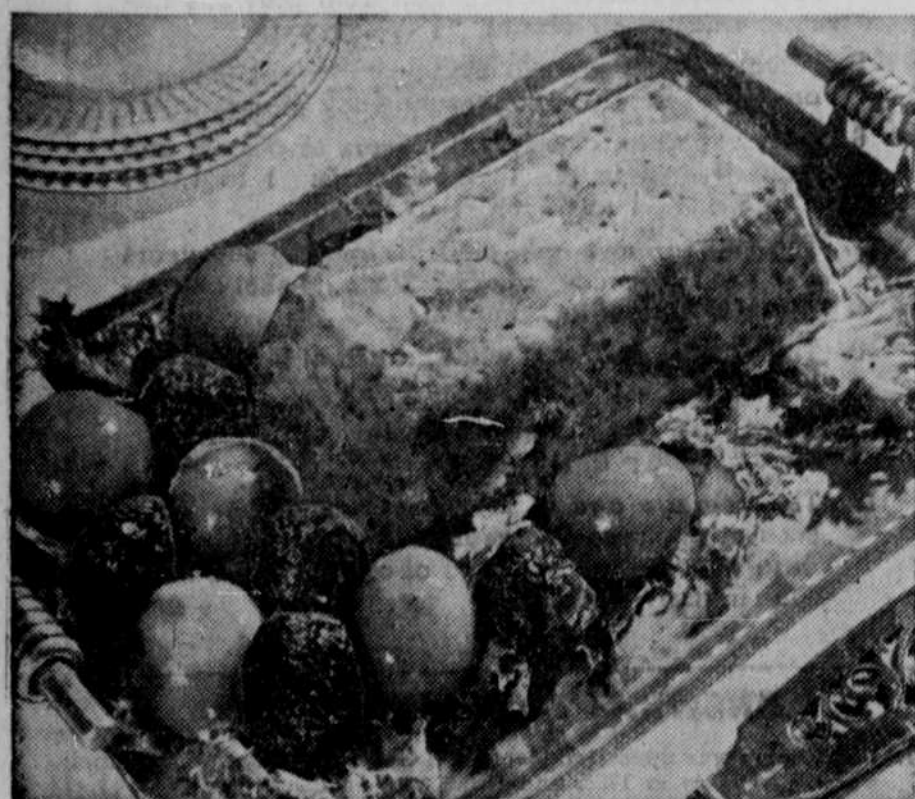


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Small Amount of Chicken Makes a Loaf
(See Recipes Below)

Little Makes Lots!

There were several requisites for recipes which made today's column and I think you'll appreciate all of them. First, they must be easy on the budget, second, they must be easy on ration points; and third, they must be leftovers, but incognito!

All three are particularly timely because you have probably splurged during the holidays and want to take it easy on points and the budget now; and third, you may have leftovers that want things done with them but still won't taste like leftovers because you know how the family sniffs at them. So, here we go, first of all with leftover pieces from that holiday bird.

*Chicken Noodle Loaf.

(Serves 8)

3/4 to 1 cup diced cooked chicken
2 eggs, well beaten
1/2 pound noodles
3 tablespoons butter or substitute
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 teaspoon chopped onion
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1/2 teaspoon pepper

Cook noodles in boiling, salted water until tender (2 quarts water, 1 teaspoon salt). Drain. Meanwhile, prepare white sauce of butter, flour and milk. Combine chicken, eggs, noodles, white sauce, crumbs and seasonings. Pour into a well-greased loaf pan 9 by 5 by 3 inches. Bake in a moderately slow (325-degree) oven until firm in center, about 1 hour. Let stand for about 8 minutes after removal from oven, then loosen around edges. Invert on hot platter. Slice to serve. If desired, serve with cheese, mushroom or vegetable sauce. Garnish with pickled pears and spiced prunes.

Are there remainders of a veal roast still standing in the refrigerator? You can make a perfectly delicious chop suey from a few cupfuls of the roast meat.

Veal Chop Suey.

(Serves 6)

2 cups roast veal, cut in strips
2 sliced onions
1 cup green pepper, cut in strips
4 tablespoons melted shortening
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 cups celery, cut in strips
2 cups sliced radishes
3 tablespoons cold water
2 cups flour

Hot cooked rice
Cook veal, green pepper and onions in shortening, in a large skillet for about 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add seasonings and celery. Cover and cook slowly for 5 minutes.

Lynn Says

Point Pointers: When you run low on stamps for processed foods, be sure to find fresh ones to substitute. To extend a processed food, use it with a fresh, seasonal food.

