

"An emergency?" Her voice rose slightly. "Don't you ever read the papers? Me and my silly leg, that's an emergency—but what's going on all over the world, that's nothing; that can wait for weeks!"



## Doctor's Dilemma

By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

**Cyrus thought private practice couldn't get along without him. His girl Sally of course knew better**

HE PICKED up the letter without seeing it and started toward the dining room fast. Eat quick and get back to the ward. Miss O'Brien was being swell about the Meckwitz guy but you couldn't expect a student nurse with twenty beds on her mind to spend all her time on one of them.

It didn't occur to him that you couldn't expect an intern with twenty beds on his mind to spend all his time on one of them either. He wasn't spending all his time; the other nineteen beds were getting along, and this was research. If it worked, that guy there in Quiet might be up and walking in a couple of months instead of a couple of years or never. But it couldn't work unless somebody spent a lot of time on it in the next couple of weeks, and this was a packed-to-the-roof city hospital.

Gessner was right enough, saying that even if it was sound it wasn't a practical sort of treatment for a public institution. Gessner was right, saying you couldn't expect the city to provide special nurses to change hot dressings and give a lot of massage and exercise to every polio case that was brought in. Looked at that way, this wouldn't really prove anything even if it did work. But kind of fun to try the thing out once anyway, especially after all that bickering in the journals. Kind of interesting to see if that nurse down in Australia really had something besides a lot of gall.

"Matter, Cy, figuring out another murder?"

He turned an automatic but mirthless grin toward the gibe, hardly hearing it. He'd got used to them in the month since that Faine business had washed up, leaving him with nothing to do but try to keep his mouth shut.

Sally'd been right about it too. It didn't hurt you any to look like a fool, not around this bunch of apes it didn't. Bob Morgan could go to hades and take the rest of them with him. Talking wouldn't change the facts, nor put old Kenny back on Children's. Funny, this nurse down in Australia should have the same name, Sister Kenny. Well, neither of them cared a lot what other people thought, and that was something.

He sat down at the nearest table, stuffed a piece of bread in his mouth and while he was waiting for George to bring his food glanced at the envelope in his hand:

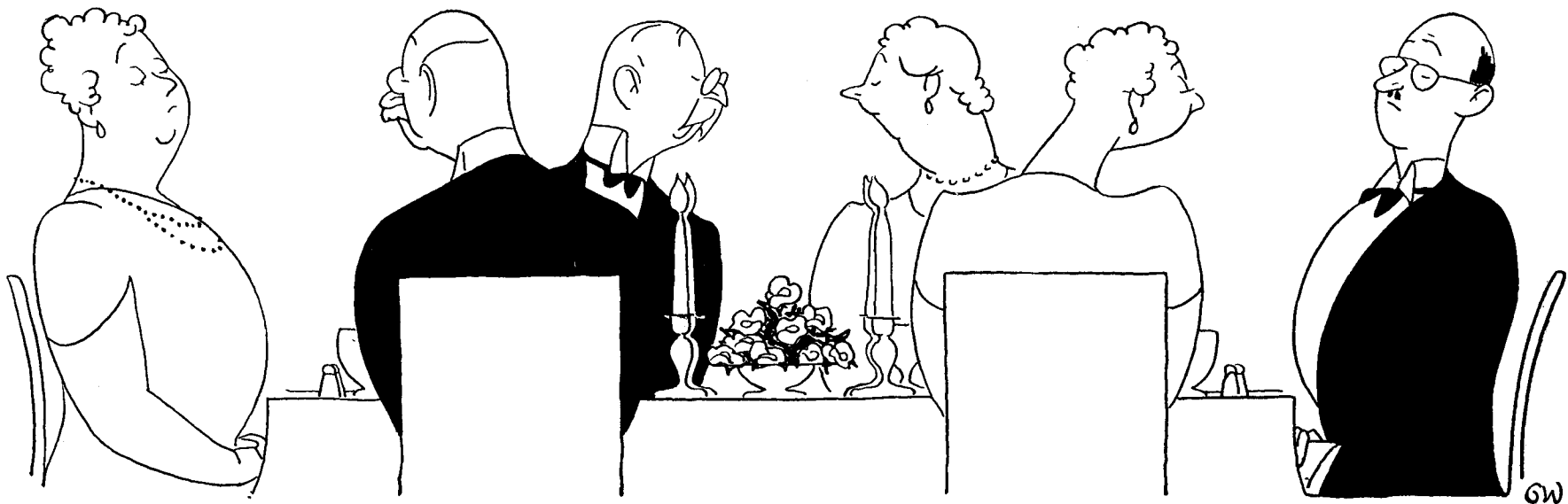
Lieut. (jg) Cyrus Harvey MC-V (G),  
USNR.,  
City Hospital,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Another love letter from the Navy, he thought casually. One came along every week or so. Notices about new regulations, notices about meetings that nobody ever went to, notices about changes of detail in uniform and he didn't even have a uniform, hadn't been near the Navy Yard, except when he went down for his physical, since he signed up a year ago. Sound idea signing up. Come war, and it wouldn't be long now, you'd want to be in at the start. Come war you'd have a commission and something to do you knew about instead of just pushing around a lot of heavy iron. Only why waste all this paper till they were ready to call you? Red tape'd be all right if the red tape proved something in the way of a sock in the teeth to those lousy Nazis, but this sitting around writing letters about nothing—

"How's that infantile case you got in Quiet coming, Cy?" Bob Morgan dropped down beside him and swallowed a glass of water at a gulp.

