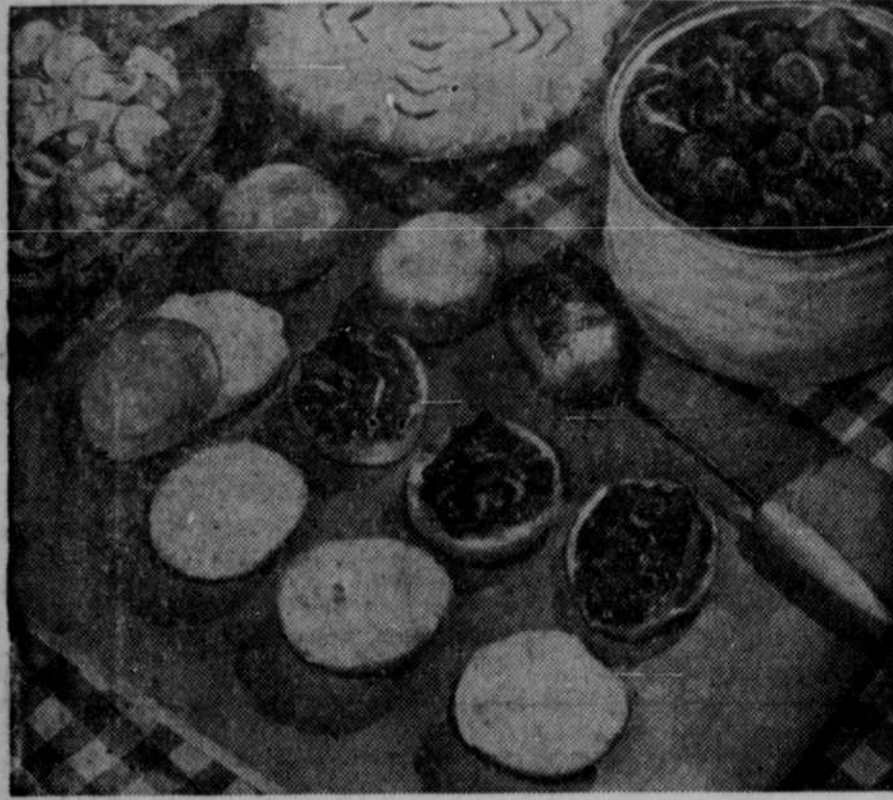


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Barbecued Beef on Buns Tastes Good (See Recipe Below)

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 appetites.

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 1/2 pounds beef or veal
 1 cup thinly sliced onions
 1 clove garlic, chopped (optional)
 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
 1/2 cup catsup
 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
 1/4 teaspoon pepper

Cut meat in 1-inch cubes and brown in hot fat. Add 1 cup water and simmer 1 1/2 hours until tender. Brown onions and garlic in hot fat and 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 has fairly low point value. This recipe makes tasty and tender, well-seasoned hamburgers:

- Prize Hamburgers**
 (Makes 24 hamburgers)
 4 pounds hamburger
 1/2 cup chili sauce
 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
 1 1/2 tablespoons salt
 1 teaspoon onion salt
 1/2 teaspoon celery salt
 24 buns, toasted and buttered
 Mix hamburger well with sauce and seasonings. Form into 24 patties.

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 board.

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

MY FRIEND FLICKA

by MARY O'HARA



THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old 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 mother 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.

CHAPTER XI

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

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, Ken?" "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 anguish.

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 fact.

"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 supper bell roused him, and he sat up, startled. How could it ever be supper time already?

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 there—lying 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 her knees, and made his vows to her.

"I didn't mean it, Flicka... you're the one I want... I 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 responsibility to take care of."

Flicka stood looking at him. Her large eyes were dull and not fully opened. All her hair was very untidy. 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.

Howard has been walking his colts for him for two days." He pulled hard against the jack, and drew one foot out of the long worn, brown boot.

"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 softening. "Learning that it pays to be bull-headed?"

"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."

Nell felt rebuffed and got up and went about in silence.

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



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 consternation that it was comical. Both Rob and Nell turned away their 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—"

"All right, Ken," said his father. "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 and set the chunk of iodized salt down near the pine tree. Then he took out his pipe and lit it, and examined the filly, while Ken watched his father to read the verdict on his face.

Finally McLaughlin said, "She's so sick and hang-dog—it's hard to 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 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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Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

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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."

577

CREATE joy with your embroidery needle—make these engaging motifs for your own linens or gift linens. The gay bluebirds are symbols of happiness. Their varied flower perches let you use brilliant colors.

Pattern 577 contains a transfer pattern of 16 motifs ranging from 5 1/2 by 7 1/2 to 2 by 2 1/2 inches; stitches; list of materials required.

Household Hints

Earthworms are beneficial to the soil in which they live and no effort should be made to remove them. If considered troublesome, lime water will bring them to the surface.

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.

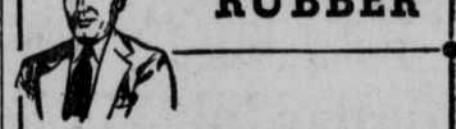
Rub up the nickel faucets with cleaning tissues every day. Such rubbing up will lighten the weekly cleanings.

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.

If you know a Navy man, don't ever call him a "gob"—sailors consider the name an insult. You can get on the right side of him though if you offer him a Camel—or better yet, send him a carton. Camels are the favorite cigarette with men in the Navy (Army, Marines, Coast Guard, too, for that matter) based on actual sales records from the service men's stores. And though there are Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army men, you can still send Camels to soldiers in the U. S., and to men in the Navy, Marines and Coast Guard wherever they are.—Adv.

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER



Recapped tires will render satisfactory service—if the tire carcass is in good condition, good workmanship is exercised, inflation rules are observed and speed is kept to 35 mph. Have your tires recapped at a reliable shop.

Scientists have developed the fact that when a car is driven at 50 mph there is a centrifugal force of two tons trying to pull the tires apart.

That our standard of living is affected in many ways by the shortage of rubber will be appreciated when it is known that normally about 50,000 items were made with rubber.

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