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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

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Photo—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

My Dear Friends,

Material for this magazine has all gone to the printer—all but this letter. I have left the writing of it until the very last day in the evening, hoping I would have the telegram from California saying that Dorothy's baby had arrived. Well—I guess I can't wait any longer. That press must get to rolling if you are to receive your magazine on time.

My! such weather! There have been very few sunny days since I wrote you last. The ground is surely saturated with water. When the sun does shine, how things will grow. I know this weather hasn't been good for the farm crops, in fact the situation has been really serious here in southern Iowa. When things don't go right, I try to think it is all in God's plan for He rules the universe, and what is must be right. This is sometimes hard to believe, especially so regarding this terrible war.

Our three boys in the service are still in the same location. Howard's at Fort Lewis, Wash., Wayne in Hawaii and Don at Grand Rapids, Mich., in a Weather Forecasting School. He has just been made a Sgt. In regard to army food he says, in one of his latest letters, "Mom, don't think you are sacrificing in vain. A lot of people get the wrong idea about army food. When a soldier gets homesick, discouraged or down in the dumps about something, he must gripe and he generally gripes about the food. Army food in most cases is excellent. We have a very well balanced diet."

Frederick is the only one of our children at home this summer. He hopes to soon be able to get into some kind of war service. We feel he should not be in too much of a hurry. A few more weeks of rest and diet now may mean a lot to his health, later on.

Margery finally got off to California on June 2nd. My sister Helen Fischer's daughter, Louise Alexander and her two children from Santa Monica, Calif., who had been here for a month, left at the same time. They were glad they took with them a well filled lunch basket for food seemed to be one of the big problems met in traveling. Margery will stay with her sisters, Lucile and Dorothy, for several weeks and help them with their work and their babies. They wrote her that she wouldn't have to wash dishes and take care of babies all the time and I imagine she will have plenty of good

times. You know my girls live in the same apartment house. Lucile Verness is at 8268 W Norton Ave., and Dorothy Johnson at 8266½ West Norton Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

The many friends of my sister Jessie Shambaugh will be interested in the marriage of her son Bill (Cpl. Wm. H. Shambaugh), who is in the Personnel Department at Fort Lee, Va. His bride was Miss Ella Warton whose father is the Methodist minister at Elgin, Iowa. Their marriage is the culmination of a friendship throughout the four years they attended Cornell College at Mt. Vernon, Iowa. The wedding was a very quiet one, only the immediate families of the bride and groom being present. Ruth Shambaugh, Jessie's daughter, spent the month of June in New York City where she went to be one of the assistant editors of the College Girl number of the Mademoiselle Magazine. Ten girls were chosen from ten colleges to do this interesting work. Ruth is a student at Iowa State University, and is majoring in Art.

Share your Kitchen-Klatter Magazine with your friends. They will all want to read Lucile's new feature, "An American Family". Because of the restriction on the amount of paper we can use, it is impossible for us to print as many magazines as before. Don't worry! You yearly subscribers will always receive your copy every month, but there will be few left over for those who are not yearly subscribers. We hope to be able to go back to 16 pages this fall.

Sincerely your friend,

Leanna.

NO VACATIONS?

Yes, no vacations like we used to take in years past, but many little vacations are within the reach of all of us. Every one of us on the home front wants to keep close to his job of producing and processing food and caring for her family and home but between jobs try to find time to relax, read good books, and take short trips to visit relatives and friends. Let Sunday be a day of real inspiration. Go to church. Don't rush around to get a big dinner on the table when you get home. Eat simply and plan to make Sunday a day of rest, a real vacation.

MY FLAG

My flag! How I love it! It is more than just a bit of colored cloth; it is a part of me, and I am a part of it. How I thrill when I see it waving in the breeze, so defiant of injustice, so fearless of evil, so proud of its history. My hopes and my fears are in that flag; in its faith I am strong; in its courage I am brave; in its struggles I am resolute.

None of us really understand the true significance of our "Stars and Stripes" until we see it in danger; until we are asked to sacrifice for it. Now we see clearly how human our flag is. When we look upon it we see not only our flag, but the faces of our boys who are making the supreme sacrifice that that flag may still wave "O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave".

My duty to my flag is clear to me now. I must dedicate myself to the task of helping to keep this flag spotless and pure before man and God. I want always to feel that I have given my boys to the best that our flag can be.

NO SACRIFICE YET

I heard a talk the other day by a well meaning lady who spoke of the "noble spirit" in which the women of America were making sacrifices to win the war. She spoke of our doing without silk hose, of our doing our own laundry work, of meatless days and coffeeless dinners! She made us out to be real heroes.

There was nothing wrong with what she said, but I know neither you nor I feel that our sacrifices are anything, compared to those that our boys are making in the swamps, the jungles or the deserts all over the world. We only wish there were more we could do to help win the war. What you and I want is not praise, but a chance to do our part, as did our pioneer mothers in the founding of our country.

Don't pass up as insignificant the little ways we can help. Save fats and oils, paper, tin cans and metals. Don't waste food. Take care of your household equipment. What you save may not seem like much but a little saved in 34 million homes adds up to a lot. Buy just those things you find it necessary to have and put your savings in war bonds and stamps.

Keep singing, keep smiling and work for America!

I will follow the upward road today,
I will keep my face to the light;
I will think high thoughts as I go my way,
I will do what I know is right.
I will look for the flowers by the side of the road,
I will laugh and love and be strong;
I will try to lighten another's load,
This day as I fare along.

—Mary S. Edgar.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps!

Come into the Garden with Helen



SAVING FLOWER SEED

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

During normal times we usually do not bother to save seed since it may be purchased very cheaply and easily. But now when we find we must conserve on almost everything, not knowing just what the future may bring, it will be found to be a very good plan to save at least some seed from our garden flowers. Not only will it eliminate long waits for seed which often in the end will not be available especially in the case of the rare varieties, but also it will give the opportunity to be able to plant fresh seed whose germination is often better when freshly gathered. This is true particularly of Delphinium seed. A possible exception in not having plants from seed come true to color may be found in petunia seed, which luckily is so plentiful that we usually do not go to the trouble of gathering it from our own plants. If one has beautiful plants of the choice varieties in petunias, cuttings may be taken in late July or August, rooted in damp sand or water and carried over the winter as house plants.

The drawback in saving seed from a plant is that often we rob ourselves of a possible second blooming such as we may have if we keep the dead blossom stalks cut back. This is especially true of Delphiniums and Columbines. This may be avoided by simply leaving a stalk or two to mature, cutting back the rest of the spent bloom stalks. Some flower growers contend that allowing a plant to ripen its entire crop of seed weakens it for future blooming, but personally I have never found this to be the case. However, it does make a much tidier border to remove the old seed pods and by using a little discretion we may still have this effect and our seed too. Seed pods will ripen off in the house if placed in a glass of water. When discarding ripened or nearly ripened seed pods, lay them on the ground in some suitable spot and next year you will find countless little seedlings waiting to be transplanted.

If we wish to save our own seed to use later on, either for our own use or to exchange with garden friends, let us do our seed selecting on still, dry sunny afternoons. Spread the seed pods on old newspapers in an airy sunny room until perfectly dry; then they may easily be shelled, cleaned and stored in dry bottles or paper bags. Small cellophane bags are very good for this use as one may see at once what the seed is like. Label and also date the seed. If the seed is kept in paper bags, be sure to keep out of the reach of mice since they love their nutty flavor. Many seeds like an excessive cold temperature and may be stored either in the refrigerator or in a cold room. Bottles prevent dampness from spoiling seed if corked tightly.