Using foods that are grown near your own community helps the transportation problem, as well as your near-by grower.

For children or invalids who use canned, pureed foods, extend by mixing with milk and cream. Use with purees of other vegetables and fruits.

Leftovers can be combined with other foods to use them up; for example, leftover beets can be mixed with onion, vinegar and spices for relish or salad; leftover corn may be combined with lima beans, carrots or peas.

Save Used Fats!

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

*Chicken Noodle Loaf
Glazed Carrots Spiced Prunes
Waldorf Salad
Baking Powder Biscuits
Orange Custard
Cookies Beverage
*Recipe Given

then stir in flour and water which have been blended to a smooth paste. Cook, covered, 5 minutes longer. Add radishes. Heat thoroughly, and serve on hot, cooked rice.

Frankfurters are sometimes left over, too, and the problem of what to do with them after they've lost moisture and shriveled a bit can be easily solved if you do this with them:

Rosy Rounds.

(Serves 4 to 6)

2 tablespoons fat
1/4 cup minced onion
5 to 6 frankfurters, ground
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Salt and pepper
Biscuit dough
1 cup medium white sauce
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Melt fat; add onion and frankfurters. Cook until lightly browned, stirring often. Add Worcestershire sauce; season with salt and pepper.

Prepare biscuit dough as follows: Sift together 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt; cut in 1/4 cup shortening; add 1/2 cup milk, mixing to a soft dough.

Roll dough into rectangle 1/4 inch thick. Cover with meat mixture; roll up in jelly-roll fashion. Cut into 1 1/2-inch slices; place in baking pan. Bake in a very hot oven (450 degrees) 15 minutes. Combine white sauce and mustard; serve on hot biscuit rings.

Both leftover meat and vegetables get used in this meat roll with chili seasoning:

Chili Vegetable Meat Roll.

(Serves 4 to 6)

1 cup ground cooked meat
1 cup chopped cooked peas, carrots or green beans
1/2 teaspoon chili powder
1 teaspoon minced onion
1 teaspoon minced green pepper
2 cups meat gravy
Salt and pepper
Biscuit dough

Combine meat, vegetables, chili powder, onion, green pepper and 1 cup gravy. Season with salt and pepper. Prepare biscuit dough. Roll in rectangle about 1/4 inch thick. Spread with meat mixture; roll up in jelly-roll fashion. Place on baking sheet and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) 30 minutes or until well browned. Slice 1 1/2 inches thick. Serve with remaining hot gravy.

Tastiness plus describes this lima bean and leftover meat casserole to perfection. Serve it with a cabbage and apple salad, hot rolls, beverage and jelly roll and you have a well-balanced and economical meal:

Lima-Meat Casserole.

(Serves 6 to 8)

2 slices bacon or salt pork, diced
2 1/2 cups leftover beef, ground
1 onion, diced
3 cups cooked tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon chili powder
4 cups cooked lima beans (fresh or dried)

Fry out bacon or salt pork. Add meat and onions. Brown slowly, stirring frequently. Add remaining ingredients. Pour into a well-greased casserole. Cover. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 30 minutes.

If you want sugar-saving suggestions, write to Lynn Chambers, Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago 6, Illinois. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

BLACK SOMBRERO

by CLIFFORD KNIGHT

Elsa Chatfield, Hollywood artist, is disinherited by her Aunt Kitty, who died from an overdose of morphine. Hunt Rogers and Barry Madison, detectives, go to Mazatlan, Mexico, to solve what they believe to be Kitty Chatfield's murder. On arriving they find that Elsa's party had preceded them by plane. During a festa at the ranch of Sam Chatfield (Elsa's father) James Chesebro is murdered. Later while on a fishing trip for marlin, Chatfield is playing the swordfish when his swivel chair breaks. He topples out, the marlin rushes him and drives his sword through his body. Rogers gives a detailed account of the tragedy at sea to Lombardo, Mexican chief of police.

CHAPTER XV

"I'm sorry, Senor Lombardo," said Dwight in English. "We are late, for the reason that we searched in vain for George Rumble."

"He won't be hard to find," I suggested. "He probably moved to another hotel."

For a moment no one said anything, then Rogers turned to Lombardo.

"This will interfere somewhat with your plans this evening, senor. But—perhaps we can go ahead with those of us who are here. I'm ready to be the first to put on the hat and walk to the room where Chesebro died."

