other powders and the ground raisins and figs. Make into balls the size of a prune and eat one every morning. This acts as a physic and flushes poisons from the system.

If you want thick cream for your berries, follow the old Bavarian custom of hanging a basket of fruit between the horns of the cow. I'm not saying this will bring the desired results.

Can you write eleven thousand, eleven hundred and eleven in five figures?

Mrs. Fish of Boone, Iowa, writes, "Yes, I belong to the S.O.G. Club and isn't it fun?" I agree with her that it is. For fear you might like to belong too, the letters stand for "Silly Old Grandmothers."

Women shoppers who punch and pinch tomatoes and other vegetables in the grocery store ruin enough food in a year to supply 143 troop divisions for a week.

Buy more Bonds and keep what you have!

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight I'm sitting in Dorothy's kitchen writing this letter to you. Kristin and Juliana are sound asleep in their respective cribs, and Dorothy is sitting here smocking a dress for the little girl who lives next door. She has just taken a nice white cake out of the oven, and although it was baked for Sunday dinner tomorrow, we've decided to sample it with our coffee a little later. We have good times these evenings when I climb up her steep hill to spend the night. We sew and talk and make coffee and wonder how the folks are—just quiet, homey evenings that we'll always remember with pleasure.

By far the most important thing that's happened in our neck of the woods was Wayne's arrival. We hadn't really expected him until the end of this month or even later, so it was a genuine shock to answer the door about eight in the evening and find him standing there. For just one split-second I didn't know him. I'd never seen him in uniform, you know, and he looked so much taller and browner than I'd expected. Juliana was stringing some beads in the living room, and of course Wayne was happy to see her for the first time. Incidentally, she called him "Mister Wayne" throughout his short visit with us, and it sounded very funny.

I called Dorothy and she came over right away. We all felt tearful for a while because of the immense joy and relief at seeing someone safe and sound whom we had worried about for three-and-a-half long years. I guess there were times when Wayne wasn't very hopeful of seeing any of us again, and all of those memories crowded over him when his boat passed under the Golden Gate Bridge and he was actually safely home again. Only the day before his arrival we had driven over the bridge and looked out into the Pacific and said: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if Wayne were on a boat out there just beyond our range of vision?" And sure enough, he was. It makes us feel good just to realize that he is at home with the folks right now while I'm writing this.

Last Wednesday afternoon we drove to Oakland to see Hope Field Pawek, Uncle Henry's daughter. I hadn't seen Hope for many years, and it was good to see her looking so well, and to meet her fine-looking boys. Six of us made the drive . . . Dorothy and Kristin, Margery Conrad Sayre (Aunt Sue's daughter) and her little Susan, and Juliana and I. Our three little girls were quite a sight together. Susan Sayre is the youngest of these little cousins, but physically she is the largest. She rated the beautiful curls that Juliana and Kristin missed, and I'm afraid that Dorothy and I look at those lovely curls with a slightly envious eye.

I'm happy to tell you now that Juliana and Kristin have learned to play together very, very well. They both have new doll buggies now, and they are very solicitous about each other's

babies. Juliana feels her four-months seniority these days, and she is constantly admonishing Kristin to be careful, to eat her dinner, or not to touch something. The tone of voice that she uses is our adult tone, and it gives me quite a start to hear myself reflected so unerringly.

Last Sunday we went to the zoo, and when we reached monkey island Juliana said in awe: "Just look at all the monkeys making monkey-shines in the monkey-house." Kristin fancied herself a lion for the rest of the day and made ferocious noises until she went to bed. These are wonderful days for all of us. Isn't it surprising how exciting it can be to go places with little girls who talk and comment about various things and trot along beside you? Those of you who have two-year-olds know exactly what I mean, I'm sure.

—Lucile.



Kristin looks very troubled because the head came off the candle doll. Juliana is holding it.

WRITE TO MARJORIE

Marjorie Hillmer, St. Mary's Hospital, Pierre, South Dakota, is improving very slowly and will be in the hospital for a long time yet. She appreciates getting cards and letters. She is making a pin collection now and would like a pin from every boy and girl.

