Quality You'll Enjoy

"SALADA" TEA

● SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN CONVOY

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

LAST WEEK:—Lieutenant Rollins discovers his "prisoner" is the same nurse who had attracted his attention earlier in the day. She explains she came out on deck to smoke a cigaret The next day, Rollins awakes to discover the convoy is moving out to sea. The troops are being given an enthusiastic send off by people lined up on shore. Later, the signal sounds for lifeboat drill, and Rollins is disturbed to find the pretty nurse preocupied in looking at something through binoculars.

Death Stalks The Deck

CHAPTER IV

Long afterwards, the officers aboard Troopship "T 9" traced the atmosphere of impending tragedy to the evening of sailing as a mantle of misty gray blanketed the Nova Scotian coastline and Canada had been pushed back over the horizon, leaving only bleak ocean stretches visible in the fading light. The lonely setting contrasted unhappily with the gay departy scenes and, too, the convoy was running into a steadily increasing swell.

At the time, a number of the younger officers mentioned that the voyage didn't carry the "feel" of a great adventure. It came in the nature of a drab let-down that was relieved by a lifeboat drill and some sharp instructions by the adjutant over the ship's broadcasting system.

Lifebelts were to be worn at all times during the crossing and lifeboat drills would cover all possible situations including one wherein the men would be eating in the various messes and have the regular passageways blocked, forcing them to get to their stations via kitchen and furnace exits.

At night strictest enforcement would be given blackout regulations and no rubbish of any description was to be thrown overboard at any time except 10 o'clock nightly. That was to prevent any possibility of the enemy tracing the convoy by floating cardboard, empty cans and other debris.

* * *

Finally, the listeners were warned that they should leave warm clothing and equipment at hand each night before retiring— that, if the ship should be torpedoed and list to port or starboard, the men must not run up the sloping deck but go with the list to where the lifeboats hung freely.

Several "casualties" were missing from the evening table. Greg Rollins had felt a little squeamish, but a brandy, dry ginger ale and lemon juice had brought an amazing recovery.

Lieutenant Harry Miley held out up to the turkey when, with napkin to mouth, he rushed from the mess while his tablemates roared with laughter.

"Bad business—a hangover in a rolling sea," remarked Captain Tees to Rollins, "and especially when you're slated for orderly officer duty."

Rollins felt he should also volunteer, but he had other plans in mind—that bridge tournament, for instance. Thirty-two nurses had signed the entry sheet and the same number of officers had promptly volunteered. Greg was one of them—and he had taken the pains to find out a certain girl's name.

She was Nursing Sister Joan Davaar, with residence listed as Ottawa. He felt deep down in his heart that he was allowing his imagination to run riot over a couple of minor incidents, and the bridge tournament would provide an ideal excuse for a chat.

* * *

He was among the first officers to go up to "A" lounge that evening where the bridge was being played. One quick glance found her seated on a divan in the corner, reading. Rollins clicked his heels and bowed to the matron before stepping smartly across to the girl. She looked up unsmilingly.

"Good evening, Sister," he greeted cheerily, "My name is Gregory Rollins of the Royal Westmount Regiment and I am most anxious to be your partner in this tournament. I am here"—he patted his hips—"totally unarmed tonight!"

It was quite impossible to resist his charming manner. She smiled in reply.

"I'd be delighted, Lieutenant Rollins my name is . . ."

He held up one hand and slipped onto the divan beside her. "Miss Joan Davaar. I've already sleuthed out your identity."

* * *

She raised her eyebrows in amused surprise. "And to what am I indebted for this intensive Sherlocking?"

"If you weren't so deuced formal in your manner and uniform and if this were only a college prom," Rollins came back, "I'd be tempted to say that I'm quite irresponsible where blue-eyed blonds are concerned—even when, unfortunately, said interest isn't reciprocated."