The seeds of many perennials may be planted as soon as they have ripened thoroughly. They usually get the benefit of fall rains and the little plants get a good start before winter sets in.

and number of spots according to specie. The ones with bright red coats and black spots are the most common in my garden. Some are tan or brown and some have only two spots and others as many as 15. The small larvae (described as having warty or spiny, carrot-shaped bodies with distinct body regions, and long legs) are said to be as active as the adults. They may be colored with patches of blue, orange or black. The ladybugs, intelligent creatures that they are, lay their eggs in the midst of a colony of aphids in order that their babies may have abundant food when hatched.

The ladybug is given credit for saving the California fruit industry from ruin at one time when the orchards were badly infested with San Jose scale. Because the ladybugs were so numerous in those countries where the scale is native, the U. S. authorities were prompted to import this bug in quantities from Australia. They saved the orchards for the fruit growers. Now they are collected in our own country when in a dormant state in the fall and are then shipped to orchards needing them. It is said to be possible to buy quantities of one specie of commercially raised ladybugs to be placed in greenhouses or in orchards in warm sections for the control of mealy bugs. We are advised to place a few in our winter window gardens to control similar injurious pests that attack our house plants. Certainly they are not at all objectionable as they crawl and flit about in search of their meals for they are such clean-appearing little ladies in their neat red aprons with uniform black patches. They are found literally by the hundreds in the fall gathered together under dry leaves around columbines, hollyhocks, etc. Here they hibernate until the first warm days of spring when they crawl out ready to help us in our fight against plant lice.

We are told that he who kills a ladybug is destroying one of our best allies—one that is of greater help than any man-made insecticide. Now with poisons and bug dusts limited (and some not available at all), because of the war, it is even more important that we become acquainted with these beneficent ladies and to recognize them at sight. This is easy for they are conspicuous in color and rather slow of movement and we welcome everyone.

"We are old friends, whether you know it or not, for I have taken the Kitchen-Klatter since 1938 and next to my Bible comes my old Kitchen-Klatter to be read over when I am lonely or blue."—Glidden, Iowa.



Courtesy Southern Homes and Gardens
LADYBUGS

THE USEFUL LADYBUG

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Because insects are responsible for an untold amount of grief in our gardens—some chew the leaves, others bore holes in stems or make tunnels through the roots, still others suck the very life out of plants; some boldly cut down entire plants while others disseminate blight and wilt—we are prone to look at anything that crawls or creeps as an innate enemy to be crushed underfoot promptly.

But not all are harmful. A number of insects are beneficial.

"How?" you may ask. "How can a tiny insect be of help to mankind?"

The answer is that these beneficial insects eat plant-destructive kinds and do no harm to the plants themselves. Since man is so dependent on plants for food, clothing and shelter, we can see that we should become acquainted with these helpful insects. Indeed, we should extend them the keys to our gardens instead of stamping them underfoot.

One of the most useful of these beneficial insects is the ladybug. It is also called the lady beetle or ladybird beetle. I find them in large numbers in my garden working singly or in groups on my plants. Their particular delight is a diet of fat juicy aphids (plant lice) so we can readily see how useful they are, for what garden is not plagued by aphids of all kinds and colors eating tender new foliage. Ladybugs are small, hemispherical in shape, and vary in color

AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

Foreword

In June, 1937, Mother began a series of articles for her friends that answered many of the questions they had asked regarding her parents, her girlhood home, her experiences as a teacher, her marriage, and the outstanding events in her busy years as a homemaker. The things that she told you are the things that we all want to know about our friends, and I'm sure that only this realization helped Mother to write about her experiences for she's never been one who enjoyed talking about herself.

If so many of you hadn't written and said that in reading these articles you felt as though you'd read something out of your own life, I don't think she would have rounded out the story. And that would have been a loss to all of us, because we seven children treasure our old copies in which her story appeared. I remember that we anticipated each installment with great eagerness and always wondered what family pictures she would use.

It is hard to realize, I know, but seven years have passed since Mother began those articles, and we number many, many of you among our friends who did not have an opportunity to see them. They are unavailable now, and consequently the only way to answer the questions of our new friends is to tell the story again.

From the time Mother first faced this I think she began worrying about it, for she is not any more enthusiastic today over the prospect of discussing herself than she was in 1937! We thought for a time that we might not have another series of articles, but finally we reached a compromise. (Mother is a great believer in compromise—she likes to see everyone satisfied as far as possible.) We could have another account of her experiences if we didn't ask her to write it. She would hunt out all of the old pictures again and not object to whatever we wished to include (those of you who have followed us through the years know what a concession that was!), but we would have to do the writing ourselves.

This seemed fair enough. I like to write, and the others promised to help me even though they're scattered thousands of miles apart. We've all wanted a family record, you see, for memory is a treacherous thing and already we've begun to forget some of the events that are important to remember. We realize too that before long our own children will want to know about things that happened in years gone by, and for this reason, if no other, we are eager to have a record more dependable than our memories.

You can understand then, I'm sure, why we have wanted to combine our efforts in writing about Mother's life, and about the happy life that we knew when we were all together at home. In that first article back in 1937 Mother said: "I am not writing the story

of my life because I think it has been so wonderful—it hasn't." And now, even years later, I say that I don't want to write about our family life because it has been so wonderful—it hasn't. But so much of what we have known you have known also, and a great deal of the happiness and sorrow that has come to us has come to you as well. This is why we would like to share our family story with you.

Circumstances make it impossible for us to sit together in the same room and talk, but I like to think that when you read Kitchen-Klatter every month we really meet for a good visit. Mother hasn't set a time limit on our family story, so for many months to come we hope to share with you the account of events that now lie over many years. Such an account has to have some kind of a title to keep it in one piece, and so we have decided to call it "An American Family", for that's what we are—small-town, midwestern Americans who have been fortunate enough to claim you as our friends.

When we were children the words "Sunnyside Farm" were magic. They called up everything exciting and remarkable that we dreamed about, and when we drove from Clarinda to Shenandoah we always had a race to see which one of us would be the first to spy the long row of pines just over the crest of a hill that marked one boundary of Sunnyside Farm.

This was the farm on which Mother had been born and reared. It was very much like other Iowa farms that lie close to town, farms that have big barns with cupolas, many flowers and trees, large vegetable gardens and surrounding acres planted to corn, wheat and oats; but the things that happened on this farm always seemed particularly wonderful to us because the Field family had had such a happy life there. Our favorite stories were the stories Mother told about the things that took place on Sunnyside Farm, and we always wanted her to start at the very beginning and tell us everything.

The very beginning goes back to 1868. That was the year Grand-Father Field, a native of South Deerfield, Massachusetts, came to Page County, Iowa, and took up the homestead that was to become Sunnyside Farm. He was a veteran of the Civil War (how proud we were many years later to see him ride with the other veterans in the Fourth of July parades), and had served the Union with a company of men who were made up of his former students at the Academy in Knoxville, Illinois.

At the conclusion of the war he returned to Knoxville and went on the road selling yarn that was manufactured in a small woolen mill in which he owned a part interest. That was how he happened to meet Grandmother Field, for she was part owner in a millinery store in Toulon, Illinois, and he called on this store to sell some yarn.

Grandmother Field (her maiden name was Lettie Eastman) was born

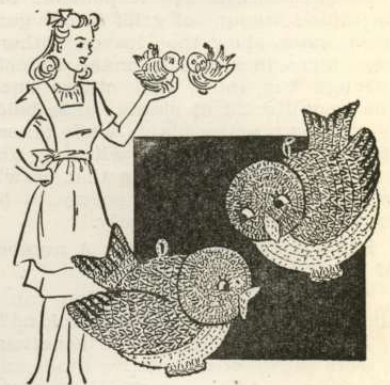
on a farm near Toulon. Her father joined the Gold rush in 1849, and because of the uncertainty of the mails between Illinois and California he did not know until he returned home in 1851 that his wife had been dead for two years, and that relatives were caring for his farm and the two little girls, Lettie and Eliza. Some time later he married again, and the new mother made a real home for her little stepchildren. As a young woman Grandmother Field taught school and then bought a part interest in the millinery store where Grandfather Field met her.

