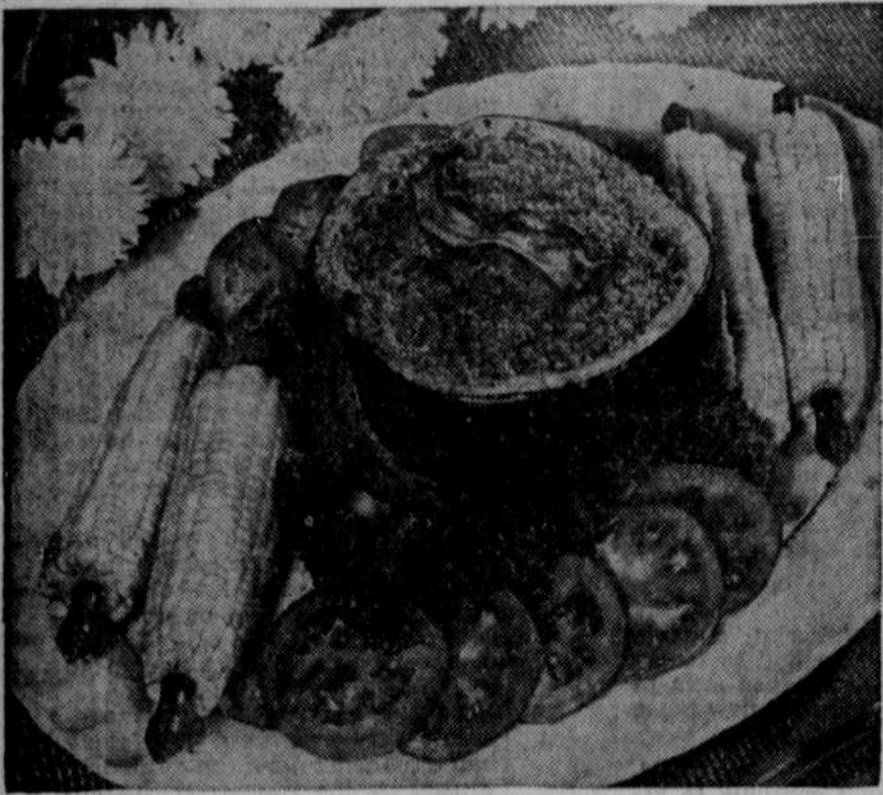


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Stuffed Eggplant Will Keep Your Points Down!
(See Recipes Below)

Harvest Foods

Late summer is the truck garden's paradise, and this summer we might well say the Victory gardener's paradise, for there are many gay and attractive foods ripening now which may make a truly appetizing appearance on your table. For example, the season's choicest tomatoes in their fullest, ripest red make merry at the table now.

There's also golden-eared, tender sweet corn, at its best when picked not more than half an hour before eating. And one of the most dramatic vegetables to do justice to fall dinners is the eggplant—smooth, deep purple and shiny in appearance.

Most of you are undoubtedly familiar with eggplant served sliced and fried—and there's no doubt it's good that way. But for a change, try it baked with a savory stuffing and make it a main dish feature of your dinner. The total cooking time for preparing it in this new way is only 35 minutes—10 minutes for boiling the eggplant in rapidly boiling water, and then 25 minutes baking in a moderate oven.

*Stuffed Eggplant. (Serves 6 to 8)

- 1 eggplant
 - 1 cup bread croutons
 - 4 strips bacon, cut in squares
 - 1 tablespoon onion, minced
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - ½ teaspoon pepper
 - 1 egg
- Cook whole eggplant in boiling water for 10 minutes. Cut lengthwise slice from top of eggplant. Remove pulp with a spoon, leaving a substantial shell. Chop pulp. Add croutons. Fry bacon. Brown onion in bacon fat. Add to eggplant pulp. Add the egg and season with salt and pepper. Fill eggplant shell with the mixture and top with the following:

- Corn Flake Crumb Topping.
- 2 cups corn flakes
- 1 egg yolk
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- Paprika
- Butter

Roll corn flakes to fine crumbs, combine with egg yolk, mustard, lemon juice and salt. Cover stuffed eggplant with crumb mixture, dot with butter and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 25 minutes. Serve on

Lynn Says:

Color in Your Meals: Do you realize that your eyes eat that food before you actually eat it yourself? If food looks dull and unattractive, your appetite lags and the food, if eaten is consumed without much relish.

The eye wants contrast. Pick foods that go well together. You can serve several green vegetables for one meal, but not several all-white vegetables or all-red.

Combine meat and vegetables on one platter to get a design and save plates besides! Use garnishes with care and give them an opportunity to bring out the most in your foods.

Sprinkle beets with a little lemon juice to make them a more intense red. Cook green vegetables only until done to assure them of being crisp, green.

A dash of lemon juice on apples, pears or other fresh fruit will prevent it from darkening.

