

MY FRIEND FLICKA

by MARY O'HARA

THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old Ken McLaughlin can ride any horse on his family's Wyoming ranch, but he wants a colt of his own. His father, a retired army officer, refuses to give him one until his school grades improve and he learns to take responsibility. Ken's mother tries to protect him from the stern discipline of his father and the youthful bullying of his older brother, Howard, who always manages to do things right. Captain McLaughlin has received a letter from Ken's school advising him that Ken has not been promoted. So, while the others prepare to round up the mares and colts, Ken has to stay in the house and study.

CHAPTER II

When Ken left the kitchen the alarm clock on the wall shelf beside the spice closet pointed to twenty minutes to nine. He wondered if he should time himself right from then or from the moment he went into his room, or from when he set his books on the table. This was a very important point, but as he could not decide, he went upstairs as slowly as he could, just in case it was all part of the hour.

He paused on the landing in front of the picture of the duck. If he stood there looking at the duck picture he could get into another world. He knew how to do it. To get into another world you had to make yourself the same size, in your mind.

But he felt misgivings, standing there. His mother would hear, from the kitchen, that he hadn't gone all the way upstairs. He went on up, down the hall, into his room, and noisily closed the door. Possibly she would time him too.

He stood a few moments looking around. He and Howard each had a small room to himself.

Ken loved his room. The walls were white-washed, and there was a big window opening out front over the terrace and the Green. He could see everything from it. Sunshine poured in.

Best of all, Ken loved his little walnut bed, because that was really home.

It wasn't very tidy. He and Howard had to make their own beds, and he had made his in a hurry, before he went out riding. Now would be a good time to straighten it up. That was a good dutiful deed—about as good as studying—it probably could be counted in the hour. The quilt, which was light green with sprigs of pink and blue flowers on it, was crooked and humped over the bedclothes underneath. He threw it back, then paused, his eyes on the wall at the head of the bed.

There were these pictures—one on each side—about eight inches square, with a flat wooden frame an inch wide.

And inside the frame— He dropped the quilt, moved up to one picture and stood minutely examining it. What people! Peasant people, his mother had told him, probably Swiss.

Down at the end of his room was the strangest picture of all.

Ken went to look at it. There was a verse written in the corner which he knew by heart.

"Treat me not to leave thee, Nor to return from following after thee.

For whither thou goest I will go, And where thou lodgest I will lodge."

It was a picture of a desert land. And a man stood as if waiting to go, looking at the maiden for whom he was waiting. But she had run back to throw her arms around a woman, and there they stood, arms about each other. And the verse in the corner was what she was saying. They were dressed in long, draped, brightly colored shawls.

"Treat me—" He jumped and ran back to the bed when he heard quick steps across the kitchen floor below. Outside the kitchen door his mother's voice called, "Here, Kim—Here, Chaps—"

This time he really finished the bed and smoothed the quilt. It looked very nice. He stood regarding it, thinking that now he must take down his books. Resolutely he picked out his arithmetic book, sat down, opened it and began to think.

Suddenly Ken heard the sound of horses coming near the house and started up so quickly that the leg of his chair tangled with the leg of the table and he went sprawling on the floor, then scrambled up and over to the window.

Ken leaned out the window as far as he could to see the last of them as they went down the Green. Just jog-trotting, and disappeared around the end of the house—

"Ken!" Nell's voice came floating up from the open window below. "What are you doing?"

He scurried back to the table and made it true before he answered, "I'm doing my arithmetic."

"What was that crash?"

"My chair fell over."

"What made it fall over?"

"It just fell over—"

Nothing more from Nell, and Ken summoned all his energy and frowned at his open book. He must make a plan. He would do cancellation over. He liked cancellation. It was fun crossing out the figures above and below the line and turning everything into nothing.

He hunted for his pad, opened all the drawers, and found it.

Then he heard Nell coming up the stairs, and she opened his door.

She had some fresh bureau scarves over her arm, and came in briskly and went to his chiffonier to change the scarf.

