

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Salads Make Menus Sparkle!
(See Recipes Below)

Salad Ensembles

The warmer the weather, the more popular the salad becomes as a luncheon mainstay. Salads can be made from fruit or fish, fowl or vegetables—or from combinations of any of these classes as long as the foods go together.

If you want to give your salads a more than average nutritional boost plus distinction serve them with a cream dressing. Then, if company drops in, you will not have to make apologies for what you're serving. For vegetables, use olive cream cheese blended with mayonnaise—a 6-ounce wedge with 4 tablespoons of mayonnaise is a good proportion.

Fruit salads are good with the pimiento cream cheese dressing blended with mayonnaise. Fish salads are best with the relish cream cheese. Use 6 ounces blended with 4 tablespoons of mayonnaise.

Save Used Fats!
Salads can be light or hearty, depending on their ingredients.

- Savory Salad.** (Serves 6 to 8)
 - 1 1/2 cups macaroni
 - 1/2 cup leftover ham or sausage
 - 1/2 cup chopped sweet pickle
 - 1/2 cup finely diced celery
 - 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
 - 2 cups chopped apple
 - 3 tablespoons minced pimiento
 - 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
 - 2 tablespoons grated onion
 - 1/2 cup thinly sliced carrots
 - 1 cup salted peanuts
 - 1/2 cup mayonnaise

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Cool. Combine with remaining ingredients. Add mayonnaise and mix well. Chill. Serve in lettuce cups garnished with radish slices.

- Save Used Fats!**
As fresh as spring and just as enchanting is this lighter salad:
- *Garden Salad. (Serves 6)
 - 1 head lettuce or Chinese cabbage
 - 1 onion, grated
 - 1 bunch chicory
 - 1 bunch radishes
 - 3 tomatoes, sliced
 - 3 carrots, grated
 - 1 cucumber, chopped
 - 2 hard-cooked eggs

Combine ingredients. When ready to serve, toss with French dressing.

- Jellied Chicken Salad.** (Serves 6)
 - 3 cups cooked, diced chicken
 - 1 1/2 cups chicken broth
 - 1 tablespoon gelatin
 - 1/2 cup cold water
 - 1 teaspoon lemon juice
 - 1/2 teaspoon onion salt
 - 1/2 cup peas
 - Mayonnaise

Heat well-seasoned chicken broth. Add gelatin, soaked in water, chicken, lemon juice, onion salt and peas.

- Lynn Says**
Pretty, Pretty: All foods no matter how simple can be made more appetizing by attractive garnishes. And remember to eat the garnishes, for in most cases they're as nutritious as they are beautiful. This is especially true in the case of eggs.
- Sieve hard-cooked yolks over top of creamed soups. Cut hard-cooked egg whites into attractive shapes for bouillon or consommé.
- Baked custard can be cut into attractive shapes for clear soups. Make the custard using meat stock or bouillon cubes.
- Daisy garnishes for vegetables are very effective. Cut whites of eggs lengthwise into five or more petals using a sharp knife, cutting from larger end to within 1/2 inch of the smaller end. Open petals, remove yolks and fill center of petals with sieved egg yolk.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

- Salmon Cutlets Egg Sauce
- *Garden Salad
- Peas with Onions
- Caramel Rolls Spread
- Citrus Chiffon Pie
- *Recipe Given

Mold in cups rubbed slightly with olive oil and allow to chill until firm. Serve with mayonnaise on crisp lettuce leaves. Clusters of grapes make an attractive garnish. Contrast in color becomes important when putting together salads. Since we are said "to eat with our eyes first" it's important to keep the salad appetizing. Carrots, green pepper and celery are a good combination. Cooked beets, green beans and cauliflower look well together. Leave the skin on apples so they can add the bright touch of red to the salad. Nuts offer contrast in color as well as texture to fruit, vegetable or chicken salad.

