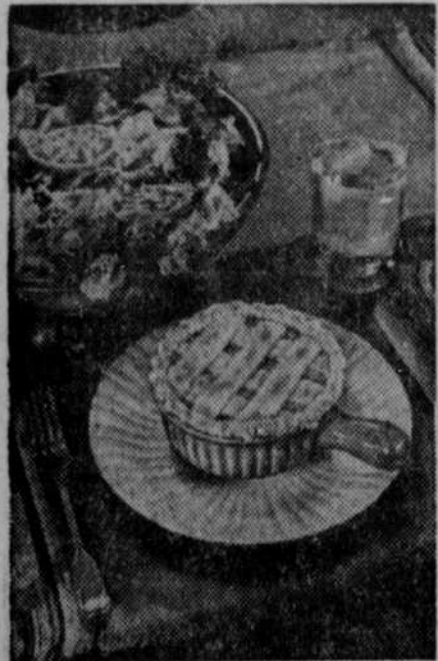


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Plan Day's Meals Using Basic Seven As Your Guide



Utilize a little bit of meat with vegetables and tuck under a flavorful, flaky piecrust and serve the family a meat pie. All vegetables and meat are served in one casserole and save serving dishes.

Is there a blueprint or plan for making menus? That's a question homemakers frequently put to the food experts. Yes, there is. Suppose you are given a list of foods to be included in your daily diets, a sort of general plan that you can adapt to every day's needs. Can you make out your menus? Here is the blueprint:

Group I. Green and yellow vegetables. At least one of each kind should be included daily to meet vitamin and mineral requirements of the diet.

Group II. At least one serving of oranges, grapefruit or tomatoes to get enough Vitamin C in the diet. A good time to get this requirement in is during breakfast—with the fruit.

Group III. Potatoes or other fruit and vegetables to add more minerals and vitamins to the diet.

Group IV. Milk or milk products. This may be in the form of milk (1 pint per day for adults, 1 quart for children), fresh or evaporated, and cheese.

Group V. Meat, poultry, fish, eggs or dried beans, peas, nuts or peanut butter. This group is needed to build and repair body tissue.

Group VI. Bread, flour and cereals are required to meet energy needs and the vitamin B needs of the body. Be sure that any of these that you use are whole-grain, enriched or restored. You would have to eat four times as much ordinary bread, for example, to get as much nutritional value as one loaf of enriched bread contains.

Group VII. Butter or fortified margarine. Use some of either every day to give energy and vitamin A.

That's the plan. Use food out of every group, every day.

The best way to divide the groups into three balanced meals will run something like this:

For breakfast: Citrus fruit, cereal, eggs, milk or beverage, toast.

For lunch or dinner: Meat (poultry or fish, etc.), vegetable in either group I or III, milk or milk products.

For dinner or supper: Meat, poultry or fish, vegetable or fruit from groups I, II, or III. Milk or milk product, and also bread and butter from groups VI and VII.

An easy way to plan the menus is to write down the foods and the corresponding number of the group of food from which it comes. If you do not use one or two of the groups during one meal, pick them up at the next. No chance for slips, here! Keep one eye on the plan and the other on the ration books while do-

Lynn Says: What they do: The basic seven food requirements are so made up as to take care of the body's demand for certain types of food. For example, proteins, minerals and water are all essential to building torn parts of the body and keeping them in repair. They are needed for tissues, bones, muscles, blood and other fluids. Energy for breathing, heart action, circulation of the blood, and other bodily functions is supplied by fuel foods—foods rich in fats and sugar. To keep up the body's resistance to disease, to keep it in good running order, is the function of regulation and protective foods—these are the vitamins, minerals, water and roughage.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

- *Sausage and Succotash Pie
- *Pear and Grape Salad
- *Honey-Orange Bread
- Lemon Cups Beverage
- *Recipe Given

ing this and you can meet the requirements of both.

