

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers

Daily Menus Need Changes to Fit Family's Wants



You'll be surprised at how little chicken is needed for Chicken Noodle Paprika, but how good the casserole can taste. It meets all the requirements for a good, wartime dish.

Do you plan your meals to suit the family's mood?

In spring, for instance, do you satisfy their hunger for foods crisp, crunchy and light? Do you get away from the too hearty and heavy foods of winter and heed the change in weather and appetite? If you don't, then you should! Every family requires a change in food as well as in dress.

Food is more fun for both you and the family if you vary menus from time to time, weed out much-repeated recipes and add new ones to the family's collections. Do keep in mind the changes of season and their wealth of new foods and color schemes to add interest to the diet.

Vegetables herald the important coming of spring—and their use in meals should be more generous, even in the meat course itself where they will act as a meat extender:

Meat Balls in Vegetable Sauce.

- (Serves 6 to 8)
- ½ pound veal
- ½ pound pork
- 1 pound beef
- 1 small onion
- 1 green pepper
- 1 carrot
- 1 stalk celery
- 2 tablespoons fat
- ¼ cup applesauce
- ¼ cup moist bread crumbs
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 pint tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 2 eggs
- ¾ potatoes, diced
- ¾ teaspoon pepper

Chop parboiled or leftover vegetables. Grind meat and mix with applesauce, bread crumbs, salt, pepper and beaten eggs. Form into egg-sized balls. Melt fat, brown meat balls, add chopped vegetables and tomatoes. Bake uncovered 25 minutes in a moderate oven.

Save Used Fats!

- Asparagus and Spaghetti.
- (Serves 6)
- 1½ cups spaghetti, broken in pieces
- 1 pint canned or cooked asparagus and liquid
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 1 cup rich milk
- 3 to 4 drops tabasco sauce
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup buttered bread crumbs
- Cheese, if desired

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Drain the liquid from the asparagus, cut

Lynn Says

Mottos: Produce and preserve, share and play fair are mottos which should be in every household notebook.

This is what I mean, so check yourself on the following points so that you can tell if you're doing the job on the home front:

Save cans—to meet the quota of 400,000,000 used cans every month.

Save waste paper and collect scrap. Containers are made from these to ship supplies to forces overseas.

Start the Victory Garden early—to produce more food than we did last year.

Store leftover food correctly, prevent waste.

Shop early in the day, early in the week. Accept no goods without stamps.

Substitute for scarce foods, serve simple meals to save time and leave you more time for vital war work.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

- *Chicken Noodle Paprika
- Broccoli Sliced Tomatoes
- Rye Bread Sandwiches
- Lemon Snow Pudding
- Custard Sauce
- Brownies
- *Recipe Given

stocks in short pieces and prepare a sauce from the flour, fat, milk and asparagus water, then add the tabasco sauce and salt. In a greased baking dish, place a layer of the cooked spaghetti, then one of asparagus. Cover with sauce and continue until all ingredients are used. Cover top with buttered crumbs. Top with grated cheese, if desired. Bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven until heated, about 20 minutes.

Save Used Fats!

You'll be getting the most out of your money if you serve this low-oil chicken casserole. It's thrifty but full of nutrition:

*Chicken Noodle Paprika.

- (Serves 6 to 8)
- ½ pound medium-cut egg noodles
- 4 cups boiling water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup diced carrots
- ¼ cup diced celery
- Salt and pepper to taste
- ¼ cup onion, cut fine
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1½ cups chicken stock or gravy
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- ¼ cup minced, cooked chicken

To the boiling water add salt and egg noodles. Cook until all water is absorbed and noodles are tender. This requires about 10 minutes. Stir frequently during cooking period. Combine carrots, celery, onion and shortening and cook for a few minutes. Add chicken stock, paprika, seasonings and chicken. Cook slowly until vegetables are tender. Pour this mixture over the cooked egg noodles, place in buttered casserole and bake ½ hour at 350 degrees. Whole pieces of chicken may be used in place of the minced chicken.



An inexpensive food is the salad, but it provides the mineral and vitamin riches necessary to good health and living, and satisfies the need for change of texture and contrast in menus.

Ham Loaf.

- (Serves 6)
- 1½ cups ham, diced
- 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- ¼ cup vinegar
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup water
- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons minced green pepper
- 2 tablespoons minced dill pickle
- 1½ teaspoons dry mustard

Pour boiling water over gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and water and allow to cool slightly. Add the other ingredients and turn out into loaf pan. Chill until firm. Turn out on platter and garnish with lettuce, endive, sliced eggs and tomatoes.

