

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS by Lynn Chambers



Pleasant Thought for Pie-Hungry Families!

Pies are good eating, even in the warmest weather. And better still, there are pies for every season and every mood.

For summer you may like juicy, luscious berry pies, their gay colorful fillings peeking out of a lattice crust.

Full of the goodness of golden peaches is this fruity pie:

- Fresh Peach Pie. 4 cups sliced fresh peaches, 1 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter.

Fill pastry-lined pan with fruit mixture, sprinkling the peaches with sugar and flour mixed. Sprinkle with cinnamon and dot with butter.

Any of the berries may be used in this pie as the basic recipe is the same.

- Fresh Berry Pie. 1 quart fresh berries, 1/2 to 1 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons quick-cooking tapioca, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter.

Fill pastry-lined pan with berries. Sprinkle with sugar and flour. With half of the berries in the pan, cover with tapioca, then with remaining berries, cinnamon and butter.

Blueberry Pie: Substitute 1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice for cinnamon.

Citrus Chiffon Pies are as cool as ocean spray.

- Lemon Chiffon Pie. 3 egg yolks, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, 1/4 cup lemon juice, strained, 4 tablespoons lemon-flavored gelatin, 1/2 cup boiling water, 3 egg whites, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar.

Beat egg yolks with a spoon in top of the double boiler. Stir in one-half the sugar, then salt, rind and fruit juice.

Stir hot fruit juice or boiling water into flavored gelatin. Beat with the hot custard. Cool thoroughly.

Lynn Says

Bit of All Right: Baking powder biscuits are extra special when sprinkled with orange or lemon or cinnamon sugar before baking.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT Col. Robert L. Scoff

The story thus far: Young Robert Scoff, whose great ambition is to fly, makes his own glider at Macon Ga., pulls off from a roof, and crashes 67 feet to the ground.

CHAPTER III

Though I had flown before in the prehistoric crates of the past, this fact had nothing to do with whether or not I would get through the course.

My case was more of this last order. I knew I could fly the ship but I tried to carry out my instructor's orders even before he gave them.

Now thereby hangs a tale. I was not only trying to look in his rearview mirror and actually read his lips when I couldn't hear through the gosport, but was diligently looking about the sky for other hare-brained student pilots.

One day, at a bare four-hundred feet altitude, I thought I heard the instructor say, "Okay, Scott, put it in a dive."

With my teeth clenched and probably with my eyes closed, I pushed that PT-3 into a vertical dive at point-blank altitude.

"Scott, what in the g-d-hell are you trying to do--what was that maneuver?" I said glide--G-L-I-D-E.

Weakly I said, "Sir, I thought you said a dive." I could see Ted fight for control; then he told me the next time I had him at an altitude so low, not to attempt to think but just try to keep the ship straight and level.

On another day, after about two weeks of instruction, we had been making only take-offs and landings, and I knew the time was approaching when I would solo.

Two-Crust Pie Pastry. (Nine-inch) 2 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3/4 cup shortening, 4 to 6 tablespoons ice water.

To make pastry, sift flour once, add salt and then sift again. Mix one-half of shortening into flour and cut into mixture finely.

One-Crust Pies. The method for making one-crust pies is similar to the two-crust type, but the ingredients are as follows:

ments had come. As he leaned over my cockpit and reached inside the ship for the Form One, the time-book always carried in Army ships, I saw only his hand and thought he was offering to shake hands with me.

"With landings like those I can do you very little good, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let you kill me. Do you think you can take this thing around the field all by yourself and get it back down?"

"Yes, Sir," I yelled. "Then take it around and make a landing as close to me as you can."

I had never felt so good. Taxying out I could see the world only in a rosy light. My head was really whirling. Pointing the ship into the wind, I over-controlled into a normal student takeoff and was in the air.

Then, at the fourth leg of my traffic pattern, I began my glide in towards Lieutenant Landon. By the gods he had said, "Land as close to me as you can," and I was surely going to make that ship stop right by him--I wouldn't have my instructor being ashamed of his student.



Gen. C. L. Chennault, who was Colonel Scott's superior in Burma and China.

The Lieutenant was running, throwing his parachute away just to get clear of a student who had really taken him literally.

Anyway, I missed him and plunked the ship into the ground after leveling off too high. Well, I held it straight and there was no ground-loop. As it stopped I breathed again, and I could feel the smile that cracked my face.

Looking back over my shoulder I saw Lieutenant Landon. He was just standing there about half a mile away. Then I made another mistake. He raised his hands and I thought he waved me in--I didn't know until the next day that he had been shaking his fist at me for trying to land right on him.

So I taxied in, never giving a thought to how my instructor was going to get in with his chute--you see, Randolph is a big field and I had left him more than a mile from our hangar.

My Lord, I had tied it up again! I tried to get my feet back into my flying-suit, tripped and fell, got up and ran out of the hangar door. I guess I was going to take the ship and taxi out and pick him up. But I had lost again--the ship was being taken from the line by the next student. I just stood there with sinking heart as he came up. But he didn't even look my way, except to say, "It's kinda hot out there." Then he just glared and threw his chute in his locker.

Well, I nearly worried myself to death that night. I knew he'd more than likely tell me after the next day's ride that I was the damndest student he'd ever seen, and that I didn't have a prayer of making a pilot. But next day he didn't say a word. All day I started to go over and tell him how sorry I was, but I guess I didn't have the nerve.

During my flying training, I had girl trouble, too. You would no doubt call it "trouble," but I knew it was the real thing. I had a Chevrolet then, and every week-end I just had to see my girl, even if she did live over thirteen hundred miles away in Georgia.

