

Trip By Ship To Africa Told

Continued from Last Week

Oh Boy! I am afraid even a two-way stretch won't save Joe's figure now. Joe is about the busiest person on board, needless to say. He does the ship from stern to stern several times a day, watches the sailors splice cables and ropes, romps around and around in the holds, then comes to me and wants to know if I can think of anything for him to do. Tomorrow I am going to have one of the Life Boats put over board and let him row and try to keep up with us. That should occupy him for a spell. Captain says he has a terrible case of Channel Fever—which in plain English is this: The closer you get to land the more anxious you are to get off—so I guess he sure has got it and how!

I forgot to mention that the Farleys are newbies and they have been heckled by everyone—poor kids. They were married Sept. 2nd just before leaving Canada. A couple of nights ago when we all gathered for coffee at 10:00 P. M. in the dining salon, the doctor rose and made a very dignified speech about launching out on a new life and about our bride-to-be, Helen Miller, being with us and how honored we were to have her make this voyage with us and that we wished her every success in her new life—a very flowery and seemingly sincere speech—and that he thought we most certainly celebrate the occasion. In walked the steward with a stack of small plates and napkins, and in a few minutes he brought in the most beautiful wedding cake, three tiers, each smaller than the other, the top one being a small square one on top. It was all white frosting covered with coconut and on top was written "Helen & Jay". Everyone clapped and demanded a speech from Helen. She got up and gave a very nice little speech and was then handed a big knife with which to cut the cake and serve us—Well, anyway, I am sure they used the very best grade of cardboard in the making of this specimen of culinary art. The harder she tried to cut the cake the more we laughed. It was a regular uproar but she couldn't even dent the darn thing. Jim Skuder went out to get off of the fire axes for Helen to cut the cake. They had taken these cardboard boxes and taped them together with adhesive tape. (Of course Joe had his finger in helping them tape them together), then he cut them over to look exactly like a cake. It was sure funny. Then the steward brought in the Bride's bouquet which consisted of a round purple cabbage head with a bunch of toothpicks stuck in all over it and on the end of each toothpick was a marichino cherry. Well, we could eat the cherries anyway. The captain and steward had planned this little joke on Helen because she had fixed one of the captain's shirts and sewed little pink ribbons on the sleeves just above the elbow. Oh, Me!

Oh, yes, I must tell you of our storm at sea which was a honey and I don't mean perhaps. It happened on our second or third day out and was the edge of a hurricane. Perhaps you read about it in the papers as it came up the coast and passed just to our stern but we were in for a

heck of a blow and plenty rough weather. It lasted two days and one night and started to calm down the second night. The ship rose so high that the rudder was completely out of water and you could feel the ship quiver from the sudden release of water from the rear end, then it would plunge beneath a wave which would break over it and even drench the Bridge, they were such huge waves. We changed our course so we could drive straight into the storm and ride it out easier. At the height of the storm the ship not only plunged and rose but also rolled from side to side because of the cross waves which were created by a 40 or 50 mile wind. It was almost next to impossible to get any sleep that night because you couldn't stay in bed unless you hung on to something. When the ship would roll over you were thrown from your bunk unless you were hanging on. About 11 P. M. we heard this crashing and banging in the dining salon and pantry (small galley which adjoins the salon, the main galley is midships across the deck from us). Joe and Farley went out to investigate and found the chairs in the salon all piled in one end of the room. On the next roll they would be thrown to the other end. The tables, fortunately, were screwed to the floor. By 3 A.M. all the passengers were up to see what havoc had been wrought and discovered the 1st Mate and his helpers lashing the huge Frigidair back into place in the pantry. It had been thrown face down on the floor of the pantry and had a huge dent across the face of it, so you can imagine the force of the storm. Pipes broke in the ship's store room where the potatoes, onions and the like were stored, however this could be salvaged after the storm. Poor Mrs. Farley, Helen Miller and Mrs. Green were sick and Mrs. F. and Helen made a mad dash for the bathroom. M. Farley was also a bit upset but either Joe and I were too excited, too tough, or we were afraid of missing something to get sick. Anyway we didn't get the least bit seasick for which I was thankful for I can't imagine anything worse than being sick and not being able to hit the receptacle—Oh Boy! Joe grabbed a chair and sat down and on the next roll he took a beautiful skate the length of the room and banged into the opposite wall so he gave that up as a bad job. It was all very exciting and also a bit frightening but the ship's officers and men, who are old salts and sea worthy men, didn't seem to mind in the least, except that it was very inconvenient to them. Oh, Yes, the electric percolator was piled on the floor together with all the dishes and everything else. The place was certainly a mess.

Anyway, the storm died down eventually and we have had perfect sailing weather ever since. Beautiful moonlight nights and sunshiny days. Anyway I started to say that the first three or four days out it was cold as the dickens but now we are in more tropical waters and it is nice and warm on deck and we have enjoyed it immensely.

I surely hope everyone at home is feeling fine and don't you worry about us for we are perfectly safe and we are told that Firestone has a perfectly grand colony in Liberia and all modern houses—from the pictures of them they are better than we will ever own in the U. S., usually two stories with the first story the

OUR DEMOCRACY—by Mat

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garage, that puts the house off the ground and therefore, isn't damp at all. Captain has been carrying Firestone people for years and he says we will like it immensely.

Will write another letter before I leave ship at Monrovia but for now will ring off and hope you aren't worn out with all this writing.

Heaps of love,
Mildred and Joe

Campaign for Jackson County to Start February 7

"Have Fun in '41" is the slogan with which "Miss Shasta-Cascade 1941 Allie in Wonderland" region theme girl and hostess, and "Miss Jackson County" who will be hospitality hostess and theme girl for this county's "Fun Festival" events, will invite vacationists and tourists to adventure in Jackson County by a

nation-wide publicity and advertising campaign on conclusion of the campaign to determine who "Miss Shasta-Cascade" and "Miss Jackson County" shall be.

According to Tom L. Stanley, general manager of the Shasta-Cascade Wonderland Association, return of survey questionnaires indicate that more than 100 fairs, festivals, regattas, rodeos, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Winter Sports and other events, including all those in this county, will compose the all-year "Fun Festival" offering visitors to the Wonderland fun, thrills and entertainment in addition to the scenic and recreational attractions. It is at these events in the various counties that "Miss Shasta-Cascade" and the county theme girls will represent.

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Want to add something different... something more substantial to your breakfast menus for cold mornings? Then be sure to try these crusty little Oatmeal Breakfast Muffins. They're full of old-fashioned goodness and flavor. And their tantalizing aroma is enough to start any sleepyhead hustling toward the breakfast table.

You won't mind preparing these Oatmeal Muffins often, either, for you can measure ingredients and start the muffins the night before. Next morning it takes only a jiffy to cut in triple-creamed Spry and whisk the ingredients together. This all-purpose shortening is so pure it allows the nutlike oatmeal flavor to come through perfectly.

Cut out this tempting recipe and surprise your family with it tomorrow. You'll vote these Oatmeal Breakfast Muffins a satisfying treat.

OATMEAL BREAKFAST MUFFINS

1½ cups sour milk
2 cups rolled oats
1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
¾ cup Spry (triple-creamed shortening)
1 egg, beaten

Pour sour milk over rolled oats and let stand 6 to 8 hours, or overnight.

Sift flour with soda, salt and sugar. Cut in Spry until mixture is like meal. Add egg and oatmeal mixture to dry ingredients and stir vigorously until all flour is dampened. Bake in Spry-greased muffin pans in hot oven (425° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 12 large muffins.

(All measurements in this recipe are level)

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