It was at a county fair in Toulon, however, that their friendship really began. Business men of the town volunteered to keep the grounds in order, and since they went to work at four o'clock in the morning the church women decided to prepare their breakfast. It was a miserable hour to go down to the fairgrounds and help serve a meal, but Grandmother Field offered to help; and as a result she found herself pouring coffee for the business man who called on her at the millinery store with woolen yarns.

They were engaged when Grandfather Field decided to go west and take up a homestead, for farming appealed to him more than manufacturing and selling yarns. Grandmother Field must have had a few qualms about leaving a settled community and going into pioneer country, but she promised to return with him when he came for her after the crops were planted and a shanty was built.

(To be continued)

BIRDS FOR YOUR KITCHEN



A plump little redbird—an equally plump bluebird come to entice you into making them up as different but practical panholders. As you'll note they are products of your crochet hook, and easy single crochet is the stitch. Bright blue combines with orange for the bluebird, red and yellow do the redbird. And direction sheet C9569, 10c, gives minute instructions for both.

Or if you prefer, we'll supply you with the necessary colorfast thread for making this companionable pair and the direction sheet, as C9569M, 35c. Do a set for yourself; others for gifts.

Order From Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "Summer vacation finds me with the same old problem—a big, well-equipped backyard, four youngsters of my own, and a good dozen neighborhood children who practically live with us. I resent the fact that other parents don't fix up their own yards for I spend most of my time running out to settle arguments and disturbances worse than arguments. What am I going to do to have a little more peace?"—Kansas.

ANS: This particular problem seems to be a very common one, and I think the first thing to do is to remember that whatever happens you have the satisfaction of knowing where your own children are and what they're up to. This alone should compensate for nine-tenths of the annoyances. However, I think it only fair to set certain hours for these backyard gatherings and stick to them through thick and thin. It's only fair too that other mothers should take turns supervising the play. Why not put on your friendliest smile and make this proposal? I really believe you'll meet cooperation if your neighbors feel that you're friendly, not resentful.

QUES: "Our little daughter, age ten, is my parents' only grandchild and they want her to spend two months with them on the farm. I think it would be an improvement over this city in the summer, but my husband feels that he'll miss her too much, that she should be at home with us. What do you think?"—Nebraska.

ANS: I think that it's important for an only child to spend quite a bit of time with other people, but I also think that your husband's wishes in the matter should be respected. It seems to me that you can compromise and allow her to spend one month on the farm. This is a sufficient length of time to please your parents, to do the child good, and to satisfy your husband's wish to have some of the summer with her.

QUES: "Last winter when I was seriously ill my sister-in-law kept our two little boys for almost a month. In view of the fact that she has two little children of her own I appreciate it very much and would like to do something nice for her, but with hospital and doctor bills still hanging over us I haven't any extra money. If you can think of anything I might do to show my appreciation I'd be very grateful."—Minnesota.

ANS: If you have recovered your strength sufficiently I can't imagine a nicer thing than to tell her you'd like to keep her two youngsters for a while this summer. Perhaps she can see her way clear to taking a little trip, but if this is out of the question just having real freedom at home will mean a great deal to her—no amount of money could buy a better one.

QUES: "Our daughter is to be married next month and we are wondering if we should invite the minister's wife to the wedding dinner that will follow the ceremony?"—Illinois.

ANS: By all means yes. It would be in very bad taste to do otherwise.

QUES: "Recently I've been very much distressed by something that concerns my family. When my brother-in-law took out the \$10,000.00 government army insurance he was unmarried and the policy was made out to his mother. About six months ago he married while on furlough and his wife is living with her husband's parents. They argue quite bitterly about this insurance for my brother-in-law's wife feels that she should have the policy. They carry their arguments into my home and I don't like it at all."—Missouri.

ANS: I shouldn't think you would. I believe that most people feel as I do: that there is nothing more distasteful than to hear a soldier's family argue over his insurance. Under the circumstances I think you are justified in telling them firmly that you don't want to hear such talk under your roof. If they want to feel insulted then they'll have to feel insulted, for common decency demands that such arguments should not be tolerated.

QUES: "I have been asked to be the godmother to a dear friend's baby that was born recently, and I wonder if you could suggest an appropriate gift to present at the time the baby is christened in March?"—Minnesota.

ANS: The gift from a godmother to her godchild should be something that will endure over a number of years. For this reason it is nice to give a silver mug or dish with the baby's name engraved on it. A war bond of the denomination that you can afford and made out in the baby's name could be put away for the child's education and would be appropriate in these times.

WARNING!

I have heard of several instances where jars of fruit or vegetables have exploded in the oven while processing. Oven doors were blown off their hinges and other damage done. Luckily no one was injured.

Don't screw the lids on tightly. Mason lids can be tightened as soon as jars are taken from the oven. Kerr bands do not have to be screwed on tightly at any time.

Do not have the oven too hot. I regulate it so that the bubbles rise slowly to the top of the jar but the liquid never bubbles out. Boiling causes loss of the juice from the jar, and also breaks the seal.



AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Marine Sickels

Relax a little while, all of you, and let's discuss some of our garden pest problems—and they are many. That is one of the grand things about belonging to a congenial club. At our meetings, very informal, we exchange ideas on everything from baby colic to what to do with Germany when the war is over.

More pressing even than that was what to do with the moles that are rooting up our lawns and gardens. When various poisons had failed, we took up the past time of mole hunting. It requires as much patience as fishing—and is about equal to it for relaxation.

Procedure: Watch the runs where the moles are bothering. After a while you will be able to distinguish the new ones by the activity of the ants etc. and the dampness of the dirt. Approach carefully and stand perfectly quiet for as long as fifteen minutes. The best time to watch is around seven in the morning and three in the afternoon. Between times carefully tramp down every run so you can easily find the new ones. This works. We have killed three in the last three days. We use the hoe, hitting just behind the moving earth to bring the evil spirit out into the light. My husband does this quietly, but I accompany the kill with shrieks and yells of triumph.

Just as aggravating is that pesky little grayish, square-cut bug called a squash bug. It is a doubly appropriate name as squash is his diet and squashing is the only way to get rid of him. One woman said she used halves of coconut shells which she saved from year to year, others said pieces of shingles, anything to lay among the vines for the bugs to crawl under. Next morning, early, approach shingle with a heavy foot or a kettle of boiling water and a look of grim determination. This is more effective than any number of insecticides.

For striped cucumber beetles, plant radishes in the hill with the future pickles.

For a pain in the side while hoeing, pick up a clod and spit carefully on the under side. Place the clod in the exact spot it formerly occupied and return to your labors. If you spent long enough replacing the clod, the pain will be gone.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

KITCHEN MUSIC

Some folks like organ music;
Some may prefer a band;
But there's one kind of music
I think is simply grand
It's to hear a steak a-sputter
As it sizzles in the pan,
And to hear the kettle singing
As a kettle only can,
And to hear the dishes clinking
When the table's being set.
When a fellow's good and hungry,
That's the sweetest music yet.

—Alferd I. Tooke.

RHUBARB CREAM PIE

Baked in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
May 20, 1943.

- 2 cups rhubarb, cut in small pieces
and put in an unbaked pie shell
- 1/2 cup corn syrup
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 beaten egg yolks
- 1 cup cream
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1/8 teaspoon salt

Mix sugar, flour and salt, blend in the corn syrup, then add well beaten egg yolks and cream. Pour over the rhubarb and bake at 450 degrees for about 15 minutes then at 325 degrees till custard is set. Make a meringue of the egg whites whipped with 2 tablespoons sugar. Spread over the pie after it is baked, and set in oven till brown.

