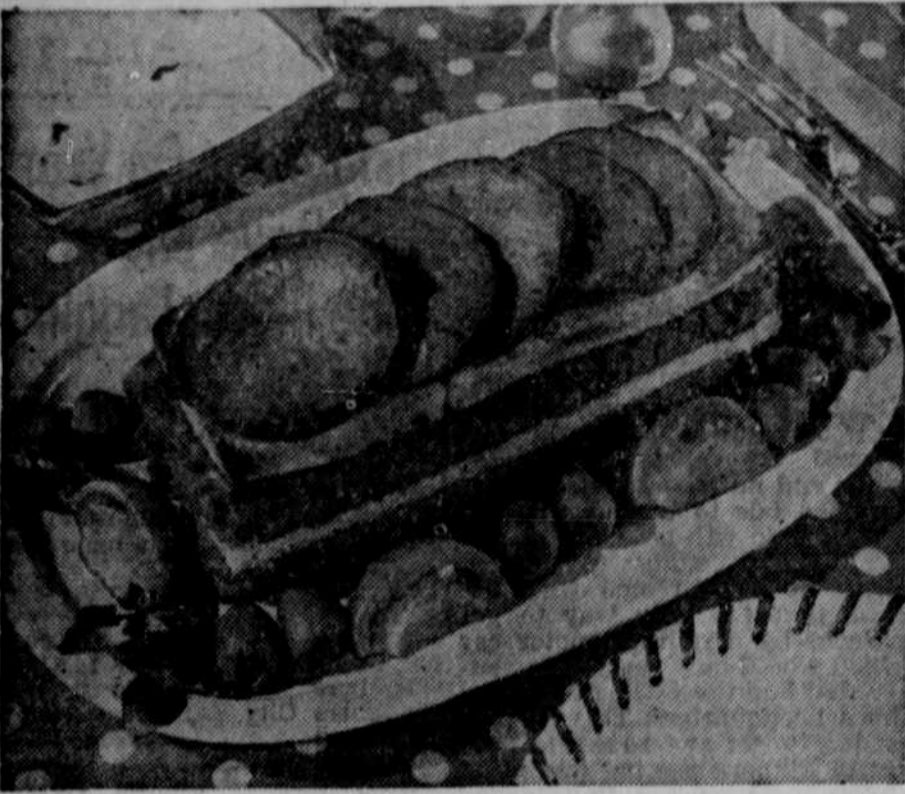


# HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



**Cold Meat Warms Up for Main Dish**  
(See Recipes Below)

### Meat Varieties

One of the most difficult tasks that faces the housewife is that of getting variety into the meat dish. Meat, in itself, is delicious, but if served in the same way, with the same vegetables or without condiments, occasionally, it smacks of sameness.

There are many who will always bake ham without varying the glaze to add interesting flavor to the meat. There are others who don't realize that a bit of natural, home-grown herbs will pep up the good, old-fashioned pot roast. Some always serve luncheon meats cold on a slab of bread or with potato salad, and so on. For once, let's try things new and interesting:

**Liverwurst Loaf.** (Serves 6)  
 1/2 pound bologna  
 2 tablespoons chili sauce  
 4 tablespoons mayonnaise  
 1 tablespoon lemon juice  
 1/2 pound liver sausage  
 3 tablespoons finely chopped pickle  
 4 tablespoons chopped celery  
 2 teaspoons onion juice  
 1 loaf unsliced white bread  
 3 tablespoons creamed butter

Put bologna through food chopper; add chili sauce, 2 tablespoons of mayonnaise and lemon juice. Mix to a smooth paste. Mash liver sausage, add chopped pickle, celery, onion, Worcestershire sauce, remaining mayonnaise and mix to a smooth paste. Cut crust from bread, slice three inch lengthwise slices. Place one slice on baking sheet and spread with bologna paste. Top with remaining slice of bread. Spread entire loaf with creamed butter. Bake in a moderate (350 degree) oven 30 minutes. Place on platter and garnish with stuffed olives and tomato wedges. Serve with:

