

Salada Tea Bags are handy for afternoon tea

### "SALADA" TEA BAGS

## Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

by G. H. SHARP

### CHAPTER FOUR

(Continued from Last Week) Old Hank Roberts held out his hand, palm upward. Webb, in the barber chair, looked at the outstretched hand, surprised and suspicious in his eyes.

"I'm collectin' 'em, son," Webb Winters sat up in the barber chair. He took his six-shooter from the waistband of his overalls and handed it to the sheriff's man.

"Keep the change," Webb said. "You got your gun at the office. You'll get it back."

"Thank a hell of a lot," Webb lay back in his chair, a sardonic grin showing through the bandage and slapping Hank Roberts walked out.

So he had met Hank Roberts. There had been no invitation to supper. On the contrary, the sheriff's attitude had been anything but friendly. Webb suddenly realized what that old peace officer was going to try to do with that plan to disarm the Hoot-Owl Pool men. Sheer suicide.

Webb was out of the chair with a jerk. He wiped the hair from his face and grabbed his hat. Part of a stiff stride of whippers. I have him almost clumsily appearance. But the hard look in his eyes belied any clown spirit.

He looked up and down the dimly lighted street. No sign of Hank Roberts. Webb stood there uncertainly. Then, from the shadows and darkness down the street, came the sound of a shot. Webb broke into a run.

He almost stumbled over the prostrate form of a man, in the alleyway behind a saloon. He struck a match. By its uncertain flickering light he saw the blood-stained face of old Hank Roberts. Gently he picked up the old sheriff and carried him into the saloon.

"Fetch the doctor," Webb told a bystander. He laid the wounded sheriff on a pool table. The bystander started to protest, but he

was held back by the crowd. Webb slowly lowered his gun into the waistband of his overalls. He looked through narrowed eyes at the other men whose backs were now turned to him.

A hand, a hand that was none too steady, touched Webb's arm. He turned to look into the eyes of old Judge Anders.

"Don't feel it too deeply, Webb. They're good boys, after their own fashion."

"You asked for it, didn't you?" Judge Anders was sober. His lines were thradbare, but clean. He was

looking at Webb's Winters' eyes stopped at him.

"Water and some clean towels," Webb snapped at him. Men stood around, watching Webb bathe the up wounded. The bullet had torn through the sheriff's cheek, ripping it wide open, and creasing the skull.

The doctor came. Old Judge Anders was holding the basin of the waistband of the sheriff's trousers. Then he faced Tex and the other cowboys who made the Hoot-Owl Pool. They had filtered in as the news went around.

"I'm obliged, Webb," said Tex. "Keep the change." "When you get ready to leave town, call for your gun at the office. You'll get it back."

"I'm wonderin' who shot Hank," Webb said, his eyes cold, hard, and menacing. "I don't know," said Tex. "He said he was shot by Hank Roberts."

"Hank was startin' out to collect supper," Webb said, "and he took me to his barber shop. I was aimin' to help him. He was talkin' to me when I heard the shot. I found him layin' there in the alley. You all seen me take my gun off Hank. I took it because I'll likely need it. Tex, who shot old Hank?"

"I don't know, Webb. Me, I don't know. And if that's the way you look at it, I reckon that the Hoot-Owl Pool kin manage to get along without Webb Winters. Why don't you show a tin star? They sell 'em cheap."

Tex turned and walked back to the bar. The Hoot-Owl Pool men joined the lanky Tex. They had turned their backs on Webb Winters.

Webb wiped his eyes wide-spread, his eyes the color of deep ice. They had turned their backs on him. He stood there with his gun in his hand.

"Warm water," said the doctor. "And stand back, men." The barber brought a fresh basin of warm water. The tobacco smoke was thick in the saloon. The doctor, one of the old cow-country type, worked with deft hands. The green cloth on the pool table was ruined by blood and water and the barber's face was drawn with worry.

He might lose his job tomorrow because he had let them ruin the cloth on the pool table. He went about his business with fletching warm water and bandages with a reluctant, sullen air.

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wearing his rusty black broadcloth suit and a black felt hat. There was a whimsical, tolerant smile on the face that was etched with countless lines. His voice was low-pitched, vibrant. His eyes, no longer heavy, looked at the cowboy steadily.

Webb looked at him. "I reckon I did ask for it, sir, but Hank Roberts is a white man. He didn't hurt me comin'."

"No, Webb, he didn't hurt me comin'," Hank went back to his work of helping to care for the wounded man.

"Gold water now. A shot of whisky. Slowly, deliberately, Sheriff Hank Roberts sat up. His head throbbled with stinging pain. His face was bandaged. His gaze focused on Webb Winters.

