

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS by Lynn Chambers



Not Meat Loaf . . . But Pea-Potato Loaf! (See Recipes Below)

Menu Magic

New life for your meals—without meat. That's a problem which concerns us more day after day.

To homemakers who for years have used generous quantities of meat—this use of other protein food may be a new, but a delightful lesson in cookery.

Vegetable dinners please—and make attractive platters. Consider the excellent possibilities of strips of green beans, carrots, clusters of white cauliflower and diced beets in orange sauce—topped off in the center with a poached egg on toast.

*Pea and Potato Loaf. (Serves 6)

- 2 tablespoons vitaminized margarine
1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
1 cup fresh or canned peas, mashed
1 cup cooked potatoes, mashed
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 cup thick white sauce
2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
Broiled bacon, if desired

Brown crumbs in vitaminized margarine and sprinkle 1/2 of them into a well greased loaf pan (8 1/2 by 4 1/2 by 2 1/4 inches) to form a lining. Mix together peas, potatoes, remaining crumbs and seasonings. Add white sauce (2 tablespoons vitaminized margarine, 2 tablespoons flour and 1/2 cup milk), and mix well. Alternate layers of peas and potato mixture and sliced eggs until all is used. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) 25 minutes, or until set. Serve with Tomato Sauce made by the addition of 2 tablespoons of vitaminized margarine and a bay leaf to a can of undiluted tomato soup and cooked together several minutes. Garnish with eggs or broiled bacon, if desired.

Your family will exclaim pretty-pretty when you serve this au gratin dish—ringed attractively with carrot slices. The cheese-white sauce combination can make it a main dish:

Cabbage and Celery Au Gratin. (Serves 6)

- 5 cups raw cabbage, shredded
3 tablespoons butter or other shortening
1 cup diced celery
3 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons chopped pimientos
1 cup thin cream or top milk
1 cup cabbage cooking water
1 cup grated cheese
1/2 cup sliced carrots

Lynn Says:

Meaty Facts: If beef supplies are low, learn to use pork, for it's one of the best sources of the B vitamins. It also contains high quality proteins and minerals and is 96 to 98 per cent digestible when cooked long, at low temperature. The non-restricted meats, liver, heart, kidneys, oxtails, etc., are as nutritious as the restricted cuts. Learn to use them by themselves or by combining them with restricted cuts so you can s-t-r-e-t-c-h that meat budget. Tougher cuts of meat will be on your menus often, because they take less points than the expensive cuts. Most of them can be cooked by braising—that is, browning in hot fat, then adding water or another liquid, and cooking at long, slow heat until the meat is tender.

MURDER at PIRATE'S HEAD By ISABEL WAITT W-N-U RELEASE

THE STORY SO FAR: Judy Jason, who is telling the story, receives an anonymous letter enclosing \$500 and asking her to bid for an abandoned church to be auctioned the next day. Judy bids for the church and gets it, only to find, in an old chest, the body of a man identified as Roddy Lane. The body disappears a few hours later. A fish shed burns, apparently killing an old man named Brown who is supposed to have lived there. When the anonymous letter disappears, Judy tells Victor Quade. While exploring the "Pirate's Mouth" for clues, Lily Kendall sees something which frightens her. With Victor, Judy is looking for her bag.

CHAPTER XII

I'd thought it a wild cry coming from the sea. Victor heard it, too. "Just a gull, probably. They sound like that." He was halfway up the stairs. "Come on, Judy."

I saw him hesitate, run a little way back and inspect the waters around the bluff; then, just when I was wondering if he were going to go down into the Pirate's Mouth after whatever was there, he came back and made for the inn, two steps at a time. I could hardly keep up with him.

"Only a gull," he reiterated. "Nobody's been down there, evidently." Our guests had scattered. I could see Bessie Norcross's white coat disappearing into the house, with some man holding the door for her. Hugh, no doubt. The others were out of sight, save the minister. He had stopped by the fire ruins and was waving something at us.

"Lily Kendall thinks you k-k-know s-s-something about—" Victor was way ahead of me. By the time I caught up with him all thoughts of what Lily had hinted were driven out of my mind. The minister was waving a much-worn brown handbag.

"There's your bag, Judy!" Victor called. "Where did you find it, Mr. DeWitt?" "Why, right there." He pointed out a young juniper bush beside the path which ran in back of where the fishhouse had stood. We'd all been on that path innumerable times and not seen my bag.

"Thank you very much." I hunted for Bessie's key. Yes, there it was. Now she could lock her bedroom door and I could give the artist back his key. My coin purse was O. K., too, with a little change in it. Also, I saw at a glance, the lovely compact a girl friend had sent me from Florida.

I was torn between going to assist my poor aunt and the desire to see if the money was still in my room. Victor had had plenty of time to get into the storeroom, so I didn't feel afraid. Besides, the wind had blown my hair till it was a sight. I needed a couple of minutes before a mirror. Not mine. I'd only scout a moment and then go into Auntie's room.

Hugh stopped me in the hall. "Wait a minute, Judy. I was just going back to the church for you. Do you think it's safe for you to hang around that Quade fellow alone?" He tried to hold me by putting his hand over mine on the newel post.

