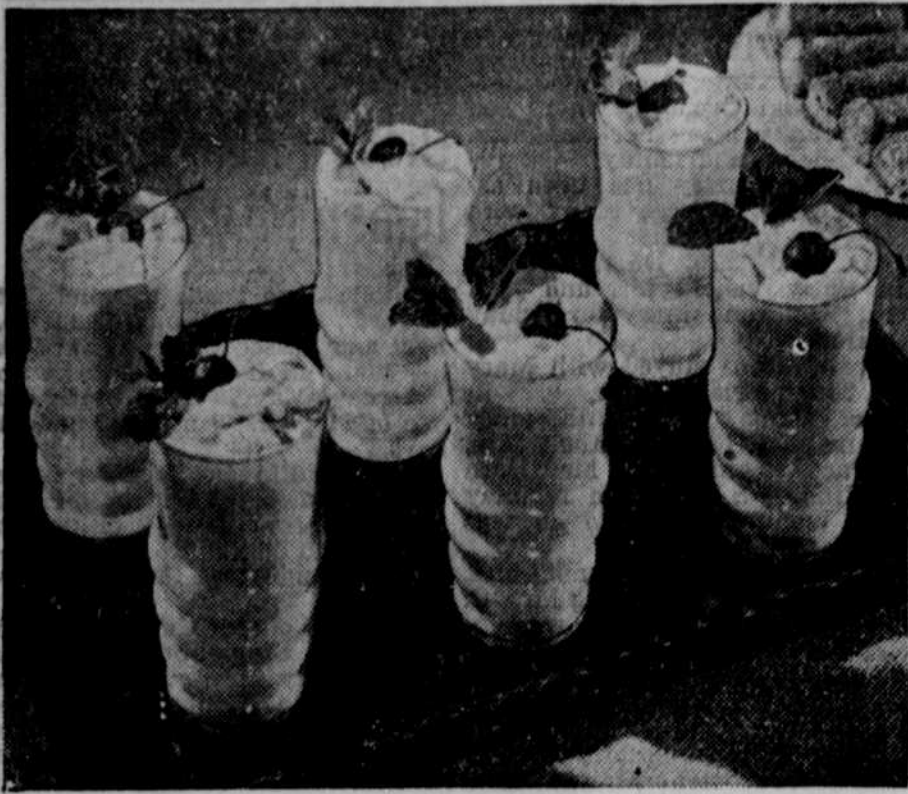


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Refresh Yourself With Chilled Drinks (See Recipes Below)

Frosty Foods

Along about summertime, there should be a new word added to our vocabularies — cooluscious. That's right, something cool and luscious to make us forget sweltering sun, high temperature and humidity.

In this class of foods come the cool, tinkling drinks, dewy salads and frosty desserts. Even the main dish can be cool, a filling meal salad for those who want hearty foods, jellied tuna or salmon molds with icy cucumber sauce, or heaps of satisfying potato salad.

Whole meals can be made from cool foods, but it's a good idea to have something warm, even if only toasted or heated rolls so the family does not tire of them. Sometimes you'll find a cup of hot tea more cooling with cool foods than an iced drink; other times, it's just the opposite. Let your judgment guide you.

Let's begin with a round-up of cooling drinks, some plain, some pertified:

Strawberry Frost.
1 pint strawberries
1 pint lemon ice
Carbonated water
Clean and crush berries. Pour into six glasses. Add lemon ice and stir until well mixed, then fill glasses with carbonated water.

***Fruited Tea.** (Serves 8)
3 lemons
1 cup boiling water
1 cup granulated sugar
1 quart cold, strong tea
3 oranges, sliced
¼ cup maraschino cherries
1 cup canned apricots

Squeeze juice from lemons. Cover skins with water and let stand until cool. Drain, pressing water off skins. Combine with sugar, lemon juice. Add tea, orange slices, juice drained from cherries and apricots. Chill. Chop apricots and cherries; add with ice to beverage just before serving.

Save Used Fats!
Cherry Milk Flip.
6 tablespoons canned cherry juice
2 tablespoons corn syrup
Few grains salt
1 cup milk
Blend cherry juice with corn syrup. Add salt and stir in cold milk. Turn into chilled glass and top with a spoonful of whipped cream, garnish with fresh or canned cherry and a sprig of fresh mint. Yield 1 glass.