POTATO PUFF BUNS

- 1/2 cake compressed yeast
- Dissolve in 1/3 cup warm water
- Scald 1 cup milk and cool to lukewarm
- 1 cup mashed potatoes
- 1/4 cup lard or other shortening
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 7 cups flour or enough to make a stiff dough

Mix thoroughly, let raise till double in bulk, knead down and let raise again. Put on floured board and roll to 1/2 inch thick and cut with biscuit cutter. Space 3 inches apart. Let rise till light. Bake 7 minutes in a moderate oven.—Mrs. C. Herrick, Des Moines, Iowa.

SANDWICH MEAT LOAF

- 3 cups cooked ground meat
- 1/3 cup oat meal
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 tablespoons gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 tablespoon grated onion
- 1/4 teaspoon grated horseradish
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise

Add oatmeal to boiling water and cook. Soften gelatine in cold water and add to hot oatmeal when it is removed from stove. Stir till dissolved. Add other ingredients and pour into mould and chill. Keep in cool place.—Mrs. C. T. Beard.

CANNING RECIPES

PINEAPPLE

Canned in Kitchen-Klatter Kitchen,
June 3, 1943

Scrub pineapple well. Cut in slices, remove peel and core. Reserve these for making juice. Cut slices into dice. Combine the pineapple with one-fourth its weight or measure of sugar. Let stand 1 hour or until it draws its own juice. Cook until the pineapple is clear and transparent and tender. Pack boiling hot into hot sterilized jars and seal at once.

TO DRY BEANS

Lima or Other Fresh Shell Beans. Gather when just ready for table use. Shell. Steam 8 minutes or hold in boiling water 5 minutes. Drain. Spread on trays, one-half to three-fourths inch deep. Start drying at 115 degrees, allowing temperature to rise to 140 degrees. Stir frequently at beginning of drying process.

Snap Beans. Wash, cut off ends and remove strings. Leave beans whole or cut in halves or thirds. Steam 15 minutes or until almost tender. Spread on thin cloth or drier trays. Dry at a temperature not exceeding 155 degrees.—Mrs. James Gillette, Marietta, Kans.

ASPARAGUS

Select freshly cut asparagus and grade according to size. Wash well. Remove loose scales. Cut to the size preferred. Place in wire basket or in a square of cheesecloth and hold 3 minutes in boiling water. Pack in hot jars, add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart, cover with boiling water. Process 40 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 3 hours in hotwater bath, then complete seal.

BEANS

Green, Wax and Snap.

Wash, string and break or cut young, freshly gathered pods into 2-inch pieces. Boil 5 minutes. Pack into hot jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Cover with water in which they were cooked. For small, young pods, process 35 minutes at 10 pounds pressure. If beans were large, process 55 minutes at 10 pounds pressure; or 3 hours in hot water bath.

BEETS

Wash young, tender beets. Leave 2 inches of stems and tap root. Boil until the skins can be slipped. Slip skins, trim beets and pack into hot jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Cover with boiling water. Process 40 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 2 1/2 hours in hot water bath.

CARROTS

Wash, scrape and rinse. Slice, dice or leave whole. Boil 3 minutes then pack into hot jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Cover with boiling water. Process 40 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 2 1/2 hours in hot water bath.

CORN-CREAM STYLE

Cut tip ends from kernels. Scrape out pulp. Add 1 teaspoon salt and 2 cups boiling water to each quart of corn. Boil 3 minutes. Pour into hot jars and process 70 minutes at 15 pounds pressure.

CORN-WHOLE KERNEL

Cut corn from cob—do not scrape. Add 1 teaspoon salt and 1 3/4 cups boiling water to each quart of corn. Boil 3 minutes. Pour into hot jars. Process 70 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 3 1/2 hours in hot water bath.

OKRA

Use small pods. Wash and remove stem ends without cutting into pods. Cover with boiling water. Cook from 1 to 3 minutes. Pack into hot jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Process 40 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 2 1/2 hours in hot water bath. Okra which is to be used for soup should be sliced before precooking.

PIMENTOS

Fry peppers 2 or 3 minutes in hot oil or put in hot oven for 6 to 8 minutes. Remove skins, stem end and seed. Flatten and pack, without liquid, into hot jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each pint. Process 15 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 45 minutes in hot water bath.

SALSIFY OR "OYSTER PLANT"

Scrub freshly dug salsify. Cook 15 minutes in vinegar water—1 tablespoon vinegar to 1 quart water. Scrape to remove skin. Cut in pieces or can whole. Pack into hot jars. Cover with fresh boiling water. Process 45 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 2 hours in hot water bath.

SUCCOTASH

Boil fresh corn 5 minutes. Cut from cob. Do not scrape. Mix with from half to an equal amount of green string or green lima beans which have been boiled 5 minutes. Re-heat to boiling and pour into hot jars. Cover with boiling liquid. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Process 70 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 3 1/2 hours in hot water bath.

TOMATOES—OPEN KETTLE

Wash, scald, cold dip, drain, core and skin. Boil 20 minutes. Salt to taste. Boil jars, rubbers and lids 20 minutes and keep hot. Pour boiling hot tomatoes into the hot jars and seal each jar as quickly as possible after filling. Fill and seal one jar at a time. Do not invert jar.

TOMATOES

Wash firm, fresh, sound, ripe tomatoes. Scald a few at a time, cold dip, and drain. Remove core and all hard or green spots. Skin. Pack solidly into hot jars, add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Add no liquid. Process 45 minutes in hot water bath.

GREEN PEAS

Peas should be freshly gathered and green throughout. Wash pods. Drain. Shell and grade for size. Rinse. Cover with boiling water. Boil small peas 3 minutes, large ones 5 minutes. Pour into hot jars. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Process small peas 50 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 3 hours in hot water bath; and more mature ones 60 minutes at 10 pounds or 3 1/2 hours in hot water bath.

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KITCHEN-KLATTER KINKS

When breaking in a new waffle iron or iron corn pan (the kind that looks like an ear of corn) get your irons hot then coat with paraffin. Put your first waffle in and bake. The first one will have to be discarded. After this the iron will not stick and you will not need to grease it.—Mrs. C. E. Wirth, Lincoln, Kans.

Keep the heat turned high under your Dutch Oven while the meat is cooking. Low temperature causes the iron to get steamed and rusty. If you wish to leave the meat in to cook at a low temperature, or just to keep warm, remove the lid.—Mrs. A. P. Auer, Maryville, Mo.

When making chocolate or custard pudding, after the pudding is cooked pour it into the dishes in which it is to be served and stick a marshmallow in the center of each hot portion. It will melt some, and makes a nice topping—as good as whipped cream.—Mrs. Chester H. Elseman, Murdock, Nebr.

To keep ice cream from crystalizing in the electric refrigerator, cover it with waxed paper.—Mrs. Ray Perkins, Red Oak, Ia.

To prepare pumpkin for pie, cut in half, slip in the oven and bake with seeds and all. Then run through sieve. This is a time saver and makes delicious pie.—Mrs. Frank Peshel, Marshalltown, Ia.

Putting a small handful of salt in the fat when you start rendering for lard helps keep the lard fresh.—Mrs. Andy Walker, Grant City, Mo.

Good noodles can be made from egg yolks only. If you are making an angel food cake, make the egg yolks into noodles and dry them, and store in glass jars.—Mrs. Emery Barclay, Madrid, Ia.

If your chicken is too large to fry, stew it awhile with 2 or 3 tablespoons vinegar, a small piece of bay leaf and 3 or 4 cloves, till nearly done. Pour off and save this broth. Brown the chicken well in plenty of fat, then add the broth and finish cooking and thicken. Tomato and onion may be added if desired. This recipe is good for cooking rabbits or the tougher pieces of beef.—Mrs. Willis Knisley, Belmond, Ia.

