MY FRIEND FLICKA

by . .
MARY O'HARA

CHAPTER I: Ten-year-old Ken McLaughlin wants a colt of his own. But his father, a retired army captain and a stern disciplinarian, refuses to give him one until Ken's school grades are better and until he learns to handle the other horses on their Wyoming ranch. Ken's mother tries to protect him from the anger of his father and the youthful bullying of his older brother, Howard, who manages somehow to do things right. After another breakfast "scene" over Ken's failures, she sends him upstairs to study.

CHAPTER II: But Ken can't concentrate on arithmetic when his father and Howard are out rounding up the mares and new colts. When his hour is up he dashes off to a favorite spot from which to watch the roundup. As the horses come up he accidentally stampedes them.

CHAPTER III: Meanwhile Nell, Ken's mother, has persuaded Captain McLaughlin that he is defeating his purpose by refusing to let Ken have a colt. So when Ken comes down to breakfast the day after he has stampeded the horses he is surprised to hear, not a scolding, but the news that he is to have his colt.

CHAPTER IV: Ken wants a horse colt until he sees the lovely young males being gelded.

CHAPTER V: Driving to town with his father, Ken tells him that he has decided to take a filly.

CHAPTER VI: And then Ken finds his filly by accident. Riding along over the ranch he sees Rocket, one of their mares, and a beautiful sorrel filly. Rocket is the outcast of the ranch, because she is the daughter of a stallion called the Albino. The Albino is "loco," the horse breeder's name for a wild, undependable horse. But Ken knows when he sees her that Rocket's little sorrel colt is his.

CHAPTER VII: Ken's solemn announcement that he chooses Rocket's sorrel filly is a regular bombshell, touching off his father's latent anger. Captain McLaughlin doesn't scold, merely tells Ken that he will have to take the consequences of an unwise choice. They bring in the yearlings, but Flicka escapes.

CHAPTER VIII: Rocket has been sold, and now the problem is to capture her and get her into the truck. They finally manage it, but not before McLaughlin's face is badly cut. With Rocket in the truck McLaughlin and Gus, the foreman, drive off. As they leave the ranch Rocket rears and is killed when her head strikes an overhanging sign.

CHAPTER IX: Flicka is caught again.

CHAPTER X: But their troubles are not over. Flicka tries to escape again. This time she tries to jump over a wire fence and is badly injured when she becomes tangled in the wire.

CHAPTER XI: When he sees Ken's determination to tame Flicka he softens a little in his attitude toward the boy. But he doesn't know that what worries Ken most is the thought that Flicka may meet the same violent end to which "loco" horses are doomed.

CHAPTER XII: Slowly Ken makes friends with Flicka. She seems to be getting better, and her wounds have healed a little. While he is out in the pasture with her he hears sounds of terror and pain coming from a neighboring pasture. He finds a cow entangled in fence wire. He cuts her loose, then waits impatiently for Gus to return from a trip to town.

CHAPTER XIII: Ken's father is so proud of the way he rescued the cow that he goes with Ken to look at Flicka, who seems worse. But Nell puts a poultice on the horse's infected leg, and again Flicka improves.

CHAPTER XIV: At last the moment comes to find out whether or not Flicka is loco. She is to be halter broken. And of course it is no surprise to Ken to discover that she is decidedly not loco. Captain McLaughlin spends ten dollars for medicine for Flicka. Ken is delighted, but sobered when his father tells him that his bad grades in school the last year cost him three hundred dollars.

CHAPTER XV: Nell and Captain McLaughlin quarrel over a trivial matter, and Nell goes to town to a movie without telling him she has seen a wildcat near the ranch.

CHAPTER XVI: Nell tells Captain McLaughlin about the wildcat. He also tells her he saw the cat's tracks in the corral. Ken writes a composition and sends it to his school in the hope that he will be passed, because he has not forgotten that it will cost his father three hundred dollars if he isn't.

CHAPTER XVII: Flicka grows steadily worse. Ken doesn't hear his father tell Gus to shoot Flicka, but he knows what is going to happen when he sees that the Winchester is missing. He pleads with Gus to wait until the next morning, and Gus agrees. After the others are in bed Ken steals out of the house. He finds Flicka caught in the stream, sliding closer and closer to her doom. Ken pulls her head out of the water, but the rest of her body is stuck fast. So he slips part way into the stream and sits there, Flicka's head in his lap.

CHAPTER XVIII: Gus finds them in the morning when he goes down to the pasture to shoot Flicka. The filly is safe and seems better, but Ken is unconscious. Ken regains consciousness, but he is a very sick little boy.