Now, here is some concrete help to stretch those red points:

- *Sausage and Succotash Pie. (Serves 4 to 6)
- 1 pound pork sausage meat
- 3 cups cooked, dried or fresh lima beans
- 1½ to 2 cups cooked corn
- 2 tablespoons red pepper, chopped
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups milk

Lightly fry sausage. Drain well. Combine with vegetables. Make white sauce by blending flour into melted shortening. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Cook until thickened. Season, then add to meat mixture. Pour into baking dish. Top with pastry. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) 30 to 40 minutes.

- Pork and Apple Turnovers. (Makes 4 to 6)**
- Combine 1 cup chopped apple with 1 cup chopped cooked pork. Roll pastry thin and cut in 6-inch squares. Heap half of square with pork and apple mixture. Fold over diagonally. Moisten edges and press together. Prick top. Bake in a hot oven 30 to 40 minutes.

These ham and asparagus cutlets give a new twist to congenial and favorite foods:

- Stuffed Pancake Rolls, Ham and Asparagus Cutlets or Hamburgers** are low in point-value but give plenty of zip and stick-to-the-ribs quality to your meals. Have them often to give variety to menus.

- Ham and Asparagus Cutlets. (Serves 6)**
- 1½ cups cooked, chopped asparagus
- 1½ cups diced, boiled ham
- ¼ cup fine bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk

Mix asparagus with ham and crumbs. Melt shortening, blend in flour. Stir in milk. Cook until thick. Add to first mixture, season to taste. Chill. Shape mixture to resemble chops. Dip in crumbs, then egg diluted with water, again in crumbs. Heat enough fat in skillet to cover bottom of skillet generously. Fry cutlets slowly until golden brown. Serve with Cheese Sauce: Melt 2 tablespoons shortening, blend in 3 tablespoons flour, stir in 1½ cups milk. Add 1½ cups grated cheese. Cook until cheese melts.

- Stuffed Pancake Rolls. (Serves 4 to 6)**
- 2 cups flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- 1 beaten egg
- 2 cups milk
- 2 tablespoons melted shortening
- 1½ cups chopped cooked lamb
- 1 cup leftover gravy
- ¾ cup grated cheese

Sift dry ingredients. Stir in egg, milk and shortening. Melt enough fat in skillet to cover bottom. Make 6 large thin pancakes 5 inches across. Brown on both sides. Mix meat with gravy. Heap meat in center of each pancake. Roll up. Sprinkle with cheese. Heat in oven until cheese melts.

- Savory Cabbage. (Serves 6)**
- Shred 1 small head of cabbage into 3 tablespoons of fat in a skillet, cover and cook slowly 15 minutes.
- Add 1 cup cubed salami or cervelat, salt and pepper and heat thoroughly.

- Spinach.**
- Cook late spinach with bacon rind cut in snippets. Buying slab bacon with rind saves points.

- Greens.**
- Chop 2 cups cooked greens with 1 tablespoon onion juice, 2 tablespoons horseradish, ¼ cup sour cream, salt and pepper. Serve on toast with crisp bacon.

- Potato Salad.**
- Add 1 tablespoon ripe dill seeds to potato salad and serve cold with sliced tongue.

Are you having a time stretching meats? Write to Miss Lynn Chambers for practical help, at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplains Street, Chicago, Ill. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

BLACK SOMBREIRO by CLIFFORD KNIGHT

Margaret Nichols owned some property in joint tenancy with Kitty Chatfield. When Kitty died it meant \$200,000 to her. She explained the situation to her friend, Barry. Elsa Chatfield had been disinherited at Aunt Kitty's death, but is glad to be freed from a tyrannical aunt who had imposed many restrictions. Hulton Rogers, a detective, asks what Aunt Kitty died of, and is told an overdose of morphine. The detective meets Reed Barton and discusses the matter of Kitty Chatfield and Elsa. He suspected that Kitty Chatfield was murdered although the police hold to the opinion that it was suicide. There were no fingerprints except her own on the hypodermic syringe she used.

