

Barbecued Beef on Buns Tastes Good (See Recipe Below)

Your Barbecue Supper

*Beef Barbecue on Toasted Bun

Small Whole Tomatoes

Cucumber Wedges

Chef's Salad

*Strawberry-Rhubarb Pie

ties and fry slowly in hot fat until

browned and done, on both sides.

When nearly done invert the bottom

half of a bun over the hamburger

so that bun will be steamed and

toasted. The other half may be

on hamburger. Place other half on

Many families are fond of barbe-

cued spareribs on their jaunts out-

doors. You'll like this one, particu-

Barbecued Spareribs.

(Serves 4)

3 to 4 pounds ribs, cut in pieces

14 cup Worcestershire sauce

Place ribs in shallow roasting pan,

remaining ingredients, bring to a

boil and pour over ribs. Continue

baking in a moderate oven (350 de-

grees) for 30 minutes. Baste ribs

Let the green salad for the out-

door supper be as green and spright-

ly as you can make it. A smart idea

in making the salad is to toss all

ad dressing only just before eating

Chef's Favorite Salad.

14 head of lettuce

3 green onions

bles. Just before

serving, add

dressing and

serve from large

gredients well

If you have a

host of hearty

1 cup sugar

1/4 teaspoon salt

¼ teaspoon nutmeg

¼ cup orange juice

1 cup sliced strawberries

3 cups cut rhubarb

1 tablespoon butter

degrees) for 30 minutes.

1 recipe pastry

chilled.

bowl. Have all in-

2 cups spinach leaves

1/2 cup sliced radishes

¼ cup french dressing

2 tomatoes, cut in wedges

1/2 green pepper, cut in rings

1 stalk celery, cut in pieces

Break lettuce into bite-sized pieces

and toss together with other vegeta-

eaters and would enjoy a luscious

*Strawberry-Rhubarb Pie.

2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca

Combine sugar, salt, nutmeg, tap-

ioca, orange juice and rhubarh:

place in 9-inch pie pan lined with

pastry. Top with strawberries and

dot with butter. Arrange whole pas-

try top or lattice covering. Bake in

hot oven (450 degrees) for 10 min-

utes, then in moderate oven (350

by themselves or with a few cookies

may be more to your liking. Be

do not bruise, wrap them in waxed

paper, and toss them into the red-

Are you having difficulties planning

meals with points? Stretching your

meats? Lynn Chambers can give you help if you write her, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for

your reply, in care of her at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Des-plaines Street, Chicago, Illinois. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

tening together at the corners.

with rhubarb is a happy choice:

several times with sauce.

1 teaspoon chili powder

2 dashes tabasco sauce

hamburger when ready to eat.

Coffee

*Recipe given

larly the sauce:

1 large onion

1 cup catsup

2 cups water

teaspoon salt

Fun Outdoors

Your family will like eating outdoors for nothing seems so good as beef barbecues or hamburgers served in the open when appetites are their sharpest, or coffee made on a make-shift stove from a couple of large bricks maneuvered to hold the old granite coffee pot in place.

Food is good and wholesome, and there's plenty of it whether you cook



it at home and wrap it up to take with you to the spot of your choice, or if you gather twigs and cook to order. Make use of the back yard for

your barbecue, or take to the woods or lake, even if you have to use the bicycle. The change from eating on the dining room table will be a welcome change and will do wonders toward perking up summer appe-

Make outdoor eating as convenient as dining at home. Be sure to include such things as salt and pepper, napkins, plenty of cups, plates and silverware in your basket to make the family comfortable.

A spicy sauce with beef or veal makes up a delicious barbecue. The pound and a quarter of meat is enough for 12 buns-just in case you're interested in stretching those precious red points:

Barbecued Beef on Buns. 1% pounds beef or veal I cup thinly sliced onions

1 clove garlic, chopped (optional) 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce % cup catsup

1% teaspoons salt 1/4 teaspoon pepper

Cut meat in 1-inch cubes and brown in hot fat. Add 1 cup water | the greens together, but add the saland simmer 11/2 hours until tender. Brown onions and garlic in hot fat to allow the salad to keep its crispiand add to cooked meat with remainder of ingredients. Make on outdoor stove or wrap carefully in container with plenty of towels to keep warm, and take to barbecue. To

serve, spoon on to warmed buns. Hamburgers are still a great favorite for outdoor eating, particularly now since hamburger still tas fairly low oint value. This recipe makes

asty and tender, ell - seasoned amburgers: Prize Hamburgers

(Makes 24 hamburgers) 4 pounds hamburger % cup chili sauce 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce 1½ tablespoons salt

1 teaspoon onion salt % teaspoon celery salt

24 buns, toasted and buttered

Mix hamburger well with sauce and seasonings. Form into 24 pat-

Lynn Says

The Score Card: Ceiling prices are in effect for such vegetables as cabbage, carrots, lettuce, spinach, snap beans and tomatoes.