CHAPTER XIX: Still determined to get rid of Flicka, Captain McLaughlin goes down to the pasture to shoot her himself. There he discovers the wildcat. Alarmed for the safety of the filly he had come to kill, he stands guard over her all night. Just before dawn he gets the wildcat. Flicka is so much better that she is well out of danger. But Ken is in bed for weeks. Meanwhile Captain McLaughlin receives word that Ken's composition, about Flicka, was so good the school has decided to promote him after all. Ken gets well, and he and Flicka are reunited.

CHAPTER XIX

Gus entered the room holding the Winchester in one hand and one long shell in the other.

"Dere's only one shell, Boss."

"Where are the others? There was a whole box of them."

"De officers shot 'em all off dat Sunday dey vas here."

Rob snatched the shell. "One's enough."

Gus said, "You'll find de filly in a sling on de far side de crik. Tim und I rigged it up for her ven we saw she still had life in her."

Rob got his flashlight from the shelf, and went out. Gus raised sorrowful eyes to Nell's white face. "Don't take it so hard, Missus," he said softly. "De Boss is right. No gude to let sick animals live."

Rob thrust the shell into the rifle. Holding the gun under his left arm, he used the flashlight with his right. He knew the way as well as he knew the way around his own room, but the light picked out his footing for him.

A blinding flash came, and another and another, illuminating the whole pasture, while the skies exploded with thunder. Before the darkness shut the scenes out, Rob had seen three things. He saw the filly in the sling on the far side of the creek, the rock-slide behind her. He saw, down at the end of the field, the cattle bunched together, on guard, frightened, staring. And he saw what they were staring at, something white lying on the ground near the three pines, with a huge mountain lion crouched over it.

Rob stood motionless in the darkness, thinking. He wondered if the mountain lion had seen him. The next flash of lightning answered him, for the lion had disappeared.

What was that white thing lying on the ground? Rob wanted to investigate, but he dared not move. Just one shell in the gun—

He stood still for a long time, all his senses strained, listening, trying to see through the darkness, the gun ready in his hands, cocked, half lifted.

The lightning flashes showed the cattle still bunched, watching, and the white thing on the ground with no moving creature near it. Then McLaughlin saw two blazing green eyes fastened upon him. He could not tell whether they were near or far until a flash of lightning showed him that they were in the center of a mass of shrubs. The lion had hidden himself in those shrubs and was looking out at him from there.

The eyes seemed quite steady. Rob raised his gun, took aim, and fired.

It seemed to him that just before he had pressed the trigger the eyes had disappeared. He lowered the gun and stood warily, listening and looking.

After a while, he strode boldly over to the bushes, shouting and brandishing his gun. With the aid of his flashlight he looked all through them and found, as he had expected, that he had missed. There was no sign of the lion.

"Well, we're in for it, Flicka," he said, stroking the filly's nose. "A night of it. You're a drowned rat and I'm another. I'd feel better if I had a pocket full of shells—and a drink—and a fire—and some dry clothes—"

He had barely reached this conclusion, when he saw a light approaching, swinging and bobbing down the path.

"Hey! Nell!"

"Rob! Are you all right? Where are you?"

"Here—on the far side of the brook." He swung the flashlight.

Presently he saw her anxious face, lit from underneath by the light of the lantern in her hand. Under her other arm she carried the big Express rifle. She was in old khaki pants and a sweater.

"Good girl—" He went to help her cross the brook where there were some stones, and took the heavy gun and lantern from her.

"What happened? I heard a shot—was that Flicka?"

"No. The mountain lion."

"Ah—Did you get him?"

"No."

"When you didn't come back, that's what I thought of."

"So you brought a gun. Just what I was wanting. I feel a whole lot better now."

"Look at Flicka," said Nell. "She can't make out what's happening. See how she watches us."

Nell went to the filly and stroked her face. "See? She knows me." Nell turned to look up at Rob. "She certainly seems brighter. Do you think she has a chance?"

"Can't say. I wouldn't think so, but this bronc blood is tough."

Nell smoothed the filly's face and murmured to her.

"Rob, I do so want her to get well—"

"Why do you say it that way?"

Rob examined the rifle to see if there was a shell in it.

"I loaded it," said Nell briefly. "And here—" She put her hand to the hip pocket of her pants and handed Rob his revolver.

Rob laughed again as he took it. "You weren't taking any chances, were you? Why—you're an arsenal—" as Nell emptied rifle and revolver shells out of her other pockets.