CHAPTER III

"But Kitty talked. Lord, how she talked! Sam, thank God, was a human sort, however; he just laughed at her and went on loving his wife. And then Elsa's mother, to Kitty's great relief, passed from the scene. Pneumonia, I think, although it's hard to remember everything. Sam didn't remarry, however, until after he set himself up again in Mexico; and then it was to Berta, the Mexican. Berta was the last straw to Kitty Chatfield. Berta, of course, is all right, I like her."

"It's time Margaret was getting here. Sam Chatfield and his Mexican wife, Berta, are coming too. They're up from Mazatlan for a few days," he said. "I'm hungry. How about you two?"

"I could eat now," Hulton Rogers said.

"Perhaps it is clearer now about the will, Barry," said Dwight, settling back in his chair once more.

"When Aunt Kitty cut her niece off with only a year's income from the estate, knowing quite well that Elsa would spend all of it—which she did—it was a deliberate thrust at a vital spot, so she thought.

"Aunt Kitty never looked upon Elsa as a Chatfield. Elsa resembled very much her mother. What's more to the point she was not awed by the antiquity of the Chatfields; she refused to kowtow to the great god Family. Which of course did not endear her to Aunt Kitty. Toward the last as bitter a hatred existed between those two as you could well imagine. Elsa, of course, was not to blame for it. Kitty Chatfield was older; her neck was stiff."

"But is that enough to make the two hate each other the way they did?" I asked.

"There was the baby."

"Who was the child's father?" inquired Rogers.

"That has never been disclosed."

A boy came out upon the veranda to inform us that Margaret and the others had arrived.

Dwight Nichols has a kindly face. Dwight is not yet forty, but his is the face of a benevolent philosopher. His brown eyes are benign, soft, almost feminine in their compassion for his fellow man. There is a quiet, gentle smile constantly about his lips; his whole countenance, in fact, is lovable and sweet. His is a face widely known, for it has been seen often in the press—a face of charm, inviting to confidence, winning, friendly.

That's why the devilish caricature in the shop window struck so forcibly upon my attention. It was the eyes that did the trick; the caricaturist had provided him with an eye cunning, sly, wicked. It made over the whole countenance of Dwight Nichols; it made a rascal of him, whereas he is an upright man, a sportsman who has written many books of life afield, and a man extraordinarily fond of his wife and home.

And, heavens! there was myself beside Dwight, my own inconsequential physiognomy. I blushed as I stood there on the sidewalk, oblivious to the afternoon crowd that swarmed along the boulevard. Was I such a villain as that? Was I so old?

And, heavens again! Beside me in the window, overwhelmingly, so huge and coarse that at first I had not seen it, was Jimmy the Cheese.

In other shop windows up the boulevard that mild April afternoon I encountered still more caricatures by the same clever hand. There was one of Hulton Rogers ludicrous in the extreme; the thinning hair on top of his head was all but gone; his ears stood out like flapping wings, and his nose was twice its already generous size.

"Let me see that thing in the window," I requested of the clerk. For full of mounting spirits I had returned to the first window out of breath, thoroughly reckless now. I pointed to my own likeness. The man was hesitant. "I want to look at it. I want to make sure who did it. It's me. Don't you see?"

who did that. I want to borrow it long enough to take it over and raise heck with her."

"What if you don't come back?"

"Then keep the money. It's more than the darned thing is worth."

"All right," he said. I rolled the thing lightly, made my exit and bent my steps toward the apartment on the heights above the boulevard.

Elsa was not at home, but I found Reed Barton on her doorstep. He was knocking loudly like a desperate man upon the panel of the door as I ascended the last flight of stairs, and left off only when I poked my head within view. He was carrying flowers, which few men like to be seen doing however much they may esteem the intended recipient thereof. He sought at first to hide them from me; hence it was not difficult to see that his case was urgent.