- Save Used Fats!**
Egg Salad Mold. (Serves 6)
- 2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 4 hard-cooked eggs, shredded
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 2 tablespoons diced green pepper
- 2 tablespoons pickle relish
- 1 tablespoon diced pimiento
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Soften gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes. Heat over boiling water until gelatin is dissolved. Cool. When thickened, add remaining ingredients. Pour into individual molds or one large mold and chill. Serve with additional mayonnaise and garnish with endive and carrot curls.

- Save Used Fats!**
Rhubarb Salad Ring. (Serves 6)
- 1 package raspberry or lemon flavored gelatin
- 1 cup hot rhubarb sauce
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 cup chopped apples
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Dissolve gelatin in hot sauce. Add water, chill and pour into a ring mold. Cool until firm. Unmold on lettuce. Serve Waldorf salad in center of ring. Or, make salad ring with strained cranberry sauce and serve chicken salad in center of ring.

- THE FIXIT SHOP**
We Repair Anything
Mr. Winkle had worried a little about the wording of this. Making his promise in the plural was more impressive, as if there existed a large staff of workers. The fact that there was no one except himself was perhaps deceptive. But he felt all right about it when he considered that he and the shop itself could be counted as two.
- He lived up to the boast on his sign. He was adept at finding out what the trouble was with any mechanical gadget and, what is more, at putting it right. People from all over his section of town, and many from farther away, brought him their difficulties or called him in. He accepted—with one exception—any work that came along.
- The only thing with which he would have nothing to do was firearms.
- This morning, as Mr. Winkle walked a little over a block along his circuitous route to get the fifty feet away from where he started, he was a thoughtful man.
- He opened his shop methodically, throwing wide the doors and letting in the sun. Usually, every morning he looked at his place of work with pride while he changed his clothes, peeling all the way down before donning his working outfit. He admired his own neatness, the spick-

MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

By THEODORE PRATT
W.N.U. RELEASE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Forty-four-year-old Wilbert Winkle, who is the proprietor of a modest general repair shop located in the alley back of his home, is notified by his draft board that he is in I-A. He is very despondent about it. He had thought that the doctor who examined him would not overlook his dyspepsia, his near-sightedness and his caved-in chest. He believes there must be some mistake. Anyway, he breaks the bad news to his wife, Amy, who has always doted on him. It is quite a blow to her, too, for she is threatened with not having Wilbert around to order about. Winkle leaves the house to get busy with the day's work, but forgets to kiss his wife goodby.

CHAPTER II

Mrs. Winkle, upon learning that her husband planned to open a general repair shop practically in their living room, decried it bitterly. She felt that being the wife of what she termed a handy man lowered her social standing. She declared she would have nothing whatsoever to do with the enterprise and would rather starve than to so much as glance at it. She took this decided stand despite the fact that she had a modest income from a small estate left by her parents and that on this account she and Mr. Winkle could have managed, though their standard of living would have been sharply curtailed.

At that time Mr. Winkle still wore one leg of the trousers in his house, so he proceeded on the basis that it was more respectable for him to provide, and more reasonable to eat well, than to have a social standing. He took his wife at her word



He saw himself dying, painfully, gassing for water.

and built his shop across the rear of their property without an entrance or even a window on the house side. Mrs. Winkle had never visited him, even when she found it more comfortable not to starve. And from then on she developed into what he preferred to think of her instead of by any other word; a termagant.

Each morning Mr. Winkle marched out the front door quite as if he were going downtown to business. He walked up the block, around the corner, and then to the alley. Along this he went to his shop, where he worked until dinner time, and then retraced his steps. The alley in which he had his shop was not a depressing thoroughfare, but quite an attractive one. It was a dirt lane lined with trees and a number of private garages. Mr. Winkle's shop was no eyesore, but a substantial frame building painted a cheery blue, with wide double doors to permit the entrance of automobiles needing his attention, and tall windows. Above the doors was a sign announcing:

THE FIXIT SHOP

We Repair Anything
Mr. Winkle had worried a little about the wording of this. Making his promise in the plural was more impressive, as if there existed a large staff of workers. The fact that there was no one except himself was perhaps deceptive. But he felt all right about it when he considered that he and the shop itself could be counted as two.