I would like those that ask her to write them to know she cannot use either hand and will not be able to for a long time. She uses her toes to do a little writing and some drawing and coloring. Also to turn pages in books. She has a China house with pennies in it. She puts them out on the bed and picks them up with her toes and counts them as she puts them back in the house.

She has had to lie on her back and does very little moving with her body or hands and arms.

If any of you care to send Marjorie a pin, please tell her your name and address. Her picture was in the June Klatter.

MAKE IT A SAFE VACATION

Yes, vacation time for your children is here. Glad to be free from the daily routine of school work, your children will spend much of their time out doors. We all know this is the most healthful place they can be, but mothers and fathers, too, must keep in mind the possibilities of accidents, especially to children on the farm. Many of these accidents could be prevented if the parents were more careful. Safety experts have already predicted how many children will be killed or crippled for life on farms, this summer vacation. Maybe, with a little extra precaution on the part of the grown-ups this prediction may be proved false.

Small children are much better off in a play pen when their mothers cannot watch them. Place it in a shady spot and provide a sand pile and a few playthings.

One cannot pick up a paper during the summer months without seeing headlines such as the following: "Child Killed by Angry Brood Sow", "Child Killed by Wheels of Tractor", "Child Drowns in Stock Tank". These things happened to some mother's baby.

Older children meet death while swimming, when handling a gun, or when driving a tractor. You don't want your children to be handicapped by the presence of fear, but you can teach them to use caution.

MOTHER'S DAY

I received a Mother's Day card from my son that really set me to thinking. Why? Well, I'll tell you why. The words that first met my eyes as I opened the envelope were, "Mother, the most understanding person I know."

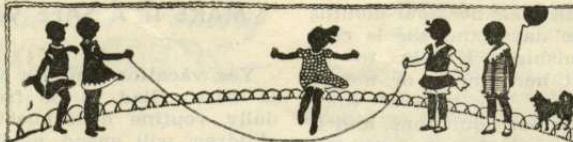
Mothers, I wonder if we are really worthy of the beautiful verses our Mother's Day cards contain?

A mother that is very lonely and misunderstood by her children recently told me that she was very much afraid she was reaping what she had sown. "You see" she said, "I never had time to give my children the love, understanding, or comradeship I should have given them. Now in my old age, they haven't time to show me the love and understanding I so badly need. Oh, if I could only live my life over again, I'd let some of my housework go undone and take time to pal around with my children."

Mothers, our children are with us in the home for such a short time, that we should show them every consideration while they are growing up. No, we need not spoil them. I am sure if we are understanding parents, we will know how to discipline in an intelligent way, the child God has given into our care.—Mrs. L., Omaha, Nebraska.

Mother—"Bobby, it's time for all good boys to be in bed."

Bobby—"But don't you remember I wasn't good today?"



FOR THE CHILDREN

A BOOK FOR THE BEST

A nature study book will be given as a prize to the child under sixteen who writes the best "Summer Diary", telling of the things you have observed during the Summer months. It may be about trees, birds, insects or flowers. Send these diaries to Maxine Sickels, Kellerton, Iowa, before September 1. Make them 800 words or less.

JUNE DIARY OUTDOORS

By Maxine Sickels

June 3—Mamma and papa catbird are thinking of building a nest somewhere in our yard. It is easy to hear that they are members of the same family as the famous mocking bird of the south. He sits in the mulberry trees across the road and sings melodies of the sweetest tunes only to end them with a harsh "Meeeou". It seems as though he were trying to fool us into thinking there was a real opera singer in our midst and then laughs at us for being so credible.

Papa oriole is here, has been for more than a week. He flits from tree to tree like a flash of oranges and black flame and inquires plainly, "Ma, wher-ra are you?" over and over.

June 10—Mamma oriole finally arrived. I did not see her come, but she is here this week end and there is a new note in Papa oriole's song. I wonder if she told him why she was so late? Perhaps she got lost in one of these terrific rainstorms that we have been having.

