SARA AND AGGIE'S

Memory Book

DEDICATION

Dear Party Line Friends—

"Memory—life's richest harvest! How good it is, on a cold winter's day, to know that the bins and the lofts are filled to overflowing with the good things stored up from summer's plenty. When the leaves have fallen from the trees, and the grass stands withered and gray by the roadside, how lovely it is to enter a barn filled with fragrant hay . . . and in one deep breath recall again all the warmth and beauty of summer." (From John Wintergreen's Notebook.)

Memory is our harvest. And here we have picked out the best of our treasures, to share them with you, our Party Line friends. We hope you will enjoy every word and picture of this little book, and that perhaps the memories we set such store by, will remind you of happy and interesting little events in your own life.

Like we've told you so often, some of our very happiest memories have to do with the time since we first got to know you folks on the Line. And it's really you who put us in mind of our memory book, by being so interested in our everyday lives. So we feel like this is really YOUR book; if it hadn't been for you, we probably never would have collected ourselves to get it made up. We dedicate it to you now, knowing you will accept it for just what it is . . . memories from the lives of us everyday folks.

Your friends on the Line.

Sara and Aggie

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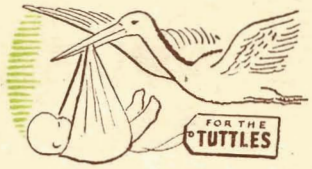
THE STORY OF OUR LIVES

Told through the years in Clippings from the Monticello Weekly

Happy tidings! Lemuel Tuttle was in town this week with the gladsome news that Mr. Stork, that winged messenger of joy, paid a visit to the Tuttle farm on Thursday evening last (Feb. 17), leaving a fine baby boy. Lem says the little newcomer will be given the name of Clement, being an unusually quiet child.

Monticello Weekly, Feb. 24, 1887



The many Monticello friends of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie G. Peters, formerly of this city and now residing in our neighborhood community of Bement, will be interested in hearing that Mr. Stork, that busy bringer of happy tidings, left a baby boy at the home of our erstwhile Monticellians on October 9th.

Monticello Weekly, Oct. 13, 1887

This was a busy week for Mr. Stork, he having brought our city five new little citizens. Among them was a little baby daughter at the home of the Tom Terwilligers, who greeted this old world of ours on Friday morning, the 19th. The new little Miss Terwillger will be christened Agatha Theresa.

Monticello Weekly, August 25, 1887

The John Henry Adkins were made happy day before yesterday (Sunday, 10th), by the arrival of Mr. Stork, that harbinger of happiness, he leaving them a chubby little girl weighing a good nine pounds. Mother and daughter are doing just fine.

Monticello Weekly, April 14, 1888

MORE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

highest honors in spelling. It will be of special interest to the many friends of the Peters family, formerly of Monticello, that Grover Peters, aged 10, sixth grade pupil, took highest honors in manual training, free hand drawing, and deportment. There is some talk of the Peters moving back to Monticello, and our local institution of learning will certainly welcome young Grover with open arms. Other

A most interesting demonstration of cooking skill was made by the young ladies of the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades for their justly proud mothers. First prize for bread went to Agatha Terwilliger, fifth grade. Sara Adkins took first prize for fancy cake, and was awarded honorable mention for biscuits. Best apple pie

interesting feature will be a Maypole dance by the grade school pupils. As a reward for meritorious excellence in scholastic attainments, Clement Tuttle of the third grade has been appointed to the unusual office of King of the May. All parents and friends, as well

take place on Friday afternoon. The valedictory address will be delivered by Mortimer J. Mortimer, valedictorian. Sara Adkins of the graduating class will sing "Annie Laurie." Clement Tuttle and Grover (Curley) Peters, of the graduating class, will assist Mr. Hauck in distributing diplomas at the graduation exer-

HEARTS AND FLOWERS

Even old married folks like us kind of treasure the memory of the first time we ever saw "the one we love."

Of course, we went to school together for years, Aggie and Sara and Clem. But Clem's folks moved away for a while after that, and the first time Aggie really noticed Clem, and vice versa, was at a church social the very day the Tuttles moved back to Monticello. Aggie wore her white muslin with a wide blue sash, and Clem was smitten right off. He brought Aggie her dish of ice cream, and before the evening was over, he had it all fixed that he was going to take her for a buggy ride the very next week.

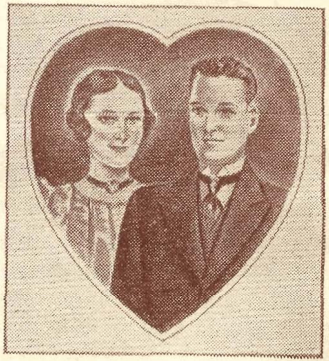
From then on, one buggy ride just led to another, and what with basket socials and barn dances, why, it wasn't any time before Clem was Aggie's steady beau.

If anybody asks Curley when he first began to take a interest in Sara, he'll say he can't imagine what the world was like before he was in love with her. Sara says he just makes it up, but Curley declares up and down that when they went to first grade together and Sara used to wear two little pigtails with bows, and her little gingham over-apron used to get so tight (Sara was *always* inclined plump) that the buttons would sometimes pop off when she'd get excited, reciting her abc's . . . why, he says even way back in those days, he had already made up his mind that Sara Adkins was the only girl for him.

Sure enough, soon as ever he began working in his father's blacksmith shop, Curley began to call on Sara. When Clem moved back to town and the two young men got chummy, why they fixed up many a jolly foursome. My, those were lovely days! And almost before we knew it, there we all were, listening to the sound of wedding bells.

WHEN WEDDING BELLS RANG OUT

It was on a beautiful, sunny Friday, the 30th of June, 1911, that Agatha Terwilliger became Mrs. Clement G. Tuttle. It was a home wedding, and the Terwilligers certainly put themselves out to make a lovely affair of it, for their only child. Aggie looked like a picture in the dress her Mother had made for her, with a veil as pretty as any princess ever had. Everybody in town was at the wedding, and they sure enjoyed the wonderful supper-spread out in the side yard. Clem claimed he wasn't nervous; the only reason he kind of stuttered a little repeating the words after the minister was that he wanted to make Aggie feel easy. John and Nettie Wintergreen drove the newlyweds over to Champaign in their buggy, from where they took the train for their honeymoon trip to the Dells, Wisconsin.