**Creamy Mustard Sauce.**  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 2 egg yolks  
 1 cup scalded milk  
 1/2 cup prepared mustard  
 2 tablespoons vinegar  
 1 small sprig chopped thyme  
 1/2 teaspoon allspice  
 1/2 teaspoon celery salt  
 1/2 teaspoon paprika  
 Dash of tabasco  
 6 slices ripe olives

Mix sugar, salt and egg yolks together, beating well. Add to scalded milk in top of double boiler. Mix together mustard, vinegar, thyme, allspice, celery salt, paprika and tabasco. Add slowly to milk and egg mixture. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Just before serving garnish top of sauce with olives.

### Save Used Fats!

### Lynn Says

**Extra Attractions:** Potato chips make nice snacks when there's a rosette of cream cheese on each one of them. Simply soften cheese and force through a pastry tube.

Try a green salad with tender green scallions from the garden, and toss together with a sour cream dressing. It's delicious!

Dredge bacon pieces in corn meal; fry until crisp. Then add onion and flour for thickening and milk for the gravy. Umm...

Roll cooked pitted prunes in orange-sugar or lemon-sugar to use as roll filling.

Make bacon biscuits (adding 1/2 cup chopped bacon to standard biscuit recipe). Top baked biscuits with creamed asparagus or carrots for an inviting luncheon dish.

Top chocolate ice cream with chopped toasted almonds for a good tasting dessert.

Chopped green peppers and pitted ripe olives introduce flavor and texture contrast to fish salad.

### Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

- \*Roast Kidney Loaf
- Parsleyed Potatoes
- Buttered Greens
- Orange-Endive Salad
- Whole Wheat Biscuits
- Butter
- Lemon Chiffon Pie
- Beverage
- \*Recipe Given

### Save Used Fats!

Kidneys and liver are both delectable if prepared with the proper seasonings:

- \*Roast Kidney Loaf. (Serves 6)
- 1 pound beef, veal, pork or lamb kidney
- 1 cup milk
- 8 slices bread
- 1/2 cup bacon drippings or butter
- 2 eggs
- 1 green pepper minced
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons grated onion
- 1/2 teaspoon powdered sage

Wash kidney in cold water. Drain well and grind, including the internal fat. Pour milk over bread and soak. Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack firmly in a loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 1 1/2 hours.

- Liver Deluxe.** (Serves 6)
  - 6 tablespoons bacon drippings
  - 1 large onion, thinly sliced
  - 6 cups shredded cabbage
  - 1 teaspoon salt
  - 1/2 teaspoon pepper
  - 1 pound cubed liver
  - 1/2 cup water
  - 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- Brown onion in 4 tablespoons drippings. Add cabbage and seasonings. Cover and cook over low heat for 15 minutes. Remove from pan. Roll liver in seasoned flour and brown in remaining drippings. Add water and simmer 5 minutes. Add soy sauce and cabbage.
- Bacon makes a tasty, light supper dish with garden-fresh green beans:

- Bacon and Beans.** (Serves 4)
  - 1/2 pound bacon
  - 1 pound fresh green beans
  - 2 tablespoons bacon drippings
  - 1 teaspoon salt
  - 1/2 cup chopped green onions
  - 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- Wash green beans and cut lengthwise. Cook in a small amount of water. Add bacon drippings and salt. Ten minutes before green beans are cooked, add green onions and pimiento. Serve with strips of crisp bacon.

The outdoor flavor of the barbecue is captured with this barbecue ham. The sauce is seasoned just right, tangy but not too hot:

- Barbecued Ham.** (Serves 6)
- 1 slice ham (2 pounds, 1 inch thick)
- 1/2 large onion
- 1/2 clove garlic
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1/2 cup Worcestershire sauce
- 1 small can tomato soup
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/2 tablespoon butter
- 1/2 tablespoon sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper

Simmer ham 1/2 hour before baking. Chop onions and garlic very fine. Add remaining ingredients and pour over ham; bake uncovered for 30 to 40 minutes in a moderate oven.