Watch for changes in point values on meats and other red stamp foods. Look, too, for the ceiling prices on many cuts of meat. The butcher usually posts ceiling prices on his wall.

Your butter and cheese man can collect your points before he leaves your order. In this way he won't wake you up if he comes early, or if you're not at home later in the day. Should he fail to be able to fill your order, he must give you a ration check for points given him but not used, and you can turn this in to your local war price and rationing

Uniform prices for poultry have been established, and the campaign against the poultry black narket is swinging into shape.

MY FRIEND FLICKA by MARY O'HARA THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old | Howard has been walking his colts | What sort of shape will you be in for him for two days." He pulled hard against the jack, and drew one foot out of the long worn, brown have all summer. Your swim is

Ken McLaughlin, given an opportunity to choose any yearling colt on his family's Wyoming ranch, picks the filly of a "loco" mare named Rocket. His choice merely adds to his father's anger, which is already aroused by the fact that Ken has failed his school work and has shown no sense of responsibility. It was Ken's nother who finally persuaded Captain McLaughlin that having the colt might be good for Ken, and the change in him has proved she was right. But Flicka is badly hurt trying to jump the corral fence. Even Gus, the foreman, says she is loco like her mother. But Ken refuses to be convinced.

Now continue with the story.

Nell found her gardening gloves and her trowel and shears and went about clearing the broken flowers and leaves out of the boxes.

CHAPTER XI

When she had done what she could to put the boxes and flower borders in order, she went to the kitchen, built up the fire and began to mix the cookies.

Now the oven was ready, and when she had nearly finished mixing the dough, Ken came into the kitchen. He leaned against the table, his elbows propped, his chin in his hand. A little red bandana was tied around his neck. His soft brown hair was in wild disorder.

"If Flicka's really loco, Mother-" His appearance shocked Nell. The look in his eyes was direct, almost staring-nothing like Ken. He was looking at her now, to drag facts from her.

"Well, Kennie?" "If she's loco?"

"It's a bad lookout for her, then, isn't it?" There was a long silence. He

struggled. Nell looked at him, rolling the dough thinner and thinner.

In his eyes she saw a question. He was asking if it wouldn't come true, if he wanted it hard enough; and his face was strained in antoasting on a stick while one rests guish.

Right now, she thought, narrowing her eyes against the tears that came so quickly, stinging them, right now -to let him know, once for all, that wanting and wishing can't buck a

"Perhaps she isn't loco, dear, we don't know yet for sure. But if she is. Ken," her words came slowly, wanting won't change it.

She went on rolling out the dough, cutting the cookies, putting them on tin sheets in the hot oven. But she had really gone away with Ken, up the Hill, into the woods, face down on the pine needles, hands clawing at the ground, salt tears burning-

The insistent clanging of the supmeaty side up. On each piece place per bell roused him, and he sat up, an unpeeled slice of lemon, a thin startled. How could it ever be supslice of onion. Roast in hot oven per time already? (450 degrees), 30 minutes. Combine

He turned in the opposite direction and looked to Flicka's place near the three pine trees in the Calf Pasture. She was lying down, not very far from where he had put the tub of water and the feed box.

He ran down the Hill, across the green and into the kitchen and washed his face and hands and

slicked his hair. All his agony was back. Flicka-

why, she might be dead out therelying dead instead of just asleep. After supper he hurried out to see her. She was standing up again, and this time barely moved away at all at his approach. He sat down before her on the grass, clasped his

arms around his knees, and made his vows to her. "I didn't mean it, Flicka . . you're the one I want . . . I won't leave you again . . . never, Flicka. I don't want those other colts. They're nothing, just simply nothing at all. And you're my responsibility. That's what Dad said. I pulled you in from the range where you were free and wild and could take

care of yourself, and I've made you

so you can't; so you're my responsi-

bility to take care of." Flicka stood looking at him. Her large eyes were dull and not fully opened. All her hair was very unpie, the combination of strawberries tidy. Her legs were not quite straight under her, but a little splayed out. But her ears were forward, she seemed to be listening, to be paying attention, and she was not frightened.