The nurse was a superb companion as well as a polished bridge player who smoothed over a number of Greg's obvious misplays. As the evening's play came to a close they were calling one another by their first names. Afterwards, at the bar, they enjoyed a nightcap together. although she admitted that the rolling of the ship had bothered her slightly while gazing at the cards.

"What do you say to a brisk turn or two on deck?" suggested Rollins. "It would certainly straighten you up."

She looked at him with a twinkle in her eye. "You mean that you will actually allow me to walk on deck tonight. Last time you chased me indoors with revolver in hand—remember?"

Greg's brow clouded as unpleasant thoughts rushed back. For instance, he had noticed tonight that she had refused all cigarets.

"Tonight," he replied crisply, "is another night. Also, it's not quite as late. Besides I've a few things I'd like to discuss with you."

She laughed unexpectedly, displaying her dimple to advantage.

"That seems terribly ominous, Lieutenant, but I'll rush off for my overcoat and"—her voice lowered in mock secrecy—"I'll meet you at the first door!"

The cloud vanished on Rollins' brow and the boyish grin returned.

"At the first door," he whispered.

* * *

Outside it was amazingly dark. No moon lighted the gray mass of ocean, and a strangely intriguing wind moaned ceaselessly. They walked toward the stern, Greg happily conscious of the girl's arm in his.

The stern was damp with spray and it dipped and rose in even measure. The convoy had widened out in night formation, emphasizing width in place of length. Like a hulking ghost, a camouflaged battle cruiser took shape a few hundred yards to port.

Rollins looked down at the girl beside him. Her cheeks were glistening with spray, and she had been transformed from the starchy nurse into a very desirable young woman—petite and winsome. Impulsively he put an arm around her and drew her close. She didn't resist and Greg's heart filled with a great, warm glow.

"Hey, you two, ever hear of 'Lights Out'—it's 11:30." The tall figure looming behind the couple burst into sudden laughter.

* * *

Rollins jerked his arm away and turned around. It was Tees!

"Sister Davaar, this is my friend, Captain Syd Tees." He shouted the introduction above the wind. "Tonight's pinch-hitting orderly officer and a prize butter-inner!"

They all laughed and moved off together to the nearest door. They stood in the corridor chatting for some minutes before she glanced at her watch.

"It really is late—I'm glad to have met you, Captain, and"—she extended a hand to Greg—"thanks a million for a very pleasant evening." With a parting smile, she turned and disappeared around a bend in the corridor.

"You seem to be doing all right, my boy," remarked Tees coyly, "but take it easy. There is a war functioning and this isn't any Bermuda cruise. Wearing one's heart on a khaki sleeve isn't very commendable."

Rollins poked him playfully in the ribs. "Just leave my heart to me, Mon Capitaine, and if you mention a single word about this to the others, I'll be up for socking a superior officer."

* * *

Within a few minutes, Rollins was in his bunk. He had carefully placed his overcoat and lifebelt on the chair beside his bed. A miniature searchlight was tucked under his pillow. The cabin was snug and warm after the chilling February wind on deck. The bed was soft and white. He yawned cozily. Joan filled his thoughts and the adventure of going to war had suddenly taken on a magnificently romantic touch.

He awoke with a start. It must have been hours later. A sergeant-major with a military police band on the arm of his oil-skins was standing by his bed.

"Please take your dressing gown and slippers only, Lieutenant Rollins, and report immediately to Colonel Stephenson. His order, Sir!"

Rollins tried to shake off the heavy haze of first sleep. "What's up—something happen?"

* * *

The M. P. replied tersely: "I cannot say, Sir. Please hurry—the colonel is waiting."

Greg lifted his feet out of the bunk and into his slippers. He threw on his dressing gown and instinctively rubbed back his hair as he stepped into the corridor.

There were military police crowded outside the cabin of the "O. C. Troops." They snapped to attention as he rushed by them to find a naval lieutenant-commander, the adjutant and medical officer with the colonel. All were fully dressed and Rollins noticed with some wonderment that the hands on the deck clock in front of the colonel pointed to 3:40.