"I was thinking, Ken, it would be a good idea if you spent your study hour on that composition."

"The composition?"

"Yes, the one you didn't write. If you write it nicely we could send it to Mr. Gibson and tell him how it was you came not to write anything—that you were thinking about it—and he might let you have some credit for it."

"The one about the Albino," said Ken, and his eyes went thoughtfully to the window. "How would I begin it?"

"Have you got paper there?"

"Yes."

"Well, just pretend you're telling someone about it—someone who doesn't know. Me, for instance. Perhaps I've forgotten. Who was the Albino, anyway?"

Ken grinned, and said, "A big white stallion—just a bronc—who came over the border from Montana when they had a drouth there. Dad called him a big ugly devil but a lotta horse—"

"That's fine," encouraged Nell. "And what did he do?"

Ken sighed deeply, and wrote, "The Story of Gypsy," carefully at the top of the paper.

Rocket had gone off at an angle to the line of march and was on a dead run, stretched out like a race horse, with the whole bunch after her. She was heading for the Rock Slide, a place where the grazing land broke down to the lower levels of the next pasture over a long curving hill of sheer rock. To go down it on foot, he and Howard had to sit and slide. No horse, not even the most sure-footed, could negotiate that drop. If she went over she'd go head over heels, she'd roll and bounce to the bottom, and all the others too, if they followed her, the whole band of mares and colts pitching down, somersaulting, rolling crashing—

"Whoa—there—whoa—whoa—" McLaughlin's voice rang out on a note of desperation. He was galloping as fast as he could to head off Rocket, but she had a long lead and Shorty was slow.

Then Ken saw the big stallion, Banner, shoot out of the crush. His bright chestnut coat was like flame in the sunlight. His feet thundered.

"Oh, go it, Banner—go it!" shouted Ken in an agony, dancing up and down on his rock.

The two horses were running at an angle to each other, Banner gaining. They converged near the Rock Slide. Banner's head was suddenly right over Rocket's, his golden mane mingled with her black mane, his mouth open and his big teeth bared.

Suddenly his jaws snapped and Rocket gave a furious squeal and stopped with a jar. Banner whirled and lashed and his heels struck her side with a ringing smack. The other mares telescoped up against them.

Then Banner was everywhere at once, biting, driving, wheeling and kicking the mares back.

Not one single mare lost—not a colt hurt or crushed—Rocket herself, panting and foam flecked, walking meekly back towards the road—

Ken's terror was now for himself. If his father should see him! He might not have. Might have thought it was something else that scared them, a coyote, or perhaps just Rocket's craziness.

He slid down the rock and sat hunched up at the base of it. He was fairly well hidden there, rocks and current bushes all around him.

He could hear the pounding of the horses' hoofs going farther away and he began to breathe more easily. Then a shadow fell on him and he looked up and saw his father sitting there on Shorty.

After one look into the blazing eyes under the down-drawn brim of the Stetson hat, Ken dropped his head and sat silent.

"I—I just came to see the horses," he muttered at last.

McLaughlin said nothing.

Ken looked up again and the look on his father's face made him burn all over.

He cried out sharply, "I didn't mean to do it, Dad—I didn't mean to scare them—"

He wanted to go on and explain that he had fallen asleep and then run out to see if they had gone—and Rocket was right there. But there wasn't time. Without a word of answer or blame, McLaughlin wheeled Shorty and went cantering away after the mares.

Ken felt as if he had been put out of the ranch, out of all the concerns that Howard was in on. And out of his father's heart—that was the worst. What he was always hoping for was to be friends with his father, and now this, so soon after getting home—His despair made him feel weak. He put his head down on his drawn-up knees and his hands were clenched tight.

After a while he slid down flat and slept again; a deep exhausted sleep this time that made up the hours he had lost riding so early that morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

the study—all the unpleasant things—were behind him.

He woke with a jerk, coming up from such a deep place that it seemed he must have slept for hours.