"I wish he'd show himself this minute," said Nell, "and get himself shot. What do you think he'll do?"

"We may never see him again. He's been shot at once, he sees me here, he may make for the woods."

"Well — if he doesn't — here is Flicka—"

"Yes. Well, I'm spending the night with Flicka. I can't get her up to the stables. She can't walk."

Rob took Howard to school on the opening date and talked to Mr. Gibson about Ken. He returned to Nell, astonished and moved at what the boy had done.

"Did you read it?" he asked Nell in a low voice as they sat by the window in Ken's room, "The Story of Gypsy?"

"No. We decided that it must be all his own. If I'd read it I'd have wanted to make suggestions, and as this was really an examination paper, it didn't seem right."

Rob handed her the paper. When he had first read it himself it had given him the strange emotion within his breast that his younger son sometimes caused.

Nell read:

Flicka is the grand-daughter of Gypsy, who was an English thoroughbred and polo mare. My father bought her when he was a West Point Cadet.

Flicka does not look like Gypsy who was pitch black, but she looks like her Sire, who is a golden chestnut. His name is Banner. Flicka's mother was named Rocket. She was the fastest horse we ever had, fast enough to win races, but it was no use, because she was loco and she came to a bad end. Flicka is not loco.

The way Rocket came to be loco was because she had a wild mustang for a father. His name was the Albino, because he was pure white, and he was a hellion, and stole mares from all the ranches. He stole Gypsy and kept her for four years, and when we got her back she had four colts with her, and one of them was Rocket.

They were so beautiful that my father kept them and tried to break them, but no luck. They wouldn't knuckle under, any of them, and

"Rob! Are you all right? Where are you?"

he was sorry he had kept them and let them mix their blood with our horses' blood, because Banner bred them, and they had colts too, and Flicka is one of those colts.

Flicka's color is just like Banner's (who is a registered thoroughbred) and her shape is a little bit like her mother's—and that makes her very fast, because the things that make a horse fast are long legs and a long body, and Flicka's are a little bit too long. But that is why she is so fast. She beat every other yearling.

Flicka is my horse. I am taking care of her and training her, and when she is three years old I can ride her. And if she gets gentled, she could be a race horse, because she is fast and she is not loco.

So that is "The Story of Gypsy."

Nell finished reading and raised her eyes to Rob's. "Flicka—Flicka—Flicka—," she said.

He nodded. "Yes. That's what Gibson said. As a story about Gypsy it's a fine story about Flicka."

Ken muttered incoherently, throwing one arm across the covers. Nell went to him to watch a moment, and to smooth the damp hair back from his forehead. He always seemed to recognize the touch of her hand, and to be eased and quieted by it.

She returned to Rob. "What did Gibson say about it?"

"Said it was a good piece of writing. Says Ken's got a brilliant mind—asked me if I knew it—"

"What did you say?"

"I said No, I thought he was dumb; and he said sometimes brilliant people were very dumb."

In Nell's worn and tired face the dimple of the right cheek suddenly showed. "I didn't know Gibson was smart enough to say a thing like that," she whispered.

"Did you know it, Nell—that Ken is brilliant?"

"I suspected it."

"What on earth made you think that? He's always failed at everything—till this summer."

"Well—" Nell spoke slowly, thoughtfully, "a dreamer—you know—it's a mind that looks over the edges of things—the way Ken can do what he calls 'getting into other worlds'; gets into a picture; gets into a drop of water; gets into a star—anything—"

Rob sat looking out the window.

"What did Mr. Gibson finally decide?" asked Nell.

"Said that as Ken had made a sincere effort, he would take him back into his own grade on probation."

One day while Nell was cleaning his room he asked her, "Whereabouts is Flicka?"

"She's down in the pasture, dear—we didn't move her, she was doing so well down there. Would you like to see her?"

After a long pause he said wearily. "Oh, I don't know—"

Nell carefully dusted the objects on the chest of drawers. She turned to glance at Ken. "You never thought that she had been shot, dear, did you?"

Ken hesitated, then said in a rather confused manner, "I don't know exactly, I had so many dreams, I didn't know what was true and what was a dream—I did think that she had been shot—I heard a big shot—"

"That was the wildcat your father shot at dawn in the pasture that night."

"Did he get him?" asked Ken with his first show of interest.

"Not that shot that you heard, but he got him at sunrise next morning. Your dad spent the whole night in the pasture there beside Flicka, so that the wildcat couldn't touch her."