Mr. and Mrs. Catbird are at home in the grapevines that grow over the east side of the house. At first they were very timid and flew to the yard fence to watch us with anxious black eyes every time we went to the basement door. But now they pay no attention to us even when we climb out on the porch roof and look down to get a bird's eye view of a bird's nest.

Jenny and Jimmy Wren have taken over the front porch. At first they would not allow me on my own front porch but yesterday, they made a terrible fuss until I came out and drove a stray cat out of the yard. I guess we understand each other better now.

June 17—My oriole family went to the big maple in the calf pasture. Their old nests were in the elm near the barn. Maybe they thought with such a late start they had better get closer to the horsehairs along the pasture fence.

Jenny and Jimmy Wren are busy carrying food to a gourd full of babies. We cannot see them but any slight noise at the door of their house sets up an eager chorus. I wonder

if they feed the one who makes the most noise?

Mrs. Catbird is brooding now and he sings to entertain her morning and evening. We think that he takes a turn with her as we never see the eggs exposed.

June 24—The wren family is taking flying lessons. Small wonder that there has been no wren song in our yard for awhile.

The little Catbirds have hatched and Mamma and Papa are busy all day carrying food to them. At each trip they stop a moment on the post that holds the basement door from going all the way down. It seems as if they want to show me each new bug or worm they have caught. No wonder little birds grow so fast. And such great big grasshoppers, worms and bugs as they bring. They must have to cram them in a little bird's mouth. Do you suppose they ever eat enough themselves? We even saw one of them with two grasshoppers in his beak at one time. Now how did he manage that?

LOOKING AROUND YOU

Frogs (and toads)

I promised you, didn't I, that I would tell you all about frogs? That would be a rather large order and take up the most of the Kitchen-Klatters pages. I am afraid your mothers would not like that. Do you think they would want to turn to the recipe pages and find this bit of information, "The frog is the first amphibian. He is called amphibian because he lives in the water and on the land." I am sure you all know that because you read in the papers every day of amphibian tanks and airplanes and you know that they can go on the land or in the water.

Frogs have to live on the land to get their breath, but they have to go into the water to soak their skins or they would get sick and die. Boys have to soak their skins about every day or they begin to look funny. This does not leave a frog much choice of a place to build his home. He has to stay along the bank of a creek or other water.

Little frogs are tadpoles or pollywogs. They hatch from eggs laid in bunches of several thousand. No mother could take care of so many children, so mother frog just doesn't try. Worse than that, if she meets her little tadpole children and is in a hungry mood, she is likely to feast upon as many of them as she can catch. You had better be careful. Could be, that some day when your mother says, "Honey, you are sweet enough to eat." She might mean it. There is the sugar shortage to think of.

The little tadpoles are hatched without any mouth, but they soon grow one and start nibbling on any sort of plant life that comes close. Soon they are able to go swimming around with the help of their tails and rustle up a little dinner. Then they start growing legs, just little bumps under the skin at first, they pop out hind legs and then fore legs, making four legs. Strange thing too, that at any time while they are growing legs, if any one is lost, they just grow a new one. As many times as it takes to have four legs when they are grown. But when they are finally a frog, they cannot do that. So that every frog comes hopping out on the land with four good legs, and a tail. This tail is his last reminder of his tadpole days and will gradually shrink into his body where it is absorbed.

Once out on the land a frog eats only live food which is strange since in his baby days he ate only plants. A frog likes grasshoppers, ants, worms, bees and wasps. And just in case he eats anything he does not like, he spits it up again.

In the water, a tadpole had to watch out for turtles, crawfish, water beetles or even frogs. On the land a frog has many enemies too. Skunks and snakes, certain birds and even dogs and cats are ready to try a dinner of nice fat frogs and people are fond of frog legs.

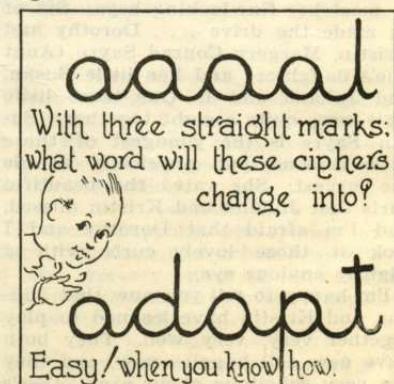
This is just a beginning of all the interesting things there are to know about frogs.