There was a stir among us and we prepared to take up where we had left off the night Pedro fled. "Where's the quirt?" inquired Rogers.

"Here," I said, picking it up from the table where it still lay beside Elsa's hat. I gave it to Rogers. "And now we need Rumble's black sombrero," I said, "but it's not here."

"Won't another do just as well?" suggested Reed Barton. He and I went out to the rack near the door. There were several hats there; none as large, however, as Rumble's huge black one. We settled upon one of straw. The head size was small, so that it perched on top of Rogers' rather large head as he began a slow, measured stride down the dim passageway to the door of the room, while Pedro from his station and the rest of us at vantage points looked on. Rogers opened the door and disappeared within the room. A moment later he emerged to learn the verdict which Pedro was quick to pronounce.

"No, sir; he is not the one," he said, his teeth chattering.

"Who's next?" inquired Rogers, extending the hat and quirt toward me. "Barry, you play the role next."

I took the hat gingerly and set it on top of my head, although it was a better fit for me than it had been for Rogers. I grasped the quirt firmly and with a slight sensation of cold playing down my backbone I began to walk along the passageway.

"Pedro!" exclaimed Lombardo.

"Speak!"

My heart sank at the sound of the jefe's voice.

"He is not the man, sir," said Pedro in a voice that was little more than a whisper.

"You are sure?"

"Yes, sir."

With an audible sigh I removed the hat and handed it, together with the quirt to Dwight Nichols.

"You're next, Dwight, old man," I said lightly, although my voice sounded strained and unnatural in my own ears. He took them hesitantly, but before he could put on the hat, Margaret appeared at the end of the passageway. She halted abruptly at sight of us.

"Whatever are you doing?" she called. "Oh—" Her voice betrayed that she understood, and she moved slowly in our direction. "It's Dwight's turn, is it?"

"Yes, dear," Dwight replied soberly, putting on the hat.

The same hush descended upon us. There was the same suppressed breathing as Dwight moved slowly and deliberately past the place where Pedro crouched in his concealment, and on down toward the door.

Slowly he drew near the door; his hand was stretched out to touch the knob. There was a sudden movement in Pedro's place of concealment. Lombardo was alert to it instantly; he made as if to leap upon the man, then said sharply in Spanish, "What is it, Pedro?"

The sound of the jefe's voice startled Dwight. He turned about at the doorway and stood in an attitude of inquiry.

"Senor—" said Pedro hesitantly.

"What is it, Pedro?" demanded Lombardo sharply.

"He is the man, sir."

"This is the man you saw, Pedro?"

Margaret's fingers dug convulsively into the flesh of my arm; she caught her breath sharply.

"Yes, sir; he is the one," said Pedro.

Elsa joined us as we entered the living room. No one had spoken in the passageway after Pedro made his accusation.

"What's happened?" Elsa demanded of me.

"The pulque man has accused Dwight of killing Chesebro," I said.

A curious light flashed in Elsa's level gray eyes. She appeared not to have understood me. I repeated my statement. Dwight removed the sombrero and dropped it into a

chair, the quirt he tossed upon the table.

"The man is simply mistaken, Senor Lombardo," Dwight said, his voice remaining calm despite the strain he obviously was under. "I can understand how I might be thought to be the man you're seeking. It was like this: The night Chesebro was murdered we were all here in this room. We had been talking over the death of Mr. Chatfield's sister in California. Professor Rogers had been conducting a sort of investigation into it."

Lombardo's eyebrows lifted eloquently, and he glanced at Rogers then at Doctor Cruz who were intent upon what Dwight was saying.

"When the gathering broke up to go outside and look on at the dances which were the evening's entertainment, I was, I'm sure, the last to leave this room. The quirt there"—he indicated the whip on the table—"interested me. I stopped to examine the carved knob. Someone entered the room at the far end there." He nodded in that direction.

"It was a man—somebody dressed in white, like this man. A servant, I thought; I paid no attention to him. I put the whip down and went out into the hall, thinking to go out by the front door. The rack there with its many hats attracted me."

Dwight paused in his recital; he licked his dry lips and tugged at his collar, which seemed tight about his neck. He went on:

"It's curious the little mental quirks we get. Ever since I first saw Rumble wearing that black felt sombrero I've had a curiosity to put the hat on. A woman could understand that impulse, I suppose. And here."



Rogers' hand suddenly was flung out to stop me.

so I lifted the thing off the rack and tried it on. It was much lighter than I thought for. I took it off after a moment and put it back on the rack.