Ken, staring out the window, was visualizing this, and his face had a slight, smiling interest.

"Wouldn't you like to see her?" ventured Nell again; but Ken turned his face away and repeated listlessly, "Oh, I don't know—"

Some days later, when there had been a light fall of snow, and the whole world was an etching in brown and white, Rob wrapped the boy up, and telling Nell that there was something out on one of the hills he wanted to show him, drove down the road and stopped the car. Looking out the window, they could see, a short distance away, where the range rolled up to the woods.

"Look," said McLaughlin, pointing out the window.

On the edge of the woods stood a great stag with a full-antlered head. Blending perfectly with the brown and white etching, he was hard to see at first. His whole body was in profile to the car, but his head was turned around to face them, held very high, the eyes in an unswerving direct gaze bent upon the car there in the road. The up-curving lines of his neck and head flowed out into the trunks and then the branches of the many-pointed antlers in indescribable beauty.

Ken's mouth fell open as he looked. The stag was absolutely motionless. The word nobility might have been coined to embody all that the magnificent creature expressed. Or courage—

McLaughlin glanced down at his son. The mouth was still open.

"How did you know he'd be here, Dad?"

"I just saw him, driving in from the highway."

"Why does he stay so long without moving?"

"He's got a doe lying down there. He's protecting her. That's why he doesn't move."

The boy looked a long time yet, then glanced up at his father. "Because she's his responsibility?"

"Yes."

McLaughlin started the engine, turned the car and drove toward the ranch.

Ken watched the motionless stag as long as he could see him. The boy's eyes burned; there was a choking in his throat, and all through his body a feeling as of rushing torrents.

When he could no longer see the stag, his eyes roved over the hills and woods. He did not know what had ended the cold, weary detachment and united him to the world again, he only knew that it was his own once more, that it was beautiful and alive, that he wanted to see Flicka. And he pressed his face against his father's sleeve and wept.

Late that afternoon Ken, bundled up in a heavy sweater, slammed the house door, thudded across the Green and opened the gate. He found a new pasture; snow on the ground, bare trees, the orange glow of a real winter sunset in the sky. And Flicka—

Every day, for weeks, she had looked for him. She would stand at the corral gate with head up and ears pricked sharply; then, disappointed, whirl about with an impatient nicker and trot restlessly around the hill, then turn, point her ears, and stand listening again.

She had grown two inches in height and gave promise of being a big horse, with speed and power and fire. She had a thick, warm winter coat of long fur; there was no swelling on any of her legs. Cold mornings, she put her nose to the earth and kicked her heels in the air; or twisted her body and bucked; or galloped wildly from one end of the pasture to the other, her blonde mane and tail streaming. When snow fell, coming sometimes on a whining winter wind, she lifted her head high and sniffed at it with flaring nostrils.

Now the slamming of the ranch door caught her attention and she trotted questioningly toward the corral.

Ken's quick feet thudded across the Green, the gate rattled; and when the boy came running down the path, crying, "Oh, Flicka! Flicka!", the neigh that rang out on the cold air was a sound the filly had never made before.

[THE END]

And finally it may be said De Gaulle has about the right name.

For Freedom's Sake
Ninety-six cents out of every dollar goes for War expenditures. The other four cents goes for Government expenses "as usual."

Improved Uniform International **SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON**

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for July 4

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A PEOPLE IN DISTRESS

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 1:6-14; 2:23-25.

GOLDEN TEXT—They cried, and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage.—Exodus 2:23.

Today is Independence Day. Yet much of the world is in bondage, and the rest of it in a struggle to prevent freedom from perishing from the earth.

Our lesson too is about a nation in bondage, but we learn from it that there is a way to be free. Even so we declare the way of personal liberty which is open and free.

The Lord Jesus Christ opened it at Calvary's tree and anyone who is still the bond slave of Satan may make this a great and glorious Independence Day by now declaring his faith in the Deliverer of our souls.

We begin today a series of lessons in the book of Exodus which reveal the high and mighty hand of God working on behalf of His people.

The family of Jacob—or, as the Bible calls them, the children of Israel—prospered in Egypt particularly as long as Joseph and the rulers who remembered him were alive. But they soon learned one of life's bitter lessons, that—

I. Prosperity Is Not Always a Blessing (1:6-11).

The Hebrews were a peaceful, law-abiding people. They were God's chosen people, and as He blessed them they prospered, and thus innocently they brought upon themselves the hatred of the suspicious Egyptians.