Sara and Curley had a Fall wedding, mostly because Sara's Mother, being inclined plump like Sara, felt the heat so much in the summer time she didn't think she could manage a big wedding the way she'd like it until the weather was cooler. So the big day was Nov. 16, 1911. Sara and Curley had a church wedding, very beautiful, and nobody made a slip during the entire service. How proud Curley looked! Afterwards, everybody adjourned to the home of the bride, where a sumptuous feast was spread. The happy couple went to Springfield, Illinois, for a five-day honeymoon.

EARLY SOCIAL LIFE OF TUTTLES AND PETERS

It looks like we're getting fancy, talking about our "social life." Goodness, we're just about as formal as a pair of old house slippers, and always have been the same.

Sara and Curley used to visit with "the young Tuttles" real often after June 30, 1911. But the real homey, comfortable visits started after Curley and Sara got married. We were always having supper over at each other's house, or else stopping in for a chat around the kitchen table of an evening. The boys would talk about the price of wheat and hogs and such things, and they'd argue for hours about whether those automobile people would ever be able to make them at any kind of a price that ordinary folks could afford. Clem said no, but Curley said they'd figure it out somehow. Clem still says *he* was right. We girls would exchange receipts and quilt patterns. We crocheted in those days, like our lives depended on it. Clem says if the world was a ball of crochet yarn, it wouldn't near be enough for all our fancy work.

Of course, we went to a whirl of parties, too. There was the regular annual church bazaar, and the basket social, and the Reverend's home party for the officers of the church, with wives. And the Town Council annual dinner. And in the summer there was hay-rack parties and the church picnic and the County Fair. You could always count on finding Clem and Curley right in the front ranks at all these affairs, and their women folks not far behind.

Clem was always great for trying all the games-of-skill at the Fair, and one year—(butter was 18 cents a pound)—he did actually win a whole tub of lovely creamery butter. We divided it up amongst our friends, but even so, Sara got so much she says she knows that's when she really began to put on weight.

As to our club life, we girls decided when we was first married that it would be nice to get together with the other ladies in town, and exchange household hints and do sewing and think up what we could do to help our community. That's how our Busy Bee began; in the Spring and Summer, we make it into the Busy Bee Garden Club, and concentrate on making our little world a prettier place to live in. By the way, we want to mention that every single one of our friends on the Party Line, wherever you may live, you are ALL considered regular members of our Busy Bee Club.

THE NEXT GENERATION

LORIE ELLIS PARKER

The smile you see here on this pretty girl has helped straighten out many troubles for folks on the Party Line. And it won the heart of young Paul Parker when he came to Monticello to be John Wintergreen's assistant druggist. Lorie Ellis was always loved by everybody who knew her; and Paul, who is from the city, and once was engaged to a rich girl named Isabel Andrews, well . . . he just thought there was nobody in the world like Lorie, our sweet little Party Line operator. The other girls in town made eyes at him, goodness knows, but it was no use. The engagement was announced on January 30, 1936, which is Lorie's birthday, and also an important date for another reason. On account of Isabel, who turned up in Monticello, the romance was not smooth all the way. But finally Lorie and Paul had a beautiful summer wedding on July 5, 1937, and they're a happy young married couple living across town from us in a very old house they've fixed up.

Now here's the other reason January 30, 1936, is such a special day. After the engagement and birthday party at Lorie's house, what do you think happened? Louisa May Carter, Lorie's dearest friend, disappeared So did Ted Turner, of the Night and Day Garage. They had run away to get married. Imagine what a surprise that was to everybody; Louisa's ma was awful upset, but she soon got over it, and we all pitched in and helped fix up the little flat where they moved in, over the Garage. Louisa May turned out to be a wonderful little housekeeper, and in spite of some lean times, they have been very happy. Now they're the proudest parents in the world—having twins, imagine! Timmy and Mary were born January 16,1937.

PAUL PARKER

MODERN ROMANCE IN MONTICELLO

DAVID HUNTER

Here we go ahead and say "modern romance in Monticello" when we don't even know what's going to come of this friendship of David Hunter (his picture is right here) and Phoebe Grant. Clem says the minute a new young man comes to town we start wondering what we'll wear to his wedding. Well, we sure don't mean to be nosey or to try to make matches, it's just that our own young days and young problems seem to come back to life, and anyway we can't help taking an interest. Everybody in town was interested too, the minute they saw David Hunter, the new science teacher over to the High School. He's handsome, but what's more, he has a lovely personality and he sings just beautiful.

The way he happened to stay at Wilhelmina Witherspoon's house for a few days when he first came here, was this: Wilhelmina has her grandniece Phoebe Grant staying with her (her picture is below), and it just so happens that Phoebe knew David when she was a little girl; he was her older brother Kort's best friend. David now lives at John and Nettie Wintergreen's house.

PHOEBE GRANT

It seems like such a shame that David Hunter should be "almost engaged" to a girl named Marjorie Lewis back East. Clem says it's terrible for us to say so, but still we can't help hoping maybe nothing will come of it. Phoebe's such a sweet girl; and they sing so lovely together, her and David. Of course, there's Lucky Peters, too. He's a cowboy friend of Sara's and Curley's—they feel like he's almost their nephew—from out in Colorado. He visited here, and he left his ukulele with Phoebe; and his heart, too, Sara says. Who would you say was right for Phoebe, David or Lucky? We'd love to hear your opinion.

LOVE LETTERS

Letter from Curley to Sara, written in August, 1910:

Dear Sara—(Even after what happened, I cannot help calling you by your first name.) If I had of only known that you was waiting for me to ask you to ride home in my buggy from the marshmallow roast. But you see, Sara, I took it for granite that you would do me that honor to ride home with me. But if I had of known you wanted me to ask you, I would sure of done so, more than gladly. If you could just know how I felt when I come to hitch up Maizie to the buggy, and there I saw the feathers in your hat riding off with the Bensons, and you sitting right between the two Benson boys, like I had never meant anything to you. It was very hard for me to realize you would do such a thing, Sara. Then Agatha explained to me how you felt I should of asked you and never did. I can only say how sorry I am. I suppose it was a jolly ride home for you. It was a fine moon, wasn't it? Oh, Sara, next time I don't understand something you want, please tell me right out about it, Sara, for we must never let a thing like this happen again. There are not too many fine moonlight evenings in the world, even if there was one every evening for a thousand years; I cannot bear to miss one of them in your wonderful company. Sara, I always knew I loved you, but I sure never realized it like I did yesterday, when I saw the pretty feathers in your new hat bobbing along in the Benson's buggy, and disappearing around the bend in the road. May I please come and sit on the porch after supper tonight?