Lemonade Syrup. (Makes 1 pint)
¾ cup lemon juice
2 cups boiling water
1 cup granulated sugar
Squeeze juice from lemons. Pour water over them and let stand 15 minutes. Drain, press water from skins, then combine with juice and sugar in saucepan. Simmer for 10

Lynn Says
Cool Lunch Quickies: For quick summer lunches, store sandwich fillings in tightly covered jars in refrigerator. When ready to serve, take out spread bread; try grated carrot with chopped celery, mayonnaise, salt and pepper.
Combine chopped green pepper with salad dressing and spread over sliced tomatoes. This is colorful, too!
Flake leftover salmon, mix with pickle relish, mayonnaise and use on rye or whole wheat bread.
Cold leftover ham loaf is good with mustard or horseradish on pumpernickel bread.
Chopped hard-boiled eggs combined with sliced stuffed olives, softened butter, salt and pepper goes best on toasted white bread.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu
*Macaroni Salad
Buttered Asparagus
Pickled Beets
Rolls and Butter
*Strawberry Parfait
Cookies
*Fruited Tea
*Recipe given.

minutes. Pour into sterile jar and store until ready to use in refrigerator. Use 4 to 5 tablespoons to glass filled ¾ full with ice and water. Cooling salads may be either the mainstay of the meal, accompaniment to the meat or a dessert. Recipes for each of the types are given here:

***Macaroni Salad.** (Serves 8)
1 8-ounce package macaroni
3 tablespoons grated onion
¼ cup chopped green pepper
¼ cup chopped stuffed olives
1 cup chopped tart red apple
¼ cup chopped nuts
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup salad dressing

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Rinse with hot water. Chill thoroughly. Add remaining ingredients and toss lightly. Serve in crisp lettuce cups.

Molded Beet Salad. (Serves 6)
1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
¾ cup boiling water
½ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2½ cups cooked shredded beets
¾ cup diced celery
2 tablespoons grated horseradish
Soak gelatin in cold water. Add to boiling water, stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice, salt, sugar and chill until mixture thickens. Add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Pour into a mold which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce and garnish with green pepper slices.

Save Used Fats!
Frozen Pear Salad. (Serves 4)
½ pound soft American cheese
¾ cup top milk
¾ cup mayonnaise
1 cup cream or evaporated milk, whipped
2 tablespoons sugar
8 halves canned pears
¾ teaspoon salt
Watercress
Rub cheese through sieve and mix together all ingredients except pears and watercress. Arrange pears, core side down in flat dish and pour over them the cheese mixture. Allow to freeze until stiff, then un-mold on watercress.

Desserts that are menu-perfect and point-easy are these:
***Strawberry Parfait.** (Makes 1½ pints)
¾ cup sugar
¾ cup cold water
1 egg separated
1 pint strawberries
1 cup cream or evaporated milk, whipped
Boil sugar and water until syrup forms a thread. Pour over beaten egg yolk, beating constantly. Combine stiffly beaten egg white and beat until cool. Chill, fold in berries which have been pressed through a sieve and whipped cream. Put in refrigerator tray and freeze.

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 Desplains 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

THE STORY THUS FAR: Forty-four-year-old Wilbert Winkle, who operates a repair shop in the alley back of his home, is notified by his draft board that he is in I-A. He breaks the bad news to his domineering wife, Amy, who now hates to part with him. On arriving at camp Mr. Winkle is given his physical and to his great surprise and dismay, is accepted for service. He is sent to Camp Squibb, a thousand miles from home, where he meets Mr. Tinker, a man of his own age. After much hard training, Mr. Winkle is called in before his superior officer and told he is over 38 and can go home if he chooses, but Winkle says he'll stay in the army. He graduates from Motor Mechanics school.

CHAPTER IX

Mr. Winkle peered at him through his glasses and blinked. He has seen the Army work other wonders, even on himself, but never a miracle like this. "That's all right," he murmured.

"I suppose," Freddie went on, "I'm responsible for you being called 'Pop,' too."

"I don't mind," Mr. Winkle assured him. "In fact, I rather like it."

"Me," said Mr. Tinker, "I don't believe it. It's somebody else pretending to be him."

"He's a reformed character," Jack agreed.

Freddie looked at the bar. "I'm not so reformed I won't buy everybody a drink."

Over their glasses, in the noisy bar, Freddie explained how he had

Penelope, instead of greeting him joyously, as would have been expected, scrunched down on the floor, growling and barking, and glaring at him with disapproval. Mrs. Winkle scolded her, but it made no impression. Even when Mr. Winkle spoke to her coaxingly and let her sniff his hand, she wouldn't accept him or have anything to do with him. So far as Penelope was concerned, he was a stranger in his own house.

It was barely daylight when he awakened. He expected to hear the bustle of many men moving and cursing and the bugle tooting its dreadful call. He listened, not quite sure of where he was. He heard Amy's light breathing. He looked at his watch. It was exactly 5:45.

He tried to go back to sleep again. This was the morning of his kingship. But the king couldn't sleep any more. Harsh light interfered, refusing him his crown.