He lived up to the boast on his sign. He was adept at finding out what the trouble was with any mechanical gadget and, what is more, at putting it right. People from all over his section of town, and many from farther away, brought him their difficulties or called him in. He accepted—with one exception—any work that came along.

The only thing with which he would have nothing to do was firearms.

This morning, as Mr. Winkle walked a little over a block along his circuitous route to get the fifty feet away from where he started, he was a thoughtful man.

and-span concrete floor, the shining lathes and other power tools, the clean benches with every screw driver in its proper place, and the work in hand left and waiting in good order from the day before.

Mr. Winkle and the other men of his age had assured each other that they would never be used as soldiers. They were of that lost generation between rounds of the world war, too young for the first session, and too old for the second.

Even after the draft registration for them, they had said the same things. "We couldn't stand the life," they proposed. "Marching all night and crawling on your stomach in a ditch is for the young fellows."

Yet Mr. Winkle had wondered, if there wasn't some plan for using them, why were they registered?

There followed a period of listening to every scrap of further information to be found in the papers, over the radio and in the magazines. Most of this was conflicting, with no one able to make up his mind. Finally a few bold facts became plain, at least in relation to Mr. Winkle's draft board in the town of Springville. It began to call older men. Right now it had reached those married without children, but with wives who had independent incomes of their own.

Mr. Winkle met the first requirement. Mrs. Winkle lived up to the second regulation. Her small income, together with the fifty dollars a month allotment paid to the wives of soldiers, would be enough for her to support herself.

Sitting there in his shop, Mr. Winkle thought of his fighting background. It had not been much. Up until the time he was ten, he was known in his neighborhood for having won several fights. There was a certain group of boys he could bully and bluff, or lick, if it came right down to it.

Then that prowess had come to a quick end. His teeth, growing in crookedly, were being straightened by that ignominious process of having wire bands put around them to draw them into place. Returning home from school one day with two other boys, a discussion rose among them as to whether or not he could lick one of them.

During the experiment of proving he could not, the inside of his mouth was cut to ribbons by the copper bands—the main contributing cause of his humiliating and painful defeat.

From then on Mr. Winkle, boy and man, ceased to be a warrior. That was the extent of Mr. Winkle's fighting history. Now, belatedly, at forty-four—the moment made him think of his age as being only six years until he was fifty—it seemed as if it were to have a future.

Why, he thought, this is impossible. It's really incredible.

Mr. Winkle wasn't in the least sure about how he would fight. It would be different if he were younger, or happened to be a great big strapping sort of fellow.

He wanted to uphold his country. He questioned not at all his country's calling upon him to do it. But he felt doubtful of what kind of soldier he would make.

He hoped there was no question about this matter in the mind of anyone who detected in him signs of not looking forward to going to war.

Mr. Winkle roused himself and began to work on a bicycle. The representative from the newspaper arrived in the middle of the morning. He was a tall, brash-looking young man with a wild mop of hair who introduced himself, "I'm Onward, the reporter."

"The what?" asked Mr. Winkle, staring at him with assurance that he was not going to like Mr. Onward any more than he cared for being interviewed.

Mr. Onward set down the camera he carried and explained with broad patience, "Reporter. It's a contraction of reporter and photographer. Technically, I'm only the last part. But with so many reporters gone off to war, I got to be both. I made up the name myself."

mentarily and made him slightly dizzy. He could think only that he must be agreeable. "I expect I must."

"Listen," the reporter urged, "how about a smile on this one?"

Mr. Winkle spread his lips and exposed his teeth. He looked straight at the camera, holding his head a little high as previously instructed so that his glasses wouldn't reflect the light.

"Do you think any sacrifice is worth making to defend your country?"

Another flash went off.

Mr. Winkle blinked and coughed unhappily. "Of course," he said. "Yes. Certainly."