Save Used Fats!

Vegetables should be cooked until they are just barely tender—then no more. Then most of their vitamins are intact, and the color is glorious. Here's a casserole with a riot of new spring color:

Garden Casserole.

- (Serves 6)
- 2 cups white sauce
- 1 cup cooked new potatoes
- 1 cup cooked asparagus, cauliflower or broccoli
- ½ cup cooked carrots
- 1 cup cooked peas
- ½ cup yellow cheese

Make white sauce. Place vegetables in layers in buttered casserole and pour white sauce over them. Cover with finely cut cheese and bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven 20 minutes.

Get the most from your meat! Get your meat roasting chart from Miss Lynn Chambers by writing to her in care of Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago 6, Ill. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

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MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

By THEODORE PRATT W.N.U. RELEASE

CHAPTER I

It never in the world ever occurred to Mr. Winkle that he would be drafted and sent off to the wars. War was for young men, not for a settled married man of forty-four.

There was talk of the Army not wanting the older men, but nothing had yet been done about this. The thing being done was what Mr. Winkle received in this morning's mail. When he reached in the mailbox and took out the communication from his draft board, his hands trembled a little. Peering through his metal-rimmed glasses, he read that he was classified 1-A.

He knew what that meant. After ten days' time, he was subject for induction into the United States Army.

He stood there on the front steps of his house, a small man engulfed by a tremendous event that toppled over his world and sent it bowling off into space like a cannon ball. He thought:

Not he, who had been married for twenty years. Not he, a former careful accountant who was now the conservative proprietor of a modest general repair shop located in the alley back of his house. Not he, with his overly active and morbid imagination. Not he, who was no man of action, but was afraid of death of guns or violence of any sort.

Not he, with his stored-up memory of how, as a boy with his 22

that deep down, in spite of her sharp words and orders, she loved him and he loved her. Beyond his speculation on how she would receive the news, he had a reluctance about telling her.

Yet he didn't see what else he could do. With a sigh, he went into the house.

Mrs. Winkle was already behind her half of the newspaper in the breakfast nook, which was all the dining room their small house possessed. Mr. Winkle, in his mind, could look right through the paper and see her, a well-filled-out lady of exactly his own age. To a person seeing her for the first time, she appeared dainty in spite of her plumpness, quite feminine, and of an eminently good nature. It was a shock, upon second glance, to notice the way her lips pressed themselves together and the perpetual frown that creased the otherwise smooth pink skin between her blue eyes.

Amy paid no attention as Mr. Winkle carefully stepped over Penelope, the third member of the family.

Their sad-eyed spaniel was settled on the floor with her black muzzle resting on her paws. At eight, Penelope in her dog world was approximately Mr. Winkle's comparative age in the human world. She was as amiable and mild as Mr. Winkle himself. Never having been allowed a husband, she had a rather droopy disposition. Now, in her middle age, she had given up hope and no longer pretended to any interest at the sight of a male, but simply sniffed loftily or ignored the meeting altogether.

Penelope, Mr. Winkle thought, was no more prepared for the large, adventurous and dangerous things of life, such as war, than he.

He sat heavily in his place in the breakfast nook. From behind her paper, Mrs. Winkle demanded, "Anything for me?"

"No-o," answered Mr. Winkle.

At his drawing out of the word, Mrs. Winkle put her paper aside and looked at her husband. She didn't see what he had received, for he held it below the table. But from the look of Mr. Winkle and the tone of his voice, she knew at once.

Mrs. Winkle was the first to speak again. Her frown deepened and her lips were tight when she stated disapprovingly, "Wilbert, your notice has come."

Silently, Mr. Winkle handed over the notice to her.

Mrs. Winkle took it in at a single glance. Her face went white. Her frown disappeared and her mouth softened. She looked bewildered, as if props had been knocked out from under her and she had no solid ground to stand on. She said breathlessly, as if caught off guard, "You're going to war."

Mr. Winkle cleared his throat so as to be sure he could control his own voice, trying it out this way without first chancing how it might sound. "It means," he explained, "I'm just being passed on to the Army doctors."

"You're going to war," Mrs. Winkle repeated in a whisper. Now she looked actually frightened, amazed, and hurt.

It had been years since Mr. Winkle had seen such expressions on his wife's face. They affected him deeply. He began, "Now, Amy—" "You'll be killed!" Mrs. Winkle wailed.