Colonel Stephenson indicated a chair.

"Sit down, Rollins, and tell us when and where you saw your roommate last!"

Rollins sat down automatically.

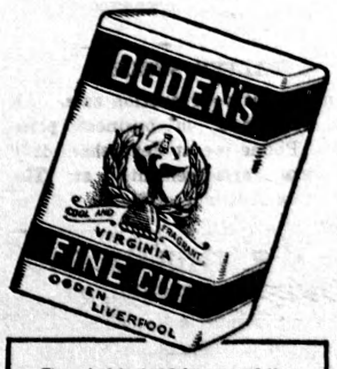
"I saw Captain Tees at about 11:30, Sir. Has . . . has anything happened?"

The colonel wheeled around and gazed thoughtfully into the lieutenant's eyes: "Yes, Mr. Rollins, something has happened, and it's quite a nasty business. Some time within the last two hours, Captain Sydney Tees was savagely bayoneted to death on 'A' deck!"

(Continued Next Week)

A FAMOUS BRAND

Ogden's FINE CUT



Founded in 1888 by one of the early West's most outstanding figures, the late W. R. Hull, the Pine Coulee Ranch was located near Nanton, Alberta. The brand is still in use by the Beaver Camp Ranch.

BRAND OF THE OLD PINE COULEE RANCH

25

ISSUE 16—'42

Taking A Letter As Boss Ordered

Boss: Now look here, I fired three girls for revising my letters, see?

New Stenographer: Yes, sir.

Boss: All right; now take a letter an take it the way I tell you.

Next morning O. J. Squizz of the Squizz Soap Company received the following letter:

Mr. O. K. or A. J. or something, look it up, Squizz, what a name, Soap Company, Detroit, that's in Michigan, isn't it? Dear Mr. Squizz. Hmm. The last shipment of soap you sent us was of inferior quality and I want you to understand —Hmmm—unless you can ship — furnish, ship, no furnish us with your regular soap, you needn't help us no more, period, or whatever the grammar is.

Where was I? Paragraph.

Your soap wasn't what you said —I should say it wasn't. Them bums tried to put over a lot of hooey on us. Whadda you want to paint yer faces up for like Indians on the warpath. We're sending back your last shipment tomorrow. Sure, we're gonna send it back, I'd like to feed it to 'em with a spoon an' make 'em eat it, the wasted enough time on them crooks, fix it up and sign my name. What do you say we go out to lunch?

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Sunday Menus

Several requests have come lately for menus for Sunday suppers. The following menu provides an excellent supper and is quite simple to prepare.

Creamed Shrimp in Patty Cases
Potato Chips
Crisp Vegetable Salad
Tomato Jelly
Baking Powder Biscuits
Angel Food with Lemon Sauce
Coffee

The patty cases may be made in tart tins—just use your favorite pastry recipe. Tuna or salmon may take the place of shrimps.

For the tomato jelly, be sure to use strawberry jelly powder if you wish a perfect tomato red, as well as adding zest to the flavor.

Nearly everyone has their own favorite Angel Cake recipe, so I shall give you the Lemon Sauce recipe.

Lemon Sauce

Combine half a cup of sugar, three egg yolks, two tablespoons butter, juice and grated rind of one lemon and a dash of salt in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Cool. Combine four tablespoons of this lemon butter with half a cup of cream, stiffly beaten, and serve with the angel food. The remainder of the lemon butter may be covered and used later for tart filling.

This sauce may be used between and on top of your favorite layer cake and then sprinkled with cocoanut.

