

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers

You Can Stretch Meats and Have Delicious Meals



Leftovers need not recline on the refrigerator shelf when you can make them into delicious meat pies like this, simply and easily. Use leftovers from a roast with a few fresh vegetables and gravy to tuck inside the flaky piecrust.

Short on red points at the end of the week? There are several answers to the problem and I'm devoting the column to those suggestions today.

It's a good idea to be smart in your use of leftovers, and this is particularly true if you've splurged at the beginning of the week by purchasing a roast. After using the roast twice, you still have a bit of meat left on the bones, and if you fix it with an eye to camouflage, you can have a savory meal out of it.

Best way of extending meat when there's little enough of that is by using vegetables generously. Cut off what pieces of meat you can find on the bone, and combine these with some lovely, fresh-cooked vegetables such as carrots, peas, onions, potatoes and perhaps a few strips of green pepper for flavor. Combine all together with some of your favorite seasonings and tuck the whole mixture into these individual meat pies. In this way, your leftovers won't languish in the refrigerator.

Making Meat Pies.
Sift together 2 cups all-purpose flour and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Cut into this 1/2 cup lard with spatula and work until the particles are the size of a small pea. Sprinkle 4 tablespoons water over the mixture, working it lightly with a fork until all the particles are moistened and in small lumps. Press dough into a ball, handling as little as possible. Flour board lightly. Divide pastry in half, roll lightly to an eighth-inch thickness. Using a 3 1/2-inch pie plate, cut circles from pastry.

Cut 1/2-inch wedge from circle to insure better fit into muffin tins. Press the pastry lightly to fit tins and lap over wedge. Fill with meat-vegetable mixture. Roll out remaining dough, cut in circles to fit over top of each muffin tin. Press edges of crust together. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) 35 minutes. Remove from tins and serve hot.

Here's a salad that's rich in proteins and can be used to pitch in for the main dish when points are on the slim side:

Green Lima and Bacon Salad. (Serves 5 to 6)

- 2 cups cooked green lima beans
- 2 hard-cooked eggs
- 1/2 cup salted peanuts, chopped
- 2 teaspoons onion juice
- 4 strips crisp bacon
- 1 cup sliced celery
- 1/2 cup chopped pickle
- 1/2 teaspoon salt, if desired
- Mayonnaise

Lynn Says:

Tips on Keeping Cool: Acting cool and thinking cool actually works a magic in making you cool. It's important to plan your day ahead so that it runs smoothly and so there will be a minimum of confusion—for that always makes weather hotter.

Dress cool, eat cool. Dress sensibly, keeping plenty of clean summer clothes on hand—things that can be done up with soap and water in a hurry and need little ironing. Crispy salads—even in the imagination—cool you off, and of course, frosty drinks.

Do your hot kitchen work in the cool morning hours. Make whatever preparations you can on the food front and store in the refrigerator, ready to pull out for dinner with a minimum of rush and hurry. Keep things simple, and you'll keep cool.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

- *Broiled Liver Sausage and Tomatoes
- Potato Chips Green Salad
- Rye Bread Iced Coffee
- Chilled Cantaloupe
- *Recipe Given

Combine ingredients, add salt and mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce with bits of bacon.

Have you discovered that cold sausage and meat loaves are low in point value and that they go further than the same quantity of fresh meat? And, if you really like a hot dish for a meal, that the cold meats are equally delicious when served hot? You'll like these suggestions:

- Bologna Spaghetti. (Serves 4)**
- 1/2 pound bologna
 - 3/4 cup onion, sliced
 - 1 tablespoon bacon drippings
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1/2 teaspoon allspice
 - 1/2 teaspoon cloves
 - 1/2 teaspoon pepper
 - 1/2 cup tomato juice
 - 3 cups cooked spaghetti

Dice 2 slices of bologna in skillet and brown with onion and bacon drippings. Add to this seasonings and tomato juice and simmer until thickened. Add cooked spaghetti and heat thoroughly. Serve with several slices of pan-fried bologna.