Your loving Curley

Letter from Clem to Aggie, written in April, 1911:

Dear Aggie: I met your Ma down to the Square today and she said why don't I come to supper one of these days. I didn't want to mention you being mad with me for smoking that cigar of your father's for fun the other night, so I didn't know what to do except say I'd come and thank you. You don't have to be home if you don't want to; but I hope you do, because it seems like six years since I saw you, and I'm coming even though your Ma said you was having hash tonight, and no pie.

Hoping I'm your friend, Clement G. T.

P. S. It would be mighty nice if you would bake one of those wonderful pies, Aggie.

FROM OUR POETIC PENS

OUR HOME

by Sara Peters

Our house is not a castle,
It has no turrets or towers,
It has no fancy folderoys,
But around it are simple flowers.

There's nothing about it to show off,
No gold plated railings or stairs.
There are no stain-glassed windows.
It has only humble airs.

In short, our house is little,
And to anyone who comes to see,
There's nothing about it unusual,
But it's HOME to Curley and me.

POLLY'S SYRUP PEPSIN SONG

by Polly Dora Jean O'Flaherty

(*aged six*)

Syrup Pepsin's good for you—
Tastes very good and that helps too.
So I say for goodness' sake,
Syrup Pepsin's what to take.

Good for sister and for Mother,
Good for Daddy and his brother—
Good for grown-ups and for me,
Good for you, just try, and see!

CLEM MODERNIZES A CLASSIC

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may
But don't pull the bush up by the roots.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

Never speak before you think
Write it in pencil before you write it in ink.

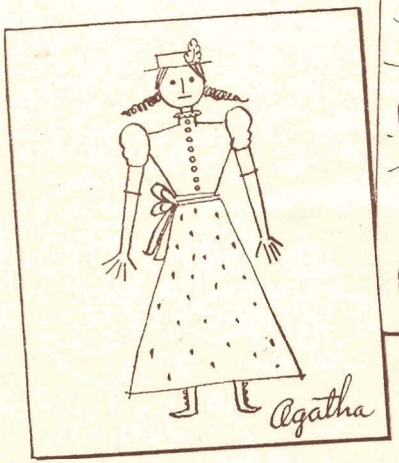
SOME PRIZE WINNERS

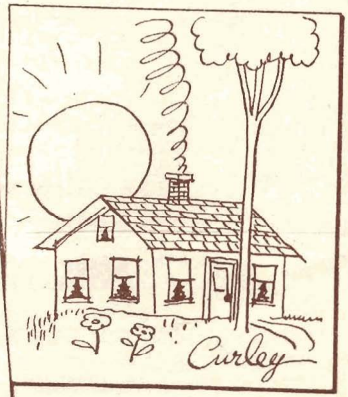
In Clem's old geography, we found this composition that he wrote in fifth grade. The drawings won prizes for Aggie and Curley, and hung in the parlors at their houses for years, under glass.

GENTLE MANNERS (OR, POLITENESS)

A composition by Clement Tuttle (5th grade, 10 years): People like polite people. It is nice to be polite and easy if you get into the habit. Saying thank you is polite but saying thank you with a smile is even politer because people know you mean it if you prove it by smiling. Smiling does not cost money. Another way to be polite is to not shout. Anyway not in the house. We can take a lesson from our friend the dog. Everybody loves a dog and a dog is a very polite animal with gentle manners. He only barks loud in case of somebody stealing something or looking suspishous, otherwise he does not bark loud in the house or at his friends. Let us try to be more like our friend the dog. Poor thing, he cannot smile, but we can.

Drawing of a fashionable dress for a young lady of 12 years old, by Agatha Terwilliger, sixth grade, 11 years.





Drawing of the best place in the world, "Home" by Grover Peters fourth grade, 9 years.

RICHARD TUTTLE WRITES ABOUT MONTICELLO

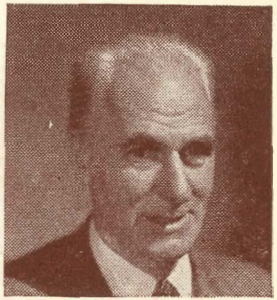
(From an Article He Wrote for His Newspaper)

When I wake in Monticello of a morning, in the neat little spare room that Aunt Agatha now says is mine, I hear pleasant sounds that fill me with a deep sense of peace and satisfaction. The chickens clucking busily to themselves: Uncle Clem singing in a wonderful off-key, some cheerful old-fashioned song; Aunt Agatha's brisk footsteps click-clicking across the kitchen linoleum; water pouring into the kettle in promise of coffee. I know all is orderly in this little world; a familiar everyday routine is begun, but it is not dreary or dull, but fresh and new as the day itself.

When I walk down the quiet streets of Monticello, I meet friendly recognition every step of the way. It may be a neighbor, or someone I have met down at the drugstore or at the grocery. Perhaps I meet no one on my way; but I feel the kindly, gracious recognition given me by the old houses that I pass; time-worn houses, but neat and well-kept, they look with the benevolence of old age on the changes that time has brought. They do not criticise, they only bend a half-wistful glance on the newer generation, and gently remind us that the past was a very good time to live in, too.

In Monticello, time does not rush heedlessly by. The hours linger, like friends reluctant to leave a hospitable house. Friends have time to chat, to ask about one another's welfare. There is a good feeling that one *belongs*, that one is really living, really enjoying life, day-by-day. There are thousands of Monticellos, from coast to coast, and I will wager that many a city dweller, if ever he has time to think and remember, must acknowledge a never quite forgotten hankering for a small town somewhere in his dreams or in his earliest memories.

GETTING ALONG WITH CHILDREN



by Sam Miller,
Jimmie's Dad

Sometimes I think we parents talk too much about how hard it is to make our children understand us, and behave the way we want them to. I wonder if we shouldn't stop once in a while and try to understand *them*. I believe we'd come nearer to the kind of relationship with our children that we want.

You know what I think? I think we've got poor memories, we parents. When little Bill or Mary wants to ask six-dozen questions about some silly kid-problem, just when you've got the meat bill or the mortgage on your mind . . . we're likely to snap, "Leave me alone, now. Go ask somebody else. I haven't got time for your nonsense." Why? Not because we want to be mean, but because we're busy or tired or worried. And mostly because we've got such short memories, that we can't remember how terribly important it was to us once, too, to get the very same answers that little Bill and Mary are asking for right now.