For linoleum that bulges, first remove furniture that may be placed on it, then see that it does not come quite to the sides of the room. If it comes clear up against wall on both sides of the room, it has to bulge, there is no other place for it to go. If it is fitted under quarter-round, loosen the quarter-round a little to allow the linoleum to expand. You can then put a weight on the bulge and it will straighten out and lie flat.—Mrs. V. Y. Jennings, Rising City, Nebr.

To bake squash, cut in half and remove seeds. Put a small amount of water in a pie plate and lay the squash with cut side down. Bake until tender. This keeps them from drying out.—Mrs. Joe Mosbach, Clare, Ia.

If your gravy seems greasy and not smooth, add a pinch of soda. This makes the grease and flour mix smoothly.

MAKING OUR HOMES MORE COMFORTABLE FOR SUMMER

By Sue Somers

Our homes will truly need to be comfortable this summer for we are going to be busier than ever before. We must have a place that is restful and satisfying for the few moments when we relax and catch our breath before going on with the work.

The first requirement for comfort in summer is a cool home. If you don't have many shade trees around your home awnings at the windows where the sun beats in will help a lot. If you have old awnings or canvas chairs give them a coat of good awning paint—it will give them new life and make them last several more years.

When the days are very hot and windy it helps wonderfully to close all doors and windows and draw the shades or curtains early in the morning while the air is still cool. Open them again in the evening to let fresh cool air circulate through the house all night. Be sure all davenport and chairs have a material on them that is "cool to sit on",—preferably a firm cotton. These needn't be whole slip covers—merely enveloping pieces for the cushions and arms.

Many of us like to relax in an outdoor spot in the summer, so that we can enjoy the beauties of Mother Nature. It doesn't take much to make an inviting "outdoor living room"—just a little thought and time. It requires a comfortable place to sit for the number of people who are apt to gather at such a spot at one time,—a table perhaps and some cushions. This outdoor gathering place for the family and friends can be on a spacious porch or on some spot on the lawn that is particularly inviting. You may like a spot that gives you the best view of your flowers, or you may choose a spot that is somewhat secluded from the view of the public passing by so that you can really relax. And about the furniture—of course if you have the money there is always plenty of lawn furniture you can buy, but many of us get more pleasure out of collecting old cast off chairs and giving them a couple of coats of white, green, yellow or some other cheerful color of paint.

The cushions for such a spot will truly make it cozy. If you're sure you can get your cushions in before the rain then make them of bright cotton print scraps you have. Be sure and make them with an opening in the back—one piece lapping over the other about four inches in the middle of the cushion. Then no fasteners will be needed and the cover can be easily whisked off and on for laundering.

If you would rather leave your cushions out all the time then make them of bright colored oil cloth. These should not be padded too full—thinner cushions and more of them will add to the comfort and gaiety of the spot.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight we're pretty excited at our house and, to use mother's old phrase, flying around like chickens with our heads cut off! The reason for all of this stir is Margery's arrival in the morning. Dorothy and I have been frantically cleaning our respective homes and arguing back and forth as to what Juliana should wear when she first sees her Aunt Margery. That's really ridiculous—and I know it. But this is the first time anyone from home has seen Juliana and we want her to make a splendid impression. Dorothy is holding out for a pale pink dress that makes her look delectable enough to eat, and I'm wavering between this same pink dress and a white embroidered sweater with matching soakers that makes her look too cunning for words. No doubt Aunt Margery would love her just as much if she didn't have a stitch on, and probably when morning comes we'll be rushing around too swiftly to argue further.

Today I mailed Mother and Dad a large portrait of Juliana. It was taken when she was three months old and I'm just proud enough of my daughter to wish that all of you could see this picture! Honestly, is there anything in this world sweeter than a baby who has just learned to "talk" to you with soft coos and gurglings? When I pick her up for the first time in the morning she laughs out loud and is so happy to see me that even the cloudiest day suddenly seems brilliantly light.

The other day she had her first solid food, and my! what an experience that turned out to be. Just as fast as she spit it out I spooned it right back in, and finally, with much spooning and encouraging talk, we got every bit of the cereal down. I learned the first day that it was sheer nonsense to embark on this part of the day's program while she had on a single stitch of clothing. Now she's wrapped up in a big Turkish towel and away we go!

The other day Dorothy and I went down to the Hollywood library and checked out several new books on child care so that we could study them and learn the latest twists. When we had finished reading one that expressed the most ultra-modern theories on child psychology we both looked at each other and said, "Why these are exactly the methods that mother used in handling us when we were little!" We felt a little foolish to think we'd been tackling these books so grimly and earnestly only to run across what our own memories could have told us. Mother seemed to be a good step ahead of the most scientific specialists!

Cooking and baking these days isn't the pleasant job that I once found it. The prices are enough to break your heart (imagine parsnips at 27 cents per pound), and even though Dorothy and I tear around to get to the market early in the morning we can't find any meat to speak of, and it's still the same old chore of going from store

to store to find the makings of a simple meal. Today I was overcome with memories of mother's strawberry shortcake and I decided that I just had to have one before the season disappeared completely. Well, I went to the market and I stared for quite a spell at strawberries marked 41 cents per pint, and then I walked away with other plans for dessert.

Juliana and I are alone all night now for Russell has gone into defense work; he is doing x-ray and radium photography in a research laboratory that handles only the castings that are used in planes and ships. It makes things seem awfully topsyturvy since our day begins when Russell comes home and goes to bed. It's amazing how much company and comfort even a three-months old baby can be. These nights don't seem half so bad now that Juliana and I can spend them together.

In my next letter I can tell you all about Dorothy's baby. We'd hoped that the news could go in this issue, but Dr. Stork hasn't seen fit to hustle our way. I'm a lone voice holding out for hopes of a girl since both Dorothy and Frank would like to have a boy, but I keep thinking how nice it would be for both of us to have little girls so near the same age. We'd dress them exactly alike, and who knows, they might even look alike.

This must be all. Do write to mother this summer so that she won't feel too lonely with all three of her girls so far away. We'll write to her often and she can share some of our letters with you.

—Lucile.



Juliana Verness—age three months.

Grow strong my child, that you may stand
Unshaken when I fall; that I may know
The shattered fragments of my song will come
At last to finer melody in you;
That I may tell my heart that you begin
Where passing I leave off, and fathom more.
—Will Durant.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Not long ago I told you about Evelyn Swearingen (Co. Home, Spirit Lake, Iowa). Here is a paragraph from a letter she wrote me recently. "I want to tell you how nice everyone has been to me. I saved the gifts of money they sent me and ordered a cabinet for my dolls. Those unpainted ones you get in sections. It is just what I need. I wonder if you have heard of ways to make my dolls stand. They show off better if they are upright. I am so proud of my cabinet and it means more to me as it was the gift of my friends. The steward's wife says my collection of friends is just as wonderful and means more than my dolls and that is saying a lot because my dolls have to make up for the flowers, trees and all the pretty things out doors that others see but I can't.

Mrs. Claus Johnson, Clinton, Minn., is one of our elderly shutin friends. She has been ill for a long time and recently has been in bed for some weeks. She can read English, but writes only Swedish. If you can write Swedish, do write her a letter. At least, send her a card.

There is a little girl in the State School at Glenwood, Iowa, who needs some words of encouragement. She is 24, has no relatives or near friends outside of the school—she has been there since she was a small child. She writes nice letters—I enjoy hearing from her and you will, too. She does crochet work and has asked for some patterns for edgings. Her name is Evelyn Shreves.

