

Invite the Children to Cranberry Punch

Children's Parties

Do the children want to give a party? Now that schools are let-



ting 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

Prepared mustard 6 slices American or Swiss cheese

% cup milk

teaspoon salt 16 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 deli-

cately 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

14 teaspoon pepper

2 tablespoons flour 21/2 cups tomatoes 11/2 cups spaghetti, cooked

Cut sausages into 1-inch lengths: fry until golden brown. Add onion green pepper; brown light-

ly. Add seasonings and flour; blend. Add tomatoes and spaghetti. Bake in a baking

greased 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 1/2 teaspoon pepper

14 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

Lynn Says

pretty and are a big hit with young-

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.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving

Menu *Sausages and Spaghetti Bread and Butter Sandwiches *Cream Cole Slaw *Fresh Cherry Cobbler *Cranberry Punch

Grapefruit-Carrot Mold. (Serves 8 to 12) 2 to 3 grapefruits 2 tablespoons plain gelatin

·Recipes given.

14 cup cold water 21/4 cups boiling water and grapefruit juice 1/2 cup honey ¼ teaspoon salt

14 cup lemon juice 1 cup grated raw carrot Pare grapefruit, removing outer membrane. Slip out sections saving juice; add water to make 21/2 cups. Heat to boiling point. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Dissolve in hot juice and water. Add remainder of ingredients. Cool. When mixture begins to stiffen add grapefruit

until firm. Unmold on lettuce. Save Used Fats! *Cream Cole Slaw.

(Serves 6) 1/2 medium-sized head of cabbage 1/2 cup sour cream 2 tablespoons vinegar

1/2 teaspoon salt teaspoon pepper 2 tablespoons sugar

Wash cabbage thoroughly. Drain. Shred fine. Combine remaining ingredients; pour over cabbage. Sprinkle with paprika.

Now, for desserts. A fresh cherry pobbler is good, or the hot fudge pudding is appetizing and economi-

*Fresh Cherry Cobbler. (Serves 6)

3 cups pitted cherries 1 cup sugar

1 tablespoon cornstarch in 2 tablespoons cold water

14 tablespoon butter 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

Rich shortcake dough

Heat cherries with sugar and water. Blend cornstarch in water and add to cherry mixture. Cook 3 minutes. Place on bottom of baking dish and dot with cinnamon and butter. Drop biscuit dough by spoonfuls on top and bake in a hot (400degree) oven for 30 minutes. Serve hot, cutting in squares, inverting on dessert plates. Dip fruit and sauce on top.

Hot Fudge Pudding.

(Serves 6) 1 cup sifted flour 2 teaspoons baking powder

¼ teaspoon salt 34 cup sugar 2 tablespoons cocoa

1/2 cup milk 2 tablespoons shortening, melted 1 cup chopped nuts

1 cup brown sugar 4 tablespoons cocoa Sift dry ingredients together, stir in milk and shortening, and mix until smooth. Add nuts. Spread in pan. Sprinkle with brown sugar and cocoa, mixed. Pour over this 134

cups hot water. Bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven 40 to 45 minutes. Invert squares on plates, dip

sauce from pan over each. Save Used Fats! *Cranberry Punch A La Mode.

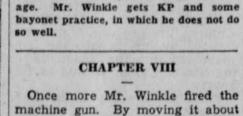
(Serves 20) 2 quarts cranberry juice 1 cup light corn syrup 34 cup sugar

1 quart apple juice 11/2 cups orange juice 14 cup lemon juice 2 cups ice water

2 quarts vanilla ice cream Heat cranberry juice, stir in corn syrup and sugar. Chill thoroughly. Add chilled apple juice, orange and lemon juice and ice water. Pour into punch bowl and drop scoops of vanilla into punch.

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.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.



THE STORY THUS FAR: Forty-four-

year-old Wilbert Winkle, who operates a

otified by his draft board that he is in

1-A. 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 accept-

ed 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

repair shop in the back of his home, is

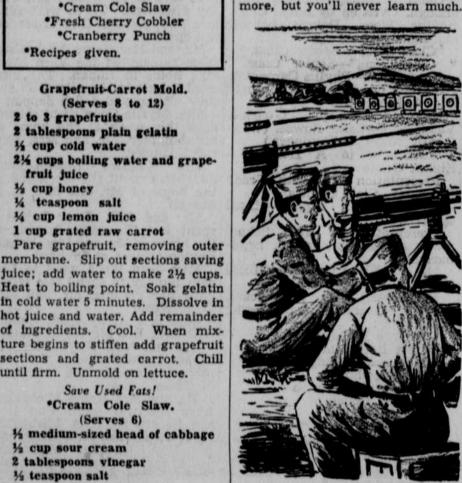
eral bullets where they were supposed to go. He clung to the trigger desperately, hoping to do well, if only by accident. The Sergeant had to yell for him to stop. "Pop," the Alphabet told him fondly, "if it was anybody except you, I'd know he was goldbricking. In that case I'd make him. into the best 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

sufficiently he managed to send sev-



He clung to the trigger desperately, hoping to do well, if only by

All right, Private Tindall, let's see

what the master mind can do." Freddie sat nonchalantly at the gun. It was the first time he had followed an order with any kind of grace. He looked around. The Lieutenant was far down the line.