Same way, when the children don't seem to understand a request, or don't know why it is they can't do this or that. They feel hurt. They crawl off somewhere by themselves like a dog with a thorn in his paw. They think the whole world is against them. They decide maybe they'll run away and get rich and come back and show us grown folks they weren't so dumb or so bad as we thought. Now who was it did that? Was it you, or was it your own child? Both of you! You did and I did years ago; and our children are doing it now . . . running away from us when they feel we don't understand them. Remember yourself when you were little . . . and see if that doesn't help you get along better with your own children.

Surely there is no joy in the world so great as the heart-warming knowledge that your children consider you their best friend, and will come to you trustingly with both their sorrows and their joys. Like everyone in high regard, we parents must *earn* that kind of love and companionship.

MY MOTHER

A Composition by Jimmie Miller

I am very lucky. I have a Mother. For many years, I did not have one, because my dear own Mother went away when I was very little. I do not remember her. But then my Father and my new Mother got married last year and now I have a Mother.

It makes a big differants. It used to be lonesome at our house. My Father used to make the meals and he was always the best friend of anybody a boy could have but Father and I used to get lonesome anyway. The house used to be kind of cold in the winter and in the summer it was dusty. Now everything is differant. In the morning when I wake up, I can hear my Mother walking around in the kitchen and I can smell something good cooking for breakfast maybe hot biscuits. And my Father sings while he does the chores before he goes to work.

In the evening after supper in the summer, we sit on the porch and sometimes we have ice cream or lemonade with home-maid cake. In the winter, we do not sit on the porch but we sit in the dining room around the table and I do my home work if I have any and Father talks to Mother about differant things and at 8 thirty my Mother comes up to see if I brushed my teeth and to open the windows and kiss me good night. Everything is differant now. I am very lucky and I hope it will never stop being like it is now.

A Few Lines from Curley's Secret Notebook

(Sara found this and Curley said he didn't mind if we used it here.)

Mamma sometime says I don't speak up for myself in a argument. Well, years ago, I got in the habit of not saying much against other folks' opinions, even if I didn't agree. I found out sometimes after you get to thinking it over, the other person wasn't so awful wrong, after all; and then you're real glad you didn't wear yourself out arguing. Sometimes silence makes friends, too.

A 7-piece SARA and AGGIE *Kitchen Knife Set*

FOR EVERYBODY ON THE PARTY LINE . . . . GET YOUR SET NOW!

Regular Retail Value

$3.00

The complete 7-piece set is yours for

ONLY

$1.00

and a "Syrup Pepsin" Carton Top.

Here is big news, indeed—one of the finest offers we have ever been able to make to our Party Line friends. By purchasing several thousand sets of fine knives direct from the factory, the Caldwell Company is able to make this remarkable offer. This set contains a knife for every kitchen use—each one just the right size and shape for the work it has to do. The blades are high-grade, good-weight, stainless steel that will keep a keen edge for a long time without resharpening. Genuine imported Cocobolo wood handles with big strong rivets. Every set carries the seal of approval of Good Housekeeping Institute.

All you have to do is send a dollar bill and one "Syrup Pepsin" carton top from the regular or large size bottle. You will receive the $3.00 knife set by prepaid and insured mail. Here is what the set consists of, and you'll note by the sizes that they are real full-size utensils.

1—Paring Knife — 3-inch, clipper point
2—Utility Knife—4-inch, spear point
3—Vegetable Knife — 4-inch, blunt point
4—Grapefruit Knife — 3½-inch, double serated edge
5—Butcher Knife — 6-inch, French hooked handle
6—Butcher Knife — 8-inch, French hooked handle
7—Slicer Knife — 8-inch, French hooked handle

So far, no limit has been named on the number of sets one person can obtain. If you want extra sets for friends or relatives, send one dollar and a "Syrup Pepsin" carton top for each set you want.

Send all orders to *Dr. W. B. Caldwell, Inc.*, Monticello, Illinois.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Not only are these knives guaranteed against defects by the factory, but, if not thoroughly satisfied, you can return the set to the Caldwell Company by insured parcel post, and we will send you, not $1.00 but $1.25, to reimburse you for your trouble in returning the knives.

Keep "Syrup Pepsin" On Hand

No doubt you are one of the millions who already know about the benefits of "Syrup Pepsin" combined with Laxative Senna Compound. If not, the trial bottle you receive will convince you that it is the most practical, sensible family laxative known. Being a liquid, it can be measured in doses just right for everyone in your household, young or old. It is mild, yet effective, pure, and pleasant to take. Economize—get the family size. Your druggist has it.

KIDNEY RAGOUT ON

2 veal kidneys
2 big tablespoons butter or substitute
3 tablespoons flour
1 small can mushrooms (pieces and stems are fine)
Enough soup stock to make a rather thick gravy
1¼ teaspoons paprika
⅓ cup light wine (Tokay or cherry)
1 tablespoon kitchen bouquet or chop suey sauce

Clem calls this dish "everyday meat in an aristocratic setting" and that's what it is—wholesome, nourishing, and with such a fine taste that we serve it to even Mrs. Parker-Dunlap, Paul's mother, without the slightest hesitation and she says it couldn't be beat by the finest dinners she's had any place in the world.

Boil kidneys in salted water until tender. Cut into fine cubes as you would for a salad. (If you have any tender meat left over, like veal or **chicken, it can be mixed with the kidney cubes, too.) Brown butter in** saucepan; add flour, and let it cook until well-browned. Then add soup stock, boullion cubes, and kitchen bouquet or chop suey sauce. Last, add the wine and mushrooms, and kidney cubes. Let come just to a boil, then serve on hot buttered toast.

LEMON SOUP

4 egg yolks
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
Peel of ½ lemon
Juice of 2 lemons
1 teaspoon vanilla
6 cups boiling water

Lemon soup may sound funny, but it sure is a lovely tasty dish. It's nourishing, as you can see by the four egg yolks, easy to make and so easy to digest that it's wonderful for everybody. There's nothing better to give the children when they come home from school on a cold day.

Melt butter, stir in flour. When well blended, add boiling water and lemon peel. Boil for 5 minutes, taking care to keep it from settling on bottom of pan. In a large bowl, whip egg yolks and sugar until thick and white. Pour some of hot soup into bowl with eggs; beat well. Combine with rest of soup; reheat, but do not boil. Add lemon juice and vanilla and serve at once. Zweiback, crutons, or toast are nice with it rather than crackers.

