

# HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Vegetable	Preparation Required	Pressure Cooker	Minutes	Pounds
Asparagus	Wash, precook 3 minutes, pack.		40	10
Beans, String	Wash, string, cut or leave whole, precook 5 minutes.		40	10
Beans, Lima	Shell, grade, wash, precook 5 minutes, then pack.		55	10
Beets	Wash, retain stem, cook 15 minutes, slip skins, pack.		40	10
Brussels Sprouts	Remove outer leaves, wash, precook 5 minutes, add fresh water.		40	10
Carrots	Wash, peel, precook 5 minutes, pack hot.		35	10
Cauliflower	Remove outer leaves, wash, precook 4 minutes, pack.		35	10
Corn on Cob	Remove husk, precook 5 minutes, pack.		80	10
Corn, Whole-Kernel	Cut from cob, precook 5 minutes, pack.		80	10
Greens, all kinds	Wash, steam to wilt, pack loosely.		60	10
Parsnips, Turnips	Wash, pare, precook 5 minutes, pack.		35	10
Peas	Shell, grade (use only young), precook 3 minutes, pack loosely.		60	10
Pumpkin, Squash	Cut in pieces, steam or bake until tender, pack.		60	10
Sauerkraut	Pack cold, add salt, no water.			

## Vegetable Preparation and Processing (See Directions Below)

Home-grown vegetables are beginning to push their way out of the soil in your own Victory gardens. Perhaps, at first, you will be so delighted that you will want them all for the table, but soon will come the realization that you can't "put up" most of your points for next winter if you can them now.

Because pressure cookers are unrationed this year, most homemakers will use them for processing vegetables. That is all to the good, for the use of the pressure cooker cuts down processing time, and insures more success in canning if properly used.

**Non-Acid Vegetables.** Before getting into the fundamentals of canning, we must understand the difference between acid and non-acid vegetables. Tomatoes are in the acid group, but the others, green beans, corn, peas, etc., are all non-acid, and require processing under pressure so that they will keep.

**Fresh Vegetables.** Selection of the vegetable for canning is one of the important steps. You will be much more careful of what vegetables you put up, if you remember these two points:

1. You get out of your can only what you put into it, i.e., if you use an old, withered ear of corn, then that's what you'll have when you open the jar.
2. Canning, at best, does not improve your food; it only preserves it.

**Save Used Fats!**  
**Short Route to Jar.** Another old maxim that comes in handy during canning time is the one which goes, "two hours from garden to can." That means that you pick the vegetables from your garden and start canning immediately.

If you buy vegetables, get to the market early, and select those that come in fresh in the morning. Take them home and get them started on their way to the jar as fast as possible. Incidentally, if you are using your own Victory garden as a supply base for canning vegetables, be sure to pick them in the morning while the morning dew is still on them. Picking them later in the day, after the sun has dried out some of their natural moisture, will not give nearly as good results.

**Preparation Required.**

1. It's a good idea to wash jars first in hot soapy suds and check them for nicks and cracks. All canning equipment may be prepared a day ahead to have everything in readiness when canning actually begins.
2. Prepare vegetable as directed in chart above. In many cases pre-cooking is recommended to shrink the vegetable and set the color.

### Lynn Says:

Are you perplexed as to how many jars you should have for canning? How much will the vegetable make when "put up?" Here are some guides:

- Asparagus—12 pounds yields 6 pints "stalk," or 2 pints "cut."
- Beans—1 bushel makes 40 pint jars, cut in thin slices.
- Corn—100 ears of Golden Bantam yields about 14 pints.
- Greens—1 bushel spinach yields 13 pint jars.
- Dandelion greens—1 bushel yields 15 pint jars.
- String beans—1 bushel yields 17 to 20 quarts.
- Tomatoes—1 bushel yields 16 to 20 quarts.



# MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

By THEODORE PRATT

W.N.U. RELEASE



THE STORY THUS FAR: Forty-four-year-old Wilbert Winkle, who operates the Fixit repair shop, is notified by his draft board that he is in I-A. He breaks the bad news to his domineering wife, Amy, who suddenly becomes very tender. Mr. Winkle is sent to Camp Squibb, where he graduates from Motor Mechanics school, and then goes home on a furlough. After the furlough Mr. Winkle finds himself, with his friend, Mr. Tinker, in a big convoy. They land on the island of Talizo, where they meet several old pals. One day the Japs come. Mr. Winkle dives under a command car while Mr. Tinker shoots it out with a plane. Mr. Tinker is hit, Mr. Winkle grabs a machine gun and mows down the Japs.