Prosperity is never an unmixed blessing. We as a nation know that to be true. Not only does it lead to a certain softening of the sinews, but all too often it results in a weakening of the moral fiber, which makes man easy prey to the attack of the enemy of our souls.

Is it not strange, then, that we should—ever in times of all-out warfare—be so eager to chase the dollar that we are willing to neglect our children, forget church, live unnatural lives, just that we may make more and more money?

The Egyptians had, humanly speaking, reason to fear this great nation which was growing up in their midst. The new rulers did not know Joseph and had forgotten the spirit in which he had brought his family into the land. The leaders of the Egyptians therefore made plans which appealed to their brilliant leaders as politic and wise. But they reckoned without God, and the burdens and afflictions they placed on the Israelites only served to bring further blessing.

So Israel learned a lesson which our present sorry world can profit by, that—

II. Persecution Is Not Always a Burden (vv. 12-14).

The people of Israel did not appreciate it, but the bitterness of their bondage was a blessing in disguise. Note that—

1. It Kept Them Separate as a People. Affliction often serves to keep God's people separated from the world. It is doing so today.

2. It Disciplined Them and Prepared Them for the Hardships of Their Wilderness Journey. We too do well to remember that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and that if we are properly "exercised" thereby, our sorrows may yield rich fruit in our lives.

3. It Threw Them Back upon God. Many are the saints of God who have found that the fiery trial, the burden so hard to understand, or some affliction of their body, has caused them to bring their burden to the Lord. We have traveled far on the road of faith when we have reached the place where we learn that "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

They had only one place to turn. They were hemmed in on every side, but, as ever, they found that the way up no man can close. They called on their God.

III. Prayer Always Brings Deliverance (2:23-25).

Does God really know when His people suffer? Does He really care? Yes, He does. "They cried," and "God heard" and "remembered." That's all we need to know. The groaning of His people had already stirred God's gracious and tender heart. But He waited to hear their cry before He answered. Such is the law of prayer. May we not forget it. Far too often we turn to everyone and everything else, and finally, in desperation, to God. Why not turn to Him first?

Does God hear and answer prayer? Yes, but remember that real prayer is the cry of faith coming from the heart of an obedient child. God may answer other prayers, but He always answers such a prayer.

His answer may not be in accord with our opinion of what it should be, for His wisdom is infinite. He knows better than we what the answer should be. Let us trust the Judge of all the earth to do right (Gen. 18:25).

Use Mercury Classified ads.

FLORA
Mrs. John Moore

Mrs. Elmer Moss and daughter and Miss Betty Ellen Dotson, of Ellisville; Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Purcell and two children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Purcell.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Martin, of Camp Hattisburg, Ind., spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. William Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Martin spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Daine Kimberland and two sons.

Mrs. Margaret Brumagen and children spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Sara and Ruth Moore.

Friends of Mrs. Ella George wish for her a speedy recovery from her illness. She was teacher at the old Banta school on the Maysville pike in 1919 and your correspondent was one of her pupils at that time. Mrs. George would come to school riding her old bay mare. The side-saddle was used by the women riders then.

Mr and Mrs. Dan Burden and son, of Cincinnati, spent from Saturday till Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brumagen and family. Mr. and Mrs. James Burden accompanied them home.

An open mind will make you a lot more money than an open mouth.

MILLERSBURG
Mrs. Martin Heflin

Miss Mildred and Sue Heflin spent last week with their aunt, Mrs. Mike Heflin, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Heflin and son, Mrs. Mary Heflin, and Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Kenney and son visited Martin Heflin and family Sunday.

Miss Lois Dapier visited Miss Rosetta Stivers one afternoon last week.

Mrs. Theodora Carter and two grandsons visited Mrs. Martin Heflin and family one evening last week.

Misses Mildred and Sue Heflin spent one day recently with Miss Dorothy Florance.

Mr. and Mrs. Frances Florence and two children spent one Sunday recently with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Barbee, near Cynthiana.

A good cartoon shows a picture of a steel plant in the U. S. and Hitler says, "Why worry to bomb it when John L. Lewis will close it up for me?"

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Of Interest to Farmers of Nicholas County

Kentucky Gardens Called Best Ever

That this will be one of the best garden years ever experienced in much of Kentucky is indicated by reports reaching the State College of Agriculture and Home Economics. Despite the late season and frequent rains, gardens generally are good.