"It's nothing. Just a stitch in my side. Getting old," I tried to laugh. I saw Victor putting my pouch in his pocket. Would he think I'd stolen the ring from that awful hand? "Your key. Here it is, Miss Norcross." I tossed it to her as she came part way upstairs. "Hugh is waiting for you. You two go along. You, too, Mr. Quade. I'll be all right now. The pain's gone."

Let her think what she wanted to; it couldn't be helped. By the time we reached the piazza our guests were ambling toward the bridge. Uncle Wylie had already gone down, my aunt said, scolding because I put off setting the luncheon dishes out. He'd beaten the whole of us, taking the minister's car, as he explained later, when he'd seen a truck skimming along the Neck.

Hugh Norcross was helping Mr. Quincy into another car, Potter's presumably, over near the garage. De Witt already had a front seat. "Wait for us," Victor called, but they didn't. Perhaps they didn't hear him. Anyway, they were started before we were down the walk.

"Why don't you go back, Judy?" "No, no. You don't think—I've got to know. You couldn't believe I'd touch—" "Of course not, my dear girl. Some friend has not only made a

tool of you, but now is trying to implicate you further. That's the same ring?" "Looks like it. Not sure of course." Victor's stride increased. "Good grief! Look—that first car is coming back again!"

The car with my uncle in it! And the truck was rapidly disappearing down the long curving Neck. "Won't be long now. Keep mum about the ring, Judy." We hurried along to meet the two cars, which were now stopping midway and holding a powwow.

"Everything jake?" Victor shouted as we came up. They didn't answer, but kept talking among themselves in a puzzled manner. "Everything O. K.?" Victor repeated. "Dunno." Uncle Wylie, who was leaning against the steering wheel of the minister's car, opened the door for us to get in.

"He isn't sure the feller heard him," Hugh said. "Milkman, wasn't it?" "Uh-huh. Him, all right," Uncle Wylie said. "Nearly ran the truck over into the gap. I shouted to get the police. 'Been a murder!' I yelled. 'We want the police!' But he answered sort of queer."

"What did he say?" "Can't hear you! Wind's agin me too strong! Joke on you!" Uncle Wylie scratched his scraggy head, windblown every which way. "Ain't sartin he understood. I yelled 'Murder!' again. 'Order!' he yells back, plain as day, 'count of the land breeze. 'Here 'tis. How'll I git it over?'"

"Didn't you tell him we didn't have a boat?" Hugh and Mr. Quincy asked the same question that was in my mind. "Don't know's I did. Why should I? Uncle could be so exasperating sometimes. 'Got a boat, ain't we, up in the loft of the garage?'"

"Well, for the love of Christmas!—why didn't you say so? Drive on!" screamed the minister. "Didn't say so because she—she leaks!"

Their car made the difficult about face on the narrow road, and I held my breath while Uncle Wylie followed suit. I didn't want to plunge into those swirling waters, dangerous at any time, despite the peaceful-looking marshland beyond.

I was wondering why my uncle hadn't spoken about his boat before. He could repair any leak that ever sprang. I was also beginning to wonder if he'd told the truth about the milkman. Nobody else was present. It was quite possible Aunt Nella had sicked him on to being Horatio at the Bridge just to keep the police away a little longer, in the hopes that some of the mystery would solve itself. I said as much to Victor.

"He, yes, and his wife, too, can't wish to keep quiet about what's under the tarpaulin." Aunt Nella was standing in the doorway waiting for the milk for her chowder. Did she think they could throw it across?

"You might have rigged up a breeches buoy!" she accused. There! She'd struck it. If nobody came to the bridge, if the boat couldn't be made seaworthy right away, couldn't we rig a breeches buoy of some sort? But Victor didn't listen to me. He and the men went across to the old barn where the boat was stored in the loft.

"I loathe steamed clams," Bessie Norcross grumbled, when she heard my aunt's luncheon alternative. Bessie had been cleaning the spot on her coat with some smelly fluid. Now she draped it over the hammock to dry. Personally I thought she'd made it much worse, with the encircling yellowish gray rings.

I stooped to pick up a couple of Lily Kendall's crystal beads. Lovely beads, they were; expensive. I hoped she'd saved enough to have them restrung. It was then I realized she hadn't been with us on the Neck. I ran up and knocked on her door, but receiving no answer, hurried down again. "Where's Miss Kendall?" Bessie shrugged. "Haven't seen her. Been locked in my room. Hughie called to me not to bother about the old bridge, so I've been right here. He thought I'd been overdoing. Look, they're coming back from the garage."

"How's the boat? Any good?" They all answered together. I gathered it was unseaworthy. "Hole in her big as a bucket," Mr. Q. shrilled gleefully. "Somebody chopped it on purpose," Potter added. "If I find out who in tunket dared to do sech a thing—!" Poor Uncle Wylie. He looked like a little mad bantam rooster.

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Scientists have determined that rubber latex as it drips from the trees is about 60 per cent water, 28 per cent chemically pure rubber, the balance salts, minerals, proteins and sugars. Clothing made water-proof by the use of rubber was being sold in England as early as 1791. Beads of the five and ten cents variety have a stronger influence than ordinary currency in encouraging the Yumbo Indians of Ecuador's Oriente jungle to haul rubber out from the waters of the Amazon. Next to beads, guns and machetes put the "go" in the Yumbo. The first rubber to be imported into the U. S. was in the form of water bottles. They came direct from the Amazon district. A full grown Hevea rubber tree averages 30 to 60 feet in height and its average life is 40 years or more.

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