> Nell, with a dark blue silk kimono belted around her slender waist, was brushing her hair for the night. It lay loose upon her shoulders in a soft, wavy, tan mass; and as she brushed, she walked around the room, putting clothes away in the closet, opening the bed, bringing out Rob's pajamas, and talked to him about Ken.

"I wish you'd be nicer to him. "Why? He's gone against every-

On the other hand, fresh fruits thing I told him to do." "I think he's suffering deeply."

'Suffering! So am I. And what's

sure to wash them carefully, so they it all for?" Rob, seated in the low arm chair. reached out a booted foot and checkered tablecloth that you're fas- dragged the boot-jack close. He planted one foot upon it, and set the other heel in the notch, continuing, "If he was going to have a horse to break and train as Howard did Highboy, it would have taught him something, made a man of him. But what can he do with this poor little filly? Not a damned thing. He'll sit in that pasture and watch her

"But Rob, you don't see! It's already done-much of it. Ken is changed already. He's learning, even though he can't train her."

"Learning what? Learning to sit on his fanny under a pine tree?" Rob leaned back in his chair, and out of his dark face, his vivid, burning blue eyes looked at her without

be bull-headed?"

went about in silence.

"No! He's learning to face facts. And that's the whole thing, isn't it?" "Face facts! I don't see any sign of it," he said harshly. "And the kid looks like heck. If this goes on all summer he'll be in fine shape

to go back to school in September."

Rob stood up, picked up his boots, kicked the boot-jack back into the corner, went over to Nell, and with



"Do you think she's - - loco?"

the boots hanging in one hand, put the other arm around her. "Love me?" he asked.

"I knew you were going to say that!" she exclaimed angrily. 'When you've just made me mad, that isn't any time to say things like that."

His one arm squeezed and shook her a little. "Love me?" he repeated.

"I don't feel the least bit loving." "Love me?"

The one deep dimple in Nell's right cheek appeared in spite of herself, and she turned her face away. "Oh, yes, then, have it your own way!"

She made her voice insulting, but it was an irritating habit of Rob's to be satisfied with outward obedience, as if, once that was granted, by his own persistence and violence. the way.

"That's all right then," he said; and with his hard bullet head pressed her face around until he could kiss her mouth.

"But Rob-Ken-"

"Don't talk about him," he roared dropping his arm. "I've had all I can stand of him." He went out the room, slammed the door, and stamped down the hall to the bath-

Nell climbed into bed, turned up the kerosene lamp that stood on the bedside table, took her book from beside it, and began to read. Her dimple had disappeared and her lips were very set and prim.

Next day Rob planned to drive to Sargent's ranch to make final arrangements about shipping the four polo ponies. Nell was to go with day.

When, at breakfast, Howard and Ken heard about it, Ken said, "Would you have time, Dad, to come out before you go and look at Flicka and see how you think she is? She looks better, and she's eating some oats."

"No. I wouldn't," roared Mc-Laughlin. "I don't want to see her or to think about her."

There was a heavy silence. Everyone ate rapidly, eyes down, Presently McLaughlin's gaze swung over again toward his younger son and noted the circles under the child's eyes.

"Did you go swimming with Howard yesterday?" he asked.

"No, sir." "Why not?"

"I didn't want to leave Flicka." "Now I've had enough of this! Howard does your work, and you're all set to spend the summer under the pine trees watching Flicka. Do all summer, and neglect his work. | you suppose that's good for you? |

when it's time to go back to school? This is the hottest weather we'll good for you. You take a dip with Howard today, and do your own work too."

"Yes, sir."

Presently Howard said, "Remember what you said, Dad? That Flicka would stay alone and not go near the other horses? You were right. She stays alone in the corner by the fence, or under the pines. Why softening. "Learning that it pays to does she? I thought horses liked company."

McLaughlin made no reply, and Kennie came bravely out with the answer, "Because she's a Lone

McLaughlin turned to Ken, surprised, and the boy looked back at his father. Rarely had he been able to face those hard eyes for so long Nell felt rebuffed and got up and a minute. He did it now for Flicka. If she was a Lone Wolf, then he was a Lone Wolf too. He had to fight her battles. He was with her, the same as her-and it gave him cour-

> Matching his stare with Ken's. Rob said to himself, "Well, I'll be darned. The little son-of-a-gun. Nell was right-facing facts-he's taking it on the chin."