Miss Frieda Tobsing (born 6-23-1904) has asked for letters. She has been in the Sunnycrest Sanitarium, Dubuque, Iowa, for quite a long time—has been ill for many years. They take good care of her but she needs personal attention such as you can give in your letters. If you send a stamp, she will answer you.


Another elderly lady who is having troubles all her own is Mrs. Hattie Dickerson, Hopkins, Mo. She fell four years ago and broke her hip and it has never got so she could walk. She sits in her chair all the time. She says letters are so helpful to her. Her birthday was April 4 (1868).

A chance for being Neighborly in a different way comes from Mrs. Eleonor Matzke, Owatonna, Minn. She has been shut-in due to heart trouble for a long, long time. During the winter they lost everything they had by fire. Why not write to her and ask what you can do to help her.

Do a Neighborly deed today.

STRENGTH FOR TOMORROW

Don't try to live tomorrow, before you live today,
To live each moment as it comes is far the better way.
Tomorrow you may never see, but surely, if you do
God, who has helped you live today, will help tomorrow, too.



Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

I wonder if every one else is having the same difficulty getting oyster shell for their flocks. I tried every feed store and grocery store and finally succeeded in getting eighteen pounds for twenty-five cents when we have been able to buy it for years for a cent a pound or less. There must not be a ceiling on that. But I was glad to get even that small amount although it was gone in about three days. Hens consume a great deal of oyster shell as their body demands its lime for eggshells and if they cannot find it they will soon form the egg eating habit. Also egg shells become more brittle and are more easily broken in the nests. The broken egg is lost and the other eggs in the nest become a mess.

One dealer told me he didn't believe there was a hundred pounds of oyster shell in Iowa. This may be an exaggerated statement but there is undoubtedly a shortage of something somewhere either in oyster shell or in the transportation of it. I think the government would do themselves and us a good turn to look into it immediately. The loss of two or three eggs on each farm each day, to say nothing of the deterioration of those becoming soiled from coming in contact with broken eggs, means a loss of a good many hundred dozen eggs each day which could be very easily avoided. This means a loss of food that is really needed.

I finally succeeded in locating some limestone grit which will have to serve as a substitute. I put all the shells of my used eggs into the ashpan of the range, then when I take the ashes out for the hens' dusting box, I step on every dry shell to break it so they are not so "egg conscious" and they eagerly seek the last bit of shell, and eat it as if it were a very choice morsel. I believe that idea would easily be classified under the heading of "double duty".

If you have not disposed of your cockerels and are not selling eggs for hatching purposes, by all means get rid of them at once. You save feed that should go to the growing flock. Fertile eggs do not keep as well as those not fertile. The cockerels will provide food that is not on the rationed list, and will also help replace the beef and pork that calls for so many ration points.

I have a friend that cans all her cockerels as soon as she does not need them in the flock. She dresses several at a time, cuts them up and cooks them, takes the meat from the bones and puts it in jars, adds salt, then adds the broth they were cooked in and processes them in her pressure cooker. This gives chicken that is all ready for scalloped chicken, creamed chicken, pressed chicken or chicken pie.

It's time to think of summer culling. I have spoken to the hatcheryman and he has promised me an early date. I like to get rid of the overly fat hens and those that are about through producing for the season. It may be a little later than usual as they are so short of help at the hatchery and there are some jobs that simply can not be done by an inexperienced person and I feel that culling is one of them.

Keep plenty of water out for those growing chicks. They can use lots of it these warm days.

GARDEN HELPS

When Gathering Peas, Beans etc. sit on a small one legged (or three legged) milking stool. It is surprising how far one can reach from the stool.—Mrs. Wm. Keller, Dallas Center, Ia.

To Prepare Peas and Lima Beans for Storing in Locker, shell and wash them, then put on stove in hot water and boil about 2 minutes. Drain and plunge into cold water, preferably ice water. Cool quickly, pack into waxed containers and mark contents on each. One-pound butter boxes are good for this purpose. Tie a string around the box to keep contents from spilling out. Get into locker at once. To serve, put the frozen vegetables into a small amount of boiling, salted water and boil until tender. Add butter or cream and serve.—Mrs. Wm. Keller, Dallas Center, Ia.

To Keep Sparrows from Eating Young Lettuce, cover with old screen, or other fine wire. This keeps the birds from getting to it.—Mrs. A. G. Sailer, Leon, Kans.

Helps On Raising Cabbage. Cut both ends from tin cans and put around each plant. Leave them on until the plant grows quite large. This protects the plants so they grow faster, and keeps the cutworms from getting at them.—Mrs. A. W. Tatum.



Frederick Driftmier.



OVER THE FENCE

Because so many Aid Societies do not meet during the summer, you will find some poems in that column during the summer months. I hope that by fall I will have received some good money-making helps which I can pass on to you to use in your Aid Society next year.

If you would like to see some beautiful pillow tops, you should call on Mrs. Frank Fillipi of Thurston, Nebraska. She has three boys in the army and has received 26 pillow tops from them, sent from the different camps where they received their training. In years to come Mrs. Fillipi will cherish these as souvenirs.

Miss Joan Getaz, radio entertainer at KMA, and her Seeing Eye dog Mona, entertained over 200 children at the Shenandoah library. All children love dogs, so were really entertained by Joan's talk about the training and care of Mona.

All of us Kitchen-Klatter sisters sympathize with those of you who live in flooded areas. A friend at Annada, Missouri, writes they have 150 acres of good wheat, 80 acres of oats and 120 acres of good corn land under water. Part of the corn was already up. I suppose one should take the attitude that things could be worse—but there is not much consolation in that, is there?

Edward May, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl May, who has been in government service at Lima, Peru, has been transferred to Mexico City, Mexico. His work is with the Department of Agriculture.

Miss Wilma A. Fox, of Bristow, Iowa, would like some pen pals. She would especially like to hear from those with birthdays on May 26. Her mother's hobby is rug weaving and she would like to exchange for "what have you". Write her a letter.

I want to take a vote on what your favorite department of this magazine is. Please write me a letter giving your first, second and third choice. I will appreciate this very much. Is there any feature that was in the sixteen page magazine which you would like to see on these twelve pages? We hope soon to have accumulated enough paper to go back to the sixteen page issue.

Keep singing, Keep smiling, and Work for America.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

Marilee ran down the meadow path in the warm July afternoon sun. Her yellow curls blew back from her shining eyes. She was in a hurry to reach the willow tree where she had last seen The Thumblety Bumblety Elf. Would he really be waiting for her? She reached the cool shade and dropped down on the soft grass to rest. She was panting from her run down the path.

Before she could get her breath, The Thumblety Bumblety Elf stood in front of her. Today his suit was made of feathers. The bright orange feathers of an oriole fashioned the jacket and the trousers were blue from a blue bird's wings. His cap was black, the saucy black crest of the blue jay. "How pretty!" Marilee exclaimed, touching a feather gently with her forefinger.

"Yes, aren't they? My friends, the birds, give me the feathers which they can no longer use and a tailor bird makes them up for me. But what have you been doing since we were here the last time?"

"I have been busy," answered Marilee importantly. "I am about the busiest girl you ever knew. Grandmother found out that I could be her helper. I feed the hens and carry water and gather eggs and put them in the crate." Marilee's eyes shone for like everyone else she liked to help. "Do you know what day this is?" she asked suddenly.

The little elf pulled thoughtfully at the lock of hair that hung down on his forehead. "It is the day that the wild strawberries are ripe on the hill across the creek."

"Is it?" Marilee asked, and without waiting for an answer went on, "It is the Fourth of July."

"What is the Fourth of July?" asked the little elfman with a puzzled frown. Nothing could be more important than fresh, sweet wild strawberries growing in the warm sun.

Marilee frowned thoughtfully. "It is a celebration," she said. "Last year Daddy and Mamma and I went to see the airplanes and a lot of men jumped out of them with parachutes."