"Now, then," he summed up, "I saw somebody who could easily have been this man, Pedro, while I was examining the quirt in the living room. Whether or not he followed me to the living room door where he could have seen me trying on Rumble's hat, I don't know. I believe that he did. So it is easy to see how the man could have been misled. He is mistaken in his identification."

"Pedro, you have made a mistake," Lombardo said in Spanish, turning belligerently upon the unhappy pulque seller.

"No, sir; he is the man—" "We go now," said Lombardo.

"My humble apologies, senoras and senores."

Later on that evening Rogers and I stood on the Street of the High Waves near the Belmar Hotel. Reed Barton had stayed behind at the rancho to talk with Elsa. The others had come down town. Margaret and Dwight went out to the yacht saying that the launch would be at the wharf for us whenever we wanted it.

"Let's look about a bit," Rogers said. "If Rumble is in town he'll be loafing on the streets or in the bars. It shouldn't be hard to find him in Mazatlan."

We went once more into the hotel and, not finding him, came out again. We walked to the plaza and around it. The evening throng was beginning to thin out. Nowhere was there any sign of the huge black sombrero or the gaudy clothes he wore.

"He can be around, Hunt," I said, "and still elude us. Mazatlan is a fair-sized little city; there must be many places of concealment."

"Why should he be in hiding?" Rogers demanded.

"I don't mean that he intentionally is avoiding us."

"Yes, I know how you meant it. But he should be hunting us, Barry, instead. That was a broad insinuation he made—that he knew something of interest to me in the death

of Kitty Chatfield. If he meant it, this is the time for him to talk; so why isn't he trying to find us to tell what he knows?"

I had no answer for that. Indeed the more we talked the more hopelessly involved we seemed to become. Perhaps while we slept our subconscious monitors could sort over the many conflicting factors. I remarked as much to Rogers.

"Sleep not only 'knits up the raveled sleeve of care' but also straightens out many things. It's a fact," he commented. "Suppose we see if the launch still waits for us down at the wharf."

We set out to walk the comparatively short distance down the narrow twisting streets.

Rogers' hand suddenly was flung out to stop me. Two figures were idling under a street light a short distance from the end of the wharf; the rays of the light shone down upon a battered guitar which brown fingers were idly strumming.

"Our two mariachis," I said. They observed our approach and called out to us: "Buenas noches, senores."

Rogers returned their greeting. It was not until then that I realized what had drawn his attention so forcibly to them. We walked up to them and halted. Rogers pointed to the sombrero which Felipe, the larger of the two, was wearing.

"Que es esto?" he asked.

"Es un sombrero, senor," was the reply.

"Yes, I know," Rogers continued in Spanish, "but whose hat is it?"

"It is the hat of the gentleman who wears the fine clothes, senor," was the astonishing reply.

"That's what I thought," said Rogers. "How do you happen to be wearing it tonight?"

"I found it, senor."

"Found it?"

"Oh, yes, senor. Come. I will show you the very spot where I found it this morning."

Wonderingly we fell in behind the two boys who plunged into a dark passageway which, as we walked, I discovered was leading us to the water's edge underneath the wharf. We were stumbling along in the gloom when Rogers took out a tiny pocket flashlight to guide our feet.

"What is that?" asked Pancho, the smaller, when the light cast its feeble rays into the darkness.

"A flashlight, Pancho," replied Rogers.

"I have never seen one so small, senor," the boy replied.

A few steps farther on and we came out upon the damp sand. Here Felipe asserted was the spot where he had found the black sombrero—the very spot, right on the sand beside this very piling.

"Was it in the water, Felipe?" inquired Rogers.

"No, sir, on the sand. The tide was out."

"Had it been in the water? Was it wet?"

"Yes, sir; I think it had floated on the water and been left by the tide on the sand."

"H-m-m!" Rogers' voice was tense. "I should like to have the sombrero, Felipe, to take with me."

"Yes, sir," the boy took it off and gave it to Rogers.

"I'll give you something," He fumbled in his pocket.

"I want nothing, sir; it is not my hat. It is the hat of your friend who wears the fine clothes. I could not find him today to give it back to him."

We walked back up to the end of the wharf where we parted with the pair. Rogers still fumbled in his pocket. Suddenly he held out the little flashlight.

"Let me give you this," he said, "for taking care of the hat."

With an exchange of buenas noches we separated, the boys lighting their way up the street with the aid of the newly acquired flashlight, and we walking out upon the deserted wharf to the landing where the launch was waiting for us.