"She's not at home," he announced with an air that indicated Elsa's absence amounted almost to a personal affront. "I thought sure she'd be here, Barry."

"Just leave the flowers on her doorstep. I'll tell her you called the next time I see her," I said. He



laughed and brought the flowers around into view, drew a fat green pencil from his pocket, scribbled something upon the white paper and snapped the flowers to the doorknob with a rubber band.

"She's the most exasperating person I know, Barry," he said. "But what's she done to you?" For the first time he realized I had reason for being there. The light was dim, but I unrolled the caricature and presented it.

He took the caricature from me, and placing it against the wall scribbled on the edge: "Dear Liar. Barry is a wild man about this. I think it's rotten too—Reed." He chuckled, proceeding to fasten it in the door jamb. "Tell her when you see her, Barry, that I called to tell her goodbye. It's rather sudden, you know. The Chief didn't let me know until yesterday. I'm on my way this evening. Come on. I've got to go over to my hangout now. There's not much time left."

We went down the stairs and set off on foot, for it was not far.

"Where are you going and why?" I inquired as we reached the boulevard and jostled along through the crowd.

"Mexico—Mazatlan. Because the Chief says to go."

"Mazatlan! Why, that's incredibly removed from the Hollywood scene."

"Yes, I know."

"But what for?"

"The Chief says I'm to report at the Mazatlan office for permanent work. Take charge of things down there."

We swung on up the boulevard. As we passed the shop window, we halted to gaze in at the caricatures of Dwight and Chesebro, and again farther up the boulevard at still other caricatures. Near Highland the sidewalk became impassable. We endeavored to worm our way through, for Reed's hotel was just beyond the corner. The first intimation that it was more than a mere congestion of pedestrians came with the sound of a man's voice—a reedy, husky voice—shouting:

"Look at that! Look at that!"

We pressed our way into the crowd and beheld at the center of the throng a hatless figure, red of face and vociferous to the point of apoplexy. "Is it me?" he demanded plaintively of the gaping crowd.

"Is it me?" He pointed at a shop window wherein I could make out a group of caricatures, the origin of which was quite apparent. I recognized the fellow, a minor comedian; he was a bit player who was cast in an occasional picture.

I don't know why a second figure on the sidewalk should catch my eye at the moment unless it were that the prescient monitor within me had

again directed my eyes into the misty pool of future time to that terrifying experience at Mazatlan. For the man was an utter stranger.

He was inactive, standing idly by, apparently not greatly moved by the indignity that had been done him. The man was smoking a frayed cigar. He was hatless, dressed in an incredible sports coat, brown slacks and a pink and white check shirt that would have affronted the esthetic sense of a moron.

"I won't stand for it!" bellowed the comedian. "I won't! Give me a brick, somebody. Where's a brick?"

I don't know where the brick came from. I suspected, but with no reason whatever, that the man with the frayed cigar was guilty.

"You know," laughed Reed Barton, as we rolled down town to the union station, "I wish I could stay and see how this comes out."

"I'll tell you how it comes out when I see you at Mazatlan," I said. "I've arranged to go with Dwight and Margaret on their cruise. Leaving in a week or so."

"There is more than a fine talent here," said Dwight, his voice having a judicial sound in the quiet of the ship's lounge on the Orizaba. The thin smoke of his cigarette ascended through the lighted area made by the green-shaded light. He rustled the papers on the table, looking at first one reproduction of Elsa's caricatures and then at another. There was a full page spread of Elsa's caricatures in the rotogravure section, besides others in the news section. Elsa had made a hit; she was being hailed as a find.

"Oh, hello, Chesebro. Come in!" Dwight, looking past me into the passageway beyond the open door of the lounge, suddenly called out. I turned to behold Jimmy the Cheese on the threshold. We shook hands all around, and Dwight waved Chesebro to a chair.