Typical is the report of Farm Agent John Bach of Whitley county. "Gardens look fine although the season is late. Gardens are larger, there is a greater variqty of vegetables planted and the gardens are better taken care of than usual. Corbin has as its slogan, 'No vacant lots in Corbin, and every lot a victory garden.'"

In Hopkins county it is estimated that the number of gardens has been tripled this year. Rockcastle county gardens are said to be "far bigger and better than usual," and Clinton county reports having larger gardens. In Scott county, both city and rural gardeners are said to be "taking hold of gardening in fine shape."

All available garden land is under cultivation in Harlan county, according to Home Agent Roxie C. Perkins. She reports that a greater variety of vegetables is being grown in all gardens of the county this year, with continuous planting planned to supply fresh, tender products.

Approximately 35,000 of Kentucky's 4-H club members are growing gardens for themselves, or assisting with family plots. Pike county has 1,679 members so enrolled. Farm Agent, O. M. Shelby of Crittenden county relates that on a tour of 4-H club gardens, he found them to be from 75 to 100 per cent larger than a year ago and unusally free of weeds. "Both club members and adult gardeners are aware of the danger of a possible food shortage and plan to make full use of their canning and drying facilities," notes Mr. Shelby.

Pressure Cooker Has New Features

The first consignment of 20 victory pressure cookers to be received in Kentucky have been placed in the hands of home economists who will use them in teaching improved methods of food conservation. This new piece of canning equipment differs considerably from earlier pressure cookers. In place of cast aluminum, the new container is made of enamel, topped with a pressed tin steel lid. The canner is comparatively light in weight. Although it has a simplified safety valve and pressure gauge, it has a number of features which will require careful study by the user, warned Miss Myrtle Weldon state leader of home demonstration work. Seven quart jars may be processed at once.

With a national allotment of 275,000 pressure cookers, it is thought Kentucky will get between 2,500 and 3,000. Word received from manufacturers indicates that pressure cookers for home use will be in local stores early in July.

Homemakers Would Save Labor, Time

Members of homemakers' clubs in Fleming county are trying to do their regular jobs in an easier way during these busy war days. In a window exhibit in Flemingsburg, they showed articles they had made to save time, energy and labor. Included were cleaning kits, dustless dust cloths, garden kits, bins and shelves for kitchen cabinets, floor wax and a rug and upholstored chair cleaned the easy way, with soapsuds. Posters explaining the exhibit, with directions for making each article, were displayed also. The exhibit followed a series of lessons on home management, given by Miss Ida C. Hagman of the Kentucky College of Agriculture and Home Economics.

Roberts Stresses Value of Alfalfa

By George Roberts
Kentucky Experiment Station

Farmers should plan now for production in 1944-45. Dairy products will be highly important throughout the war and following the war. Alfalfa will provide more effective forage per acre and per unit of labor than any other forage crop. All farmers who have any land adapted to alfalfa should give serious consideration to growing this crop. Well-drained soil is required and it must contain plenty of lime phosphate and potash, and if not present naturally they must be applied. If the land is rather poor, it can be prepared for alfalfa by growing sweet clover first and plowing it under and seeding alfalfa. Sweet clover could be sown early in the spring and turned under in August and seeded to alfalfa.

Sowing alfalfa and bluegrass together is an excellent way to get a blue grass sod. While harvesting the alfalfa for three or four years a good bluegrass sod usually develops.

Give consideration to seeding alfalfa this summer and next spring. Detailed information on growing and handling the crop may be obtained from county agents or by addressing the Kentucky College of Agriculture and Home Economics at Lexington.

Kentucky Lambs Win At Tri-State Show

Kentucky lambs won 10 of the 15 highest awards at a tri-state 4-H club lamb show at Evansville, Ind. Fielding Williams of Henderson county won the grand champion ship on a lamb that sold for 95 cents a pound, and James Cole of Union county won the reserve championship. His lamb sold for 35 cents a pond.

Top lambs in the show sold for 23 to 25 cents a pound; choice lambs, $17.25 a hundred; good lambs, $16.75, and common lambs, $14. One hundred and eighty-nine lambs were exhibited by 4-H club boys from Henderson, Union Ohio, Webster, McLean and Hopkins counties in Kentucky, and several hundred more came from Indiana and Illinois.

Coop Profits Buy Tractor, Combine

With profits from crushing and distributing limestone, the Livingston County Soil Improvement Association in Kentucky purchased a tractor and combine harvester. The machine will be used to harvest soybeans, small grains, grass and clover seeds. Nearly 500 acres of soybeans in Livingston county were not harvested last year, due to the lack of equipment. This amount of beans would have more than paid for a combine harvester, it is said.