We went silently down to the launch. Arturo, loafing in the seats, sprang up to help us.

"Are we the last ones to go aboard tonight, Arturo?" Rogers inquired with an effort at cheerfulness.

"Yes, sir; all are aboard now, except you two gentlemen. Mr. Nichols say wait for you, and I wait." After some moments he stirred the engine into life and then cast off.

We moved slowly at first close alongside the wharf, pulling away only a little from the darker shadows. As we left the wharf's black edge and emerged into the area illumined somewhat by the lights on the wharf above us, the launch struck something in the water and careened slightly.

"What was that?" Rogers demanded.

"It are perhaps a log, sir," replied Arturo nonchalantly. "I hope it is not an alligator, the same being plentiful not far from here."

"It didn't feel like a log to me," Rogers retorted, peering over the side into the gloom. Something in his manner filled me with apprehension. He held up a shadowy hand to the pilot.

"Stop, Arturo; I want to see what that was."

The launch began to lose headway and soon we drifted. "We'll have to back up a few feet," The screw reversed and we began to move slowly backward.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

GAIL RUSSELL hasn't seen her brother George for two and one-half years; he's a bugler in the army, stationed in Alaska. As she's been a movie actress less than a year, he's never seen her on the screen, though her third picture, "The Uninvited," is now in the editing stage. So she's sending him all the glamour art of herself that she can lay her hands on, to prove to him that the spindly-legged junior in Santa Monica high whom he left behind him is really a movie actress now.

Dinah Shore's getting a new daddy—Charles Winninger of "Show Boat" fame, who'll be her father in the new picture, "Belle of the Yukon."

Dinah will sing, Winninger will play a trombone, and Gypsy Rose Lee will—well, she'll be Gypsy Rose Lee.



DINAH SHORE

All of the casualties on "Suspense," the CBS thriller, aren't confined to the script. When Orson Welles guest-starred recently, he broke his ankle as he entered the echo chamber, a box-like compartment used to give voices a ghostly quality.

Dame May Whitty stepped right out of her role as Pierre Curie's mother in "Madame Curie" to testify on juvenile delinquency before Senator Pepper's U. S. senate subcommittee on wartime health and education. They say she was just as delightful there as she is in the picture, especially when telling of her prewar experiences in arranging country vacations for London's underprivileged children.

Sammy Kaye was the second Hollywood celebrity to back the "Dance With a WAC" program, which originated with film producer Charles R. Rogers. When Rogers was in Palm Springs on location for "Song of the Open Road" he arranged for the male members of his cast and crew to spend an evening dancing with the air WACs stationed at the army's desert transport command base.

Mische Auer's collection of pets is becoming a problem. He had 30 hens and a rooster, and recently received two dogs, a Newfoundland and a Yorkshire terrier. Wally Ford gave him the Newfoundland, which weighs about 200, and he named it Heddy. The terrier was Mary Astor's gift; it weighs a scant 2 1/2 pounds, and he calls it Talulah. "Up in Mabel's Room" is his current picture.

Joan Davis and Jack Haley of the air waves are dashing from one picture studio to another these days. After Joan's appearance in "Around the World" RKO signed her for two pictures a year, and she's also under contract to Paramount for two. Jack Haley was originally all set for RKO's "Up in Mabel's Room," but had to drop out because of other picture assignments.

As chairman of the Malibu rationing board, Warner Baxter took over in the days of sugar distribution; he stuck through coffee and gasoline, but wanted to resign when he returned to the screen to star in "Lady of the Dark." He was persuaded to stay, merely appointing a temporary vice chairman, and completed his picture work in time to come back and face the canned goods situation.

It's the way things happen—to some people. The other night "Big Town" Director Jerry McGill went over to see his friend Fred Bethel, the "Here's to Romance" director, on broadcast night. He was much impressed with the looks and voice of Marcia Neal—and the result of that chance meeting is that Marcia has a part in McGill's new Broadway play, "Compromise."

ODDS AND ENDS—A national comic book publisher is trying to interest Fibber McGee and Molly in a monthly feature strip based on their amusing experiences. . . . Cass Daley, who introduces the song, "He Loved Me Till the All-Clear Came," in her new picture, "Riding High," has received requests to sing it in five different languages for overseas broadcasts. . . . They're gilding Marlene Dietrich's legs for a scene in "Kismet." . . . Basil Rathbone brings a bottle of milk to the Mutual station studio in Hollywood and gives everybody in the cast a sip just before "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" starts.

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