It being also his accustomed time to eat, he felt hungry. After a time he got up quietly, put on his bathrobe, over his pajamas, and went out. Downstairs, Penelope growled, snarled when he spoke to her, and snapped when he made to pat her. He wandered outdoors just as a strange newsboy delivered the paper. The boy looked at him, startled, then interested, then wise, and went away whistling.

Mr. Winkle didn't approve of such precocious behavior in one so young. He investigated the kitchen, over Penelope's continued protests, and devoured odd assortments of food. He had an idea that tickled him.

Sometime later, with a daintily prepared tray and the newspaper resting at one side of it, he went in to awaken Amy. Her eyes went wide and staring as he saluted and announced: "Breakfast in bed for you, queen."

Mr. Winkle visited his shop to see that his tools and machines were in good order. He made small repairs about the house. He had his photograph taken so that Amy could have him up over the mantel while he was away, or if he didn't ever return.

He talked with Mr. Wescott, who first laughed outright at the sight of Mr. Winkle in his uniform and then was prone to be triumphant about his prediction for him. "What did I tell you?" he crowed. "You're being used as a mechanic, just like I said. You'll stay right here."

Formerly he and Mr. Wescott had considered together the large and broad scale aspects of war, and now his neighbor expected that, as an actual military man, he would have some expert ideas.

"Our antitank guns," Mr. Wescott inquired, "are they going to be able to stop the Germans?"

"I don't know a thing about them," said Mr. Winkle.

"But surely in your training—" Mr. Winkle coughed apologetically. "I never saw one."

Mr. Wescott considered. A little of his pomposity left him and he proposed, "Perhaps I shouldn't be asking such questions. You probably have your orders not to let out any military secrets."

"No," said Mr. Winkle, "that isn't it. I don't know any military secrets."

"Tanks?" asked Mr. Wescott. "I've never seen a tank."

Mr. Wescott stared at him. He dropped the subject, and took up the Mediterranean campaign.

"How is it coming along?" Mr. Winkle asked.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" demanded Mr. Wescott.

"Well," said Mr. Winkle, "I hardly ever saw a paper in camp. Since I've been home I've glanced at the headlines a little, but I haven't read the details much."

sounded still more hurt. "No matter how much I fed you."

"It isn't the cooking," he assured her. "It's the exercise and being outdoors that makes you eat more."

Though he knew she felt better after he said this, a restraint remained between them. They found they could not at once, and easily, take up where they left off. The months in between, during which each had had another life, interfered and came between them. They had to get to know each other all over again.

Mr. Winkle sensed her staring at him anew, in a different way. He glanced at her, and saw that her gaze was contemplative, searching, a little suspicious.

He feared that she was reverting to being a termagant, and that the effects of his suddenly being made into a soldier were wearing off. He supposed he couldn't be sure about that until after the war and he returned, if he did, to his regular life.

"Wilbert," she asked, "did you see any women?"

"I told you I'd send you a postcard when I found somebody else," he said. "You didn't get one, did you?"

"No," she admitted slowly. She sat staring at him and he turned to look her for an instant straight in the eye. "I'm glad I didn't," she told him in a low voice.

Mr. Winkle was happy when she dropped the subject.

It was his turn to feel hurt when they reached the house and sneaked inside so none of the neighbors would see him.

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"above all people, you, in the service—"

"There isn't much time to think about it," Mr. Winkle apologized.

"But you don't even sound interested," Mr. Wescott complained.

"Somehow," said Mr. Winkle, "I've come to leave that up to the generals."

"Of course," said Mr. Wescott stiffly. "Yes. Of course." He gathered the forces of his indignation and scolded pettishly. "All I can say is that you aren't any more of a soldier than I thought you'd be."

Too late, Mr. Winkle realized that he had offended his neighbor, that Mr. Wescott thought he meant to squelch and ridicule him as an arm-chair strategist. That had not been his intention at all. It was simply that he and Mr. Wescott had grown apart, that they had become strangers.

Domestically, the Winkles were as happy as they ever had been. They lived the few days he was home like a honeymoon taken up from where it was dropped many years before.

Amy seemed intent on making up to Mr. Winkle the period she had been shrewish, and he decided to enjoy this, no matter what might happen after the war.

She sewed on several buttons for him, and though her way wasn't exactly the manner in which he had learned to sew, he was delighted to have her do it. After that first morning, Mr. Winkle managed to stay in bed long enough for Amy, by getting up very early, to bring him his breakfast there.

The weather was fine and Mrs. Winkle squandered her gasoline ration by going on a picnic with him every day into the woods. On these trips even Penelope agreed to wag her tail slightly at the soldier, though she still wouldn't accept him wholeheartedly.