If you wish more detailed instructions on vegetable canning, write to Miss Lynn Chambers, Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago 6, Illinois. Please don't forget to enclose 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 THIS 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 becomes suddenly tender. Mr. Winkle is sent to Camp Squibb, where, after graduating from Motor Mechanics school, he leaves for home on a furlough. Amy hardly knows him, and his dog barks at him furiously. Mr. Winkle and his friend, Mr. Tinker, soon find themselves on the high seas in a huge convoy. They land on the island of Talizo and report at one of the repair shops. Some of their friends are also on the island. There is a bad mist, that might screen Japs.

### CHAPTER XII

Mr. Winkle pulled his steel helmet more securely on his head and pressed on the accelerator of the car.

The jeep shot off the road and along the sand trail leading to the beach. The command car stood where it had been left, in a partially cleared space enclosed by low palms. Mr. Winkle stopped alongside it.

As they got out, he glanced at the tent, set at one side among the trees. Ordinarily, the off-duty members of the machine-gun crew would be lolling or sleeping there. It was empty.

Up on the low ridge, fifty feet away, a helmeted head appeared above the sand. It was the Alpha-



The jeep shot off the road and along the sand trail.

bet. Recognizing them, he waved briefly and then disappeared.

"It ain't like him," Mr. Tinker observed, "not to be hospitable to his friends."

Mr. Winkle took their tools from the back seat of the jeep. His hands shook a little. He pulled his helmet still more securely over his head and said, "We'd better get to work."

"We can take a minute," Mr. Tinker said, "to see what's going on up there."

Reluctantly, Mr. Winkle followed him to the ridge.

They didn't receive a very warm welcome. "If you got to come here," Sergeant Czeideskrowski snapped, "get down in."

They scrambled below ground level, hunching themselves into the fox hole, crowding Freddie, Jack, and the other men who sat listening attentively or kneeled to stare out over the ocean.

Freddie, at the machine gun whose snout pointed across the beach, greeted them, "Maybe you're just in time for the performance."

The Alphabet picked up the field telephone. He identified his post, listened for a moment and then said, "Yes, sir... No, sir, it hasn't lifted yet."

He put the instrument down and told his visitors, "That was your boss. He wanted to know if you got here. Like you heard, I didn't give away you being with us, but you better get back where you belong and beat it as soon as you're through."

They went, Mr. Winkle with alacrity and Mr. Tinker with regret.

From out over the sea there came a sudden roar. Guns began to spit virtually at the same instant.

"Duck!" yelled Mr. Winkle. He dropped the wrench he was holding and dived under the command car.

Lying there, his heart beating so fast it seemed to equal the rapid firing of the guns, he expected Mr. Tinker to join him.

Instead, he heard the quick firing of a Garand. He could see Mr. Tinker's feet and part of his legs, braced to take up the shock from the gun.

The plane came over. It appeared to know exactly where to come. The firing stopped.

Mr. Winkle opened his eyes.

Again he saw Mr. Tinker, who was now standing halfway to the ridge. He was reloading his rifle and looking malevolently at the sky.

The plane came back.

Once more it spit heavy death from its nose, and lighter, more gentle death from its wings. Mr. Tinker fired right back at it.

It wasn't until a moment after

the plane had gone again, over the ocean, that Mr. Tinker's arms dropped and the rifle slid from his hands.

His voice choked and gurgled when he called, "Pop... Hey Pop..."

Then he crumpled, like something stiff gone soft, folding up and sinking to the ground.

Mr. Winkle, watching this from beneath the command car, couldn't believe at first that it was actual. It had happened too quickly, too much without warning to be any different from field tactics in which picked men simulated those hit when the planes came over.

Then he realized that the plane hadn't been a friendly one.

He crawled out from beneath the car and got to his feet. His legs seemed to function automatically, without any volition on his part, as he made his way to Mr. Tinker.

The blood spreading over Mr. Tinker's chest made him sick and weak. He bent and touched him, whispering his name. But Mr. Tinker didn't answer.

Mr. Winkle realized something else. When the plane went over the second time the Alphabet's machine gun hadn't fired.