"Right leg paralyzed is all." Cyrus pulled the official communication out of its envelope. He didn't feel like talking. Bob hadn't been any worse than the others with his ribbing about the Faine (Continued on page 64)





Don't give up dinner parties because they bore you like this. Mix your guests and your food with imagination, and have fun instead

## Budget Buffets

By Selma Robinson

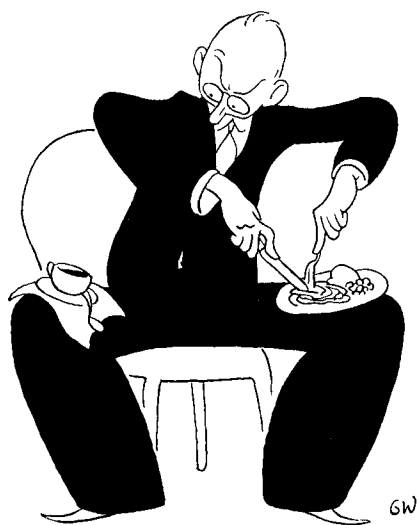
ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

ON YOUR list at this moment there are probably invitations you haven't returned, friends who abhor formal sitting down to table, people you don't know well enough for a small dinner but would like to know better. You ought to ask them over, and you will. Yet you grow suddenly and acutely ill at the thought of another dinner-for-six party.

Anyway, it's hot and it's wartime and the old way of entertaining is out of the picture. Though you do want more than ever to see people. A lot of you are not vacationing as usual. You'd like to get together and dish up some cheer. So throw a party. Lump your guests together a dozen at a time. In other words, throw a buffet. But a buffet with a difference.

Even if you are the chicken à la king type, even if you think no buffet is complete without a roast Virginia ham, decide to abandon your principles with one shameless gesture in favor of food that is frankly provocative. The most inexperienced cook can manage a menu with at least one surprise in it.

The average male is not a professional juggler. So serve food that doesn't need cutting or a balancing act to be eaten



Banquets à la budget can be done with the Park Avenue touch for about fifty cents per person. The priceless ingredient, imagination, doesn't cost a cent, and a dime's worth of herbs, a bottle of wine or a pint of sour cream add up to very little in cash but tremendous dividends in elegance and taste. The most inspired French chef uses nothing more costly to prepare his miraculous sauces. Such additions can transform food out of cans into something exotic. They can make inexpensive cuts of meat not only palatable but also exciting. Veal stewed in sherry, rice cooked in consommé, fruit doused in liqueur—it's not what you cook but how you cook it that counts. A tax-ridden budget needn't stop you. Rationing needn't, either. In New York, even diners in restaurants are arriving with sugar in their pockets. Your guests will be delighted to do the same. They'll bring their coffee, and brew it too, if your grocer has cut you down that far. Just ask them. Dress up or dress down, anything goes at a serve-yourself party as informal as a picnic. You can even turn it into a picnic, spreading out onto the terrace and into the garden if it's a hot night; gathering around the fire if it's cool.

There are a few rules to be observed, very few but very strict, for without them your party may look like one of those Gluyas Williams cartoons of plate-laden guests with food sliding off their laps. There should be plenty of seating and eating space: small, convenient tables, chairs, cushions, hassocks. The food should need no cutting; knives are a nuisance. The ideal buffet menu should be composed of minced or hashed dishes, stews, mouth-sized portions of meat on skewers, meat loaf, spaghetti or baked beans. Buttered rolls or bread should be served. Make enough food for second helpings; one and one half times your recipe will do the trick.

Now to get down to cases: Here is a beef stew that is very inexpensive to provide, very easy to make and wonderful to eat. It has a rich winy taste—a quart of burgundy goes into it. Make plenty of it because your guests will go for it and any remainders will be even better the next day. Served steaming hot in a great stew pot, it is a perfect one-surprise meal, with toasted scooped-out French bread, a mixed green salad and fruit for dessert.

### Burgundy Beef Stew—20 Servings

8 lbs. stewing beef with all fat removed  
4 large onions, sliced  
1½ bunch celery, diced  
2 carrots, diced  
1 quart domestic Burgundy wine  
4 tablespoons flour  
8 ounces tomato paste  
2 cloves garlic, whole  
Salt and pepper to taste  
½ teaspoon each of sage, cloves and sweet marjoram; also anise, fennel seed and caraway seed, if you are able to get them, tied in a little cheesecloth bag

Method: Brown the cubes of beef in a skillet in their own cut-off fat. Sprinkle with flour. Transfer to a Dutch oven or earthenware casserole, adding wine, tomato paste, vegetables and herb bag. Cook in an oven at 325° F. for about three hours, being careful not to raise the lid during that time. Strain the gravy and mash the vegetables into it to thicken.

Gloria Stuart, the film actress, whose

recipe this is, makes Burgundy Beef Stew the lead in an ambitious five-star production with the following appetizing menu:

Sliced melon, with grated ginger and lime juice  
Burgundy Beef Stew  
Noodles with olive, mushroom and pimiento  
Whole beet and whole egg salad on water cress  
Baked Alaska

Any one of these dishes could serve as a star in a one-surprise supper. And none is too difficult for the beginner cook to handle, even Baked Alaska, which is so expensive and so magnificent in a restaurant. The base is nothing but ordinary spongecake, bought or homemade, spread with ice cream and topped with a stiff, high meringue of beaten egg whites. It is set into a hot oven for a few moments, which browns the meringue but does no damage to the ice cream.

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For guests' sakes, make sure there is plenty of convenient eating space