Toads are first cousin of the frogs. They live about the same kind of life, except they are able to store much more water in their skins and can stay out of the water for a longer time or live in a damp place in your basement or yard. They are supposed to be more intelligent too. At least they are not so scary and if you are very quiet you may sit and watch one as he snaps up flies or mosquitoes in the evening.

—Maxine

GUESS THIS

Two legs sat on three legs,
With one leg in his lap.
In comes four legs
And runs away with one leg.
Up jumps two legs
Picks up three legs,
Throws it at four legs
And makes him bring one back.
—Man, stool, leg of chicken, and dog.



OUR HOBBY CLUB

(For subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

ANTIQUE AND HOBBY SHOW

By Mrs. C. A. Carpenter

The St. Joseph Hobby Club sponsored an Antique and Hobby Show recently in the Venetian Room of the Y. W. C. A. At your right as you entered the room were the Junior Members exhibits, which included, buttons, rugs, Madonnas, salt and pepper shakers, a five-room doll house completely furnished in miniatures, pottery, minerals, airplanes, iron cooking utensils, shoes and slippers.

Then came the adult exhibits, the first was a screen set across the corner covered with handkerchiefs from all over the world. On tables in front of them were dogs, perfume bottles and vases. Some very interesting oil paintings were shown. A very interesting display included a Platform rocker, marble top table and a straight chair. There were six-foot stools, one a cricket, which were covered with needle point. There was a table of colored pattern glass, another table set for six with lovely carmel slag. Then came an exhibit of dogs, hats and slippers. In a corner were primitives of ever description.

Across one end of the room three dinner tables were set. One was beautiful white milk glass, on a pale yellow cloth, with a centerpiece of yellow and white jonquils. One of pricilla pattern glass on a lavender cloth with a centerpiece of lilacs. The other was tea leaf dishes on an old fashion blue cloth with a fruit centerpiece.

Then came more glass, china and figurines. On another screen was a display of post cards from all over the world. More buttons, which took blue ribbons at the Chicago show.

Then came the one hundred year old exhibit, which included a shaving case, cooky molds, water pitcher which turned on an iron base, candle snuffer, ruffle ironer, pipe, drinking glasses, plate, Mexican scarf, hand-woven cloth embroidered and made into a tray, just to mention a few. There were two cases of coins, a rack with old quilts and fancy work.

Down the center of the room were fourteen tables divided by screens, and here were shown, hand painted china, goblets, pattern glass, childs rocker and dress, brass tea kettle, souvenir plates, codiment shaker sets, bells, fans, and scrapbooks. There were stamps, a Chinese tea set, Gone With the Wind Lamps which were lighted. On the wall were some very interesting pictures representing Godey prints made of cancelled stamps.

Scattered on the floor in front of the tables were hooked and crocheted rugs. In the deep window sills were old druggist bottles, now called urns, filled with artificial flowers.

Tables and screens were used for the displays, which made a very pretty room.

EXCHANGE NEWS

Collects view cards.—Beverly Hockel, Hardy, Iowa.

Collector of buttons. Would like to have them from Mississippi, Alabama, Delaware, Rhode Island, and West Virginia.—Mrs. Idah Hennen, Osgood, Missouri.

Collector of quilt pieces. Write first to Mrs. Ray Odvody, Prague, Nebraska.

Will exchange wooden shakers, buttons, and souvenirs of my town for blown glass articles or novelty house plants.—Mrs. Alma G. Stubblefield, Colfax, Illinois.

Would like old favorite songs. Would like "South of the Border."—Miss Dorothy Hassler, Route 2, Osmond, Nebraska.

Will exchange something of same value for bookmarks and letter openers.—Mrs. C. A. Carpenter, 2906 Sylvan Street, St. Joseph, Missouri.

