

Some neighbor-friends of MARTHA MULLENBERG have planted a Cedrus Deodara Tree and a Magnolia Tree as living memorials to MARTHA. The plantins are on the Mullenberg property on Mimosa Blvd.

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MARTIN HOUSES: Martins feast on mosquitoes, so they are very desirable bird neighbors. ED WARNER gave us this information for those of us who would like to coax more martins to settle in our yards. "There is not much one can do to attract Purple Martins except to erect suitable nesting boxes. Martins have a tendency to nest in groups but not necessarily so. The main thing to remember is that they prefer a space 6 x 6 x 6 inches with an opening $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter one inch above the floor. The house should be placed in the open away from trees, at a height of 15 to 20 feet. It is generally well to place houses so that the entrance is away from the prevailing winds. Birds are very often repelled by the odor of paint. If you must paint, it would be well to let the house weather for a season, or use some cedar oil in the paint for this is a natural odor. The houses and materials need not be elaborate; the size of the nesting area is the critical thing. Martins seem to be coming back, and perhaps their return can be encouraged by the erection of more nesting boxes."

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From ED CRUMLEY this comment;

IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK! Everything is farther away than it used to be. It's twice as far to the corner where we go to get the newspaper, for instance, and they've added a hill, I've noticed. It seems to me they are making stairways steeper than they used to make them in the old days -- And have you noticed the small print they are using? Newspapers are getting farther and farther away when I hold them, and I have to squint to make out the news -- No sense in asking to have them read aloud, everyone speaks in such a low voice that I can hardly hear them....The barber doesn't hold a mirror behind me any more so I can see the back of my head. The material in my suits is always too skimpy around the waist and the seat. Even my shoe laces are so short they are all but impossible to reach...Even people are changing, they are so much younger than they used to be when I was their age. On the other hand, people my own age are so much older than I am. I ran into an old classmate the other night and he had aged so he didn't recognize me. I got to thinking about the poor old fellow while I was shaving this morning, and while doing so I glanced at my own reflection in the mirror. COUNFOUND IT! They don't even use the same kind of glass in mirrors anymore!!!!!!

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We have had several discussions this season on how to cook a CONCH. A conch is unfamiliar territory to many of us, so we have both read and asked. First, getting the conch out of its shell. You can crack the shell with a hammer (Our best source said that you never attempt to boil it in the shell or it would be tougher than rubber.) Or you can freeze the conch, and when you thaw it, you pull the meat gently from the shell. Then, remove the fleshy foot, discard the viscera, and remove the horny covering by slipping a knife under it and pulling it off. Then, says our local advisor, clean the foot thoroughly, split the meat lengthwise, and pound it with a wooden mallet. Cook in a pressure cooker with onions and potatoes, add cornmeal dumplings, and you will have a rich, tasty stew. Any other recipes? We welcome suggestions because there have been lots of conch in our crab pots lately.

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GARDEN CLUB -- The January 27 meeting of the Garden Club will be held at DORTHA HALL's. Their speaker will be James Willis III.

And speaking of gardens, have you been digging up sweet potatoes from your garden these past weeks? From the folk songs of the African Veld comes a philosophical little thing called "Pity the Poor Patat". One of your editors sang it happily to herself while groveling in and under the potato vines:

The tree, he has a bark,
A bark that's thick or thin;
Pity the poor patat;
He's only got a skin.

The tree he has his trunk;
He stares up in the sky.
Pity the poor patat;
He can't see with his eye.

The tree, he has his leaves;
They're waving all around.
Pit the poor patat;
For he lives in the ground.