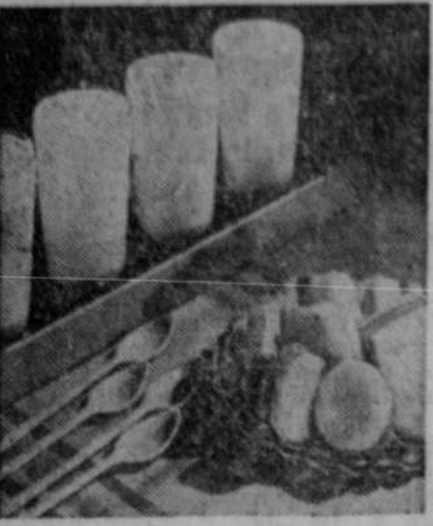


# HOUSEHOLD MEMOS by Lynn Chambers



Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

\*Royal Lamb Salad  
Sliced Tomatoes Carrot Sticks  
Whole Wheat Bread Butter  
\*Ginger Cooler  
Cookies  
\*Recipe given

Tall, cool glasses of Ginger Cooler will help get your daily quota of milk into your summer diets besides falling off' Sol on his busiest days.

## Cool Salads, Drinks, Sandwiches Help Keep Family Comfortable

You will bless the sandwich, salad and cool drink ideas on those warm days when it is too hot to roast the meat and cook all your vegetables. Set the table in your coolest colors with coolest foods, and don your coolest frock, and you will be giving your family the best—the home front.

It's doubly important that you keep yourself and your family fit during these times as there are so many activities demanding buoyant health and energy. Even though the food you serve is on the cool side, make every bit of it count as far as its nourishment is concerned.

Cram the salads full of vitamins and minerals, and plan your menus to give your family a well-balanced diet. Foods served during the summer should be even more appetizing than foods served during other seasons, for appetites tend to lag.

If the family does not want to eat a great deal during the meal proper, make the snacks count. For instance, milk drinks will help to get in the pint daily for adults, and the quart for children. You'll enjoy this simple and delicious beverage:

**\*Ginger Cooler.**  
(Makes 1 tall glass)

1 cup milk, chilled  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/4 cup ginger ale

2 to 3 tablespoons vanilla ice cream  
Pour into a tall, chilled glass. Add salt and stir in ginger ale. Top with ice cream and serve immediately.

There's something about good, old-fashioned lemonade that still hits the spot during days that the thermometer speeds to the top rung of the temperature ladder:

**Grandmother's Lemonade.**  
(Serves 10 to 12)

2 cups sugar or 2 1/2 cups honey  
2 1/2 cups water  
Juice of 6 lemons  
Juice of 2 oranges  
Grated rind of 1 orange  
1 cup mint leaves

Cook sugar and water 10 minutes. (If using honey, bring water to a boil, then add honey and cook 5 minutes.) Cool. Add fruit juices and rind. Pour over mint leaves. Cover and let stand one hour. Strain into jar and keep in refrigerator. Use 1/2 cup syrup for each glass; fill with crushed ice and water.

Sherbet's a popular dessert, and plenty cool! The citrus fruit in this makes it even cooler:

**Orange Sherbet.**  
(Makes 1 quart)

1 1/2 cups sugar  
1 cup water  
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten  
2 cups orange juice  
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Boil sugar and water together for 5 minutes. Beat slowly into egg whites. Add fruit juices. Pour into freezing tray and set cold control at fast freezing. Freeze stiff, then beat or stir thoroughly. Return to freezing compartment and finish freezing. Serve in sherbet glasses.

**Molasses Raisin Bars.**

1/2 cup shortening  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 egg  
1/2 cup baking molasses  
2 cups sifted flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/4 teaspoon soda  
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder  
1/2 cup sweet milk  
1 cup chopped nuts  
1 cup raisins

Cream shortening, add sugar and beat lightly. Add egg, beat well, then add molasses. Sift flour with dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add chopped nuts and raisins. Spread thinly in greased shallow pan and bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Cut in bars before cooling.

**Are you having difficulties planning meals with points? Stretching your meals? 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.**

**Lynn Says**

**Point Savers:** Don't stretch those points out of joint when you're making sandwich fillings. Try these suggestions:  
Diced chicken, green pepper, pickle, mayonnaise.  
Sliced chicken with orange marmalade, or sliced chicken and gill pickle, sliced.  
Cottage cheese and crisp, chopped bacon.  
Hard-cooked egg, chopped with minced pimientos, diced green pepper, and mayonnaise and chili sauce to moisten.  
Chopped hard-cooked egg, chopped stuffed olives, mayonnaise.  
Chopped hard-cooked eggs and catsup to moisten.  
Peanut butter, raspberry jam.  
Shredded cabbage, grated pineapple, mayonnaise.