At that The Thumblety Bumblety Elf jumped up and down and clapped his hands. "Oh, let's hurry. Let's hurry. This is the day Mrs. Garden Spider's children were going to jump out of their nest. On the way back I will show you some insect airplanes."

Marilee scrambled to her feet, being very careful not to step on the little elf. A big monarch butterfly came by and lit on an orange milkweed and the elfman climbed on his back like a small boy on a big pony.

"Come on," he called to Marilee as the butterfly flew slowly away.

They did not go far. The butterfly stopped before a big weed. On the very top of the highest leaf, dozens of small spiders were crawling and climbing. They seemed to be running around like mad but as Marilee watched, she could see that they were taking turns climbing to the very top-most leaf where they stopped long enough to spin a web two or three feet long and then let go to float away at the end of it.

"For all the world like a parachute jumper!" exclaimed Marilee.

When she had tired of watching the baby spiders, the little elfman showed her the ruby red strawberries in the meadow grass at her feet. They were delicious and she ate until her fingers and lips were stained bright red.

The sun was getting low in the west as she and the Thumblety Bumblety Elf made their way slowly back to the willow tree. The little elfman rode slowly on the big butterfly and pointed out to her the blue and green dragonflies in the air over the pool below the big willow.

"They are like airplanes," Marilee said, her blue eyes big with wonder. And then she drew a deep breath and turned to her little friend.

"I must get back to Grandmother's. It is time to get the eggs and feed the hens."

The elfman asked, "Tell me, what was the most fun you had last summer."

"It was a circus, a really circus," Marilee told him.

"Come back some sunny day and we will have a bug circus," the little elf promised her, as he waved goodbye.

RIDDLES

Read these riddles aloud to the family, withholding the answers, and see how many can guess them.

What part of a fish weighs the most? Scales.

If a sailor crossed the sea 2 times without washing, what would he be? A dirty double crosser.

Why is a lame dog a good multiplier? Because he puts down 3 and carries 1.

If you and I ate one blue jay, what would our telephone number be? 281J.

In a severe storm, what colors are the wind and the waves? The wind "blue", waves "rose".

Why does a tin whistle? Because a tin can.

Why is a garden fence like a good book? Because it is often looked over.

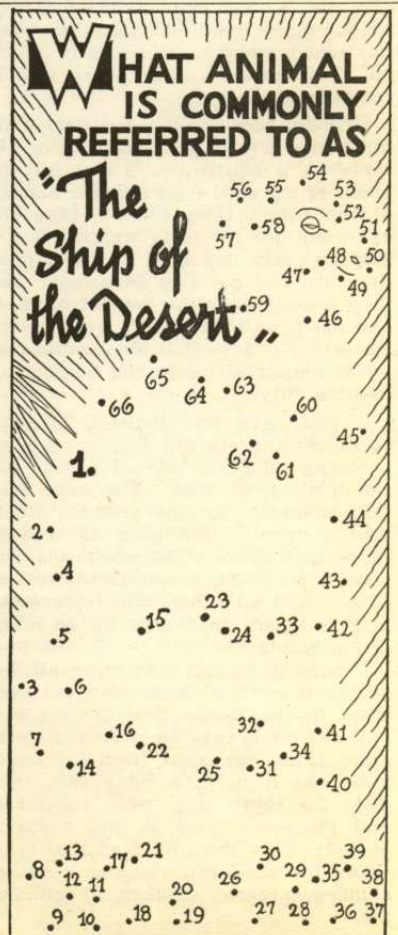
Why are matches angry things? Because they flare up when you strike them.



Jean Alexander, my great-niece—Helen Fischer's granddaughter. She will soon be five years old.

PATRIOTIC SONGS

Write on a card the first lines of well known patriotic songs, leaving space under each line for the second line of the song. Give the players a limited time to write all of the second lines.



Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

A COMMON CENTS HOBBY

The hobby of collecting pennies is not only worthwhile, it is also very interesting. There is no such thing as a "penny" in United States coinage. The coin Americans have always called a "penny" is officially a "cent". The name penny has been handed down from generation to generation. Literally, an English penny is two cents in our money.

Our first cent was issued by an official American mint in 1792. Since then, cents have been coined every year with the single exception of 1815. The first cent was about the size of a half dollar, and twice as thick as they are now. In 1793 they were called the "Liberty Cap" cent. In the design the cap was not on the head of Liberty, but to the left and barely touching the flowing hair.

In 1856 the cent was reduced to its present size. The design was of a flying eagle. Later a large quantity of nickel was added to the alloy to give the cent a shiny look. They were called "white pennies." The Indian head cent, which preceded the present Lincoln-head cent, is familiar to all of us. It may surprise some people to know that the Indian is not an Indian at all, but the portrait of Sarah Longacre, daughter of J. B. Longacre, chief engraver of the mint at that time. It was first made in 1859. The Lincoln cent was adopted in 1909 to replace the Indian. On this year, our country celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. The designer was Victor D. Brenner. Lincoln was everybody's friend so it seemed right that a coin which the people would use the most often should remind them of him.

A complete collection of 149 cents, one for each year they have been made, anyone would be proud to own. There is only a very few complete sets in the country, and the market value of such a set is more than \$10,000.

—Mrs. Gladys Shriver.

HOBBIES

Old buttons, toothpick holders and pitchers. "I have two pitchers from Iowa. One is a white china with a picture in blue on the side, the picture is a monument and printed below it says Monument Indian Massacre, 1857, Arnold's Park, West Okoboji Lake, Iowa. It was sent me by a friend from San Francisco. The other is a ruby and white glass pitcher and has Arnold's Park, Iowa, written on it. It was brought to me from Leavenworth, Kansas—so Iowa pitchers really do get around!"—Georgia Bowen, Mack, Colo.

Vases.—Mrs. H.G. Stuhmer, Box 182, Kenesaw, Nebr.

Handkerchieves, knick knacks and potholders. Will exchange for a hair-pin lace hankie.—Mrs. John T. Dykstra, Sibley, Iowa.

Postmarks. Will exchange.—Mrs. Kate Brogran, 6540 Poppleton Ave., Omaha, Nebr.

Salt and pepper shakers. Will exchange.—Mrs. W. F. Wilkins, Fairfield, Nebr.

Miniature vases and cacti.—Mrs. Wm. VanHorsen, Orange City, Ia.

Crochet holders and doilies.—Bessie Dingsley, Rowley, Ia.

View folders. Will send a crocheted holder or hankie in exchange for each one sent her. Mrs. A. O. Larson, R5, Guthrie Center, Iowa.

Pitchers and little dogs.—Lena Hoff, Ellston, Iowa.

Shakers and advertising pencils. Will exchange for your hobby.—Mrs. A. G. Schach, Box 182, Wisner, Nebr.

Royal Ironstone Chinaware by A. Meakin from England. Would like to hear from anyone who has a piece of the tea berry gold leaf pattern. Will buy or exchange.—Mrs. E. Swartzendruber, Palmer, Iowa.

Crocheted potholders.—Mrs. Paul Herrick, Rt. 2, Guthrie Center, Iowa.

Buttons. Wants one from each of the eastern states.—Idah Hennen, Osgood, Mo.

Novelty pot holders, hankies, view cards, ducks.—Mrs. W. Leider, Libertyville, Ill.

Old buttons. Will trade potholders for buttons.—Mrs. V. E. Bidwell, 3808 Washington, Des Moines, Iowa.

Shakers.—Mrs. Myrtle Hammer, Grant City, Mo.

Shakers.—Mrs. J. H. Mann, Box 104, Allerton, Iowa.

Folks with May 30 birthdays.—Mrs. Martha Miszner, LaPorte City, Iowa.

View Cards. Will exchange.—Jimmié Ray Thornton, age 7, c/o Mrs. Earl Thornton, Kirksville, Missouri.