Lieutenant Landon got out of the front seat, taking his parachute with him, and I knew the moment of mo-

the Monday morning flying period. I always had to delay my start until after Saturday morning inspection. That meant that I had to average just about fifty-four miles an hour, even counting the time I saw the girl, in the forty-seven hours that I had from after inspection on Saturday to flying time at eight o'clock Monday mornings!

Week-end after week-end I drove madly across the South from the middle of Texas to the middle of Georgia. On one of these cross-country dashes, I weakened and was fool enough to ask the Commandant of Student Officers if I could go to Atlanta. I can still see and hear Capt. Aubrey Strickland saying, "Atlanta what?"

As I walked into the bachelor officers' quarters that I shared with Bob Terrill, I expected any minute to hear the sad news. But I was too afraid to ask for details, so I just waited for Bob to say, "You are to report to the General tomorrow for court martial for A.W.O.L. in violation of specific instructions."

"Scott, you are the damned luckiest man that ever lived! You didn't get reported today. No! This is the first time in the history of Randolph Field that it's been too cold to fly. And it wasn't only too cold to fly, it was too cold to have ground school, because the heating system had failed. We haven't flown today, we haven't been to ground school. So they don't even know that you've been over there to see that girl."

In all of these trips to see my girl over in Georgia, I drove 84,000 miles. I wore out two cars--and you'll probably agree that her father had full right to say to her: "Why don't you go on and marry him? It'll be far cheaper than his driving over here every week-end."

When I had finished Primary and Basic training at Randolph, I almost let down my hair and wept, though, on the day that Commandant of Student Officers called over and said that now I could have permission to go to Georgia, to see my girl. I thanked him and went.

Well, when graduation came at Kelly and I had those wings pinned on my chest, I had the wonderful feeling that I had gone a little way towards the goal I wanted. I was at last an Army pilot. Never did the world seem so good. And then out of a clear sky came orders for me to go to duty in Hawaii. That was pretty bad because I wanted to get married before I went out of the country, and as yet the girl hadn't gotten her degree from college.

The Chief of the Air Corps came down a few days later and I waited until he had had lunch in the Officers' Mess. Then I walked over and said, "General, can I ask you a question?" "Sure, sit down," he said, and I told him the whole story--and I made it like this: "General, I know that I'm supposed to go where I'm sent because I'm in the Army, but I've got a girl over in Georgia, and I think I can do a lot better job wherever you send me if you can give me time to talk her into marrying me." He didn't appear to be very impressed at first, but he took my name and serial number, and two or three days later, when he got back to Washington, I was ordered to Mitchell Field, N. Y.

As I drove my car towards my first tactical assignment I kept reaching up to feel my silver wings on my chest--I wanted to prove that it wasn't a dream. This was what I had been working for since 1920. Now I was actually riding towards the glory of tactical Army aviation.

Just before I reached the Holland Tunnel, I was suddenly forced to the curb by three cars all bristling with sawed-off shotguns and Tommy-guns. I jumped out pretty mad, but saw that many guns were covering me and that it was the police. They looked at my papers, but said anyone could have mimeographed orders. They searched the car and me, took down the Texas license number, and even copied the engine number. All the time I tried to talk with the flashlights in my eyes.

PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



Town Cottons AS SOPHISTICATED as can be and yet pleasingly simple and charming--a cool midsummer afternoon frock with the new, loose over-the-shoulder short sleeve, a long and lovely neckline ending in a big bow of the dress material.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1987 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 14, kimono sleeve, requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

Mrs. Jones Found That She Spoke Out of Turn

Mrs. Jones went shopping. When she returned, she saw that men from the telegraph company had arrived with their van outside her house. There they were, to her disgust, with a pole and a hole in the ground. She proceeded to tell them all about it.

How dared they put up a pole right in front of her house. The property would lessen in value. She was going to complain. The foreman let her have her head for about five minutes. Then: "I'm very sorry, madam," he said, politely, "but we're not putting the pole up. We are taking it away. It's been standing in front of your house for two years!"

Nets of Spider Silk Giant spiders spin the silk which natives of the Coral Sea islands in the Southwest Pacific use to make nets to catch fish.

Sports Costume TRY this costume in shocking pink, fuchsia or a violet-toned cotton--all colors which are high-style this summer. The smartly fitted jumper dress becomes a perfect midsummer street costume when the jacket is added.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1955 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Size 13, dress, requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; bolero, 1 yard.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. 530 South Wells St. Chicago Enclose 20 cents in coins for each pattern desired. Pattern No. Size Name Address

Shanghai Kelly

Few persons ever shanghai'd more sailors than Shanghai Kelly, who kept a notorious saloon on the San Francisco water front in the 1870s, says Collier's. Yet no one ever saw a drugged seaman carried out of the place.

All Kelly's victims were thrown down chutes that landed them in waiting boats beneath the building.



Buy War Savings Bonds

ATHLETE'S FOOT NEWS



"80.6% of sufferers showed CLINICAL IMPROVEMENT after only 10-day treatment with SORETONE"

Foster D. Snell, Inc., well-known consulting chemists, have just completed a test with a group of men and women suffering from Athlete's Foot. These people were told to use Soretone. At the end of only a ten-day test period, their feet were examined by a physician. We quote from the report:

"After the use of Soretone according to the directions on the label for a period of only ten days, 80.6% of the cases showed clinical improvement of an infection which is most stubborn to control."

Improvements were shown in the symptoms of Athlete's Foot--the itching, burning, redness, etc. The report says: "In our opinion Soretone is of very definite benefit in the treatment of this disease, which is commonly known as 'Athlete's Foot.'"

So if Athlete's Foot troubles you, don't temporize! Get SORETONE! McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

