

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear nephew:
 "You killed him," dad explained. "No. I only stunned him," I insisted, as the big fly was picked up gingerly by a wing and thrown in the stove. I laughed. "Stun him!" That is a term dad uses often in describing punishment for something you don't want a person to do. And of course little pitchers picked it up and sprung it at home. "Where did she learn that?" her mommy queried in astonishment. And repeated the same thing when Sixty was singing (?), "some one stole my yaller dog." Mournfully, and by the yard, dad would sing to her as he rocked: "Some one stole my yaller dog. He'd better bring him back. He chased big niggers over the fence, and little ones through the crack."

Cho.—Trouble Trouble! Trouble on my mind.

If trouble don't kill me, I think I'll live a long time."

I can hear hear you boys adding verse to that. As bad as cow-punchers.

We have been talking about making some changes in the church. Of course the subject of finances came up. Not that it could apply to us, but as a bit of variety, this story was told. A certain church was in great need of repairs. The matter was brought up at open meeting. A certain deacon, exceedingly penurious, got up and raised his objections to any chance. He could see nothing that needed to be done, and emphatically refused to give one cent. He sat down. A piece of wet plaster fell and struck his head. He popped up. "I've changed my mind," he cried. "I'll give five dollars," he sat down. A bigger piece fell and hit his head. He jumped up. "I'll give fifty dollars," he yelled. An old deacon in the amen corner was heard in the silence that followed. "Lord! Lord! Hit him again."

A neighbor tells me she is going to wear her hubby's overalls for garden work. I tried that, but got all tangled up in one leg. With the seat low and roomy, when a leg was drawn up, it wanted to crawl in with the other one. So a pair was bought for me. But all it's good for is to stand up straight in. It's simply awful not to be in style, but these Levi pants are designed only for bean poles who are still minus of curves, and spread.

In cleaning out the fruit shelves, a dozen and a half jars were thrown out. (Losing that sugar. . .) some had turned dark in the jar. Some tops

V FOR FIVE AND V FOR VICTORY



D. R. Fitzpatrick—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

and some rubbers were poor. Was in hopes of canning rhubarb, but oh where's the sugar to make it palatable. A neighbor gave me enough goose berries for a pie. A week's sugar there. But was it good!

The box of parsley is recovering from the shock of having been knocked out of the window and spilled on the floor. Never yet have I succeeded in having a pot of it. So my fingers are crossed. Ever eat parsley biscuits? It's not bad to take with chicken and gravy.

Poor velvet rose. A slip from Grandma Clevenger's lovely bush that has been blooming on the north side of her old home for more than 50 years. It was first planted in Corvallis, and moved there a time or two. Then brought down to near Central Point and moved around, there. It did succeed in making quite a growth during the last years there, and had one season of many blooms. Then brought here. It's location was too shady. It was

moved. And once again. Now at the SW corner of the house, it is blossoming widely. What one pays for sentiment!

Dad saw his purp the other day and thought of bringing her home. But she saw another man up the street, foretook dad, and ran happily off—a sypsy.

It's not Eppy in de tole hole, but Smudge's ears coming thru the hole of the barbecue pit where dad picked the fryer. Licking his chops.

It is lovely today and we revel in the greenness, the birds' songs. There's tragedy in the robin family—Smudge caught their fledgling. The quiet and peace surrounds us. Would it bore you?

Think on this—"Of all the things you wear, the most important—your expression—costs nothing." Drop in on us some time. Lazily, Aunty.

John Grimm and Berkley Pinkham are both home on leave from the navy.

South America As Seen by Local Lady

Mrs. Mildred Swain is writing to her mother, Mrs. E. E. Scott, from South America, where she is with her husband, who is employed by the government rubber research.

Continued from last week

Well, we have discovered that Christmas to the natives down here is somewhat similar to Christmas in Africa as far as the attitude of the servants and lower classes is concerned. Several weeks prior to Christmas our servants began asking what we were going to do about Christmas. We had to laugh for that is the way our little boys used to talk. The only difference is that while these servants kept us reminded of their Christmas they would not suggest what we should buy for them and always said, "Whatever you will give me I will like," consequently we were somewhat up in the air as to what kind of a Christmas present they would most enjoy. A woman who sells me the lace—Dona Mala—also came around to remind me that she "expected" a happy Christmas from me. Doesn't that tickle you though? We ended up by sending the cook down to buy dress material for Dona Maria and our wash lady. I looked at that to find out what type of dresses they liked and then I went down and purchased cloth for the cook a dress. I gave Ludis, the maid, a new pink underslip, and gave Violet (cook) and Ludis each a very gay, bright feather powder puff which helped

their vanity no end. Also gave each one a sack of candy done up in bright paper and an envelope containing a third of a month's salary (Violet, Ludis and Silva, the wash lady) I had Violet roast a chicken for herself to take home for Christmas dinner with her husband and two children, and also one for Silva for herself and two children (she is a widow), because the Brazilians can rarely purchase meat of any kind now because the price is prohibitive and because of the scarcity of it. Then Violet wanted to know if I would tell her how to make a cake like I once made here—it was applesauce—except that she had no applesauce. We made it from pineapple and it was wonderful so she proudly took that home to display to her family and all her friends because the people here no longer have cake or bread because of no flour in town at this time. Later on there will be some, of course. I happen to have a bit which I have saved from time to time but it won't last more than two weeks more.

(To be continued.)

A \$36,750 contract for rock production on the Klamath Falls, Lakeview and Freemont highways was awarded by Babler and Conley Co. Portland to M. C. Lininger and son, Medford.



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