## CHAPTER XIII

As he aimed, the officer was passing Mr. Tinker. To Mr. Winkle's amazement, one of Mr. Tinker's legs moved out and tripped the man, sending him sprawling. Mr. Tinker's jump at him was more of a crawl, but he made it before the Jap could fire his pistol.

The hairy hands of Mr. Tinker found the officer's throat. They held on while the two rolled on the ground. Gradually the Jap's convulsive movements stopped and he lay still. Mr. Tinker continued to retain his grasp on the other's throat, viselike, even when, in turn, there was no more movement from him.

Mr. Winkle turned back to his main business.

He felt no shock when he saw more assault boats coming out of



He wasn't aware that other men, live men, were in the fox hole with him.

the mist in addition to the two now beaching themselves. He had only the determined desire to kill and must be overpowered.

He didn't hear, above the noise of his gun, the trucks grinding to a stop in back of him with a shriek of brakes. For some time he wasn't aware that other men, live men, were in the fox hole with him and that still more were firing from the sand for some distance on either side.

He didn't know when he left the fox hole and with the others ran upon the beach with a rifle in his hands. He was astounded, once, to note the bayonet on the end of the rifle, and that he had plunged it into a Jap soldier and was having difficulty in getting it out. Twist, he thought, that was it. He twisted, and the blade came free. It was true what they said.

He felt a sharp sting in his left shoulder.

On top of his head there was a blinding clang.

His helmet was knocked off. Something crashed on his bare head and after that he was aware of nothing.

Mr. Winkle opened his eyes cautiously. He had been conscious for a few minutes, but he couldn't place where he was.

The first thing he saw was the face of Jack Pettigrew. Jack had only a head, which floated in the air all by itself. The mouth in the head said, "Hello, Pop."

"So you made it, too," observed Mr. Winkle.

"Made it?" Jack's head inquired.

"We're dead, aren't we?" asked Mr. Winkle. "You were dead the last time I saw you. This is Heaven, I suppose. Or is it—?" In some panic he demanded, "Which one?"

The head laughed. "We're in an Army hospital just outside of Los Angeles."

The rest of Jack came into focus. Clad in pajamas and a bathrobe, he was sitting on the edge of a white bed. There were lines of white beds.

"I don't understand," Mr. Winkle said. "We're supposed to be on Talizo. You—and the Japs..."

"The Japs," Jack grinned, "didn't get anywhere. We've taken the whole island since then. You saved it. You're a hero. You're going to get a medal. The President told about you in one of his speeches."

"And look at these papers," Jack rummaged in a locker between the beds and then held the front pages

of newspapers so Mr. Winkle could read them. One of them was The Evening Standard. Mr. Winkle took it and saw big black letters which said:

### WINKLE, HERO OF TALIZO

"I'm supposed to call the nurse if you wake up," Jack said. "You've been out for five weeks. You're not supposed to talk."

"You do the talking," Mr. Winkle ordered. "And lots of it."

"You don't have to worry," Jack said. "Mrs. Winkle knows. I went home to see my folks. I'm here now only for a check-up before I join my new company. We're headed for the Philippines this time."

"You left out something," Mr. Winkle said. "The most important part. The Alphabet, Freddie, and the others..."

In a low voice, Jack said, "I was the only one."

It was a moment before he could ask about Mr. Tinker. Then he spoke only his name.

"No," Jack told him.

At least, thought Mr. Winkle. Mr. Tinker had got his Jap himself. He would always cherish thinking of the sight of Mr. Tinker with his hands around the Japanese officer's throat.

"That's why I want to go back," Jack said.

"I'm going, too," Mr. Winkle told him.

Mr. Winkle enjoyed, instead of shying from, every moment of his reception when he arrived in Springfield. He beamed at the huge crowd waiting at the station. With satisfaction, he saw and heard the American Legion band which had turned out for him alone this time. He read the banners and posters people carried. He admired the decorations, one of which read unashamedly: "Our Hero."

There was Amy embracing him and murmuring brokenly, "Wilbert... Wilbert..."

"Look," he said. Right there before all the people he lifted his arm to shoulder height, telling Amy, "That's as far as it will go."

Amy stared at him, embarrassed and stricken. The crowd hushed.

"It's good enough for holding you," Mr. Winkle told his wife, putting his arm around her.