*Broiled Liver Sausage and Tomatoes (Serves 4)

- 3/4 pound liver sausage, sliced
- 4 large tomatoes, cut in half
- 8 slices of onion

Cut liver sausage into slices about 1/4 inch thick. Remove casing. Place the slices of liver sausage on the broiling pan with tomatoes that have been cut in half and brushed with butter, seasoned with salt and pepper. Broil for about 8 minutes. Liver sausage need not be turned. As soon as tomatoes have broiled for about 4 minutes, top them with onion slices, if desired.

Frankfurters With Potato Salad. (Serves 4 to 6)

- 1/2 cup bacon drippings
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 4 cups cubed, cooked potatoes
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 pound frankfurters

Heat bacon drippings and add vinegar, egg, salt, pepper, sugar, potatoes, green pepper and onion. Stir until thick. Cover frankfurters with boiling water and allow to stand 7 to 8 minutes. Arrange frankfurters on top of potato salad for serving.

Here's a lovely, luscious dessert that will go with any of the above main dish suggestions. It's easy to make and very nutritious:

Apricot Whip. (Serves 6 to 8)

- 1 No. 2 1/2 can apricots
- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Drain apricots. Mash with spoon. Chill. Scald milk. Beat eggs slightly, then add sugar and salt. Add milk slowly, mixing well. Cook in double boiler stirring constantly until mixture coats metal spoon. Take from fire, add vanilla and chill. When ready to serve, fold in chilled, mashed apricots.

Here are the golden brown, rich, luscious pies being taken from the muffin tins all ready to serve. If you have a fresh fruit salad with the meat pie and a beverage, your whole meal's complete.

MY FRIEND FLICKA

by MARY OHARA

THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old Ken McLaughlin, given an opportunity to choose any yearling on his family's Wyoming ranch, picks the filly of a "Joco" mare named Rocket. His father, a retired army officer, is disappointed by Ken's choice and by his son's future in school. But he is pleased at the change in Ken since he has had a colt of his own. When Flicka, the filly, is badly hurt trying to jump the corral fence, Ken takes the opportunity to care for her and to make friends with her. Ken's mother and father quarrel when she tries to tell him she has seen a wildcat. Nell goes into town to a movie to get away and regain her poise.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XVI

Rolling along the Lincoln Highway at about sixty miles an hour, five miles faster than her usual pace, Nell had a delicious sense of escape.

In Cheyenne she crept along the streets, marveling at the Neon lights that outlined the features of every booth, hot-dog stand, shop and restaurant. The streets were almost as bright as day.

At the theater, she saw Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in a dance-team picture; and here she was lost in delight. Her real life was completely erased. Back again in the days of college proms and holiday dances, she danced the hour through, and came out of the theater in a daze, hardly knowing where she was, or at what point her life was to be picked up again.

Now she must get home—it was nearly eleven o'clock.

It took her a long time. She had to open the window, hang her head out, looking down at the front wheel, trying to keep it right on the center line of the road. It seemed three times the actual distance of twenty-five miles before she turned off the highway and drove in under the Goose Bar Ranch sign.

Rob was sitting in the arm chair by the radio, absorbed by a playlet he was listening to. One knee was hooked over the arm of the chair. His boots were off, slippers on the heather brown socks that were drawn up over the cuffs of his riding breeches. He was smoking.

Seeing her he smiled and nodded, then held up a hand for silence, not wanting to miss a word of what he was hearing. "Mind if I hear this out?" he said softly.

"Not at all," Nell answered stiffly, and went upstairs to bed.

Half an hour later, he lay in bed beside her, smoking a last cigarette in the darkness. It seemed to him that the walnut bed was vibrating slightly. The tremor emanated from Nell. Lying there, her back turned to him, she was tense from the back of her neck to her toes.

Rob finished his cigarette, ground out the stub in the ash tray on the table, then rolled over and put his arms around her. He held her tight to him, one arm under her neck. With the other hand, he pressed her head against him, smoothed her hair laid his cheek against it as he so often did, kissing it softly.

It took a long time for her trembling to stop.

"When it had, he said quietly, 'What frightened you up in the Stable Pasture?'

She didn't answer.

"Was it the wildcat?"

"Yes."

"I heard you shoot twice—did you get a shot at him?"

"No—that was cottontails I was shooting at."