From the fox hole now there came no movement. All about there was silence.

He ran to the ridge. He arrived breathing hard, not from exertion, but from excitement. He gasped at what he saw.

One of the shells from the plane's cannon had exploded in the fox hole. The bodies of the men lay about, some of them half buried. Freddie was sprawled over the gun, as if protecting it. Sergeant Czeideskrowski was on his back, his open eyes staring straight up at the burning sun and not blinking. In a tangled pile, Mr. Winkle caught sight of the side of Jack's still face.

A single thought ran through him repeatedly. How will I ever tell the Pettigrews? He asked himself. How will I ever tell the Pettigrews?

The sound of surging water made him turn his head.

Out of the mist had come a flat-nosed Japanese assault boat.

Behind it, but somewhat off to either side, were two more.

Mr. Winkle sank to his knees, both to get out of sight and because his legs wouldn't hold him up any more.

After a moment, he knew that he must do something. He realized that the whole position on Talizo might be lost if the men in those assault boats ever landed and infiltrated through the jungle.

He found himself scurrying about in the sand of the fox hole for the field phone. It wasn't in sight.

He saw the Signal Corps wire leading up out of the hole. He grabbed it, and started pulling on it.

A broken piece of the shattered phone came into his hands.

He dropped it from nerveless fingers.

Helplessly, Mr. Winkle watched the leading assault boat come on. Now it was less than a hundred yards from the beach.

He looked back at the jeep. Unless the bullet holes through its windshield meant more than they appeared to, the car would still run. He could get back in it to give the alarm at the next post.

But by that time, the Japs would have effected their landing.

Mr. Winkle wished that it was not he who had been placed in this position. He wanted, fervently, for it to be another man, a fighter, a killer, a younger, a different, a better man than he. It flashed through his mind that it had been a mistake to draft and make a soldier out of a mouse.

He felt guilty at not having resigned from the Army. A different man here now, in his place, would have known what to do.

Then Mr. Winkle knew what to do. It occurred to him that he hadn't thought of himself, of his own safety, when considering getting away in the jeep. He had thought only to give the warning of what was happening.

Also, he saw Mr. Tinker lying sprawled out there on the ground. He remembered how he had ducked under the command car while Mr. Tinker fired his rifle. The recollection made him feel craven, especially when now Mr. Tinker would never get his Jap.

He decided that he must get him for Mr. Tinker.

There were the Alphabet, Freddie, Jack, and the other men to think about, too. It infuriated him that Sergeant Czeideskrowski lay dead. It made him see red to think that after Freddie had been made into a decent person, he had been killed. His brain seared with a hot flame at the thought of Jack.

It seemed to be the most natural thing in the world to pull Freddie's body from the gun. Swiftly, he examined it. The gun was intact. It needed only a new belt of ammunition.

He clawed about in the sand and among the bodies for an ammunition box. He stepped on soft flesh and didn't mind it.

Digging furiously, he found what he wanted. He stripped the nearly spent belt from the gun, and inserted a fresh one.

As he worked he knew how good and wise it was that he had been trained to operate a machine gun. He wished that he was better at it. But a rising surge of confidence

made him sure he would be good enough.

The first boat was nearly at the shore. Mr. Winkle sighted the gun for the spot he figured the men would be when they stepped out. That was what he had been taught.

He still had a moment. He employed it by coolly taking off his glasses and wiping them dry with his handkerchief. He wiped his face and neck, both of which streamed with sweat.

He glanced about.

This was where he would die. He had often wondered in what circumstances and in what locality it would occur. Now he knew. It wasn't such a bad place. He saw it almost for the first time, the waving palm trees, the flowering hibiscus.

He liked it.

It was romantic.

Amy, he thought, would be glad to know it was such an attractive place.

It occurred to him that for the first time in his life he wasn't afraid to die. He even exulted in it. He heard his voice. He was laughing. He felt released from hard, painful bonds. He knew that, at last, Wilbert George Winkle, in the flesh and not in a newspaper headline, was proud to fight.