Emergency Supper

Nothing tastes better than a piping hot dish of scalloped potatoes with slices of ham. To this might be added pickled pears, cold slaw, celery, ripe olives or a refrigerator dessert. If you have not a refrigerator choose an upside-down cake. This can be made on Saturday and all you need to do on Sunday is to whip up the cream, cut the cake into wedges and pile cream on each serving. If you wish something very special, line sherbet glasses with stale sponge cake; add strawberry or apricot jam and a rich custard sauce; top with whipped cream and chill.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is vn ready to listen to your pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto," Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

SAVE

ON BAKING COSTS— GET BETTER RESULTS

Every time you use Calumet Double-Acting Baking Powder you *save*. You *pay* less—you *use* less.

And you get *better results* because of Calumet's *double-action*. First in the mixing bowl, thousands of tiny bubbles, released by moisture, start to make your batter or dough light and fluffy. Then in the oven, released by heat, thousands more of these fine bubbles lift your cake or biscuits high and evenly. Remember—with *Calumet:*

1—*You pay less*—Calumet is priced surprisingly low, probably lower than the baking powder you are now using.

2—*You use less*—Calumet's double-action means double-leavening so most Calumet recipes call for less baking powder.

3—*You get better results*—because continuous leavening means finer, better texture in all your baking.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

DOUBLE-ACTING

GOOD EATING NEWS

The Chinese have a dish, the name of which translated means "two delicious things." All-Bran Muffins need no translating, for any one can gather that these delicious breakfast gems combine the goodness of cornmeal with the nutty toasted taste of bran. The recipe goes like this:

All-Bran Corn Muffins

3	tablespoons shortening	1	cup All-Bran
¼	cup sugar	¾	cup corn meal
1	egg	1½	cups flour
1½	cups milk	1	teaspoon salt

4½ teaspoons baking powder

Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat until creamy. Add milk, All-Bran and corn meal. Let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 16 muffins (2½ inches in diameter) or 12 muffins (3 inches in diameter).

GOOD FOOD GUARDS THE NATION'S HEALTH

And ALL-BRAN Does a Double Job

Now . . . at a time when good food . . . good health . . . is more important than ever, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN fills a dual role. As a delicious breakfast food, it helps supply the proper nourishment to thousands of Canadians . . . helps keep them free of the common type of constipation caused by lack of proper "bulk" in the diet. Eat ALL-BRAN as a cereal or in tasty muffins every day . . . drink plenty of water . . . and discover this "better way" to keep regular without using harsh cathartics that only offer temporary relief. ALL-BRAN gets at the *cause* . . . and corrects it. But remember, ALL-BRAN doesn't work like a purgative. It takes time.

ALL-BRAN is made by Kellogg's in London, Canada, and sold in 2 conveniently sized packages at all grocers' . . . in individual serving packages at restaurants. Eat it every day as a cereal or in muffins, and drink plenty of water.

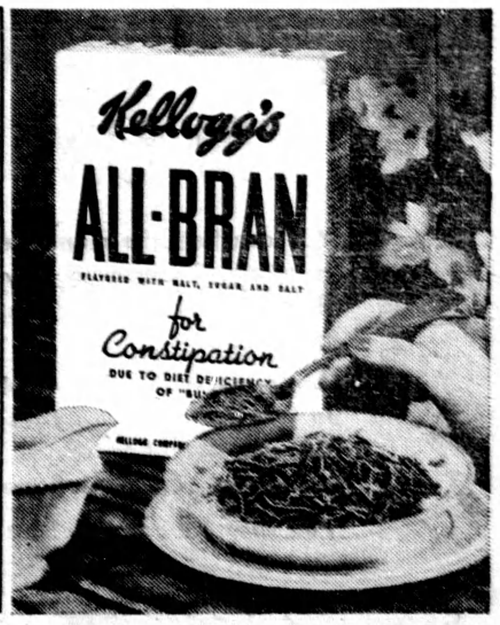
ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
¾ cup milk
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons baking powder

Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat until creamy. Add All-Bran and milk; let soak until the moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderate oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield:—8 large muffins (3" in diameter) or 12 small (2¼" in diameter).

"Serve by Saving! Buy War Savings Certificates"



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN...Keeps You Regular NATURALLY