"Did you get the cottontails?"

"I shot them—but the mountain lion got them."

"What happened?"

"You know the rock up there that I call the Sunset Rock, because I so often climb up it to look at the sunset?"

"Yes—the one in the woods a little way, that comes up out of the earth sharp and jagged—like the top of a mountain poking through."

"Yes. Well, I had shot the two rabbits, and the light was fading and there were beautiful colors in the sky. I thought there must be a fine sunset if I could get up out of the woods to a high place and see it. So I thought I would climb up the Sunset Rock. It's so steep in places you have to go up on your hands and knees, you know, hanging on—"

"I know."

"So I set the twenty-two against a pine tree near the base of the rock and tied the legs of the two rabbits together with that narrow black ribbon I had around my hair, and I hung them on a jagged stump of a branch that stuck out of the trunk of the pine tree."

"How high up?"

"Not very high. Just opposite my face. And then I climbed up the rock and stood up there looking at the sunset. When it was over I came down on the opposite side of the rock, and walked around the base of it to the place I had left the gun and the rabbits, but before I got there I met the lion face to face—not ten feet away—he was coming around the rock, too. And he had my rabbits in his mouth."

"I'll be darned."

"We just stood facing each other."

"Were you scared?"

"Not then. Just so surprised. We neither of us moved for a moment, then he just melted away. It was blinking dark—it just seemed as if I blinked my eye and he was gone. I stood listening, couldn't hear a

thing. Then, I got terribly scared, and started to run home. Then I remembered I shouldn't run—and I tried to walk. I kept looking behind me. I was in a regular panic."

"I knew he was around here."

"How'd you know?"

"I saw footprints the other morning."

"Where?"

"In the corral."

"In the corral?"

"Yes, four perfect prints in that patch of earth that gets the dampness from the water trough."

Nell was silent, thinking of the cat stalking out from the woods, across the open space to the corral.

"The Stable Pasture—that's pretty close, Rob."

"There's lots of game up there, Nell. The woods are full of deer."

It was true. Several of the hay crew had told of seeing deer when they went up to the Stables early in the morning; and Nell, herself, one day, just pretending that the shape of some twigs and branches and little shrubs were the delicate shapes of deer, suddenly saw that it was true. A group of five does and fawns stood there motionless under her eyes.

"It's strange that the men didn't see the prints of the mountain lion, too."

"Gus saw them. He was with me. I told him to rake them over. I didn't want the men to see them and talk about it."

"Because of Ken?"

"Yes. He's gone through enough this summer, without lying awake

worrying about the cat, with school only ten days away."

At that moment they both jumped, and Rob leaped half out of bed. A scream tore the air, rising from the Hill across the Green, going up in a snarling crescendo to a pitch of ear-splitting ferocity, then ebbing slowly away in heart-rending sobs.

Profound silence followed; the deep stillness of the range—as if it had never been broken.

Rob struck a match, lit the candle by the bed and turned to look at Nell.

She was sitting bolt upright, her eyes wide and dark, and her lips parted in an expression that was slightly hysterical.

"Did you ever hear such a sound?" she said.

Rob shook his head. Then a moment later said, "Beautiful, wasn't it?"

Nell nodded violently. "It was gorgeous."

They sat still, listening, wondering if the cat might scream again, while the flame of the candle flickered and the long shadows danced on ceiling and walls.

Nell slipped out of bed. "Gimme the candle. I just want to see if that woke the boys."

She came back a moment later. "Both of 'em dead to the world. We won't tell them, Rob."

"Of course not."

"I wonder if any of the men heard."

"Not a chance. It's midnight. Listen—what do you say we go downstairs? I can't sleep after that. I'll make you some hot chocolate. I think you should have had something to eat anyway, after your evening in town and the long ride back—what did you see? A good show?"

They belted robes about them, went down to the kitchen and Rob made chocolate; for each cup, one square of bitter chocolate and two spoons of sugar and a cup of milk, thick, smooth drink, topped with Guernsey cream.

They sat down at the table to drink, and Nell had a chance to tell about the show, about the fog, about what she had seen in town. She never felt that she had quite completed an experience until she had shared it with Rob.