FLAVORY MEATLESS MEAL

Cutlets of Onions

Large Spanish onions
Bread crumbs
Eggs—one for each serving and one extra for dipping

It's generally awfully hard to find a meatless meal that's both tasty and satisfying enough to suit the men-folks, but we've found this one is both, and we feel you folks will like it, too. We generally figure one good thick slice of onion and one egg for each serving, and from that you can judge how much you need according to the appetite of your family.

Peel onions, cut in slices that are not too thin—say about ½ inch. (You'll have to handle them carefully so the rings don't separate because that spoils the effect of the "cutlets.") Break an egg into a bowl and beat it up a little. Dip each "cutlet" in this first, then in the bread crumbs. Heat a frying pan, and put a generous lump of butter in it. When butter is good and brown fry onion slices till light brown; turn and fry other side. Let simmer slowly till done. In another pan, fry eggs in butter until white is softly set. While eggs are frying, arrange onion cutlets on a heated platter. On each one place a fried egg. (The eggs will look very nice if you cut off the uneven edges by using a glass or a round cooky-cutter.) Pour lightly browned butter around the cutlets and serve at once, piping hot.

MEAT BALLS WITH CELERY ROOT

½ lb. veal
½ lb. lean pork
1 egg
About 1 cup milk
3 tablespoons flour
1 small onion—grated
2 medium or 1 large German celery
Salt, pepper to taste

This dish is "different," but we haven't known of anybody who has to more than taste it to like it. It's juicy and lovely, and we can't think of anything that quite compares to celery root for giving meat that very special rich, creamy flavor.

Batter for Meat Balls. Have meat ground very fine. Work flour, salt and pepper into it with a wooden spoon. Add egg, onion and last milk, a little at a time, beating and stirring hard all the time.

Boiling Celery and Meat Balls. Clean and cut celery into cubes. Use a little lemon in water, to prevent discoloring. Boil in salted water, or better, in soup stock until tender. When done, take celery cubes out

and put in covered dish, and boil the meat balls in the liquid, forming them with a tablespoon. Dip spoon in hot soup, then take a full spoonful of meat; drop into boiling soup. Balls should boil slowly until done—about 6–8 minutes. Take out and put in hot dish with celery cubes. The meat-soup is used in making sauce.

MAKING SAUCE. Strain soup. In another pan melt 2 tablespoons butter and stir in 2½ tablespoons flour. Stir until nice and smooth. Add enough strained soup to give a suitable consistency, about like white sauce, but not too thick. Then add 1 egg yolk beaten together with a spoonful white wine. To serve, pour sauce over the meat balls and celery cubes, which, in the meantime you have taken care to keep good and hot. Serve with hot biscuits. (Wine can be omitted if not desired and substituted by ½ tablespoon lemon juice). Ingredients given here for sauce have nothing to do with ingredients at top, which are for meat balls.

MATTIE'S MODERNISTIC TEACAKES

½ lb. butter
½ lb. sugar
lb. cake flour
1 teaspoon lemon extract
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon baking powder
5 eggs
Plain milk chocolate
A nice white icing

The first time Mattie Mortimer served these dainty cakes to the Busy Bee, Clem and Curley happened by and ate up half a dozen in the kitchen before we noticed it.

Cream butter and sugar well. Add egg yolks, beaten white and thick, lemon, and vanilla extract. Then add flour sifted three times with baking powder. Last, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour, using square cake pan. When cool, cut into suitable pieces. Cover with a nice white icing (7-minute icing is very good for this). Melt some plain milk chocolate in a double-boiler, make a little cone-shaped container out of heavy brown paper or heavy wax-paper, fill it with the melted chocolate and squeeze it out the narrow end onto the little cakes, making criss-cross or any designs you can think of. You can leave the cake whole instead of cutting it into small pieces before icing if you want.

Speaking of good things: "Syrup Pepsin" is a laxative that's nice to take because it has a fresh, inviting, tangy flavor.

CELERY AND OYSTER SALAD

1 pint canned oysters
1 large stalk celery
Dressing of oil and lemon juice
Mayonnaise
Lettuce leaves
Salt and pepper
A hard-boiled egg or two

We got this receipt from Mrs. Parker-Dunlap and it sure is not something we can have on a every day, but when there is a special occasion for it, you'll find everybody enjoys it, even people who generally don't care for oysters, like for instance Lucky Peters, our cowboy friend. When he tasted it, he said, "Oysters usually are a waste of time, but rope and tie me, if this dish ain't somethin' worth comin' in off the range for, any time!"

Make a little dressing of the oil, lemon juice, salt and white pepper, and marinate the quartered oysters in that. Set in ice-box or cool place for at least one hour. Clean the celery and soak in ice water to crisp it. Just before time to serve, drain oysters, and mix with celery that you dry and slice very thinly. Line a salad bowl with some lettuce leaves if you have them. Place one layer of oysters and celery in bowl, then a layer of mayonnaise and keep alternating until all is used. Cover with mayonnaise and decorate with slices of hard-boiled eggs and water-cress if it's available.

MAYONNAISE WITH VARIATIONS

WHEN USED FOR APPETIZERS: Add to ½ cup ordinary mayonnaise ¾ tablespoon capers, 1½ teaspoon prepared mustard, and ¾ tablespoon anchovipaste. Then you have Mayonnaise Provencal.

IF YOU WANT RUSSIAN MAYONNAISE: Add to ½ cup mayonnaise 1½ tablespoon finely chopped parsley and 1 tablespoon grated horse-radish (fresh, if possible—if the bottled variety is used, rinse first in lukewarm water to get some of the vinegar out, and strain through a fine sieve). This makes a very nice sauce for fish.

HUNGARIAN: Add 1½ tablespoon prepared tomato puree to ½ cup mayonnaise. We like this with meats that we prepare without gravy. It's good on salads, too.

REMOULADE: To 1 cup mayonnaise add 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped capers, 1 tablespoon chopped onions, a few drops good vinegar or lemon juice, a pinch of white pepper. Then fold in ½ cup stiffly whipped cream. Keep on ice until served. You may have guessed that this is extra-specially good and planned for extra-special occasions. There's nothing finer served with a cold fish salad, lobster, crab, or tuna fish.

PHOEBE'S ALMOND STICKS

½ lb. almonds
½ lb. butter
½ lb. sugar
½ lb. flour
4 eggs
½ teaspoon grated rind of 1 lemon

Since Phoebe's been staying with her Aunt Wilhelmina Witherspoon, she's done lots of Kitchen Experimenting—she says it's just as important as her science studying, and we can't help admiring her for saying it. This is one of the choicest cookies she' tried so far she told us—and she said don't start sampling until you're really ready to eat a lot of them, because once you start it's hard to stop, and that's sure the truth.