He was bewildered and sat up, trying to gather his wits. Then he remembered and scrambled to his feet—would he be too late?—they might have passed while he was asleep—he ran out from behind the bush—head on into the bunch.

The mares were coming up from the meadow, almost noiselessly on the grass, McLaughlin in the rear, and Banner offside in the middle. They were walking as quietly as the cows coming in for milking.

In the lead was a powerful, long-legged mare with a shiny black coat. She carried her nose in the air, her wild, staring eyes ringed with white. Rocket, the loco mare, daughter of the Albino.

As Ken shot out from behind the bush, almost colliding with her, she snorted in terror and went straight up on her hind legs.

For a moment Ken was under the dangling black hoofs of her forelegs and smelled the heat of her body, then she twisted to one side, made a great leap and shot away, and it seemed to Ken that it was a hundred horses that leaped and scattered after her, instead of just twenty.

Ken ran to a pile of rocks and scrambled to the top so he could see all that happened.

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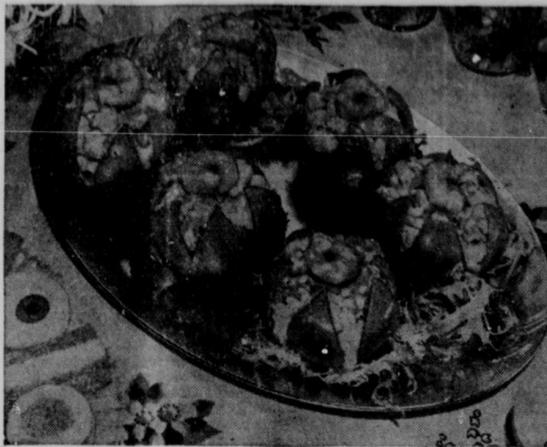
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(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Tulip-Shaped Tomatoes Are Welcome for Luncheon (See Recipes Below)

Spring Luncheon

Rationing doesn't mean that you have to give up entertaining entirely. True, you may be serving dishes you've never served before, but if you've tucked your thinking cap at the right angle, you'll find many things with company manners which won't take too many ration points.

Be clever with your knives in shaping fruits and vegetables into attractive shapes and sizes for your guests, and use bright colors for garnishes and table accessories. Add a good portion of your own charm to make your guests feel at ease, and Madame, your entertaining will be a success!

Tulip-like tomatoes are a picture on any spring luncheon table.

*Tulip Tomatoes Filled With Shrimp. (Serves 6)

- 6 tomatoes
- 1 cup finely diced celery
- 2 cups canned shrimp
- ¼ cup french dressing
- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- Dash of cayenne pepper

Cut tomatoes in sixths with sharp knife, cutting through outside of tomatoes, and just enough so that each section can be pulled back to form a petal. Marinate shrimp in french dressing for ½ hour. Drain, then combine with celery, mayonnaise, lemon juice and cayenne pepper. Chill. Sprinkle inside of tomatoes with salt, then fill with shrimp mixture. Garnish with whole shrimp.

Smart idea for salad plates is to include a small scoop of two or three different kinds of salad to make a picture plate. Here are two splendid ideas:

Lemon Sunshine Salad. (Serves 6)

- 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice or diluted vinegar
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 cup finely shredded cabbage
- ½ cup finely grated raw carrot
- 1 tablespoon minced onion

Dissolve lemon-flavored gelatin in boiling water. Add salt and lemon juice or diluted vinegar and cold water. Chill until mixture begins to thicken, then add remaining ingredients. Do not shred vegetables until just before using or a large loss of vitamins will result.

Pineapple-Cottage Cheese Salad. (Serves 6)

- ½ cup cottage cheese
- ¼ cup nuts, chopped
- 1 tablespoon pineapple juice
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 6 slices pineapple, fresh or canned
- Green or red pepper
- Lettuce
- ¼ cup salad dressing

Use warm water instead of cold for mixing flour for gravy. The use of a rotary egg beater helps smooth out lumps if they should occur.