"I got it back, Hank. Figured it might come in handy." "Gold water," Webb said, "you got back your gun."

"I'll help you get home," said Webb. Webb Winters looked funny with his bandaged face covered by dry lint. He, one half clean-shaven, the other half covered with a dusty stubble.

Hank Roberts looked at the cowboy who stood there. He shook his head, as if he were being spoken thickly through his bandage.

"Keep your gun, Webb. You spoke true words when you said it might come in handy. If there's any Hoot-Owl Pool man in town by daybreak, I'll make a bunch of you. Now, if you're goin' home now—let it be quick."

"(Continued Next Week)

### CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

Gwendolyn O. Clarke

We had a very nice rain last week and as a result everything is looking so much better. But, oh dear, it is so chilly in the house. First week in June and when we are ready to sit down in the evening we are chilled to the bone. I have even given a lot of paint to the furnace. But then we are not sitting down very much. The long evenings give us a chance to get so many little jobs done. I have even given a lot of paint to the furnace. Oh yes, I am still on that half-but out end in a night. There is only the floor to do now and then I can say "Tinis" and be thankful.

### CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60

Answer elsewhere on this page.

Not Light, But Ozone—Polly Slagle shows a new electric lamp that gives off, not light, but air-purifying ozone. This ozone lamp creates indoors the same refreshing atmosphere so often attained after an electrical storm. The lamp is designed for many uses in homes, businesses and industrial areas.

There are more ways than one to keep a wandering husband. Anne Hirst has the answer, and she will help you through. Write her at Box 1, 123 Elizabeth St., New Toronto, Ont.

There are several ways since she married, even while her husband was in service. He does not seem to know or care, for whatever she says is all right with him.

"I've told my husband I would forgive him. But I have no faith left that he will not go back to her."

"It is killing me to know he has been so deceitful. I can't understand why, because he was good to me in every way. I just can't believe anything good of him any more."

"You would leave this community, but I have worked hard to build up our business and our home, and I hate to give it all up. And I don't like to live with him."

DISGUSTED—To forgive a husband, and then refuse to trust him again, is an empty gesture. When you turn your back on him in this way, you rob him of the incentive he has to be true to you.

Under the Sun—An oversize lot of stitched green linen dunes that the midsummer collection of Paris designer Jacques Fath. Cherry-red jersey shorts and matching high-necked halter are topped off with a high terry cloth for the latest in white styles.

Up-side down to prevent peeling

Most fish are easy to scale, but the brilliant yellow perch is an exception. Dip it briefly in boiling water, and it will shed its scales as a molting chicken does feathers. Catfish (a country favorite in many areas) should be skinned. There's more than one way to skin a catfish, but the easiest method is to put the fish in a pan and pour scalding water over it. The skin sticks off like tissue paper. It beats scaling the fish to a board and pulling off the skin with pliers.

DO'S AND DON'TS IN COOKING  
Cooking fish is more a matter of taste than following any intricate recipe. There are only a few basic ways to prepare fish—baking, broiling, steaming, pan-frying, with their several variations of pan-frying, poaching, and frying in deep fat.

PLEASE DON'T. There are three enemies of success in cooking fish—too much heat, too much cooking, and too strong sauces. Therefore:

Don't turn on the heat full blast. Fish is a delicate protein food and needs gentle heat—its minimum is 200 degrees. Trout, blue-gills, brook, perch, sunfish, which come cat panfish, and catfish should receive a protective covering before being fried. A personal favorite is whole trout. Roll the fish in flour seasoned with salt and pepper; dip into a beaten egg which has been diluted with half an eggshell of milk; then roll again in another seasoned mixture of half flour, half bread crumbs. This serves for ordinary pan-frying or deep-fat frying. In pan-frying, 1

NAIL TRICK  
TO KEEP WARPED BOARDS AND PLANKS NAILED DOWN DRIVE THE NAILS AT AN ANGLE AS SHOWN. THIS ENABLES THE NAILS TO WITHSTAND THE PULL EXERTED BY WARPED BOARDS

### GRAYON SHARPENER

SHARPEN CRAYON OR CHALK FOR SHOP USE BY USING A TWISTED PIECE OF TIN TACKED TO THE WALL.

### "Scuffy Shoes deserve a SHINER"

Polish off dirty scuffy shoes with Nugget shoe polish. Shine them a big, bright shine that lasts all day. Nugget Shoe Polish keeps all leathers in tip-top condition... makes shoes last longer.

Mother Of The Bride—Few mothers live to enjoy their children's Golden Wedding anniversary, so 90-year-old Mrs. Janet Terry, center, is right proud of being the god of honor at the mid-June Golden Wedding party of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Watt.