"Then he just melted away."

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When they went up to bed an hour later, all her nervousness was gone. As she blew out the candle, she said, "Drat that wildcat—he's got my hair-ribbon."

The afternoon that Ken finished copying his composition, he went over to the Post Office with his mother in the Studebaker, and dropped the long envelope, containing his neat three pages of writing, and his mother's letter, into the mail box.

Driving back to the ranch, he sat silent, aware of peculiar feelings within himself. It was another achievement, something that might amount to quite a good deal in the estimation of his father and Mr. Gibson. It was to be kept a secret from his father until Mr. Gibson's answer came.

"Of course, he may not answer," said Nell. "He may just tell you when you and Howard get there."

This made sch... feel very near. And that made Ken think about Flicka. He had never dreamed that at the end of the summer, Flicka would still be lame and half sick. He hated to leave her that way. After he had gone, no one would care for her so devotedly. She would have to shift for herself. She would need her rations of oats for a long time yet, to put the flesh back on her bones. She had been getting so thin, lately—thinner, it seemed, every day. And her coat was losing its fine color and sheen.

Rob had no eyes and no thought for anything but the haying and the weather. The extra men had gone; Rob and Tim and Gus were storing the baled hay in the barn; stacking the loose hay in long lozenges that gradually took on shape and style, the sides forked down until they were smooth and perpendicular, the tops shaped in rounded ridges to shed rain and snow. Each time they got one stack topped they stretched long strands of baling wire over it to bind it to the earth, and hung heavy railroad ties on the ends of the wire. This kept the wind from blowing the stacks away.

The weather still held; but, each night, the banks of cloud that crept over the sky were heavier, and sometimes thunder rumbled intermittently for hours.

Nell dropped her sewing in her lap and looked out of the window, her brows knotted with anxiety and distress.

The filly won't pull out of it, Rob had said, when the little mare was first hurt; and he was right. Flicka was going to die. If Rob knew—if, perhaps, he had known ever since the generalized infection had poisoned her blood stream and he had given her the shot of serum, he had said nothing; and when the men talked about her he pretended not to hear. But Ken—how could he have failed to see that every day left the little filly with less flesh, less strength, less life? Nell remembered a friend whose baby had been wasting away, and yet, because of the daily care and closeness, the warmth and little smiles and tiny arms still clinging, did not know it until the very end.

Ken did not know.

Soon Flicka began to go down in flesh so rapidly that almost overnight she wasted away to nothing. Every rib showed. The glossy hide was dull and brittle and was pulled over her skeleton as if she was a dead horse.

For convenience of unloading, the big hay wagon was left near the cow-barn corrals every evening; and one morning as McLaughlin and Howard and the men were walking down to it, Gus leading one of the work teams which was to be harnessed to it, Ken was walking with them, carrying the can of oats under his arm. He was going to take Flicka her breakfast.

The little mare was waiting for him at the gate of the corral.

When McLaughlin saw her, he stopped walking, and a look of horror spread over his face. "What is that?" he shouted.

They all stopped walking and looked at her, and Ken, with a face as white as paper, looked back at his father. "It's Flicka," he whispered. "She's been getting awfully thin."

"Thin!" roared McLaughlin.

Gus shook his curly head sadly. "Ay bin thinking she's not going to pull out of it," he said.

"Pull out of it? She's dead already."

McLaughlin turned to glare at Ken. "How long has she been like that?"

"She's been going down awful fast the last few days—" faltered Ken.

"It's de fever," said Gus. "It's burnin her up."

Tim said, "It's an awful pity. She was a nifty little filly. Hard luck, Ken."

McLaughlin looked at her again. She was nickerin for Ken. Her head was up, looking at him. She was just bones and a dull, lustreless hide.

"That's the end," roared McLaughlin. "I won't have a thing like that on my place."