Before you're ready to start mixing, put the butter in a warm place so as to soften it. Then mix with sugar, working with wooden spoon until white and creamy. Add egg yolks, well-beaten. Add almonds, blanched and chopped finely, then flour and lemon rind. Last fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread on buttered baking sheet and sprinkle with a few shredded almonds. Bake in moderate oven until light golden. Cut into oblong sticks about 1½ by 2½ inches while still warm.

JACK FROST APPLEPUDDING

1½ pint applesauce
½ pint stiffly whipped cream
1 teaspoonful vanilla
Sugar

This is a simple, refreshing dessert—looks fancy, but is so easy to make that Lorie Ellis Parker says even newly-weds like her can make it with no trouble at all and then be sure they will have a perfect dessert to top off any meal.

Cook the applesauce with just as little water as possible so that it will be almost dry when done. Sweeten it to taste and pass it through a sieve. Then add 1 teaspoon vanilla and set to cool. When completely cool, fold in ½ pint stiffly whipped cream. Chill thoroughly for a couple of hours, either in your refrigerator freezing tray or in some very cold place. It looks very pretty to serve in sherbet glasses, decorated with whipped cream and orange sections if you happen to have oranges at hand.

HERE'S HINT FOR LAZY APPETITES

We know sometimes you can feel like you never wanted to even SEE anything to eat. You feel kind of like your tongue was made of wood, and not the best food in the world could tempt you. You ought to see your doctor if you feel like that too often. But lots of times it may just be that you need the help of a spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's "Syrup Pepsin." You'll enjoy taking it, because it's refreshing; and soon you'll feel like yourself again!

DAVID HUNTER'S FAVORITE MACARONI SALAD

½ package elbow macaroni
½ pint whipped cream
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons *fresh* horseradish root

We all think it's especially good with beef roast, beef steak, or veal roast.

Boil the macaroni until tender. Put in colander and rinse thoroughly in cold water. This rinsing is important because it makes the macaroni firm and nice instead of gooey. Whip the cream until stiff. Add about 2 tablespoons sugar, the vinegar, and the grated horseradish root. Fold in macaroni, being careful not to stir too much. Serve at once.

VERY GOOD COFFEE CAKE

4 eggs
¾ cup sugar
2 yeast cakes
1¼ pints whole milk
2 lbs. flour
½ teaspoon pulverized cardamom
About ½ lb. seedless raisins
10¢ citron cut into fine strips
Cinnamon
Nuts
3½ sticks (⅞ lb.) butter or substitute

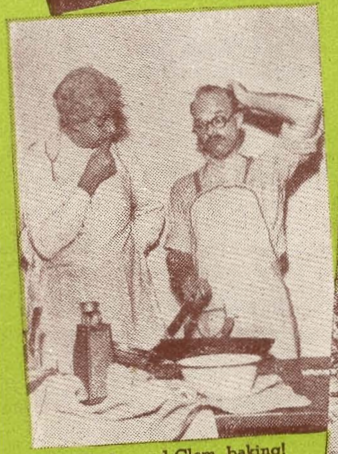
The butter is what makes it so very special, so if you want it to live up to its wonderful reputation try not to skimp on the ingredients.

Dissolve yeast in a little lukewarm milk. Beat eggs with sugar. Combine dissolved yeast with sugar and egg mixture. Add cardamom, then flour and rest of the milk. Work well with wooden spoon until dough is smooth and does not stick to bowl. Spread the dough out on floured board. Roll into sheet about ½-inch thick. Cover with small slices of cold butter, all over the surface of the dough. Fold dough into four folds, beginning at one edge, folding over one-fourth of the distance, then one-half, etc., continuing as though you were rolling it. Pat it flat. Fold three times the other way. Roll out very gently. Divide in half. On one half, spread scalded raisins and the finely cut citron. Roll up like a jelly roll, place on buttered baking dish and roll up like a snail. When risen to about double size, spread with egg white slightly beaten, and ½ cup sugar mixed with about ⅓ cup coarsely chopped nuts (almonds are very fine for this). Now for the other half of the dough you have left. Spread it with brown sugar and cinnamon, roll up and let rise just like the other one, but when it is baked, frost it with ordinary white icing. Bake in oven at about 375–400° F. (NOTE) In the folding, be sure you don't crack the dough or allow it to separate. If it does do that the butter will ooze out and the cake won't be rich and tender.

HOW THE CAMERA SEES US

Paul, Lorie, Wintergreen, the four of us

Clem acting silly



Curley and Clem, baking!

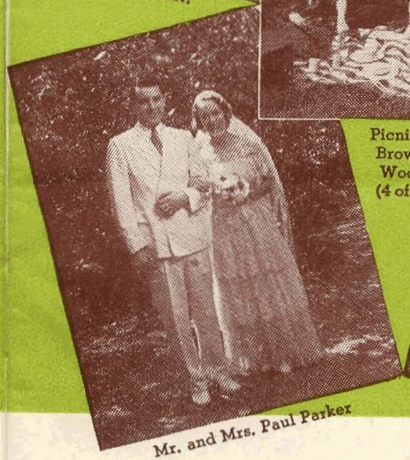
Lorie's wedding. Can you name everybody?

MORE PICTURES FROM THE ALBUM

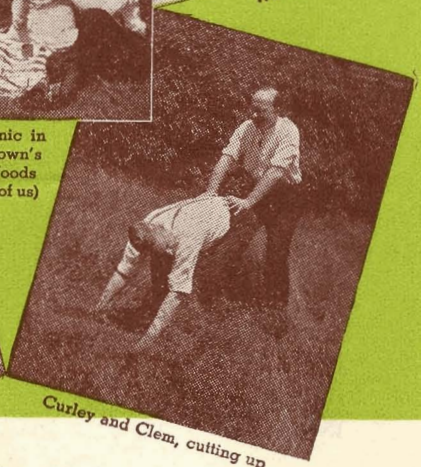
Clem and April, quiet!

We bake cookies

Picnic in Brown's Woods (4 of us)



Mr. and Mrs. Paul Parker



Curley and Clem, cutting up

BUSY BEE GARDENS, FOR WINTER

These pages are not for the professional gardener, but just for those who would like to brighten their home and their lives with the beauty of some green growing thing, no matter how small and modest it may be.

In the Winter—For people who live where outdoor gardens fade and die in the Fall, it is possible to have a touch of indoor garden that will bring you daily joy the whole winter long.