Dear Leanna,

Another year has rolled around and I am wanting to subscribe for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine again. I am sending you a dollar bill for another year. I get a lot of helps and good recipes from it. My little 13 year old girl gets a lot of good from it too. She likes the puzzles and stories. We all get a lot of good reading it. I like to look back in my old ones. They help me plan a program for my club.

Mrs. Bob Embree,
Knobnoster, Mo.

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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.

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LAYETTES MADE TO ORDER, diapers, \$3.50 per dozen; kamonas, 60¢; nainsook dresses, \$1.75. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

THREE PIECE PRINT BUFFET, vanity, and chair sets. Assorted colors or white. Crocheted edges, \$2.00. Mrs. Harry Copenhaver, Plainfield, Iowa.

ATTENTION: Would like to have some quilt tops made up and dish towels embroidered. Will furnish everything. Write, Mrs. Sarah Hartel, Alvo, Nebraska.

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JOIN HOBBY CLUB. Write letters, make friends, exchange hobbies, nationwide. (women only) One dollar a year dues. Sample club copy, 10¢. Write Aleta Morissette, Route 3, Box 798, San Bernardino, California.

CROCHETED, 3 piece chair set, \$3.50; 7 piece chair sets, \$7.00; dresser scarfs, \$2.00; religious panels, \$15.00 up; hot pan holders, 25¢ and 50¢; lace for pillow cases, \$2.00 pair; doilies, 75¢. Mrs. E. B. Gillett, 2822 South 15th Street, Omaha 9, Nebr.

FOR SALE. Crocheted chair set, pineapple design. For prices, write Mrs. Holger Jubl, 420 West 4th Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

CROCHETED 3 piece chair set, \$3.75; doilies, 75¢ to \$1.25; "beanie", 85¢; baby booties, 75¢; baby hoods, 80¢. Mrs. M. J. Teigland, Box 101, Elmore, Minnesota.

BUTTONHOLE ATTACHMENT for Singer Sewing Machine wanted. Write and state price. Mrs. James Svee, Rogers, Nebraska, Rt. 1.

FAMILY FUN ON THE FOURTH

By Mabel Nair Brown

"Mother, where's my swim suit?—Johnny, don't forget to get your baseball things—Mary, get the deviled eggs from the pantry".—All this is a prelude to the community picnic on the river, an annual affair for over twenty years. It's a picnic so instilled in the memories of all who've participated, that, wherever they are at that time of year, they long to be back for the "big event".

From the South Pacific last week came a V-Mail reading, "How are you celebrating the Fourth? Are they having 'The Picnic' this year? Gee! it will be one happy day when I can be back for one of those picnic dinners—fried chicken, ice cream, pop, um! um! And for a big splash with the kids in old 'Coon river! Tell Bud to show the Dads how to play real ball this year. And Mom, tell Dad to stay away from strawberries on that ice cream, remember the hives! Say, 'member how you used to put the baby's milk in the tub of ice, with the pop, to keep it sweet?"

Of course, we'll have the picnic, as usual. We owe it to the children at home not to let them be the "forgotten home front" while our thoughts are overseas. After all, Big Brother dreams of home, holidays etc., as he remembers it was before he left. Let's keep all these happy memories alive until he gets back. He's fighting that his brothers and sisters might keep on enjoying the pleasures he knew.

Of course, there won't be "store" ice cream and pop served from a booth this year, but there can be delicious, smooth ice cream made with honey and syrup. And there will be a saccharine sweetened fruit juice drink instead of pop, but what fun we'll have!

Let's make it simple and easy so Mother is not all tired out with preparation. The nine year old can make the deviled eggs and potato salad. Don't forget to show her how to pretty them up with paprika; and potato salad isn't potato salad at our house unless it has a big daisy on top with egg white petals and yolk center. Brother can make the bread and butter sandwiches to go with Mom's fried chicken and pack the dishes and silver. Dad, you put the freezer and baseball outfit in the car.

Now, into comfortable wash clothes and easy shoes and we're off to the picnic grounds.

The minute we're in sight of the picnic spot, friendly hands wave a welcome and our kiddies are standing up, ready to jump out the minute the car stops. Then there's a mad dash to join their playmates at the big swing made with a hay rope hung from a high limb. Near by, a rope skipping exhibition is going on amid laughter and friendly advice.

