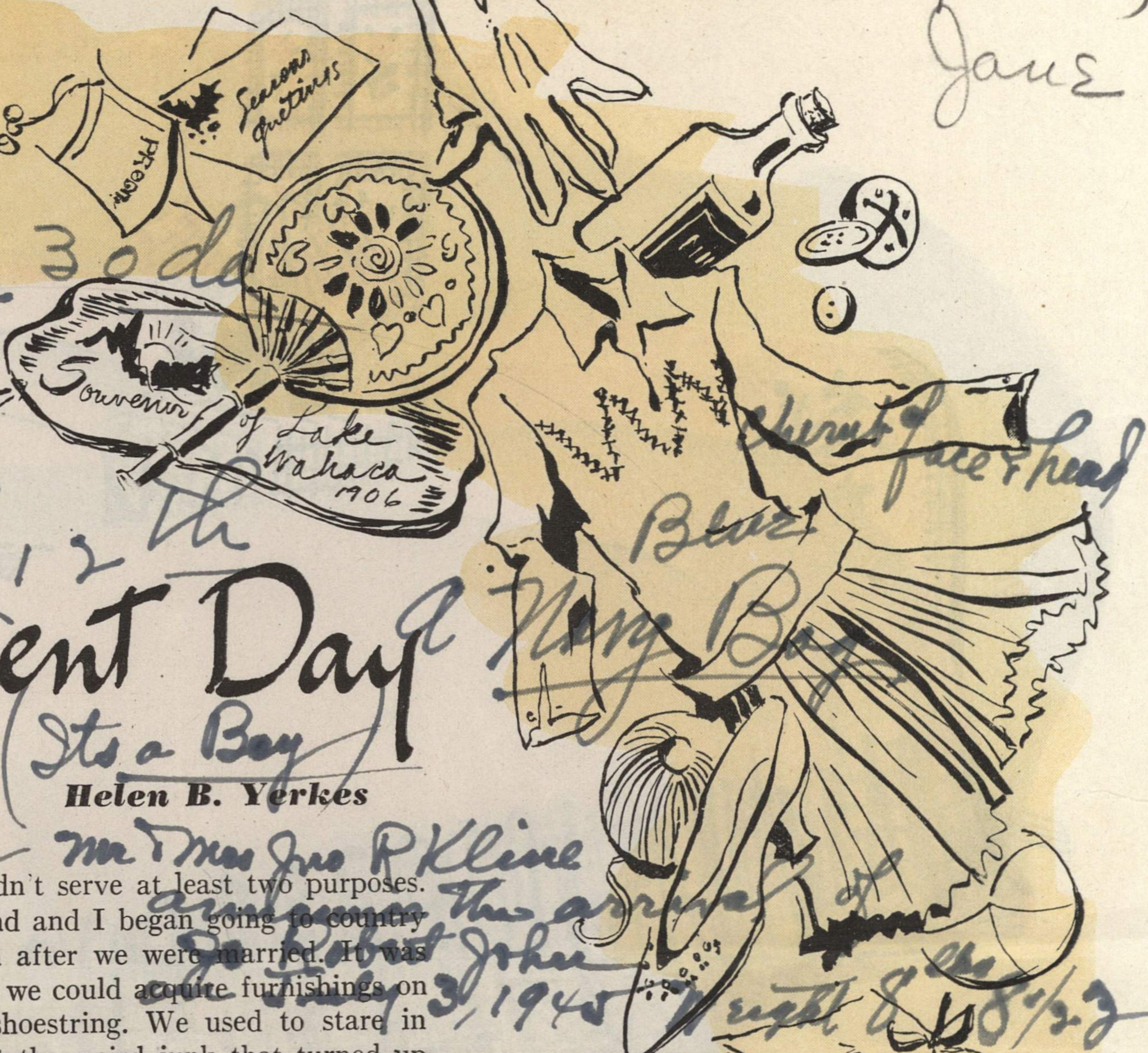


With my compliments —
 your loving grandfather,
 Jane



Cal
 Donald M. Ashlock
 Capt. Jno P. Fitch
 Germany July 12th

Domestic Judgment Day

Mrs. John R. Kline
 3022 St. Philip St.
 New Orleans (119) La

It's a Boy
 Helen B. Yerkes

Mrs. John R. Kline
 3022 St. Philip St.
 New Orleans (119) La
 August 8, 1945

I've been having a wonderful time getting rid of useless possessions. Everyone that goes out the door takes another load off my mind. It's a heady experience which I heartily recommend to others. All I do is follow a simple rule to separate the useful sheep from the encumbering goats. I ask, "Has anyone used this object within the last six months?" If it's "yes" . . . it gets a stay of execution. If it's "no" . . . out it goes. For instance, my pot cupboard rivaled Fibber McGee's famous closet. Countless pie and cake pans, lids, scrapple pans, and assorted tinware were always cascading out. Only a few minutes thought was needed to pick out the utensils I actually used in my everyday cooking.

It's the same story all over the house. If I didn't go through this weeding process regularly we'd be smothered with impedimenta . . . old clothes, shoes, wilted accessories, bedraggled souvenirs, and of course, the children's hopelessly mutilated playthings. Very few of us can bear to relinquish the dear departed at once. Some deep instinct makes us tuck it away, with the vague excuse that it might come in handy some day for something. And a hundred to one, it never does.

I often think of the most carefree period in my married life. We moved to another state, taking along only a few essential things. We lived in a three-room, one-story house that was a shelter and nothing more. I never had so few conveniences—and I never enjoyed keeping house so much! There was a fine feeling of space and freedom in those bare rooms. Dusting was reduced to a minimum. Window and curtain washing vanished—we had screens and shutters. We had scarcely any-

thing that didn't serve at least two purposes. My husband and I began going to country auctions soon after we were married. It was the only way we could acquire furnishings on our slender shoestring. We used to stare in amazement at the weird junk that turned up at these sales. "Who on earth would want to buy all that stuff?" we'd say. But there was always somebody who would bid, and the junk would get a new home. Eventually, our house filled up, until I finally realized that our collection matched what we'd seen at auctions. Well, now I know! I may not be able to stop the flow of possessions into the house, but I can see to it that nothing stays if it doesn't earn its keep. I used to wonder why I felt like an overloaded pack-horse all the time. It was simply the weight of all those countless inanimate parasites on my mind. I refuse to be so burdened any more. I don't have to throw them away, either. Nowadays, especially, almost anything can be sold. And there's always the Salvation Army or some other worthy organization. Yep, I've finally worked up the strength to discard useless things the moment they've outlived their usefulness. I'll have no domestic Judgment Day at my house!



Drawing by M. K. Hoyt