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# Let this cheeriest of Cod lighten your Lent!



**1. High on your Lenten list of 12 Birds Eye Seafoods, stand princely Cod Fillets! Ocean-fresh, flaky, casserole-baked, (recipe below) they're DELICIOUS. One taste wins you, makes you a Birds Eye Cod Fillets fan for life!**



**2. They look fresh-from-the nets! One taste tells you they are! For the tenderest of cod are nabbed as the boats hit port... trimmed... filleted... washed and Quick Frozen—within 4 hours! All that...**



**3. Zesty deep-sea freshness is sealed in — held for you! And you save money with Birds Eye Cod — wherever you live! One pound serves 4—you pay for no waste. AND it comes ready to cook! Try Birds Eye Cod Fillets—today!**

*Budget Meal of the Month!*

Try casserole of Cod for a Lenten meal—take one pound Birds Eye Cod Fillets, add 1/2 box each of cooked Birds Eye Green Beans, Peas and Carrots. Add 1/2 cup cut celery, 1/4 cup chopped onions, 1 1/2 cups tomatoes. Season, bake in hot oven 35 minutes.



and there is a horse with a friend. There is two friends, with confidence each in the other, and that you don't buy. That gets things done. It is late June when first I put the kid up. The colonel, he comes out to see.

She can ride, that monkey. The colonel was all through with that, through and forgotten if you can believe your eyes, but he had never said her no with the neighbors' houses, with their friends', and she'd learned right. I'd seen to that. They're the best ones, the kids, and she had feather hands and balance in the saddle center, and knees, and more than that, her way with them that calmed them down, relaxed, ready to do things for her. In her blood it was, I guess.

A picture they are. The sorrel mare all float and easy move, with a reach that eats the yards, and, more than that, she has a spring, a lift. *U'm-m*, I think, *that mare could really leap*, as they come swinging back the low pasture.

"See, Grand," the kid says, bubbling, "She's all right now. She stays together and doesn't get tangled or stumbly."

And he just nods and says, "Don't take her far afield, Patty," and goes on back into the house. Like he's done his duty.

So we are putting our girl back in her stall and the kid is working on her, and then she says, "Mike," she says, too offhand, "I think Springy can jump," and I give me a slight start because that is what I have been thinking too.

"Maybe," I say. "We'll see. Some-time." And it isn't such a long time. The kid fixes that. But it is late August when I come to, sudden, and see what we have got in this mare.

Because in that time we have worked her plenty over jumps, just easy to start, loose on the lunge line, working up to height slow, very slow. She learns fast. But it ain't all velvet. There is times when I am thankful, plenty, that Patty she ain't up on her. But every time the mare will get her legs squared somehow and finally she is going up and coming down clean, and she looks good. Although of course there ain't no pressure on. Then, of a cool evening, Patty she come out with a saddle on the mare.

"Just hacking her?" I say, feeling funny inside, and Patty she don't say a word and, when the mare is warm, why all at once she is putting her at a wall.

I start to yell, and then I hold my breath and over she goes. With a foot to spare. A cinch. And then around and three, four more, and all in stride and no trouble a-tall. No scramble, no offbeat.

"All right," I say, "not bad, Miss Smarty. But that's enough," and Patty brings her down and backs her most around the field and not a word does she say till the mare is cooled and in her stall. Then I get it. Like this.

"Mike," she says, and I could see it was important, top important, "Mike, if I wanted you to help me do something, you would, wouldn't you?"

"Ifen it was right," I say, wary.

"It's all right, Mike," she says, "really it is." She stopped, and seemed like she was getting words in order. Then, "Mike, will you help me run Springy in the Valley Cup?" and you could have blowed me down.

"The Valley Cup? Springy? Patty, you're crazy. Just crazy."

## Shoe Box

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

*Shoes, like other clothes this spring, are both serious and gay.*

Young and practical pump in calfskin with medium-low heels; goes to business with soft little wool suit.

Frivolous high-heeled ankle strap sandal in patent or colored suede; nice for your afternoon apron-dress.

Sleek and slim from head to toe in a wrap-around dress and a pump of patent leather and elastelized gabardine.

Tailored pumps are the natural companions of new straight-jacket suits; navy blue calfskin and gabardine.

Unofficial "defense" shoe in calfskin, medium heel; comfortable for footwork, appropriate for uniforms.