MY FRIEND FLICKA

by MARY O'HARA



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 "loco" mare. His father, a retired army officer, is disappointed by Ken's choice and by his failure at school. When Flicka, the filly, is badly hurt trying to jump the corral fence, Ken takes the opportunity to make friends with the wild little colt. But Flicka grows steadily worse, and Captain McLaughlin orders Gus, the foreman, to shoot her. Ken goes out to the pasture when the others are asleep and finds Flicka trapped in a stream but alive. He wades into the stream and holds her head out of the water.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XVIII

Gus stood up, slowly, the gun in his hand, and stood there, hesitating. He had received his orders. He was to shoot Flicka some time soon, when Ken was not around. There would never be a better moment.

A minute or so passed, while the Swede stood looking down at the filly and pondering the situation. Then, straightening up, he put the Winchester in the crook of his left arm, raised his eyes to scan the sky and read the weather signs, and his hands automatically fumbled in his clothing for his pipe, tobacco, and matches. A few puffs of his pipe would help him to think this out. That the filly might actually recover was hardly likely. He wondered how long Ken had been holding her—there was no telling—they were all familiar with Ken's habits—he might have been there since dawn.

He found that his mind had made itself up while he stood there smoking. He would not shoot Flicka just yet. Perhaps, by the time Ken had had his breakfast and got warmed up, he might have something to say that would change his father's mind. The man walked back up the little path, and on to the bunk house.

Ken's condition had been growing steadily worse. In spite of the hot blankets, chills shook him every few minutes until his teeth chattered. His temperature was 103 when Nell put him to bed. By noon it was 104.

Much of the time he slept, or, at least, thought Nell as she sat beside the bed, holding one of his thin, helpless-feeling hands in both of hers, he was in some sort of unconsciousness.

She wondered if the filly was alive or dead. And then came a deeper wonder, at the way the lives of the two, boy and filly, seemed intertwined.

The day grew darker and more gloomy. Once, there was a sudden sound like the soft rolling of a corps of drums—a mere whisper. Nell went to the window and saw that it was rain. It rolled to a crescendo, then died away in a murmur—not a minute in all. The sky was massed with low clouds.

The cure of a patient by a doctor is supposed to begin, they say, when the doctor sets his foot in the house.

When Nell heard the men's voices below and their steps on the stairs, she experienced an emotion that shook her so strongly that all her hardihood left her, and she covered her face with her hands for a moment. Then she lifted her head and went to the door to greet them.

Ken was tossing and muttering. He did not know the doctor.

As Dr. Scott made the examination he was told what had happened. That Ken's filly was ill—dying—and that Ken had gone down to her late the night before and had, apparently, been in the water most of the night, holding the horse in his arms.

"His school opens Monday—day after tomorrow," said Rob, ending on a question.

The doctor shook his head, said, "Not a chance," and put the covers back, parting the jacket of Ken's pajamas, and loosening the tie of the trousers, baring the narrow brown body, laying his fingers on it, tapping them.

"Perhaps by the end of the week?" asked Rob.

"Not likely," said Scott cheerfully. "Sometimes children surprise you; blow up something like this and then get right over it. But his fever is 104. He's got something—I don't know what yet."

For a few minutes there was silence.

The room was getting quite dark. Suddenly it was brightly lit by a shimmering of sheet lightning, and the doctor glanced at the window and said, "Gonna have some weather."

In the darkness that followed the lightning came a rush and a roar of wind that sucked through the Gorge, bent every tree on the Hill and slammed the kitchen door.

Nell lit the kerosene lamp and the doctor stood up and looked down at Ken. The boy's eyes were closed now, and he lay motionless, drawing rapid breaths through dry parted lips.

"He's a very sick boy," said Scott. "What is this? I saw Ken early last spring. What's happened to him this summer? I wouldn't know him for the same boy—it's not only this cold and fever—"

Nell and Rob looked at each other. It was not an easy question, there was so much to tell.

They went downstairs with the doctor and Rob said, "It's this horse that he's been breaking his heart about."

The doctor was puzzled. "Has he been sick before this?"

"Not sick exactly," said Nell, "but on an awful strain, because she's been sick."

Scott could see that Nell was anxious to get back to Ken. He put on his things. "I won't keep you, Mother" (he called all women Mother). "You want to get back to him. Rob, he's got to have some medicine right away."

"I'll follow you in to town," said Rob, "and bring it back." He reached for Nell, took her in his arms and hugged and kissed her. "Now don't worry so, darling, the kid'll be all right."

"Of course," said Nell. "I'll go back to him."

The doctor gave her some final instructions for Ken's care and went out with Rob.

Gus had gone about his work all day, thinking of Flicka. He had not been back to look at her. He had been given no more orders. If she was alive, the order to shoot her was still in effect. But Ken was ill, McLaughlin making his second trip to town to buy medicines, and would not be back till long after dark. He did not know just what to do.