Mr. Onward gazed at him and then shrugged his shoulders, as if telling himself that nothing more could be done with this quizzical subject.

Quite suddenly he went away. Mr. Winkle worked on a bicycle, then on the motor of a washing machine. He ate his lunch, listened to the radio, and attacked the motor again. All the while he felt queasy about the visit of Mr. Onward, the reporter, but at the same time wondered what he had concocted.

He learned sooner than he expected. Early in the afternoon he heard the newsboy calling his wares from afar and then down at the end of the alley. Evidently the paper was cashing in on the hot news in Mr. Winkle's vicinity.

The boy appeared in the entrance of the shop, announcing excitedly, "Your picture's in the paper, Mr. Winkle! Right on the front page!"

Mr. Winkle could not overcome his resolve to wait until he went home to see in the delivered paper there just what The Evening Standard had to say about him. And after all, it wasn't every day that you got your picture in the newspaper, especially on the front page.

He purchased a copy and, after the boy left, he looked at it. It wasn't as big as what the Russians were doing in Russia, or what the United Nations were doing around the Mediterranean, or what the U. S. Navy was doing in the South Pacific, but it was the next most important thing to those large events.

There was a picture of Mrs. Winkle standing outside their house, just as he had seen her last that morning, with Penelope at her feet. There was a picture of himself, the one where he smiled. The smile looked rather ghastly, and set and stiff, but to anyone who didn't know him very well it might have been taken for happiness. Most of all, above this exhibit, there was a sizable black headline which said:

WINKLE PROUD TO FIGHT

Mr. Winkle felt not only conspicuous, but misrepresented. He was glad to learn that Mrs. Winkle had

the shelves may be hung in a corner ready to hold articles of considerable weight.

NOTE—Mrs. Spears has designed an actual-size pattern for these three gracefully curved corner shelves which are graduated in size. This pattern also contains complete directions for cutting and joining these shelves as well as a pattern for another larger set of spool shelves. Ask for pattern No. 255 and enclose 15 cents. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills, New York
Drawer 10
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 255.
Name

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NOTE—Mrs. Spears has designed an actual-size pattern for these three gracefully curved corner shelves which are graduated in size. This pattern also contains complete directions for cutting and joining these shelves as well as a pattern for another larger set of spool shelves. Ask for pattern No. 255 and enclose 15 cents. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills, New York
Drawer 10
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 255.
Name

Name

Address

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564 W. Randolph St. Chicago 30, Ill.
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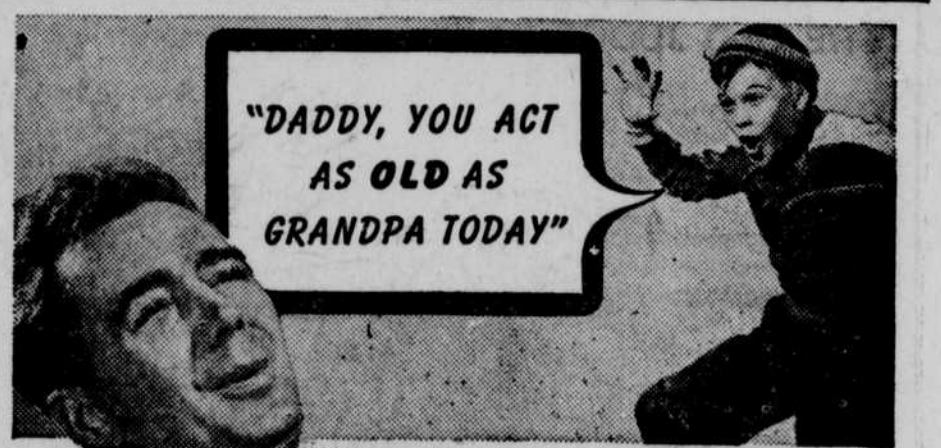
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INSIST ON DR. CALDWELL'S—the favorite of millions for 50 years, and feel that wholesome relief from constipation. Even finicky children love it.
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(TO BE CONTINUED)