# 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, the filly refuses to be captured. Caught once, she escapes and is caught again. To Ken she's wonderful. To McLaughlin she's just plain loco.

His throat felt dry; his lips were like paper.

After a long while he whispered, "I didn't mean to kill you, Flicka—"

He counted her wounds. The two worst were a deep cut above the right rear hock, and a long gash in her chest that ran down into the muscle of the foreleg. Besides those, she was snagged with three-cornered tears through which the flesh pushed out, and laced with cuts and scratches with blood drying on them in rows of little black beads.

Ken wondered if the two bad cuts ought to be sewn up. He thought of Doc Hicks, and then remembered what his Dad had said: "You cost me money every time you turn around." No—Gus might do it—Gus was pretty good at sewing up animals. But Dad said best thing of all is usually to let them alone. They heal up.

The cut in Flicka's hind leg was awfully deep—

He put his head down against her and whispered again. "Oh, Flicka—I didn't mean to kill you."

Gus came out to him carrying a can of black grease.

"De Boss tole me to put some of dis grease on de filly's cuts, Ken—it helps heal 'em up."

Together they went over her carefully, putting a smear of the grease wherever they could reach a wound.

Gus stood looking down at the boy.

"D'you think she'll get well, Gus?"

"She might, Ken. I seen plenty horses hurt as bad as dot, and dey just as good as ever."

"Dad said—" But Ken's voice failed him when he remembered that his father had said she might as



Caught on the upper strands, she turned a complete somersault.

well die, because she was loco anyway.

The Swede stood a moment, his pale blue eyes, transparent and spiritual, looking kindly down at the boy; then he went on down to the barn.

Every trace of fog and mist had vanished, and the sun was blazing hot. Sweltering, Ken got up to take a drink of water from the bucket left for Flicka. Then, carrying handfuls of water in his small cupped hands, he poured it on her mouth. Flicka did not move, and once again Ken took his place behind her, his hand on her neck, his lips whispering to her.

After a while his head sank in exhaustion to the ground...

When evening came, and Nell had called Ken and had taken him by the hand and led him away, Flicka still lay without moving. Gently the darkness folded down over her.

Everybody went out to see Flicka right after breakfast and she stood against the fence as far away from them as she could get, while they discussed her injuries and her points, and whether she was more like Banner or Rocket—

Every remark made about her went through Ken as if it had been made about himself, but he too wanted to get a verdict and said, "She's got wonderful points, hasn't she, Dad?"

McLaughlin glared at Ken. "You've bought her, Ken. She's signed, sealed and delivered. Always choose them first, set your heart on them, buy them, and study their points afterwards—that way you'll be a first-rate horseman."

Ken's face got red and he looked away. Flicka, as if she felt the shame of her position, urged herself weakly along the fence in one direction, then turned and went in the other, trying to escape.

"I think she's a perfect little beauty," said Nell, who was there in her riding clothes, ready to give Rumba her workout.

"I want her moved down to the Calf Pasture," said McLaughlin.

"There's shade there, and grass, and the running stream of water. I'll be needing this pasture for the other horses."

"But the Calf Pasture's got only three strands of barbed wire," said Ken uneasily. "She might jump it and get away."

His father cast him one of his withering glances. "She won't jump it, Ken. She won't jump anything. Not for a long time yet."

"Besides," said Howard, "down there she'll have company. The calves and our colts with their mothers. She won't be alone."

"She'll be alone, all right," said McLaughlin with a short laugh; and Ken remembered the remark about a loco horse always being a Lone Wolf. "She'll keep to herself."

Nell and Ross went down to the stable to begin the work on the polo ponies, and the rest of them spread out in a fan behind Flicka and gently urged her toward the gate which Gus had opened into the Calf Pasture. She went a few steps at a time, then stopped to rest with her head hanging wearily.

Ken was glad she was in the Calf Pasture. It was here the boys trained their colts, here that the milch cows grazed at night and the calves in the daytime. And it was nearer the house. From the Green, from the terrace, from Ken's window, a great deal of the Calf Pasture could be seen, and it comforted Ken to think that Flicka was close by even when he couldn't be with her.

After dinner the men were loading the four Rodeo horses, Lady, Calico, Baldy and Buck, into the truck for McLaughlin to drive into Cheyenne.

Ken hurried to catch his father before the truck started, and found him in the cab.

"Dad!"

McLaughlin looked down. "Well?" he barked.