You'll save time if you have an extra set of measuring spoons in the coffee container, and to keep a measuring cup in each container of flour, oatmeal and sugar. It saves time and encourages accuracy in measurements.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Luncheon Menu

- *Tulip-Tomato Salad
- Brown Bread-Cream Cheese Sandwiches
- Lemon Sherbet
- Tea
- *Recipe Given

Combine cottage cheese, pineapple juice and sugar. Add salt to taste. Place a mound of cheese on top of each slice of pineapple, then garnish with diamond shapes from green and red pepper. Serve on crisp lettuce with dressing.

A dark brown bread, fruity and tasty is excellent to serve with salad luncheons. If your salad does not include cheese, serve its fragrant slices spread thinly with cream cheese and jam or make dainty little sandwiches with butter spread thinly, add a bit of lettuce for crispness.

Baked Brown Bread. (Makes 1 14x9x2-inch loaf)

- 1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 2½ teaspoons soda
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 cups graham or whole wheat flour
- ½ cup shortening
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups sour milk
- ½ cup molasses

Sift flour, salt, soda and sugar together. Add graham or whole wheat flour, mix well. Cut in shortening until mixture is like meal. Add raisins and mix. Beat eggs, add sour milk and molasses. Add dry ingredients and blend together thoroughly. Pour batter into a well-greased pan. Bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven.

A lot of good quality protein, vitamins and minerals come in that neat little package, the egg! Right now you'll be finding they're plentiful, so make good use of them:

Eggs Creole. (Serves 4)

- 2½ cups tomatoes
- 1 small onion, chopped fine
- ½ green pepper, chopped
- 1 teaspoon green pepper
- ¼ cup fine bread crumbs
- ½ cup celery
- 4 eggs
- ¼ cup grated American cheese
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1 bay leaf

Cook tomatoes, pepper, onion, celery and seasonings together with bay leaf for 10 minutes. Strain, add bread crumbs. Place sauce in individual casserole dishes. Break eggs on top and sprinkle with salt, pepper and grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven until eggs have set and cheese is melted.

Oatmeal puts plenty of vitamin B₁ into diets and keeps you stepping with pep and energy the day long. Try these delicious cookies:

Honey Oatmeal Hermits.

- 1½ cups honey
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup lard or other fat
- ½ cup warm water
- 2 cups quick-cooking oatmeal
- 3 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup raisins or chopped dates

Cream honey and fat until smooth and creamy. Add well beaten eggs and oatmeal. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with warm water, saving only a small amount of flour to dredge raisins or dates. Blend in fruit and mix thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls, 3 inches apart on a greased baking sheet. Bake 15 minutes in a moderate (350-degree) oven for 15 minutes.

Lynn Chambers welcomes you to submit your household queries to her problem clinic. Send your letters to her at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Illinois. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Farm Topics

Bugaboo of Soil Acidity Dispelled

Acid Condition May Even Be Beneficial

Soil acidity is a "bugaboo" that farmers for years have been uselessly fighting, according to Dr. W. A. Albrecht, chairman of the soils department of the University of Missouri. As a matter of fact, acidity may actually be beneficial instead of harmful if proper soil conservation measures are used.

"It is not the acidity in soils that is injurious," Dr. Albrecht explained, "but the shortage of nutrients that are replaced by acidity. Given the proper fertility, plants will turn in their customary or usual performance even in the presence of soil acidity. This acid condition is merely a case of increased shortage of plant food nutrients for which crops suffer."

Dr. Albrecht cited experiments with soybeans in which increased soil acidity made both calcium and phosphorus actually more effective than in more neutral soil, improved the feeding value of forage and kept the sand element lower.

"Our experiments indicate that it is no longer necessary to fight soil acidity," he declared. "On the contrary, acidity is beneficial if lime or calcium, phosphorus, potash and other plant foods are utilized to restore full fertility and if soils are helped to maintain their needed stores of organic matter by means of sod crops or corresponding recuperative rest periods.