After Tim and Gus had their supper in the bunk house, they walked down to the creek. They



He might have been there since dawn.

did not speak as they approached the filly, lying stretched out flat on the grassy bank, just as Gus had left her; but their eyes were straining at her to see if she was dead or alive.

She raised her head as they reached her.

"By the Powers!" exclaimed Tim. "There she is!"

She dropped her head, raised it again, and moved her legs and became tense as if struggling to rise. The men cheered her on. She rolled over on her belly, reached out her forefeet and scrambled halfway up.

"Yes whiz!" said Gus. "She got plenty strent yet."

"Hi!" cheered Tim. "She's up!"

But Flicka wavered, slid down again and lay flat. This time she gave notice that she would not try again by heaving a deep sigh and closing her eyes.

Gus took his pipe out of his mouth and thought it over. Orders or no orders, he would try to save the filly. Ken had gone too far to be let down.

"Ay'm goin to rig a blanket sling for her, Tim, and get her on her feet and keep her up. If she's got a chance, that'll help. If she ain't it'll do no harm anyway."

While they were getting the tools, the post-hole digger and shovel, crowbar, ropes, and blanket, the downpour of rain came again. This time it was persistent. The two men went to the bunk house, put on their oilskins, and brought a couple of lanterns with them when they carried the stuff down to the creek.

Flicka was just as they had left her.

"She's sure goin to get another drenching," said Tim.

"Won't hurt her," said the Swede. "She bin out in tunderstorms since she bin born."

It took them an hour to rig the sling. They struck rocks in their digging which had to be pried out. Flicka was lying on a piece of level sward, only a little higher than the level of the creek. To the far side, the ground rose sharply behind her, in a steep hill which, on part of its surface, was a sheer slide of rock—another of the rock-slides which were characteristic of the terrain of the ranch.

The men set two tall and sturdy aspen poles deep into the ground on each side of the filly, then rolled her onto the folded blanket. The ends of the blanket were gathered and the rope tied on to them in a knot which, the more weight was on it, the tighter it was drawn. The

tops of the posts were notched, and a crowbar laid across them. The end of each rope was passed through a hole bored through the post a few inches below the notch; and when everything was ready, Gus said, "Altogether, now—" They each pulled on their rope, and the blanket and filly rose off the earth together. When she had reached a height where her feet just lightly touched the earth, they let her, and fastened the ends of the ropes to the crowbar.

So she hung—not in the least disconcerted, and when Tim brought her a bucket of water, put her nose in it and drank.

While the two men were carrying the tools back to the tool house, the heavens let loose.

"We're in for it now," said Tim. "I didn't think it could last much longer."

"I'm glad ve got de tarps stretched over dem stacks," said Gus. "De hay's not packed hard."

When they reached the ranch house, he handed Tim the tools he was carrying. "I'm gonna stop here, Tim, and see if de Missus need anything—an fin' out how de little feller is—"

Tim went on without him, and Gus went into the kitchen, where the oil lamp was hung on the wall beside the stove, and removed his slicker.

Nell heard him stamping about and hurried downstairs.

"Is that you, Gus?"

"Ja, Missus—how is de little boy?"

"Oh, Gus, we don't know yet—he seems pretty sick." Nell's face was worn and anxious. Standing there, belted in her narrow gray flannel wrapper, she looked slim and childish. Her hair was loose on her shoulders, and she put up a hand and pushed it back with a weary gesture. "Gus—is Flicka dead?"

"No'm. Tim and I, we just got tru fixin her up in a blanket sling. She can't stand alone; but dere's life in her, and she reached for de bucket of vater and drank it down like a good von."

Nell's eyes sank to the floor, and she stood a moment in thought tapping her foot. "You didn't shoot her," she said, just thinking out loud. "Gus, did he—did Captain McLaughlin say you didn't have to shoot her?"

"No'm, he told me last night to find a time when Ken wasn't around and shoot her. But ven I found 'em like dat dis mornin'—I—I—"

"I know," said Nell quickly. "I know what you mean. Well—I'll tell Ken. Maybe it'll help him—it'll make him so happy that she's still alive. Gus, now you're here, I want you to set up a cot for me in Ken's room, so I can sleep there and take care of him. It's down in the cellar—you'll have to bring it up."

"I know vere it is, ma'm," said Gus soothingly. "Now you go up to de little boy, and I'll bring de cot up and set it up for you."

Nell ran upstairs, and found Ken's eyes wide open. He moved every few seconds, turning from one side to the other. His breath was shallow, often with long pauses between.

She sat on the edge of the bed, bent over him and smiled into his eyes with deep, penetrating love. The faintest smile appeared on his lips in answer. She smoothed the hair back from his forehead, then took one of his hands in both of hers and said, "Kennie—did you know that Flicka seems a little better?"