Free Flowers for Your House This Winter—What could be more wonderful than to have your house filled with the beauty of flowering bulbs, wonderfully perfumed, at Christmas time. We're so sure you'd be as happy as we are to have fresh growing flowers in the middle of winter that we have a surprise for you. Every Party Line listener can join in the fun of planting bulbs right now, in just a short while, and watching them sprout and develop and burst into bloom at Christmas time. We don't like to give the secret away, but Clem says if we tell you the flowers are pure, snow-white, and have a heavenly, spring-like smell, he'll bet a big slice of mince-pie that you'll guess what they are. Listen faithfully to the Party Line and you will learn about this unusual offer.

The Green Garden is simplest of all. A little sprig of ivy planted in a small pot and set in the window, on the sill or on the top ledge of the lower half of the window, will soon reward you with a graceful shower of green, through which even the winter light is as lovely as Spring. You must love the plants, or they will not grow. When you have satisfied your own hunger and thirst, be sure you have tended the wants of your plants, also.

Another form of *green garden* that's more ambitious, and really gives a hot-house effect, is to build a very light trellis to set up against a set of windows, and get ivy of different kinds to grow in a line of pots. You will have a living lacy curtain of green to transform your room into a bower of fresh beauty. The ivy climbs the trellis willingly.

Still another way to have a *green garden* that's easy and lots of fun is to fill a big shallow dish with a kind of "Chinese garden" of different little cactus plants, some rock moss, and some very small ferns. Plant them in light earth and sand, give them sunshine and water. Even the tiniest shoots for a beginning will make a lovely "garden in a nutshell."

BUSY BEE GARDENS, FOR SUMMER

Special Notice—In the Spring of 1937, Sara sent out more than 1,300,000 *free* packages of flower seeds to Party Line friends. Just think what a wealth of lovely flower gardens that made. This coming Spring, there will be more good news for you, about a new offer; you will be sure to listen for it on the Line, won't you? Everyone knows that there are no other offers quite like the seed offers on Party Line, thanks to the help of the Caldwell Company.

Annuals, From Seeds—Here is a list of annuals you can grow from seeds in almost any climate and in average soil: For tall background flowers: scabiosa, salpiglossis, salvia and larkspur. For the "middle tall," stocks (wonderful fragrance) lupines, phlox (annual), marigolds and zinnias. For shorter "foreground" flowers: petunias, poppies (annual), lobelias, verbenas and sweet alysum (the last three make lovely borders).

Self-Seeding Annuals—If you would like to have flowers that will come again by themselves year after year, here are some faithful ones: poppies, mignonette (very fragrant), forget-me-nots, centaureas (cornflowers, that thrive especially well if flowers are kept picked). To be sure of flowers each year, leave some of the blossoms on the plants, so seeds can ripen. Be careful in cultivating soil in Spring that you don't destroy the new little plants.

For Poor Soil or Difficult Climate—Some people become discouraged, and you can't blame them, when they plant a lot of seeds, year after year, and the extreme heat or poor soil ruins all their hopes of having a garden. Our advice is, if this is your problem, try to concentrate your effort on a *small* plot near the source of water, and near the house if possible, so that you can tend it easily without overburdening yourself. If the ground is poor, try to get some manure or fertilizer to enrich it. Then plant your seeds carefully (planting indoors first, in seed boxes, gives them a good start). Here are some hardy, willing flowers that reward a little attention and care with a grateful burst of color: poppies, scabiosa, marigolds, nasturtiums, centaureas and calliopsis (the last are willing growers who love lots of sunshine). In even a small piece of ground, well taken care of, you can have an abundance of flowers from these kinds of seeds. If the house looks bare, planting hollyhocks against a blank wall helps wonderfully. (A fine help in poor soil is sheep manure and bone meal).

For Window-Box Gardeners—Even if your whole garden-plot is just a window-box, you can make yourself feel like a real flower expert with a window-box full of velvet petunias and nasturtiums (grown from seed) and vinca ivy and geraniums (from young plants).

"EVERYDAY HELPS THE

Slicing Beans—How do you cut up string beans? By cutting them into little diagonal pieces one bean at a time? Lots of people do, but it's much faster and easier to line up four or five beans at once on a bread board, hold them together with the left hand, and slice into diagonal pieces all at one time.

Home-Made Paste sticks better if you add a little sugar to the flour and water. One teaspoonful to a pint of paste.

If Your Iron Sticks, or doesn't seem to run over the clothes as smoothly as you'd like, try to run the iron over the surface of any cake of white soap, then wipe with a rag, and you'll find your ironing will be many times easier.

An Old Time-Tried Moth Preventative: Be sure the garment or article to be put away has been thoroughly brushed and aired. It should be clean and free of spots (grease-spots are feeding places for the moth-larvae). Now sprinkle generously with kerosene; this will not leave any trace or stain. Wrap each article well in newspaper, seal the package with gummed paper. Another old-fashioned method that moths sure hate is to sprinkle the cleaned article with ordinary household pepper, and then wrap and seal.

For Very Soiled Wash: Here's a place to use kerosene again, to good advantage, in a good old-fashioned way. When washing very soiled things, add a small quantity of kerosene to your soap-suds. For a machine-full of suds (or tub-full) add ½ cup of kerosene. For white linens, use only ⅓ cup.

For Good Air in the Cellar—If you will keep a rather large uncovered box, big enough to hold two pails of unslaked lime, in your cellar or basement, the air will be dry, as the lime absorbs moisture. The lime must be changed when it has absorbed a lot of moisture.

To Avoid Raising Dust when sweeping rugs indoors, use damp paper like this: soak a newspaper until it has absorbed as much water as it will hold; then pluck the softened paper to pieces, and scatter them over the rug. This has a cleansing effect, as well as keeping dust down while sweeping. Some folks use damp tea-leaves, saving them up from mealtimes for this purpose. To freshen rug colors, you can scatter salt over it before sweeping.

YEARS HAVE TAUGHT US"

Better Floor Sweeping—For smooth floor surfaces, of hardwood, linoleum or other very smooth kinds, don't use the broom "bare." Make a bag with a draw-string, out of outing flannel or worn pillow slips; wring this out in hot water containing a little ammonia; slip the broom head into the bag, and draw the string tight around the handle. Floors "swept" like this are much fresher and cleaner. Keep your "broom bags" washed and clean. Any cast-off materials are all right to make the bags of.