ANNE HIRST  
Your Family Counselor

With my husband I am frantic. My sister-in-law, whom I have helped in so many ways, is trying to steal my husband.

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### HOW TO FIX IT

By Harold Aratt

NAIL ON SLANT

GRAYON SHARPENER

### DIY YOU NUGGET

YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?

TABLE TALKS  
Jane Andrews

Between early spring and late autumn months, fish-ages ranging from 6 to 60—get the chance, or make the chance, to go fishing. Which is all right too, and just as it should be.

But when they bring home their "topnies" and expect the women of the house to turn out on short notice—a tempting fish dinner, it's well, it's well, as well as a little knowledge, as well as plenty of patience.

So I hope these hints will be helpful. They refer, of course, to freshwater species. A very mild sauce for baked fish can be made by blending into a cup of plain white sauce one of the following: 1/2 teaspoon cooked celery or 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, or 1/2 cup grated Canadian cheese.

Tartare sauce is delicious with fish of any sort. One of the best recipes for it: 1/2 cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons chopped pickle, 1 tablespoon butter melted with 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1/2 teaspoon pepper added is better for freshwater species.

Here is an easy made fish sauce: 1/2 cup sweet cream whipped and mixed with 1/2 cup freshly grated horseradish and carefully drained prepared horseradish. Chill in refrigerator and serve cold on hot fish.

PLEASE DO. If you really like a lemon flavor with fish, sprinkle lemon juice on the fish after it is cleaned, before storing in the refrigerator. The flavor penetrates nicely.

SCALING THE FISH  
Treat not to further preparation for cooking, but other fish may be scaled or skinned. It's a wise man who scales the scales as Fath. Cherry-red jersey shorts and matching high-necked halter are topped off with a high terry cloth for the latest in white styles.

Temporary Escape—East Germany's Max samples life in West Berlin with a chocolate sundae. His West Berlin hosts made sure Max's picture was taken with his back to the camera.

By David B. Boyer  
BERLIN (NEA)—Sixteen-year-old Max Bruner, (which is not really his name), from Russia's Communist Germany, took a forbidden holiday in heaven—then he escaped back home behind the Iron Curtain, determined to tell the truth about Western Germany.

Max was one of 500,000 members of the Russian-Zone, Free German Youth organization (the F.D.J.) who staged a week-long Communist rally in the eastern sector of Berlin.

Max was in Berlin because I wanted to find out for myself why the police had forbidden F.D.J.'ers to go to West Berlin.

For five days, Max successfully crossed Communist police lines, but not without being arrested, scolded, threatened.

Once in the Allied sectors, Max, penniless, could do nothing but roam the streets. He had to clutch empty fists in his trouser pockets as he gaped at the fruit, the candy, the meat and the ice cream on sale everywhere.

West police saved the Communist from a bad mauling. They warned him and released him. Moments later, two more runaway F.D.J.'ers slipped into Cafe Wien and approached Max.

For heaven's sake, be careful," they whispered. "The place is full of spies!"

HOW ONE RURAL CHURCH PAID OFF ITS DEBT

Members of rural churches laden with debt—and, unfortunately, there are many such—will be interested in the story of how one congregation paid off its debt.

The story is that of a rural Methodist church in Iowa that was burdened with a \$10,000 debt.

The debt was paid off by the church members who organized a fund-raising drive.

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### CRUSTY DINNER ROLLS

They're really rizz—no and no to make with new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast 1 Gives you fast acting dough that bakes up in 15 to 20 minutes. It's the best of old time perishable yeast. Get them with packages, but keep all strength without refrigeration!

### CRUSTY DINNER ROLLS

Measure into a large bowl 1/2 c. lukewarm water, 1 tsp. granulated sugar, stir until well dissolved. Sprinkle with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 mins. THEN stir well.

What committee do you need? Well, the Good Hope men appointed seven, in addition to the planner who handled the soliciting and publicity.

1. Fence and Tent Committee. They build pens and fences for livestock and put up a large tent for display of appliances. They erected a sturdy platform where the equipment was auctioned off.

2. Livestock and Donated Articles. This group supervised the loading and unloading of items given for sale.

3. Checking-in Committee. These men looked and tabulated each item and signed contracts with each person who brought articles on a percentage basis. They evaluated merchandise and recorded cash gifts given.

4. The Parking Committee. A church-board member opened his confound near the church for a parking area, and this committee directed the traffic.

5. Reception Committee. This committee, headed by the Reverend Mr. Frank, conducted visitors around the remodeled church.

6. Police Committee. Some of the younger men of the church served as guards over sale items.

On the day of the auction, cars had to move into the parking space in the morning. Bidding began at 10:30. The spirit of the bidding soon caught on, and merchandise began to move.