"You see that target?" Freddie asked Sergeant Czeideskrowski.

That's you." "Shoot the gun instead of your

mouth," Jack advised.

Freddie glared at him.

Freddie took his time at the gun. Finally he fired. Delicately he handled the bouncing death. He sliced the up and down marks on the target. He sliced those running across. He cut to ribbons those marked on a

When he was through he asked triumphantly of the Sergeant, "How do you like yourself now?"

The Alphabet regarded the target with regretful admiration. "If there was somebody else than a rat who did that," he observed, "it would be One-A nice and I would send him a gold-engraved invitation to join the machine-gun crew I think the Lieu-

tenant's going to let me make up." The first Mr. Winkle knew of it was the sound of loud voices coming from the rear of the barracks. Running out with other men, he discovered that Jack hadn't waited to get Freddie away from camp.

When Mr. Winkle rushed forward to stop it, he was caught and held by one of the huge arms of Mr. Tinker, who advised fiercely, "Let'm

alone." The battle was progressing on pretty much of an even basis by the time the Alphabet arrived on the scene. Afterward, Freddie claimed that he was swinging at Jack when he hit the Sergeant. Jack recounted the same tale when one of his blows caught the Alphabet instead, and in his case he was sincere but not appreciated by the higher authori-

As they were led off to the Lieutenant by Sergeant Czeideskrowski, Jack called to Mr. Winkle, "Please don't-"

"I won't," promised Mr. Winkle. He didn't even write home about the incident when both the warriors were given terms in the stockade.

Mr. Winkle was ordered to report to the orderly room. Wondering what serious breach of military etiquette he had committed, he departed to the accompaniment of encouraging remarks from his com-

"It was nice knowing you, Pop." "When you get to England, drop us a card."

The Lieutenant leaned back in his chair behind his desk and regarded him. "Getting along all right?" he

MR. WINKLE THEODORE GOES TO WAR "Yes, sir-that is, I hope so, sir." | verely, a good deal put out that this respects, if that's what you mean.

Like the Army?" "I like it, sir." Mr. Winkle knew this to be the stock answer to the

"We're satisfied with you in most

The Lieutenant seemed to know it, too, and to want a little more information, for he rephrased the question. "Happy in it?"

Mr. Winkle hesitated. "Answer just the way you feel," the Lieutenant instructed.

"Well, I can't say I'm happy, sir. I'm not exactly a fighter, that is, with my fists, so to speak. And being away from my wife and . . ." "Your regular work? You miss,

"Yes, sir. But I recognize why I'm here."

"You know the new regulations that went into effect the other day. You're over thirty-eight and can get a discharge if you go into a war industry. Why haven't you applied?"

Amy had written that she would leave it up to him, and that she would be proud of him no matter what he decided. As yet he hadn't given her a formal answer. Now he prepared it.

"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, 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 good luck to you."

It was a moment before Mr. Winkle could scramble to his feet and salute. "Good luck to you, sirthat 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. | piece." The Corporal, looking apoplectic, gestured wildly for him to shut it

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

little ruse had been discovered so easily.

"Look," he said, "here we work up to be Thomas A. Edison slowlike. 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

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 under-

"Well," proposed Mr. Winkle, 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 sav-

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.



"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," ar-

gued 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

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

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.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



Sun-Tanner SPORTS dress with a sun-tan back held in place by one big "supposing I'm out in a stalled truck button—the short, smart bolero with the enemy after me. Do I go can be slipped on when you skip through the procedure and get cap- down the street to your market! tured, or do I adjust the carburetor Make it in ever-so-bright materials to take on vacation.



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

original fluffiness will be restored. When clothing is left too long in the washer, dirt from the water goes back into the fabric.

while the articles are drving. Then

when completely dry, brush with

a clean whisk broom and the

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 de-signed for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 12, ensemble, requires 334 yards of 39-inch material; 5 yards trim. Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more

ne is required in filling orders for w of the most popular pattern numbe Send your order to:	
SEWING CIRCLE PATTER 530 South Wells St.	Chicago
Enclose 20 cents in coins pattern desired.	for each
Pattern NoSi	ze

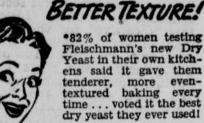
Small Things First

Address

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



BETTER TEXTURE!



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





