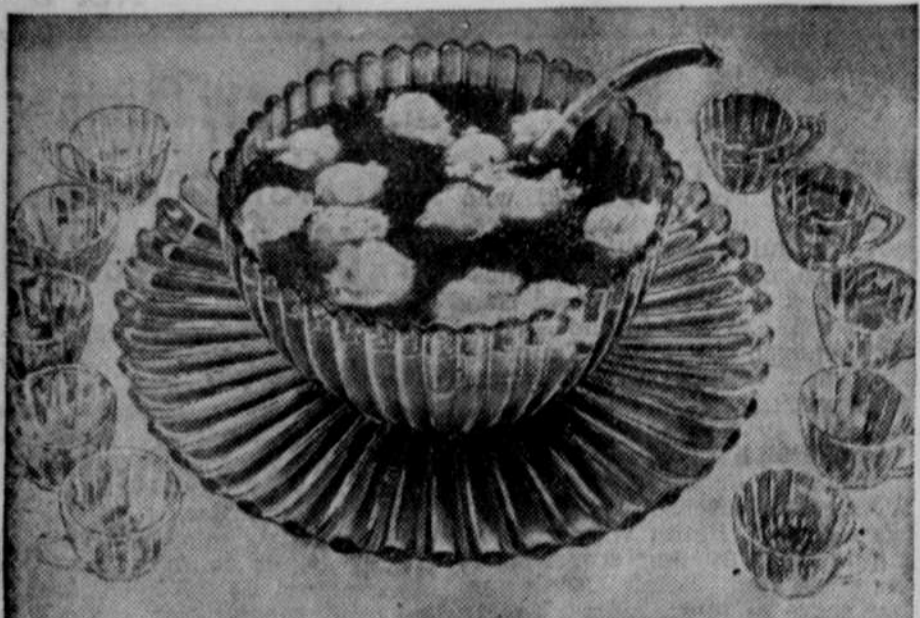


# HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Invite the Children to Cranberry Punch  
(See Recipe Below.)

## Children's Parties

Do the children want to give a party? Now that schools are letting out and the youngsters find themselves with time on their hands, a celebration of their own may be just the thing to fill in their odd moments.

Even if the children are younger, they can get a lot of satisfaction maneuvering their own party. Let them do it for it helps them develop imagination, encourages thinking for themselves and teaches them sociability while they are still young.

Make it as easy as possible for them; in other words, keep them free of worries about table cloth, plates and napkins. Furnish paper ones if the occasion warrants. Older children, of course, can take care of even the better dishes.

Mother can take care of the main food and supervise the serving if necessary. Sandwiches, cooling drinks, appetite-tempting desserts are popular with the younger set.

### Save Used Fats!

#### Hot Ham Sandwiches.

- (Serves 6)  
 12 slices brown bread  
 6 slices ham  
 Prepared mustard  
 6 slices American or Swiss cheese  
 1 egg  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1/4 teaspoon salt  
 1/4 teaspoon pepper  
 3 tablespoons melted butter  
 Spread thin slices of the bread with ham, then with a layer of mustard. Cover with slice of cheese. Top with another slice of bread. Beat egg, add salt, pepper and milk. Dip sandwiches quickly in this mixture, then fry in butter until delicately browned.

### Save Used Fats!

An easily prepared casserole like this one will take care of the heartiest appetites:

#### \*Sausages and Spaghetti.

- (Serves 6)  
 8 link sausages  
 1 small onion, sliced  
 1 green pepper, chopped  
 1/4 teaspoon pepper  
 2 tablespoons flour  
 2 1/2 cups tomatoes  
 1 1/2 cups spaghetti, cooked  
 Cut sausages into 1-inch lengths; fry until golden brown. Add onion and green pepper; brown lightly. Add seasonings and flour; blend. Add tomatoes and spaghetti. Bake in a greased baking dish in a moderate (350-degree) oven 30 minutes.



#### Toastwiches.

- (Serves 4)  
 1/2 pound ground beef  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1 tablespoon minced onion  
 1/4 teaspoon pepper  
 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 4 slices bread  
 Toast slices of bread on one side. Mix meat with milk, onion, salt and pepper. Spread on bread. Dot with fat and broil about 7 minutes. Molded salads make the table pretty and are a big hit with youngsters.

### Lynn Says

**Spring Tonic:** Cool foods should be served cool. Chill plates for salad and other cool foods before dishing them out. In making salads, chill not only the bowl or plates, but all ingredients and utensils required in the assembling of the salad.

The three "Cs" in salad-making are that ingredients should be clean, cool and crisp.

When buying lettuce, make sure it's crisp, tender and free from decay.

In tossed salads, mix ingredients so that each is coated with dressing before serving. In salting the salad, salt each layer of vegetables so that you get an even distribution of seasoning.

# MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

By THEODORE PRATT  
W.N.U. RELEASE

**THE STORY THUS FAR:** Forty-four-year-old Wilbert Winkle, who operates a repair shop in the back of his home, is notified by his draft board that he is in the Army. He breaks the bad news to his domineering wife, Amy, who is quite perturbed. On arriving at camp Mr. Winkle is given his physical, and to his great surprise and dismay, is accepted for the army. He takes the oath of enlistment and gets so many "shots" he cannot remember just what they all are for. He is sent to Camp Squibb, a thousand miles from home, where he meets Mr. Tinker, a man of his own age. Mr. Winkle gets KP and some bayonet practice, in which he does not do so well.

## CHAPTER VIII

Once more Mr. Winkle fired the machine gun. By moving it about sufficiently he managed to send several bullets where they were supposed to go. He clung to the trigger desperately, hoping to do well, if only by accident.

The Sergeant had to yell for him to stop. "Pop," the Alphabet told him fondly, "if it was anybody except you, I'd know he was gold-bricking. In that case I'd make him into the best machine-gunner on the range. But I guess you and any kind of a gun ain't the kind to make friends. You got to learn some more, but you'll never learn much."

"I'd like to stay in the Army," he heard himself telling the Lieutenant. "If you want me."

The Lieutenant glanced at him once, with approval. "I'm going to ask you one more question, Winkle. Think it over before you answer: Are you afraid?"

"Don't be ashamed of it," the Lieutenant advised. He smiled. "If you'd told me you weren't afraid, I would have known you weren't speaking the truth. And I don't mean you alone, but all the men including myself. It's a normal thing, like being nervous before making a speech. Usually you make a better speech because you're nervous. It's the same way with fighting. Fear makes you more aware, keener, alert—a better fighter. No soldier has ever gone into battle without being afraid—if he has, there was something the matter with him."

"Don't connect my lecture," the Lieutenant went on, "with the fact that I'm recommending you for the Motor Mechanics School. I simply feel that's where you belong, by previous experience, and at your age. And you may have to fight there, or be so close to it that it's virtually the same thing. That's all, and good luck to you."

It was a moment before Mr. Winkle could scramble to his feet and salute. "Good luck to you, sir—that is, thank you, sir."

Mr. Winkle felt that the Army had something of a soul after all. While he didn't exactly walk on air, which was impossible, anyway, being an Army mechanic was work he would like better than marching or shooting. At least it found a round hole for him to fit in more comfortably than the one he now occupied.

Mr. Tinker, on the other hand, when the reclassification notices were posted on the bulletin board and his name was listed with that of Mr. Winkle, was not pleased.

"Me!" he complained. "I ain't in the Army to be any nursemaid to a jeep. It ain't right! It ain't right for a minute!"

"You better write to the Secretary of War about it," advised one of his squad who was remaining an infantryman. "You just write to him and he'll fix it up for you."

The Messrs. Winkle and Tinker moved in new circles.

They changed to barracks at one of the far ends of Camp Squibb, so many miles away that it might have been a different world. Their associates were all mechanically inclined individuals. These spoke their language better than had their previous companions, and over them all was a slightly technical aura.

Their office during business hours was a large, hangar-like building. Two lines of engines, mounted on high wooden frames, were placed down its length. On these they worked, in select groups of four, with a Technical Corporal over each quartet, and a supervising Captain miraculously clad in coveralls like their own.

Mr. Winkle, who could repair anything, here really learned about Army regulations, which presumed that he knew nothing about a combustion engine. They also held that there was only one way to do a specified job, the Army way, and that anything else might as well not exist.

"We will now," lectured his Corporal instructor, "locate the trouble in this engine, which won't run." To illustrate, he turned on the ignition and pressed the starter with his hand. The motor turned over, but refused to start. The Corporal looked about at his four men, peering at their nameplates. "Winkle, you take it."

Mr. Winkle, who had been regarding the engine idly, had already noticed the trouble. "Why," he said, "the carburetor's out of adjustment."

He swiped briefly but expertly at the carburetor with his screw driver, snapped on the ignition, pressed the starter, and the motor roared.

The Corporal, looking apologetic, gestured wildly for him to shut it off.

Mr. Winkle obeyed.

Indignantly, the Corporal put the carburetor out of adjustment again and then addressed Mr. Winkle se-

verely, a good deal put out that this little ruse had been discovered so easily.

"Look," he said, "here we work up to be Thomas A. Edison slow-like. Starting from the ground, I think you heard the Captain mention something about procedure sheets. You got yours?"

Mr. Winkle held it up.

"What's it say you do?"

"First," Mr. Winkle read, "'crank engine by starter; if engine fires but motor won't run, pour gas in the carburetor.'"

"Now you got the idea," the Corporal ordered.

Mr. Winkle cranked the engine, which fired but didn't run. He took up a can and poured gasoline in the carburetor and tried again. The engine ran for a moment and then spluttered to a stop.

Mr. Winkle glanced longingly at the carburetor adjustment and then consulted his procedure sheet once more.

He learned he now knew that the seat of the trouble was the fuel system. He checked the gas supply, the lines and the connections. Finally he came, according to procedure to the carburetor. He swiped with his screw driver again, and this time, when he pushed the starter, Army procedure was triumphant.

When he shut off the engine, he stood back with a puzzled expression on his face. "Can I ask a question, Corporal?"