Recipe Of The Week

Victory gardens in Kentucky are providing abundant supplies of fresh vegetables loaded with vitamins and minerals. Now it is up to the homemaker to see that they reach the table with as little loss as possible.

Potatoes, carrots and other root vegetables retain more food value if they are cooked with their skins on. If they are pared, it should be done thinly, say food specialists at the Kentucky College of Agriculture and Home Economics. They warn, too, that considerably mineral value is lost when vegetables are prepared ahead of time and left in water, unless that water is used. The loss is particularly great when they are cut in pieces.

Cabbage and carrots and other vegetables lose vitamin C when they are shredded, hence they should not be so prepared until just before they are used. Don't throw away the outer dark green leaves of cabbage and lettuce. They contain more vitamin A and minerals than do the bleached inner ones.

For greatest retention of vitamins and minerals, cook vegetables quickly in a minimum of water. Avoid lifting the cover and stirring, if possible, as vitamin C is so lost. Don't add soda to vegetables. It destroys vitamins B and C.

Save small amounts of left-over cooked vegetables to combine with hard cooked eggs and chopped raw vegetables for a salad.

Harvard Beets

8 medium beets	½ cup water
3 tbsp. butter	½ cup vinegar
2 tbsp. flour	½ teaspoon salt
2 tbsp. sugar	

Cook beets in boiling water until tender with 1 teaspoonful of salt added. Peel and dice in small pieces. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour and mix, than add water. Bring to boiling point and cook until thick. Add vinegar, salt and sugar. Combine with beets. Serve with a border of cooked greens.

Menu: Baked ham cutlets, harvard beets with greens, fruit salad, corn muffins with butter, butterscotch custard pudding.

Clark County Wins 4-H Club Lamb Show

A 90-pound lamb owned by Henry Carlisle Besuden of Clark county was the champion of the annual Blue Grass 4-H club lamb show in Lexington. It brought 37½ cents a pound. Raymond D. Green, also of Clark county, had the reserve champion lamb. It sold for 23 ½cents. Clark county furnished the first and second prize pens of 15 lambs. They averaged 85 and 87 pounds, respectfully, and sold for $16.95 and $16.45 a hundred pounds. Jessamine county 4-H clubs furnished 10 out of the top 18 pens.

Farmers Like Vetch

Farmers in Harlan county have had unusual success with vetch as a cover crop, according to Farm Agent Gray H. Williams. Mrs. Betty Fee turned under six acres of vetch and rye grass that was waist deep, the rye having been smothered with the luxuriant growth of vetch. Lee Irvin turned under two acres of vetch that was three feet long. Wiley Holmes turned under four acres that had to be disked before it could be turned.

Registerd Hogs Bring Big Price

Recent sales of Henderson county, Ky., registered hogs in nine states indicate the regard swine breeders have for purebred animals produced in that county. They are bringing attractive prices, too, says Farm Agent H. R. Jackson. Hoffman and Overfield received $150 for a boar. Elliott Gates sold a boar for $200; another produced on his farm, but sold at a second auction, realized $460 for its owner. Within the past few weeks, approximately 75 gilts have been sold at prices ranging from $75 to $125 each.

Chickens Pay Well For 4-H Club Boy

On his first brood of 300 chickens, Johnnie Green Pace of the Salem 4-H club in Livingston county made a profit of $62 over all expenses, including the cost of building a brick brooder. He now has about 100 month-old chicks which he will develop for egg production.

A Prolific Ewe

A ewe owned by P. R. Moran in Adair county Ky., produced nearly $75 worth of lambs and wool in two seasons. She raised five lambs which sold for $68.43 and two crops of wool that brought $5.88.

MOOREFIELD CITIZEN DIES AT LEXINGTON

Everett Planck, 29, of Moorefield this county, died Friday morning at the Good Samaritian hospital in Lexington where he had been a patient since June 19. The body was removed to Moorefield where funeral and burial took place.

"A" GASOLINE COUPONS TO BE HANDLED BY MAIL

Plans to renew motorists' "A" gasoline coupon books by mail under the streamlined renewal plan recently announced by the OPA beginning June 22 have been completed by the Carlisle War Price and Rationing Board, Rev. C. V. Crabb, has announced.

He coupled this announcement with a request that car owners file their applications as soon as possible so that the board may process them and mail out all new books before the present "A" rations expire, July 21.