He walked on to harness the team, and Ken went slowly to Flicka, and down the path to the stream, with the little creature hopping at his heels. He poured the oats in her feed box and she dipped her nose in and ate them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

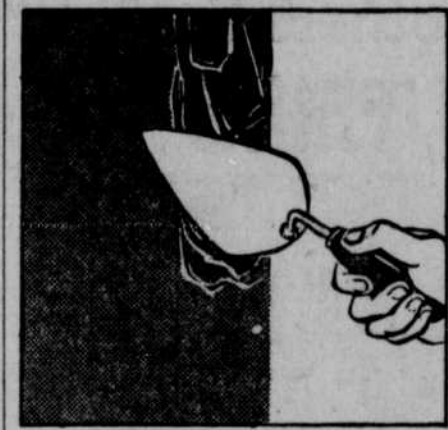


Old Buildings Can Be Weatherproofed

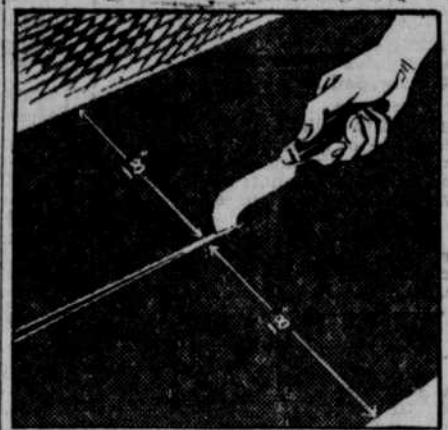
Asphalt Roofing Paper Will Seal Up Chinks

Protection against the weather is vital to the health and productivity of livestock. Poultry houses, hog houses and barns should be proof against infiltrations of rain or chilly drafts. As lumber is critical material the farmer must try to make present structures do for the duration. One way to do this is to lay asphalt roll roofing right over the old walls of weather-beaten farm buildings. This material is non-critical and easily applied if a few basic rules are followed. To get real service from the new wall covering, however, it must be properly applied.

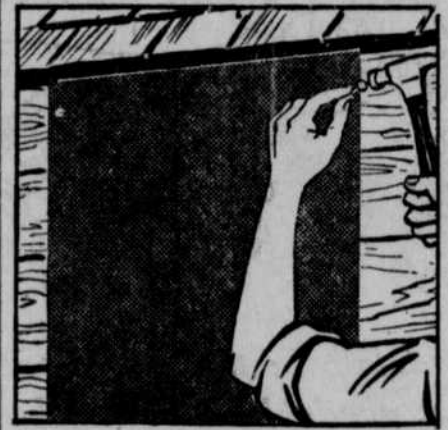
The choice of nails is very important. Only rustproof nails should be used and these should always be driven in straight to prevent their tearing the roofing material. Special care should be taken not to drive them into cracks or knot holes when working over old sheathing, or they will work loose. Large head roofing nails are best for nailing laps.



Proper application of lap cement is another essential. It works best when lukewarm and should never be heated over a fire. If it dries out from standing, it can be thinned with naphtha. Tight cementing of all laps is necessary to the success of the finished job. Never spread the cement too thin or skimp any spots between laps.



Advance planning will go far to simplify the job. Cut the roofing sheets in two lengthwise, making each sheet 18 inches wide. Lay the sheets flat in piles to allow for proper stretch. No cutting should be done, however, until you have measured the wall areas carefully, and figured out just how much roofing paper you will need to cover them, allowing for lapping and trimming.



Apply the sheets vertically. Begin the nailing in one corner. Then straighten out the roofing sheet, stretch it horizontally and allow it to hang smooth. Nail from the top down on both sides, stretching the roofing as you go along. Nails should be alternated, one side and then the other, and the roofing should be allowed to hang free with no attempt to distort or shape it.

Care of the new sidewalls is a simple matter. If they are properly applied they will provide good weather protection for years to come. No painting is necessary when the roofing sheets are first put on, but to prolong their life indefinitely it is well to apply a coat of asphalt roof coating every few years.

Rubber From Wheat

Every American grain-producing farm is a potential "rubber plantation," says S. L. Fisher, a grain buyer for Schenley Distillers corporation. Butadiene, the principal ingredient in the synthetic rubber process, can be obtained as a by-product in the distillation of industrial alcohol from grain. In tests, wheat from one harvest has been converted into rubber tires which were used on tractors working on the following harvest.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. In what country did Achilles fight in the Trojan war?
2. In the navy what is a four-striper?