"Something you don't understand?"

"Well," proposed Mr. Winkle, "supposing I'm out in a stalled truck with the enemy after me. Do I go through the procedure and get captured, or do I adjust the carburetor and escape?"

He knew by now it was heresy to make such inquiries, but the answer to this one worried him genuinely.

The Corporal regarded him witheringly. "Maybe your skin will tell you that if you think it's worth saving."

Mr. Winkle and his friend, Mr. Tinker, were in town to celebrate their completing the Motor Mechanics course and having received their certificates of graduation.

They stood outside the bar Mr. Tinker patronized. Mr. Winkle was about to be on his way down the street alone, as usual, leaving Mr. Tinker to the attractions within. Mr.

"Getting along all right?" he asked.

Tinker had been wishing that he would join him this time. "How about it?" he inquired.

"No," Mr. Winkle replied judiciously. "I don't think so."

"I know you're married and all, but that ain't any reason you can't enjoy yourself."

Mr. Winkle shook his head.

"I ain't trying to get you to do anything you don't want to do," argued Mr. Tinker.

While they stood discussing it, with Mr. Tinker making most of the comments, they saw two soldiers coming along the street. One was Jack, but they couldn't believe their eyes at first when they recognized the other.

They hadn't seen Jack or Freddie since the fight. Incredible rumors, which they refused to accept, had reached them that Freddie had finally been broken into small pieces and was being put together again in another form.

Now the soldier on Jack's arm stood straight. He was confident, but not arrogant. And no mustache blackened his upper lip, which was shaven clean.

Mr. Tinker was the first to speak, to Freddie. "That ain't you, Tindall."

Mr. Winkle stared, perplexed, from one to the other of the young men. "It can't be," he said.

Jack laughed. "Sure it is. He's an Army lug now." He nudged Freddie. "Go on, yardbird, speak your piece."

Freddie had been standing with his face slightly flushed, making no comment. Now he looked sheepish for an instant before he said: "I guess I owe you an apology, Mr. Winkle."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



1801 10-20 Sun-Tanner

A SPORTS dress with a sun-tan back held in place by one big button—the short, smart bolero can be slipped on when you skip down the street to your market! Make it in ever-so-bright materials to take on vacation.

## Household Hints

Shoes should be protected against mildew before storing. First, clean and polish them and stuff paper in the shoes to help keep them in shape. The shoes should then be wrapped and stored in a dry, well-ventilated place.

When washing chenille articles, shake vigorously a few times while the articles are drying. Then when completely dry, brush with a clean whisk broom and the original fluffiness will be restored.

When clothing is left too long in the washer, dirt from the water goes back into the fabric.

The good part of an old carpet can be bound into a small rug.

If you are papering your house this spring, write the number of rolls needed for each room (side walls, ceiling and border) on the back of a framed picture in the room. This will save counting strips or measuring next time you decide to paper.

Use rows of colored rickrack to border white pique place mats and napkins, also twist it to form an initial on the napkin. Slip-stitch by hand with matching mercerized thread.

If the handle of your iron gets hot, cover it with a piece of corrugated cardboard held in place with strips of adhesive tape.

Alternate the curtains which are exposed to sunlight so the wear will be evenly divided and they will grow old more gracefully.

## Cakes Keep Tragic Story Of Siamese Twins Alive

Cakes distributed to everybody in Biddenden, Kent, England, at Easter in memory of two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary Chalkhurst, have for the last 800 years kept alive an old and tragic story.

Joined together at the hips, the sisters lived a happy life for 35 years, greatly devoted to one another. Then one fell ill and died. Her sister refused all entreaties to have the connecting flesh severed, and she herself died six hours after her sister's death.

The Biddenden cakes, bearing an image of the sisters, remind the inhabitants of the little village of the tragic devotion of these early "Siamese twins."

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1801 is designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 12, ensemble, requires 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch material; 5 yards trim.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.  
530 South Wells St. Chicago  
Enclose 20 cents in coins for each pattern desired.

Pattern No. .... Size .....

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## Small Things First

You are waiting to do some great thing . . . perform the small things that are unseemly, and they will bring other and greater things for you to perform.—John Bright.

TRY THIS SPEEDY NEW DRY YEAST! 8 OUT OF 10 SAY IT'S BEST!



**BETTER TEXTURE!**

\*82% of women testing Fleischmann's new Dry Yeast in their own kitchens said it gave them tenderer, more even-textured baking every time . . . voted it the best dry yeast they ever used!

**EXTRA-SPEEDY RISER!**

You'll love the speed in Fleischmann's new Dry Yeast. Gets baking done in double-quick time. Makes fresh rolls, buns and breads easy to add to your menus.

**DEPENDABLE RESULTS!**

You can count on Fleischmann's new Dry Yeast, always. Made by the world's most famous yeast maker. Consistently uniform; always sure to act! Saves time and precious ingredients!



Flavor Delights Millions!

# Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

"The Grains are Great Foods"—K. Kellogg

• Kellogg's Corn Flakes bring you nearly all the protective food elements of the whole grain declared essential to human nutrition.