The mail renewal plan, which also includes renewals of the basic "D" motorcycle rations, eliminates the school-house registration that was necessary when basic rations were issued last autumn. To get his new "A" or "D" books a car or motorcycle owner needs take only the following simple steps:

1. Pick up an application form at any service station.

2. Fill out the form and mail it to the War Price and Rationing Board together with (a) the back cover of the present "A" or "D" book (properly filled out), and (b) the current tire inspection record showing that proper inspections have been made.

The new application forms, like those used last year, will have a tire inspection record attached, Mr. Crabb pointed out. In filling out the form, applicants should make sure that their tire serial numbers are accurately written in. These numbers may be copied from the old tire record, as corrected at the time of the last inspection, unless the applicant has acquired a new tire since then. In this case, he should write in the new tire number and attach a note explaining this to the board.

The back cover of the present ration book is required as part of the application because it is evidence that the owner held a properly issued ration and is entitled to a renewal.

Any motorists who have not had at least one tire inspection by a qualified inspector will be denied a renewal.

NAVY THANKS LOCAL WOMEN

On behalf of the U. S. Navy, the Navy Recruting Station in Lexington wishes to extend its sincere congratulations and its best wishes for an enjoyable cruise to the navy girls from this area who enlisted during WAVES enlistment month. While war time regulations will not permit the publication of numbers this station can announce that it was the largest month in the history of WAVES enlistment. Some of the finest girls from central Kentucky have answered the call to National Colors by enlisting in the WAVES in such numbers as to cause central Kentucky to have the highest per cent of WAVES according to population in the State of Kentucky.

Even though the end of June officially closed WAVE enlistment month as proclaimed by Governor Johnson the Navy Department expects women to volunteer in ever-increasing numbers in this distinguished branch of the service. Women of central Kentucky will answer this call, do their full part and ENLIST IN THE WAVES TODAY. Contact Mrs. Bertha Westfall, local civilian recuiter for application.

Over here, missing cylinders; over there, missing men.

BLUE RATION STAMPS N, P AND Q VALID JULY 1-AUG. 7

Blue food ration stamps N. P. and Q, from book number 2 will be valid from July 1 to August 7, inclusive, the Office of Price Administration (OPA) has announced. These stamps are intended for purchase of processed food.

Blue stamps for June K, L, and M, will remain valid during the first seven days of July and a similar seven-day carry-over period will prevail for the July stamps through August 7.

In announcing a policy of continuing the seven-day overlap period for subsequent months, OPA said the carry-over made shopping more convenient, especially for persons living in remote sections.

Validity dates for red stamps to be used during July will be announced shortly, OPA said.

Back the attack by upping your payroll savings your very next payday. Measure your savings by your new higher income.

For Flowers Call
HOWARD
and
HEAFEY
Winchester Road at City Limits. Phones 404 and 440
Lexington, Kentucky

NOTICE
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Due to Unusual War-Time Regulations Strict Government Rationing, Rules, Etc.
WE ARE FORCED TO GO ON A CASH BASIS

EFFECTIVE JULY 1st

May We Continue To Serve You On All
NECESSARY CAR NEEDS

Standard Service Station
William Power, Manager
CARLISLE, —:— KENTUCKY

HOW LONG SINCE YOU'VE READ

The Constitution of the United States?

"We, the people of the United States . . ."

156 years ago, these simple words began America's warranty of freedom.

Today we are deep in war—so that this warranty may endure. Should we win—*and win we must*—whom will it profit?

Are you a farmer, and do you love your land? Are you a worker, and do you cherish your hard-bought home? It will profit you that no man, without due process, can wrest your home, your field, your plow from you.

Do you worship God in a church, or in a synagogue, or in the secret places of your heart? It will profit you that no heathen hand can desecrate your altars.

Do you impart the truth to the printed page —or do you seek it there? It will profit you that the presses will not be shattered in the night.

Do you talk with your neighbors in the market place—or meet on the steps of the town hall? It will profit you that no bludgeon can drive you into secret cellars.

Our Constitution assures us these things. And these we fight for.

In many ways we fight. Some in small, silent ways—when our sons have gone. Some in large, heroic ways—in the roaring of wings. Farmers fight in the rows of corn; writers under the lamp; ministers from the pulpit's height.

Not the least of these are the men of industry. And proud we are to be among them.

Proud to pledge ourselves still further to the fight—that all peoples everywhere may continue to find in this Constitution of ours a heartening hope!

KENTUCKY UTILITIES COMPANY
Incorporated
A Tax Paying Utility Under Federal and State Regulation