"We can now say that 'acid tolerant' legumes have been discovered. But they tolerate acidity only when fertilizer materials are properly supplied in balanced amounts."

In this connection it was pointed out that the three vital plant foods on which crops depend most are: 1—nitrogen, which encourages early and abundant growth, builds protein and develops the fleshy portion of roots; 2—phosphorus, which hastens the ripening of seed and promotes early maturity; and 3—potash, which is the balance wheel, enabling a crop to make better use of the other plant foods, develop resistance to disease and maintain an improved quality.



I understand the Americans are doing very well on the food front, too.

Agriculture in Industry

By FLORENCE C. WEED

PRUNES

All prunes are plums but not all plums are prunes. Washington and Oregon grow an Italian variety while California produces the French prune. These are distinguished from other plums in that they will not ferment when dried without removing the pit.

At the University of California, oil has been crushed from pits of prunes which is rich in vitamins, reddish in color, with a pleasant aroma and taste. It will likely be used for spraying prunes to aid them to retain their moisture so that they will be juicier when they reach the consumer. The canning of prune juice is a growing industry since the competition of fresh fruits and juices has curtailed the dried prune market.

Prunes, grown almost entirely on the Pacific coast, now exceed the amount produced in foreign countries. It was not until 1870 that the first commercial orchard was planted in California and the growth of this industry has been rapid.

In California, the plums are dried for six to ten days by the sun. In Oregon and Washington, they are cured 12 to 48 hours in evaporators. After drying, they are put into bins to "sweat," then they are graded and packed. Sizes range from 20 to 30 in a pound up to 100 to 120.

Agricultural Notes

Safety First now means better farm production and full participation in war activities. A first aid kit or cabinet might well be placed in every kitchen.

Building supports, such as foundation and piers, must be maintained to prevent sagging and distortion of structure. Wood sills should be kept off the ground by masonry supports.

JUST DO IT

So Consistent!
"Does your husband always live up to his promise of his courtship days?"
"Always. In those days he said he was not good enough for me, and he has been proving it ever since."

NOT FIRST CHOICE



"Do you like your new baby sister, Tommy?"
"Oh, she's all right! But there are lots of things we needed more."

Convinced Him

Jim was accused of stealing a pig. He secured the services of a lawyer and was acquitted. Later the lawyer seeing him alone, said, "Come, Jim, tell the truth. You did steal that pig, didn't you?" "Well," replied Jim, "I thought I stole that pig, but after hearing you talk, I don't believe I did, sah."

A little girl tried to get the early morning religious services over the radio. She dialed for about ten minutes without success and finally exclaimed: "Mother, all I can get is the silent prayer."

Feelings Hurt

A harvest hand was caught in the threshing belt and whirled around past Farmer Green several times before being tossed free.

"Quick!" cried Green, rushing up to his inert form. "Are you hurt? Speak to me, speak to me!" "Why should I?" grunted the hand angrily. "I passed you a dozen times just now and you didn't speak to me."

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than genuine, pure St. Joseph Aspirin. World's largest seller at 10¢. None safer, none surer. Demand St. Joseph Aspirin.

Lost Desert Mines

Emeralds have been found in ancient tombs in Northern Africa. Arabs say they came from mines, now lost, in the heart of the Sahara desert.

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER



Airplanes now transport workers and supplies to South American rubber forests in hours. Until war placed rubber on the "have not" list in the U. S., weeks and months were consumed in carrying supplies to the rubber tappers.

When one considers that far more than 20 years ago car and truck owners were encouraged to abuse their tires, through various forms of road hazard and granulation, it must be acknowledged that a laudable patriotism is being shown by their new law concerning their rubber supplies.

Remember the days when 20 pounds pressure per cross section inch was the standard inflation recommendation! Rough riding and flats were the order of the day.

A new highway has been constructed to the Marcapala gold mines in Peru. But rubber is the most important item being carried over it.

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER

Tibet Tent Dwellers