Iris, Peasant doll dresses, shakers.—Aleta Morrisette, Rt. 1, B313a, San Bernardino, Calif.

"I have a weakness for Chrysanthemums and would like to exchange for them some nice apron patterns, tea towel patterns or some nice houseplants."—Mrs. Frank Schlegel, Route 2, Onaga, Kans.

Mrs. Roy Emerick, Elmwood, Ill., Box 503, will exchange nice different colored feed sacks for baby chicks, live pets, china or what have you.

Match covers and buttons.—Alvane Tuepker, R3 B 61, Aurora, Nebraska.

Quilt Blocks, 10 inches square with your name and address worked across the block. Want one from every state. Will exchange you a pretty crocheted holder.—Mrs. Leonard Daby, 1300 First Ave., Mankato, Minn.

"When my sister was here, I gave her my magazines to read and she surely did enjoy them. I can't think of anything nicer to send for her birthday than the Kitchen-Klatter magazine, so here is \$1."—Elda M. Utlaut, Waverly, Mo.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 50,000 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.

NEW BOOKLET: Food sensitiveness explained and how you may know if you are allergic (sensitive) and what to do about it. Why allergic folks have trouble gaining or losing weight. Also answers to 30 questions I am asked and suggestions for cooking foods to save the minerals and vitamins. Price 25¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

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

HONOR YOUR SERVICE MAN. Use Miniature Service Flag Seals on your letters etc. 1, 2, 3 or 4 stars (State which), 10¢ a book. Gertrude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Iowa.

BUY BEAUTY

Eva Hopkins Creme Powder	
with Sponge	\$1.10
Two Jars (Rouge compact Free)	\$2.20
Six Jars	\$5.50
3 Cakes Salmarine Soap	\$1.00
Postpaid at these prices and tax paid.	
EVA HOPKINS, SHENANDOAH, IA.	

"I take Kitchen-Klatter and think it is a grand magazine. I pass it on to my friends to read. I am keeping them all. It was given to me by my husband and son as part of my Christmas present last year and I don't think I ever had anything that I enjoyed as much. I have a Christmas 12 times a year, or every time I get a new issue."—Mrs. Frank Grunden, Manhattan, Kans.

Be generous with your Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Let your friends read it.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

THE HOMEMAKER

Four simple words the headstone bore;
I conned their meaning o'er and o'er;
"She made home happy." What could be
Sweeter appeal to memory?
Or who could frame in language true
More praise in words so fit and few?
"She made home happy." Year by
year

Her life was one of hope and cheer;
Traits that in this, a later age,
Live on, her children's heritage.

—Eugene C. Dolson.

TOGETHER

There's a Service Flag in my window.
Each morn as the sun shines through,
I touch your star and breathe a prayer
That God will watch over you.
And somehow the miles between van-
ish,

We three stand together here,
Just God and You and Mother,
What more can I ask, my dear?

SOLDIERS OF THE SOIL

Their uniforms are overalls,
Those sturdy men in blue.
A wholesome and determined group;
A most efficient crew.

Equipped to work for Uncle Sam
With loyalty of heart;
Equipped with inspiration, too,
Each man will do his part.

These soldiers give their daily all
To their important lot.
From early dawn 'til late at night,
The season matters not.

A call to raise necessities
To meet our nation's need
Has brought response on every side,
A call that all will heed.

The farmer has enlisted and
Will help this war to fight;
His job's to feed a hungry world,
And he will do it right.

—W. P.

"Having received your card, will send in my \$1 for renewal of the very interesting, helpful Kitchen-Klatter. I enjoy every page of it and read every word. I do hate to miss a daily visit from you for I know I have lost out on something really worth while. I don't know how I could get along without a single copy of Kitchen-Klatter."—Mrs. Myrtle Hart, Enterprise, Kans.

ENTERTAINING IN JULY

July is generally a very quiet month, socially, but never-the-less with the young people home from college, sons home on furloughs or families gathering for reunions, some of you may be wanting a few suggestions.

Because of wartime rationing of gas and food, it may not be possible for you to go far from home for your good times or to serve an elaborate menu to your guests, but I am sure you will find that a successful picnic does not necessarily depend on those things.

With a little planning ahead and conserving of ration points I am sure you can prepare delicious picnic food. What tastes better than fried chicken, potato salad or a dish of hot scalloped potatoes, a vegetable salad, sandwiches, fresh fruit and honey cookies. Some of your home canned fruit juices would make an excellent cold drink.

Picnics may be held in your own back yard or at a nearby picnic ground. If the food is served about seven o'clock, the guests can enjoy a long, pleasant evening together. Some will prefer to sit quietly and visit but others will enjoy a few games. Soft ball games and horseshoe are fun. There are also many games of tag or relay contests that both old and young enjoy.

Porch parties are another popular type of summer entertaining, if you have a porch large enough to accommodate the guests. There can be music, contests of various kinds and time for just plain visiting. The following contests could be used. The answers given here were those of Mrs. J. E. Jett, Hawleyville, Iowa. You may think of other song titles that might be used.

1. Name 6 Songs of Animals. 1. The Old Gray Mare. 2. Mr. Froggie Went a Courting. 3. Old Dog Tray. 4. The Bird in a Gilded Cage. 5. Oh! Lamb of God. 6. Tiger Rag.

2. Name 6 Songs of States. 1. Beautiful Ohio. 2. On The Side Walks of New York. 3. My Old Kentucky Home. 4. Deep in the Heart of Texas. 5. Where the Silvery Colorado Wends its Way. 6. Carolina Moon.

3. Name 3 Songs of Countries. 1. Chinatown. 2. America. 3. Turkey in the Straw.

4. Name 4 Songs of Flowers. 1. Daisies Won't Tell. 2. Tip Toe Through the Tulips. 3. My Wild Irish Rose. 4. Roses of Picardy.

5. Name 3 Songs of Fruit. 1. Peach Picking Time in Georgia. 2. Yes, We Have No Bananas. 3. In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

6. Name 4 Songs of Women's Names. 1. Annie Laurie. 2. Darling Nellie Gray. 3. Sweet Adeline. 4. When You and I Were Young, Maggie.

7. Name 3 Songs With Color. 1. Deep Purple. 2. White Christmas. 3. Blue Danube.

8. Name 4 Songs of Cities. 1. San Antonio Rose. 2. Kansas City Kitty. 3. Cheyenne. 4. Night Train to Memphis.

ANIMALS

Fill blanks with names of animals.

1. (Cow) slip.
2. (Dog) tooth violets.
3. (Horse) radish.
4. (Tiger) lilies.
5. (Cat) nip.
6. (Lambs) quarter.
7. Dandy (lions).
8. (Dog) fennel.
9. (Elephant's) ears.
10. (Squirrel) tail.
11. Old (hen) and (chickens).
12. (Fox) glove.
13. (Pussy) willow.
14. (Goose) berry.
15. (Deer's) tongue.
16. Beggar (lice).
17. (Toad) stool.
18. (Bull) nettle.
19. (Snake) grass.
20. (Butterfly) bush.
21. (Sheep) sorrel.
22. (Pig) weeds.
23. (Buck) brush.

SCAVENGER PARTIES

Scavenger parties are always much enjoyed by the "teen age" groups. Divide the youngsters into groups and give each group a list of articles to find and bring back, such as an Indian head penny, a turkey feather, a golf ball, a set of old false teeth, etc. The first group back wins the prize. Another type of game something like a scavenger hunt is played by giving each group a list of things to find out such as how many windows in the post office; how many steps at the high school building; how many shoes in the shoe store window etc.

Send the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine as a birthday gift. Every issue is appreciated.



Marguerite and Kathryn Guernsey, Center-ville, Iowa, twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Guernsey.