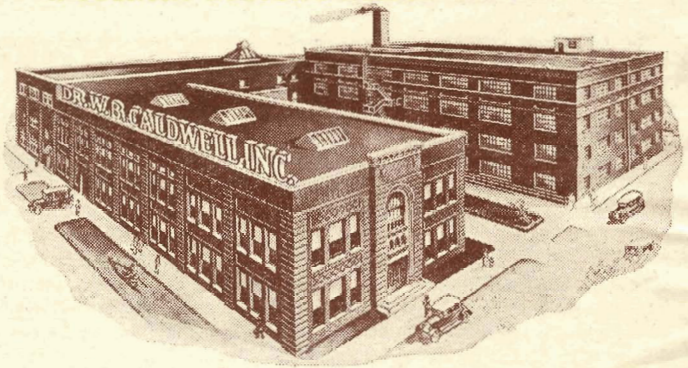
A Delicious Substitute for Cake—If company catches you unprepared, or if the family would like a special treat: Walnut-brown-sugar-toast. Keep a little jar of walnut meats, or a bag of walnuts in the shell always on hand, and a little brown sugar, and you will be ready for any refreshment-emergency. Toast as many slices of bread as you will need; toast them on ONE side only. Butter the untoasted side, and spread thickly with a mixture of brown sugar and chopped nut-meats. Toast in oven till sugar is melted and nuts toasted. Serve hot with cocoa, coffee, tea or milk. (If you like, you can spread *untoasted* buttered bread, and just toast it once, in the oven, after the sugar and walnuts are spread on.)

Roasting a Young Chicken—To get a plumper looking young chicken and one that's easier to carve, remove the breast bone before roasting. To get it out clean and easy, press down on the breast bone with the left thumb, from the outside, while reaching inside with the right hand to find the tip of the bone. Push the meat back with your fingers (right hand) and give the bone a gentle twist as you pull it out.

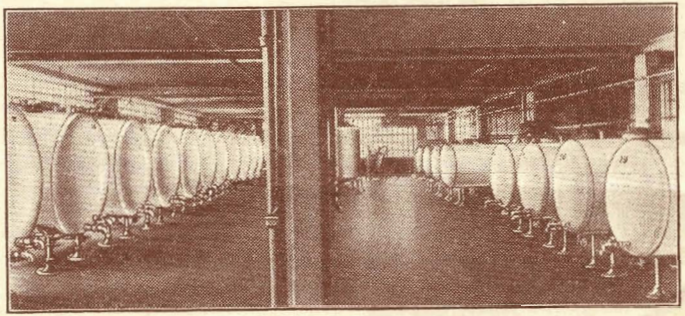
If Your Cake is Too Dark—(or in other words, burned a little) don't scrape the burnt surface with a knife. Instead, use a grater, very gently, and the cake won't be torn or ragged. (Hold the cake so that the burnt crumbs can fall away, not back onto the cake. In scraping burnt toast, use the same method, holding the burnt side downward as you pass the grater gently back and forth.)

For Cranky Husbands— (Contributed by Clement G. Tuttle)—Anybody would be cross if his inside machinery gets a notion to take a day off. Even me, with my wonderful disposition. (Heh, heh!) Scolding don't help. If a laxative is what he needs, feed him a spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's "Syrup Pepsin" combined with Laxative Senna Compound, and watch the old boy smile again.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S WISDOM STARTED THIS!



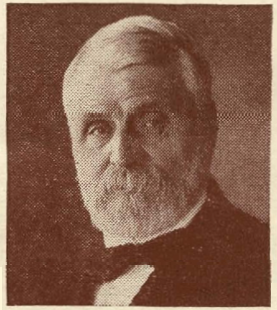
Dr. Caldwell first prescribed his wonderful liquid laxative for his own Monticello and Piatt County patients. Today, this big ultra-modern laboratory, right in Monticello, produces Dr. Caldwell's "Syrup Pepsin" for the whole nation.



Spic and span as a hospital is everything in the "Syrup Pepsin" laboratory. Here in these huge snow-white vats, your "Syrup Pepsin" is mellowed for thirty days. It's got to be right—there is no rush and hurry here, no commercial short-cuts. The spirit of a country doctor's painstaking care and kindly humanity always has been the guiding force here in the Caldwell Company

OUR OWN BELOVED DR. CALDWELL

The Country Doctor Whose Name Has Become Famous



You can just tell by the wise, gentle eyes and the friendly expression of his whole face, what a wonderful mind and spirit must belong to a man like this!

From the very first days of his practice, Dr. Caldwell was an ideal country doctor; patient, and kind, and never too tired, never too busy, to help anyone, rich or poor, who came to him for medical help or advice on almost anything you can think of. In addition to his regular work, Dr. Caldwell brought more than 3,500 babies into the world, according to official records of Piatt County.

But great as all this work may seem, our Dr. Caldwell did even more. He developed a wonderful family help, a *liquid* laxative, when he saw that there was a great need for one that would be both mild and still effective; one that would be right for young and old; one that would be easy and pleasant to take. He selected gentle and effective vegetable ingredients—carefully blended and balanced them, and added refreshing aromatics to make the medicine as appetizing as it is good. He found just the proper time the ingredients must be mellowed. Finally, he had perfected his formula, and he called it "Syrup Pepsin." A very important thing—it is a LIQUID; Dr. Caldwell was wise in choosing that form, for with a liquid you can easily measure the exact amount you need.

"Syrup Pepsin" fulfilled its mission so well that the Doctor had to call on the local pharmacist to assist him in compounding his "Syrup Pepsin" for his many users from far and near. Today it's made in a great big spic and span modern laboratory right here in Monticello; and we're all mighty proud and happy to know that everybody, everywhere, can benefit by Dr. Caldwell's "Syrup Pepsin" by asking for it at their own drugstore!

SARA AND AGGIE

Authors of the Party Line Cook Book

Dear Party Line Friend -

We were certainly happy to know that you cared to have our Memory Book.

Now we do hope you will find some of the pleasure in reading it that we had in getting it up for you. We know that the events in our lives would never make any big exciting stories in the newspapers; nor have we ever done anything to change the history of our country. But we do know we have had the wonderful privilege of leading very happy, quiet lives, where almost any day we look back to, fills us with pleasure and gratitude. In our sorrows, we have had good friends to help us through.

And we have the wonderful privilege of knowing all you good friends on the Party Line. As you will always hold a big place in our hearts and our memories, so we hope to win a small place in yours. Let's hope we're friends for a long, long time to come, on the Party Line!

Your friends

Sara Peters and Aggie Tuttle