At this excitement, and perhaps at the new, strange tone in Mrs. Winkle's voice, Penelope began to howl.

Mr. Winkle had counted on no such behavior on the part of his wife. He had become so accustomed to her shrewish ways that he hadn't pictured them being punctured so abruptly.

He realized what a blow it was to her. She was threatened with not having him around to order about.

To have him removed from her and sent off to war destroyed her defenses and left her bewildered and alone. It revealed the basic affection she had for him. Mr. Winkle reflected that it was taking the greatest war in history to accomplish this.

From the look on her face, Mr. Winkle almost expected Amy to begin weeping. But she didn't. She just sat there staring at him, her eyes bright and wide and dry, and he sat staring at her. They regarded each other awesomely while Penelope continued to howl.

Penelope was interrupted by the shrill ringing of the telephone. Mr. Winkle made a movement to go into the living room to answer it, but Mrs. Winkle, with a rather wild look on her face, started before he did. She appeared to want to do something definite.

Sitting in the breakfast nook, Mr. Winkle heard her voice.

"Why, yes... I suppose so," she faltered. "Just a minute."

Any hesitancy didn't sound like Amy at all. Rather, it sounded like the Amy of years ago, when Mr. Winkle married her.

Her voice came again, calling in to him, "It's the newspaper—they want to come out and interview you."

Alarmed at this, and at Amy asking his advice about something instead of deciding it herself, Mr. Winkle asked, "Me? Now? Here?"

Mrs. Winkle gave an affirmative answer to each of these questions, her words sounding like strangled chirps.

Mr. Winkle thought, desperately. Suddenly, he wanted to lash out at something. "Certainly not," he said. "I can't wait around here. I've got to get to the shop. And I don't—tell them I don't want to be interviewed."

Mrs. Winkle passed on his views over the telephone. They didn't seem to make much impression, for Mrs. Winkle, after listening to what was said in reply, kept agreeing doubtfully, "Yes... yes, but—oh, I can see that's probably right."

She hung up and came back. She appeared to be slightly dazed.

"They said," she told Mr. Winkle, "that you're already something of a celebrity—from being the first married man in the older men's classification to be drafted—and that it's your patriotic duty to set a good example. They're coming out here to take pictures of—of us both."

"I won't do it," he said. "And you shouldn't—"

"But, Wilbert," Mrs. Winkle protested, "it won't look right if we don't."

"I don't care how it looks. Where's my hat?" He was emboldened to be peremptory. "Where's my lunch box?"

He saw them both where they were kept ready for his departure to business. He snatched them up almost savagely, and clamped the hat on his head. He hadn't felt so aroused for many years. He didn't quite know what to make of the way



It wasn't until he had gone some way that it occurred to him he had forgotten to kiss his wife goodby.

he felt, for there was fear mixed in him, too, along with his unaccustomed anger. Mainly, there was the sense of being unnerved by an unsure Amy.

He turned, and marched to the front door. Mrs. Winkle followed him. "Wilbert," she said weakly, "you have to, and you know it."

By the time he reached the steps outside, Mr. Winkle had somewhat calmed. His small storm was nearly over. He blinked. "I suppose," he admitted, "I'll have to do a lot of things I don't feel like doing."

Abruptly, he strode away, down the walk, and then along the street. It wasn't until he had gone some way that it occurred to him he had forgotten to kiss his wife goodby. It was the first time he had neglected this ritual in their whole married life. Ordinarily, he would have been called back and given instructions. But there was no sound from Amy.

Guiltily, he glanced once behind, to see her still standing on the steps, her hand at her throat, watching him depart. Penelope was at her feet, staring after him mournfully.

It may seem curious that, though Mr. Winkle's place of business was located right in back of his house, he didn't go out through the rear door and across the fifty feet of yard to reach his shop.

To the Winkles this wasn't strange at all. There was quite a good reason for it.

It originated from Mr. Winkle's career as a public accountant having disappeared during the depression. Secretly, he was just as glad, for he had never cared much for dealing in long rows of someone else's figures. He greatly preferred tinkering with mechanical things, for which he had a decided flair and a delicate touch.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Instead of going to jail for a crime, the native of South Sea islands is punished by having a song written about him and sung to the community. This method of disgracing sinners publicly has been so effective that jails and guard houses were unknown to the islands until recently when military bases became established.

But even now, the islanders regard being locked behind bars as mild punishment compared with having a song written about them.

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