Soon, though, the wistful glances of the small fry and the teen-agers toward the lunch baskets put the Mothers to spreading out the dinner. Oh me! how thankful we should be in America for the bounteous tables

we can set.

Next comes the big event, the ball game; Sons versus Dads, with Mothers and Sisters in the cheering section and keeping score. Good natured quips fly back and forth between the teams. What matter who wins? It's all in the family.

Then races for everybody—all ages. A race for the Granddads, one for fat ladies, a three-legged race, a gunny-sack race—watch out now, don't laugh so hard you'll miss the finish line!

At this time of the day last year, a neighbor's boy flew over in his plane and thrilled all with his daring loop-the-loops and turns, high overhead.

Dinner is now digested and babies' naps over so there's a dash for the shallow water at the river's edge near-by, with several adult swimmers on hand to help keep an eye on the frolicking youngsters. Even mamma goes wading with the two year old.

The sun is sinking low in the west. It's chore time. Soon everyone is on the homeward way, tired but refreshed and happy. What was it Edgar Guest wrote? Something like "It's the stick-together families who know the joys of earth."

A PARTY FOR JULY

For a United States party decorate the rooms with flags, bunting, and red, white and blue bouquets, having an especially lovely one on the dining room table. As the guests arrive, pin on them maps of the different states, minus any names, and see who can guess the most of them correctly. You might give an atlas as a prize.

It would be nice if the host and hostess could dress as "Uncle Sam" and "Columbia".

STATES CONTEST

1. Part of a scale. La.
2. One who is confined to his bed. Ill.
3. An article used to write with. Penn.
4. A mineral that is mined. Ore.
5. What most housewives do on Monday. Wash.
6. A young girl. Miss.
7. A president's nickname. Cal.
8. Andy Gump's better half. Minn.
9. A girl's name. Ida.
10. An exclamation. O.
11. A number. Tenn.
12. Where some folks go on Sunday. Mass.
13. What Noah used for the flood. Ark.
14. What we say when speaking of ourselves. Me.
15. How we store our fruit and vegetables. Kan.

JUMBLED GENERALS

1. Cellmnea. McClellan.
2. Shoonjnt. Johnston.
3. Ele. Lee.
4. Tarng. Grant.
5. Srmehah. Sherman.
6. Onckasj. Jackson.
7. Rekoho. Hooker.
8. Eamed. Meade.
9. Enadhsir. Sheridan.
10. Odoh. Hood.



AN AUCTION PARTY

This hilarious party isn't going to make you any money at all to speak of, although I should add that if you number reckless, adventurous souls among your membership you might possibly make a good deal more than you suspect.

Sell your guests as many corn kernels as they feel they can buy, and let one kernel represent five cents to avoid confusion. If you can claim an auctioneer among your church members, perhaps you can get him to come just for fun and auction off the articles. If this is out of the question, get a fast-talking woman to take charge.

Have the various articles wrapped in as many misleading ways as possible so that no one can possibly guess what the different packages might be. Then to add to the fun, get one of your members who types to make a list of the articles to be auctioned. By using carbon paper she can make about five copies of the list each time.

When it's time for the auction to start, pound the table, call for complete silence, and announce the terms under which articles will be sold. Lastly introduce your auctioneer, and then get under way.

The following list will give you an idea of the amusing things that can be gotten together for such an auction:

1. A souvenir of Greece (Vaseline).
2. A pair of kids (A pair of kid curlers).
3. A wedding souvenir (Several grains of rice).
4. A pair of slippers (Two banana peelings).
5. One cent (Perfumery or cologne).
6. The latest racket (Tennis racket).
7. An aid to reflection (Small mirror).
8. Aztec pottery (rare) (Small crockery bowl).
9. Rank and file (Onion and nail file).
10. The lost chord (Piece of string).

Bidding will get very wild at times if you have a good auctioneer who can build up suspense in the crowd. Be sure that the purchases are presented with a great flourish, and be sure too that plenty of corn is available for those who wish to keep on bidding.