"We were just talking about Elsa," he explained when we had settled. "About her mugs, as she calls them."

A voice broke in upon us as we sat there in the lounge, a strange voice, slightly blurred in its tone and smacking of New York in its inflections.

"If you're speaking of Elsa, I brought her out. Just now."

"We were, yes." Dwight rose questioning to his feet and made as if to move toward the doorway whence came the voice.

"Don't bother to get up," said the voice heartily. "Elsa and I just got here a few minutes ago. The steward helped us on board, and I saw you fellows in here so I came on in."

"That's quite right," Dwight assured the man. "I'm glad you did. My name's Nichols."

"Glad to meet you, Nichols. My name's Rumble. George Rumble."

"This is Mr. Chesebro, and Mr. Madison."

"Glad to meet you both," said Mr. Rumble, shaking hands swiftly with Chesebro and then with me. "Don't believe I've ever heard of you two before." He helped himself unasked to cigarettes and sat down on the corner of the table.

"Nice little boat you've got here, Nichols. Looks like a swell traveler of the ocean blue."

"Yes, thank you. I'm glad you could come down and be with us tonight."

"Thanks. I always get a kick out of going-away parties—especially when it's on a boat. Understand you're starting to Mexico tonight."

"Yes. We're sailing about midnight."

At the moment I was speechless. I observed Dwight endeavoring to adjust the newcomer to his surroundings and us to him. It was plain that he was totally unexpected. His statement, however, that he had come with Elsa made him authentic. But, as I say, I was devoid of speech. For I recognized the man. He was minus the frayed cigar he'd had when he so calmly looked on at the frantic actions of the outraged comedian. His black curly hair was oiled down to his head, and he was now smoking one of Dwight's cigarettes. Otherwise he was the same.

"How did you come down?" Dwight was asking.

"Come down?" repeated Rumble, dislodging a fragment of tobacco from his tongue with a sharp noise of his lips. "We came in Elsa's car. She's got a good car now, and a chauffeur. I helped her pick out the car. And I know the chauffeur's okeh. He's a nice boy. Cousin of a friend of mine. I got him the job."

"That's interesting," said Dwight. Chesebro had shrunk into himself at the advent of Mr. Rumble; he sat like a huge, reddish-brown, silent, malignant oyster. I'm sure that if it were the gentlemanly thing to do he would have bitten Mr. Rumble.

"What's your line, Chesebro?" demanded Mr. Rumble, turning upon Jimmy the Cheese. For a moment there was no reply. I could fancy he was struggling with himself, then he hissed. "Mining investments."

"Investments? Oh, yes. I never had anything to invest myself, but that's a good line, I guess. Me, I'm in."

But whatever it was that he was in had to wait for the moment, for Elsa called to us from the threshold.

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

BOB HAWK, CBS quipmaster of "Thanks to the Yanks," manages to spend at least two nights a week performing for men in the armed services. When a camp calls for a show Hawk sends out a call to his many friends in the entertainment world and immediately a well-rounded show of varied acts organizes to help "Thanks to the Yanks." Bob, who taught junior high school English when he was 18, has broadcast everything from grand opera to wrestling matches—says his toughest assignment was giving a hole-by-hole description of a miniature golf tournament. He's never done better work than he's doing now for the men in the service.

Just 11 years ago Lucille Ball went to Hollywood as a show girl, to appear in Eddie Cantor's "Roman Scandals," along with 11 others. You'll see her, as a show girl, in



LUCILLE BALL

"Meet the People"; she's climbed clear to the top of the ladder in the meantime. Right now people are crowding to see her in "Du Barry Was a Lady." She's the only one of the original twelve who's still in pictures.

Those American Youth Hostels that have become so popular get their inings in "Song of the Open Road," for which Sammy Kaye and his orchestra have been signed. Red-headed Peggy O'Neill makes her debut in the starring role.