The crowd roared its approval, while Amy, blushing, whispered to him, "Wilbert, you're changed more than ever."

The Mayor stepped up and gave him the keys to the city, in the form of a large wooden key painted gold and festooned with gay ribbons.

Then came the most important part of the ceremony, the part that made Mr. Winkle most appreciative and brought a lump to his throat.

His own commanding officer being some distance away, it had been arranged for the Colonel who commanded the camp where Mr. Winkle was inducted into the Army to present him with the Distinguished Service Cross.

The Colonel read the citation from a scroll. "... awarded to Wilbert George Winkle... distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy... beyond and above his duty..."

The Colonel pinned the medal on his tunic, stepped back and saluted him. Mr. Winkle was so surprised at being saluted first by an officer, and especially one of such rank as a Colonel, that he forgot to salute back. Instead, he found himself shaking hands with the Colonel.

In the Mayor's car, with the Mayor in front and Mr. Winkle and a

weepy Amy alone in the back seat, they paraded through the town to the blaring accompaniment of the band and cheering people who threw a great many bits of paper from the buildings. Mr. Winkle waved and waved his good arm, and it was borne in upon him that it was most men's dream come true, notably because this time no one called out derisively.

Finally they were deposited in front of their house, where a number of people were gathered. Among them was Mr. Wescott, who had evidently come out to see for himself. And having seen, he didn't find any reason to laugh now. He couldn't say anything at all when he opened his mouth in that endeavor, but simply stood there with his lips parted, gapping.

Mr. Winkle greeted him warmly and shook hands before going on with Amy up their walk.

Mr. Onward, the reportographer, whom Mr. Winkle had seen at the station taking pictures, followed them up the walk. "Listen," Mr. Onward asked rather humbly, "how about an interview?"

"No," said Mr. Winkle, "no interview."

"But—" Mr. Onward began to plead.

"Use the same one you printed before," Mr. Winkle explained. "That was a good one."

Alone together in their house, Mrs. Winkle dabbed at her eyes with her



The Colonel pinned the medal on his tunic.

handkerchief, touched his medal with one finger, dabbed some more, and asked, "Whoever would have thought—?"

"Not me," said Mr. Winkle.

"Not I," she corrected. She spoke a little sharply, as if trying to hide her emotions or expressing a desire to bring him down a peg in case his popularity might have gone to his head.

In trying to determine which it was, Mr. Winkle saw the answer to his speculation on whether or not Amy would continue in her new regard for him, or revert to the old. He found a number of things to support his belief that war had changed her as permanently as it had him.

She would not find it comfortable to henpeck a national hero.

(THE END)



## Illinois Man Speeds Up His Haymaking

### Tractor-Drawn 'Sled' Used to Pick Up Bales

A clever method of saving labor in haying has been worked out by I. E. Houser Jr., near Farmer City in DeWitt county, Ill. On his 560-acre farm Mr. Houser has a herd of 60 Hereford cows and he has fed out as many as 175 feeder cattle and 1,000 western lambs in one year. To provide enough hay for this livestock, he fills two barns, each holding about 80 tons in bales.

Mr. Houser hires a pickup baler. The bales are dropped in the field as they come from the baler. To pick up the bales and haul them to the barn Mr. Houser built a sled which is pulled by a tractor. The sled is 20 feet long and 4 feet wide, and made from two logs and old lumber; it carries 33 bales, when loaded three bales high.

In picking up bales two men work on the sled with hooks; the tractor does not stop but moves continuously at about 2 1/2 miles per hour. When they come alongside a bale one of the men on the sled hooks it and pulls one end onto the sled. The forward motion pushes the bale onto the sled, where both men pile it in position.

The Houser's find it much easier to load this way than if the sled is stopped. They wait until the baler has made two rounds and pull the sled between two rows of bales, driving back and forth to load from either side. With the method used the three regular men on the farm can put up the hay as fast as it is baled and Mr. Houser feels that the additional charge made if a loading device were pulled directly behind the baler would not be justified.

At the center of one barn there is an elevator running up over the roof like an outside corn elevator. It consists of a wooden chute a little wider than a bale and a single chain, from a corn elevator, with four steel cleats. Power for running this continuous chain is provided by an electric motor. The end of the elevator is close to the ground so that when the bales are pulled up to it on the sled they can be tipped onto the chain without lifting. Instead of the chain Mr. Houser originally used an old threshing belt with wooden cleats.

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