Gus has fixed a blanket sling for her, and they've got her up in it, and she drank some water when they held the bucket for her."

The boy's face changed as if a light had broken over it, and his lips moved, but no words came. "Maybe—just maybe, darling—she'll live after all. We'll do the best we can—but you mustn't hope too hard."

Ken was trying to move his lips again. At last she heard the words, "But—Dad—give—the order—"

At that moment Gus entered the room carrying the cot. Then he brought the mattress; and as they set it up, Ken's eyes followed their movements.

Gus tip-toed to the side of his bed and looked down at him.

"De filly's up, Kennie—now you be good boy an' soon you be up too—"

"Gus—"

"Ja?"

"Did Dad tell you you didn't need to shoot her?"

"No, Kennie, but I ain't done it yet—and maybe he change his mind—"

Kennie's face changed. He closed his eyes and a look of dread and pain was upon his lips.

Gus tip-toed out of the room, and presently Nell heard a whisper from the bed. "Mother?"

"Yes, darling."

"Where's Dad now?"

"He went to town, dear, to get some medicines the doctor ordered for you."

Ken said nothing more. He seemed to be sleeping, and Nell went quietly about the business of making up the cot for the night.

Presently he spoke again. "Will he be back soon?"

"Any time now, dear, I think."

Ken lay with eyes closed, but Nell, every time she looked at him, realized that he was tense, listening for the sound of the Studebaker roaring up the hill.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



A RESTLESS corporal handed out lately the toughest quiz we have stumbled over in some time.

"Can you tell me," he wrote, "just how 'sport' got its beginning—just how it happened to start?"

"We had never thought much about this before. To be certain we called upon a famed historian who had the right answer.

"You would never guess it," he said. "Many people believe that sport drew its beginning for the sake of physical development, or as part of war training. This isn't true. Sport came directly from religion.

"In the pre-dawn age of man certain forms of spiritual exercises came along. These were accompanied by certain phases where masses of people swayed, stamped and jumped to give vent to their emotions.

"It was from these demonstrations that sport began, where running, jumping, wrestling and boxing were undoubtedly on the primordial list. Religious pageants were soon blended with sporting contests in the worship of early gods."

"Hitler used the Greek idea in getting ready for his war.

"He began training not a few thousands, but actually millions of boys and young men over ten years ago. Up to 1936, Germany had always been the biggest Olympic flop, winning practically nothing. But seven years ago that country had one of the strongest all-around Olympic teams ever sent into competition. And in addition to the team itself, there were several million others who had come into far better physical shape for the game of war."

I happened to be at the 1936 Olympic sch. in Berlin. Before this time Germany had gone in largely for mass calisthenics.

But some time before that year the Germans largely discarded calisthenic drills for competitive sport—soccer, football, rowing, boxing, running, jumping and hard riding, where not just a few stars were featured, but the vast majority of those athletes between 12 and 21 were sent into hard training.

It was this, plus her hard mechanical strength, that gave Germany her terrific army in 1941.

A Lesson to Follow

This is a lesson the United States can use—sport, competitive athletic exercises for the millions in place of the few.

We need a far greater all-around development of those youngsters ranging from 12 to 20, where millions today get little chance to play developing games.

As Jack Dempsey told me at his coast guard headquarters, "Of the 3,000 men I am trying to help train, less than a thousand have played any games, boxed, wrestled, or indulged in football or baseball. Naturally, they are clumsy, awkward, slow, and lacking in confidence at the start."

"You should see the difference just a few weeks means when they find out that a punch on the chin or a head-hold doesn't kill them, also when they learn to throw a few punches on their own. It never occurred to me before what a big part of our young population never had a chance to get physically and mentally equipped for contest games."

Some one in authority should go to work along these lines.

Both army and navy could stand more competitive sport than they are getting today.

Certainly the kids from 12 or 13 up to 18 can. This is one of the reasons why navy's decision to keep football going was a fine thing for both navy and the country at large.

Secretary Stimson has forbidden men in the army colleges to engage in any intermural sport.

We still believe the army made a serious mistake in stopping football—in spite of the fact that over 90 per cent of its higher officers were strongly in favor of navy's plan.

The Impossible Spot

There are any number of impossible spots in racing, but I can give you the top one—"Don't buy or own a race horse."

This reflection came to me while discussing the big yearling sale that was held at Keeneland in Lexington, Ky., a few weeks ago.

There are two good reasons:

One is that the odds are 80 to 1 you'll never make a quarter, but will be likely to lose important cash.

The second is that you will soon be losing your friends.

Things to do



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Churchill Window

The parish church at Cranley, Northamptonshire, England, has a stained-glass window containing a portrait of Winston Churchill, which is believed to be the only church window that shows a man smoking a cigar.

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