They spoke little of the war and his portion of it. Not that they took it for granted, or had become fatalistic about it, but they wished to forget it during the time they had together. Only on the day of his departure did the war come again between them.

Once more he held her in his arms. She wept, and he felt like crying, too. Then, when they parted, for a fleeting instant before they spoke or moved again, he saw that she looked at him defiantly, nearly with antagonism. But it wasn't a

hen-pecking look. It was like the unreasonable anger of a person who loves another a great deal when the other has put himself in mortal danger.

Sergeant Technician Wilbert George Winkle would have preferred to be alone in one of the upper berths rather than occupying a lower berth with Corporal Technician Tinker. But that was the way the Army said it was to be on the troop train roaring through the cold night, and that was the way it was.

Mr. Tinker, besides taking up most of the space with his bulk, leaving only a few inches for Mr. Winkle, was in addition restless because, having boarded the train at night, none of them even knew in which direction it was going.

All they were sure of was that they were being shipped to an embarkation port.

Mr. Tinker twisted, nearly knocking Mr. Winkle out of the berth, and stared out the window. "Not a star," he said. "Mebbe I couldn't read them anyway, but you say you can."

"I think we're going south," the man above them called down.

"What do you think we're going to, the Civil War?" someone demanded. "I hear they ain't finished fighting it down there yet."

"Now," another differed. "It's east. That means England and the Nasties." This was for Mr. Tinker's sake, to devil him about being sent to fight the Germans instead of the Japs.

"What's it matter which way?" someone else wanted to know. "You ain't going to get off and catch another train, are you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

For you to make



5397

Strawberry Patch Quilt
A "STRAWBERRY patch" quilt makes one of the loveliest quilts you've ever seen! Big, fat berries about 5½ inches across are appliqued—plain blocks have white strawberry flower designs to be quilted—leaf design around border is quilted in pale green thread.

Household Hints

Pin a turkish towel over the table part of your sewing machine to keep slick materials from sliding off when sewing.

Adhesive tape on toe and heel of baby's shoes will keep him from taking a header on the newly waxed floor.

A sewing machine should be oiled after every ten hours of use, by putting a drop of oil on each bearing, as directed in the book of instructions.

To clear the room of tobacco smoke, place a dish of vinegar in the room.

When there is sickness at home, set the alarm clock to ring at medicine-taking time.

Make your extension electric cord last longer by wrapping it around something cylindrical when not in use.

Before putting away wallpaper after rooms have been decorated, it is a good plan to thumb-tack a few large pieces to the attic or store-room walls where they will get rays of sunlight. When paper needs to be patched, you will have paper that has faded to the same shade.

Make your own celery salt by drying celery leaves, rolling into a fine dust and adding in an equal amount of salt.

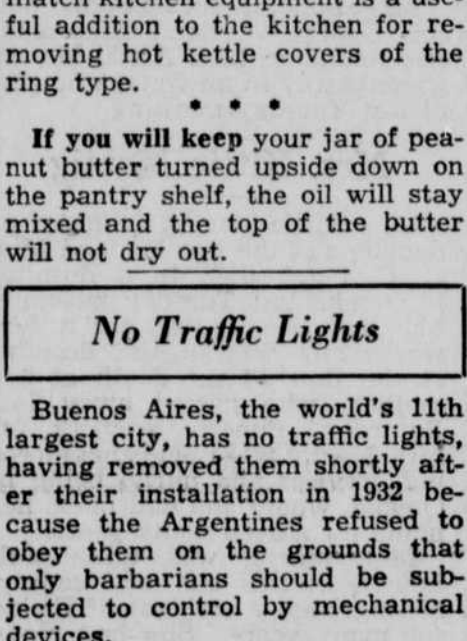
A spring clothespin painted to match kitchen equipment is a useful addition to the kitchen for removing hot kettle covers of the ring type.

If you will keep your jar of peanut butter turned upside down on the pantry shelf, the oil will stay mixed and the top of the butter will not dry out.

No Traffic Lights

Buenos Aires, the world's 11th largest city, has no traffic lights, having removed them shortly after their installation in 1932 because the Argentines refused to obey them on the grounds that only barbarians should be subjected to control by mechanical devices.

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SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

After the war American synthetic plants should produce enough to meet our military requirements, perhaps 200,000 tons or more a year, and as much additional as can be justified through the free play of economic forces to meet then current civilian needs. This is the recommendation of John L. Collier, president of The B. F. Goodrich Co.

At the beginning of the year our stockpile of natural rubber was less than one quarter of what it was at the time of Pearl Harbor. Unless plantations are recaptured from the Japs and immediately put into operation our imports of crude are not expected to exceed 80,000 tons in 1944.

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