"Could I have a few forkfuls of hay for Flicka? She doesn't graze, I think she can't move around much."

Being asked for hay was like being asked for his right eye. McLaughlin's rule was, never feed hay when there's green grass growing.

He roared, "I told you you cost me money every time you turn around."

"Could I, Dad?" repeated Ken unflinchingly.

"All right," said McLaughlin. "Just for a few days." He leaned out the window of the truck, shouting for Gus, and Ken dashed away.

Ken carried the hay out to Flicka on a pitchfork. Every step he took for her was a joy. When Flicka saw him coming she tried to run away, and Ken said, "Oh, no, Flicka, don't run away, don't be afraid of me. I am Ken. And this is hay. You like it, Flicka—come and get some hay."

He stood some distance off, having placed the hay near the tub of water, and presently Flicka came limping back, smelled at it, and began to eat.

Ken lay with his elbow on the ground and his head propped on his hand, looking at Flicka. Now and then she would raise her head.

He knew she was better; her wounds were not bleeding today. They were swollen, and where the flesh had been pink and wet yesterday, today it was darker and dry. The scabs were forming.

Howard was doing his colts for him today too. Ken hated to leave Flicka even for an hour.

At milking time Tim went down to the cow barn, carrying the milk pails. The bronco-buster, as usual, was with him, walking stiffly on his high heels, his thin legs in their pale blue jeans so bowed that a dog could have run through them.

They made a detour into the Calf Pasture to take a look at the filly.

"I'll be doggoned," said Ross calmly, with no expression at all on his small face, "she's beginning to look right pert."

He sat down on a rock, took out his cigarette papers and a bag of Bull Durham, and expertly rolled himself a cigarette.

Tim stood there with two milk pails on each arm and the usual surprised grin on his comical Irish face. "Well, Kennie," he said, "how do you like trained-nursin'?"

"All right," said Ken, shamefacedly.

"When I seen her go for that fence," continued Tim, "I didn't really believe she'd try it—then I sez to meself, crazy people you c'n lock up in asylums—crazy horses you gotta let kill themselves."

Ken slowly lifted his head and stared at Tim's dark red grinning face.

Suddenly all the odds and ends of thought which had confused him came clear in his mind. Loco—it wasn't just loco, the way you said, Oh, you're nuts. It meant wrong in the head—lunatic asylums—crazy people—Flicka wasn't right—

Horror went through him like zig-zags of lightning.

"She sure is a wild woman," said Ross seriously.

Ken looked from Tim to Ross. "Do you think she's really—?" The word that had always been so easy to say now stuck in his throat. He brought it out with difficulty—"loco!"

"She sure is."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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# HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Remember that stuffing expands when heated. Never pack it in too tightly. If it doesn't have room to expand, it will become soggy.

When buying oranges select those that are firm, heavy and not spongy or soft. Usually slight scars or russet spots on the skins will not affect the flavor or the quality of juice in the oranges.

Always add a little melted butter to uncooked frosting. It improves the flavor and prevents cracking.

If liquid in which olives are bottled is thrown away when bottle is opened, olives may be kept indefinitely if olive oil is poured over them after they are put back into bottle.

Knitted washcloths are not always a good buy. They are likely to stretch out of shape, become limp and stringy. A firmly woven cloth, like that used for bath towels, usually is best.

One thing a soldier is afraid of is a display of emotion. That's why his slang so often sounds derogatory. For example, he refers to the silver eagles on his colonel's shoulder straps as "buzzards." But when he speaks of his favorite cigarette, he says: "Camels." They're first with men in the Army as well as with Sailors, Marines, and Coast Guardsmen. (According to actual sales records in 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.

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## Cordell Hull, Always The Perfect Diplomat

Col. Harold B. Hinton, now with the U. S. army headquarters in London, has written a life of Cordell Hull, United States secretary of state, which is being published in England. He tells the following:

Hull has always been famous for his reluctance to commit himself—and even at the beginning of his political career disliked making a definite statement about anything. However, one self-confident man bet that he could get a direct answer from the cautious statesman. "What is the time, Mr. Hull?" he asked.

Hull took out his watch, looked at it, and then said: "What does your watch say?"

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## SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

The first privately owned turnpike toll company to be organized in this country was the Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike Co., incorporated in 1792. New York was the first state to charge an automobile registration fee to pay highway costs and in 1901 collected \$954 in such fees.

In 1843 an English woman obtained a patent for a pavement material consisting, among other things, of "oil rubber."

Eleven per cent of the tires of the 25,400 passenger cars on New Jersey farms were found to be "bold" in a check made by Rutgers University.

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