

12/41



QUICKIE MEAL FOR DECEMBER!

...by Birds Eye

**20 MINUTES TO PREPARE!
COSTS LESS THAN 25¢ PER PERSON!**

We call this a *flying-fish* dinner, because it takes only 20 minutes—box to table! That's for fish, peas, and peaches! The fish part is flaky, boneless, ocean-fresh haddock fillets—cleaned and *Quick-Frozen* 4 hours after docking!



The peas—also Birds Eye and immediately quick-frozen—are as fresh-tasting as if you'd picked them off the vine! They're plump beauties—and they arrive shelled, ready-to-cook. And you'll save money—one box of Birds Eye equals two pounds of market peas!

And Birds Eye Peaches—they're orchard-fresh, picked at peak flavor—all their summer goodness Quick-Frozen in! Try this delectable combination. You'll find there's practically *nothing* to equal a Birds Eye dinner for economy, convenience, and goodness!

BIRDS EYE BUDGET DINNER
Haddock Fillets



hard work. The next day the snow ceased and the cold came. Water froze in the kennels. The pines glittered with a burden of fresh silver. Driving to the village was like traveling on a glass plate. The air was brittle. The spaniels tore around with snowshoes of ice on their paws, then came in to melt by the fire.

Esmé, the Siamese, viewed winter with a furious blue eye. She started out, lifted one paw, shook it, put it down, lifted another and shook it, and then backed on tiptoes to the door and screamed to come in. "This," she said, "is not my idea of living." She retired to the Dutch oven for a while to get over the shock.

But Tigger, the black cat, went out like lightning and skimmed over the crust of the snow. Yankees don't mind it, he indicated.

The next week end we commuted to town with Top Hat and Honey and Esmé. One large golden spaniel, one small fat black one, one Siamese cat, a basket of vegetables, some camera equipment, a bag of laundry, a chenille bedspread, a few suitcases.

Esmé has to travel in a carrying case, on account of the Siamese feeling about automobiles. She was in a quiet rage as far as Ridgefield, and then she decided to air her woes. The sound of a disturbed Siamese is not to be sneezed at. I rather expected the state troopers would stop us, but we got through safely.

Topper skipped around some, but Honey sat in a reserved silence. She

can't see why I bother with that little black brat. He's an awful nuisance, he swings on her ears and grabs her leash and drags on it and plunges at her back when she lies down.

Top Hat is confused in his mind. He plays with the cats enough to think maybe he is a cat. This leads him to try jumping to window sills and skittering on sofa backs. He always falls off with a loud bump. Then he tries to copy a spaniel's manners, in case he is one of them, and then Windy and Saxon fall on him and he is in trouble again. But Topper always comes up smiling—he is one of the gayest babies we have ever had.

Winter is a fine time for carpentry. There are no weeds to pull, no lawns to cut, no canning operations to engage in. Jill built a beautiful chest and a coffee table from the old pine boards that she got in Westchester. The boards were originally from Vermont or Maine, from an old meetinghouse. She filled the nail holes with crack filler, and everybody who passed by gave a hand at the sandpaper. The boards have a warm satiny glow and the chest looks as if it came from the Revolution. Jill put it together with screws, and filled the holes after countersinking the screws well, so the effect is of a pegged piece.

effect. Jill worried about the proportions, she used just the piece of chest, and the price would be very satisfying.

Meanwhile, the wooden chair that she had bought at an antique place. Underneath the thick white paint was a pale, pale gold. The carved rail and the handwork, and the waxed with three coats. It really became a chair.

I DON'T think the world are so soulless. Your own furniture is delightful; wood and old wood in the extra satisfaction of loveliness by your chair recalls a real artist carved.

The General Feeling

One day a guest asked President Lincoln how large the Confederate Army was.

"About 1,200,000 men," he answered.

"Is it possible that it is that large?" the other cried in wonder.

"Well," said Lincoln, "whenever one of our generals is licked he says that he was outnumbered three or four to one, and we have 400,000."

—FROM LINCOLN TALKS:
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has washed all the washing has gone. For one tapers and makes changes its mind sheet and rushes speed. Sometimes pajamas in some

I SPEND long magazines, look slim, elegant, wash with one to a bridge garter. I don't could do a Still a backward glance a washer with a progressive at sheets in at or make queer no

I do, myself very, very low special grief, t an easement. catch up a wash. I like the steam And the feel is tangible is go and wind, cle tell myself.