McLaughlin turned his head away and asked for another piece of toast. Nell jumped up and turned the piece of homemade bread which was lying on the edge of the coal stove. It was toasted a delicate brown. She brought it, hot and crusty, on the tin turner, and slid it on to the edge of Rob's plate.

Rob was thoughtful as he took a slab of the fresh unsalted butter and spread it on his toast.

"Ken," he said presently, "that isn't what I meant when I said Flicka would keep to herself. It's because she's sick. A wounded or sick animal always stays alone."

Ken's dark blue eyes, confiding and full of hope, clung to his father's face, and McLaughlin felt an emotion within his breast. "Oh," said the boy. He would

have liked to ask if Flicka was not a Lone Wolf after all, but it seemed wiser not to press his father's sudden kindness.

After a moment McLaughlin said, 'Has she salt, Ken?"

Ken's face showed such conster-Rob and Nell turned away their surface. heads. "No," said Ken, guiltily, staring at his father.

"I've got a piece of iodized salt up in the stable," said McLaughlin frowning.

"I won't be ready to leave right away, Rob," put in Nell, "If you want to go out to Flicka-I've a few things to do-"

'I'll bring the salt out to her, and give her the once-over." Joy colored Ken's face and Nell

emitted a faint breath of relief. Ken rushed out to Flicka. He

had already seen her that morning. Soon after sunrise he had presented himself, and standing before her, said, "I am Ken. Do you know me? Are you getting to like me?"

Now he ran out to her again and said, "Dad's coming to look at you, Flicka. Now you be a good girl and don't run away."

As if she had understood him, Flicka stood quietly at a little distance when McLaughlin came out he could drive people the rest of and set the chunk of iodized salt down near the pine tree. Then he took out his pipe and lit it, and exhis father to read the verdict on his

Finally McLaughlin said, "She's tell about her now."

"Do you think she's-loco?" Rob growled, "I would have sworn it, by the way she's behaved ever since she was born, but as a matter of fact, we've never seen her except when she was scared out of her wits."

"Dad-" "Well?"

"When you said she'd been so frightened, always, when we'd seen her-did you mean that maybe she isn't loco?"

Before answering, Rob eyed the filly thoughtfully and drew several him, and they would be away all long puffs of smoke through his pipe. "She's got a very intelligent face," he said at last. "Much better than Rocket's. Fine, delicate mouth, lovely eyes set far apart, that light tracing of veins all over. But we can't really know until we see how she responds to training."

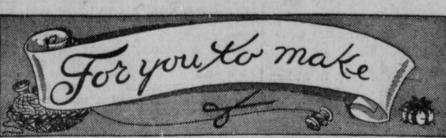
> "How can I train her? What shall I begin on?"

"You can't do a thing with her now. All you can do is win her confidence. That's the most important thing anyway. There's one thing that will help you, Ken." "What?"

"Her sickness and misery. When you take away everything, freedom, friends, home, habits, happiness, from a living creature, almost

life itself, it will turn, in sheer need and desperation, to the one thing that is left. And that's you." "Me." Ken had never felt so important.

"Yes. You are her whole world. Make her like it." (TO BE CONTINUED)





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Earthworms are beneficial to the soil in which they live and no effort should be made to remove them. If considered troublesome, nation that it was comical. Both lime water will bring them to the

> When melting chocolate, use a small round-bottomed bowl and melt over hot water. Bowl may be set in the top of teakettle or double boiler.

Rub up the nickel faucets with cleansing tissues every day. Such "All right, Ken," said his father. rubbing up will lighten the weekly cleanings.

Gather clover blossoms this summer, dry them, and scatter about the linen closet to impart a delicate fragrance.

Keep linens white by packing them in an old pillow case which has been soaked in bluing until it is a deep indigo.

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One Bit of Tough Detail That Smith Didn't Mind

Two men worked side by side in a War Production board office. They never spoke, but each watched the other. One man left work daily at four o'clock. The other toiled on till six or later.

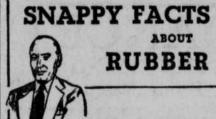
Some months passed. Then the harder-working of the two approached the other.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "but do you mind telling me how you can clean up your work every day at four o'clock?"

"Not at all," said the other man. "When I come to a tough piece of detail, I mark it, 'Refer to Mr. Smith.' I figure that, in a department as large as this, there is sure to be a Mr. Smith. And I must be right; those papers never come back."

The harder worker started to remove his coat.

"Brother," he said, "prepare for action. I'm Mr. Smith.



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