Leatrice Joy Gilbert has been under contract to Metro for some time, but it's only now that she's going to get her chance—a role in "Kismet." She worked in summer stock last season, and if there's anything in heredity this daughter of Leatrice Joy and the late Jack Gilbert certainly ought to go far as an actress. Her father was one of Metro's big stars for years.

Some clever lad at MGM is composing a new song for Lena Horne, who will wow audiences everywhere, the studio predicts, in "I Dood It," the Red Skelton-Eleanor Powell picture. The song is called, we're told, "Moonlight Sinatra."

One photograph of Renee Terry of CBS's "Bright Horizon," inspired 341 proposals of marriage immediately after it appeared in a New York newspaper. It showed her in her Nurses Aide uniform, feeding a baby in the children's ward of a hospital.

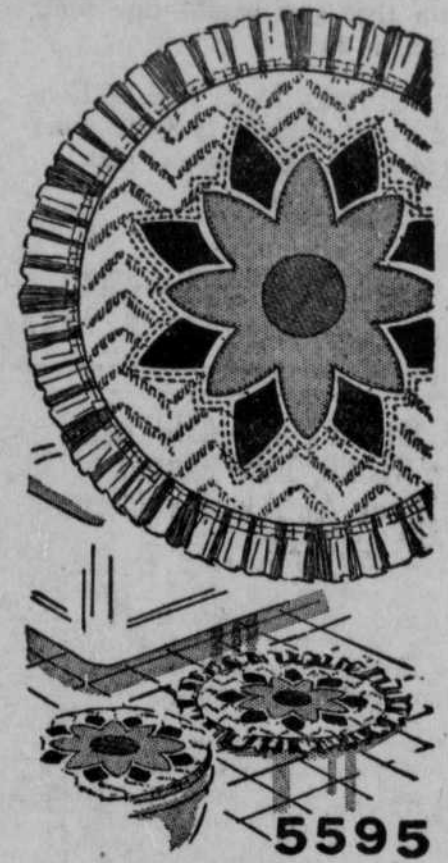
Frank Sinatra seems to like Hollywood and picture-making; he's going back in November to make "Mr. Cinderella" for RKO, and they do say that the story of the picture is pretty much the story of the young man's life.

When Bob Hope got back from that trip that took him to England, Africa, Sicily and Iceland he wasn't sure whether he'd be able to return to the air September 21 or not—said Bing Crosby would pinch him for him if he couldn't. He was pretty tired, but forgot that when he talked about his trip. "The greatest thing that ever happened to me," said he. And "Believe me, the programs we do from the States are going to mean more than ever to us now that we know what they mean to the men."

Last season hundreds of service men had to be turned away from the Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy shows because of lack of room. This year Bergen will put on a preview of the show, just as it goes on the air, plus added entertainment by Songstress Dale Evans and the cast, for service men on furlough in the Los Angeles area. So every Saturday night there'll be fun for soldiers, sailors and marines.

ODDS AND ENDS—Myrna Loy, who's made no pictures for a year, returns to Hollywood to co-star in "The Thin Man Goes Home," with William Powell. . . Hunt Stromberg's "Lady of Burlesque," starring Barbara Stanwyck and Michael O'Shea, is one of the most popular films being shown at military hospitals. . . Each studio visitor to "Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street" gets a card asking him to name three celebrities whom he'd like to have appear on the program. . . Lyn Bari was borrowed from 20th Century-Fox to play the glamorous dancer in United Artists' "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Things to do



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When you hear a Marine called a "Leatherneck," it has nothing to do with the epidemics of his neck. Years ago the Marine uniform was equipped with a high stiff leather collar. From that time on, "Leatherneck" has been the word for a Marine. The word for his favorite cigarette is "Camel"—the favorite cigarette also of men in the Army, Navy, and Coast Guard. (Based on actual sales records from service men's stores.) And though there are Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army men, you can still send Camels to soldiers in the U. S., and to men in the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard wherever they are.—Adv.

WNU-U 39-43



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