He turned back to the gun. It was nearly time.

The assault boat beached in shallow water. Men started jumping out and splashing through the water. He could see their faces, brown, slant-eyed, expressionless. Mr. Winkle let them all get out. Then, carefully sighting, he squeezed the trigger.

There was a snap and a jerk.

The gun jammed without firing.

Frantically, he worked at the gun. One finger caught in the mechanism. He tore it away. Blood spurted, but he paid no attention. He kept picking at the jammed cartridge. Finally he got it out, and a new one in the firing chamber, the gun prepared properly.

Five men had run ahead, off to one side. Mr. Winkle swung his gun around, concentrating on them first. This time the gun fired. He was astonished to see the men fall. He wasn't sure if one of them got away.

He swung the gun back, spitting vengeance at the larger group. As the bullets spat out from under his hands, a still new and greater world opened before him.

This was what he had lived for. Life had a meaning and a purpose of which he had never dreamed.



He sprayed the milling men down there.

He had a mad, blind desire to annihilate and destroy the enemy. It seemed like a torrent pent up in him for years and spilling out in one overwhelming rush.

He sprayed it on the milling men down there. That burst was for Jack. That one was for Freddie. This long one for Mr. Tinker. Now one for the Alphabet. Still more for the other men. Wilbert Winkle, who operates The Fixit Shop, first married selectee in the 38 to 45 draft-age group to be called, is killing these enemies of his country. He is anxious to defend the four freedoms. It's worth any sacrifice, if need be, his very life.

Wilbert Winkle wanted more enemies to kill when all these were gone, when no one stood on his feet in the writhing, shrieking mass on the wet sand.

He saw more at the approach of the other two boats. Quite calmly, without excitement of any kind, and not realizing he was following Army procedure painstakingly taught him, he inserted another fresh belt of ammunition.

Instinctively, as if something told him to, he looked behind him, over the edge of the fox hole.

A Jap officer was stealing his way toward him. He was the one who had got away from the group of five. The swarthy little man was between the cars and the body of Mr. Tinker.

Mr. Winkle grabbed the nearest rifle. He swung it into position to fire, resting it on the edge of the fox hole.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

### The Questions

1. Can you give the Roman numerals for the following: 10, 50, 100, 500, 1,000?
2. What was the greatest annual expense peak reached during the War of 1812?
3. What army decoration ranks next to the Congressional Medal of Honor?
4. Which is heavier, a quart of milk or a quart of cream?
5. When in the history of the United States was the slogan "54-40 or fight" used?
6. Who was Steve Brodie?
7. What European ruler during the first half of the last century made a European nobleman emperor of one of our North American countries?
8. Is Canada larger in area than the United States including Alaska?

### The Answers

1. X, L, C, D, M.
2. \$34,720,000 in 1814.
3. The Distinguished Service Cross.
4. A quart of milk. Cream has more fat which is lighter than liquid.
5. When the United States was disputing with England about its northwestern boundaries.
6. A character of the Bowery in New York, who was supposed to have jumped off Brooklyn bridge in the eighties.
7. Napoleon made Maximilian emperor of Mexico.
8. Yes, by 81,674 square miles.

## Household Hints

Lemon juice may be mixed with cream cheese that is used as a stuffing for green peppers.

Never throw away bones left from a roast or shoulder. Put them in cold water, and if cooked several hours, a very good soup may be obtained with the addition of diced vegetables.

If iodine-stained linen is soaked in a solution of ammonia and water, a teaspoon of ammonia to a pint of water, the stain quickly will disappear.

One and a half cups of dark brown sugar are equivalent to a cupful of granulated sugar.

It is easier to shorten a sleeve from the top than the bottom. This eliminates making a new packet and taking off and putting on cuffs.

Never leave medicine or any kind of drink uncovered in a sick-room.



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• Kellogg's Rice Krispies equal the whole ripe grain in nearly all the protective food elements declared essential to human nutrition.

Mr. Winkle grabbed the nearest rifle. He swung it into position to fire, resting it on the edge of the fox hole.