

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers

Fruit	Preparation Required	Processing	
		Hot Water Bath Time in Minutes	Pressure Cooker 5 lbs.—Time in Minutes
Apples	Wash, pare, core, cut in pieces. Drop in slightly salted water. Pack. Add syrup. Or boil 3 to 5 minutes in syrup. Pack. Add syrup.	25	10
Apricots	Wash, half and pit. Pack. Add syrup.	20	10
Berries <i>(except Strawberries and Raspberries)</i>	Wash, stem, pack. Add syrup or water.	20	8
Cherries	Wash, stem, pit. Pack. Add syrup.	20	10
Cranberries	Wash, remove stems. Boil 3 minutes in No. 3 syrup. Pack.	10	
Currants	Wash, stem, pack. Add syrup or water.	20	10
Figs	Put in soda bath 5 minutes, rinse. Pre-cook 5 minutes in syrup. Pack, add syrup.	30	10
Grapes	Wash, stem, pack. Add syrup or water.	20	8
Peaches	Peel, pack, add syrup, or pre-cook 3 minutes in syrup, pack, add syrup.	20	10
Pears	Select not overripe pears, pare, halve, pre-cook 3 to 5 minutes in syrup. Pack. Add syrup.	25	10
Pineapple	Peel, remove eyes, cut or slice. Pre-cook in No. 2 syrup 5 to 10 minutes. Pack with syrup.	30	15
Plums	Wash, prick skins. Pack. Add syrup.	20	10
Quinces	Wash, pare, cut in pieces. Pre-cook 3 minutes in syrup. Pack, add syrup.	35	15
Rhubarb	Wash, cut into pieces. Pack. Add syrup.	10	5
Strawberries	Wash, stem, pre-cook gently for 3 minutes in syrup. Remove from syrup and cool. Boil syrup 3 minutes. Add berries and let stand for several hours. Re-heat. Pack.	20	8
Tomatoes	Scald 1 minute, cold dip 1 minute, peel, core, quarter. Pack.	35	10

Fruit Preparation and Processing Guide

(See Directions Below)

Canned Fruit

If you want to assure your family of its basic seven fruit requirement, then busy yourself with putting up fruit at home.

Fruits, commercially canned, have carried a high point value and this has made their serving in many families prohibitive. But lucky indeed are those homes in which there are ample stocks of home-canned fruits.

Fruit canning is infinitely more simple than vegetable canning. The reason for that is that fruits are acid and, therefore, can be sterilized more readily.

A hot water bath is ideal for processing the fruit once it is in the jar. If you cannot obtain one, use a regular wash boiler, fitted with a rack to keep the jars a half inch from the bottom. A cover that fits tightly over the canner helps keep the steam in and does not waste fuel.

Steps in Canning.

1. Select fruit in the peak of condition. Your can will yield only what you put into it.
2. Wash fruit or berries carefully, pare and pit according to directions for fruit in the fruit canning chart given in this column.
3. Fruit is pre-cooked for several minutes in certain cases to shrink fit, and to give you a better looking pack with as little floating as possible.
4. Use a light or medium type of syrup in which to pre-cook the fruit or cook in its own juice.
5. Pack fruit into hot, sterilized jars and add boiling syrup or fruit juice with which to cover the fruit. Most juice or syrup is added to within one-half inch of the top of the jar.
6. Adjust the cap according to the instructions furnished by the manufacturer. He knows the type of sealing it will need.
7. Process fruit either in the water bath or the pressure cooker according to the time indicated on the canning chart. For a boiling water bath, see that the water boils during the entire processing period.
8. As soon as the jars finish processing, remove them from the can-

Lynn Says

Canning 'Rithmetic: If the jars and fruit don't come out even when you're canning, better sit down and do some figuring before you start to can. Here are tips to help you:

- Apples—1 bu. (50 lb.) cans 17-20 quarts.
- Apricots—4 basket crate (1 bu.) cans 20-25 quarts.
- Berries—24 quart crate cans 15-24 quarts.
- Cherries—1 bu. (56 lb.) cans 20-25 quarts.
- Grapes—1 bu. (48 lb.) cans 16-20 quarts.
- Peaches—1 bu. (50 lb.) cans 18-20 quarts.
- Pears—1 bu. (58 lb.) cans 20-24 quarts.
- Pineapples—15 pineapples yield 30 pints.
- Plums—1 bu. (56 lb.) cans 24-30 quarts.
- Tomatoes—1 bu. (56 lb.) cans 15-20 quarts.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- Frankfurters with Hot Potato Salad Relish
- Buns Butter
- Cole Slaw in Tomato Cups
- Raspberry Cobbler Beverage

ner, set on several thicknesses of paper or cloth and allow to cool. All jars should not be inverted, so watch the manufacturers' instructions on this point.

Oven Canning.

This year, I'm not recommending oven canning of fruits because wartime restrictions in equipment have caused many changes to be made in jars and caps, and this method is not safe. Many women had accidents last year and much fruit was spoiled. Play safe, and use the water bath.

Sugar Syrups.

As long as sugar is still rationed, you'll want to use it sparingly so there's enough for peaches as well as for plums and grape jelly in the fall.

Wise homemakers are using the thin or medium syrups, as these will mellow and ripen the fruit but still not consume too much of the precious sugar supply.

Thin Sugar Syrup.
1 cup sugar
3½ cups water

Bring to a boil, stirring only until sugar is dissolved. Keep hot but not boiling.

Medium Sugar Syrup.
2 cups sugar
4 cups water.

Follow directions above.

Open Kettle Canning.

Women who have canned for years on end, still prefer the old-fashioned, open-kettle method for canning fruits. It gives a luscious product, and if the canner is careful, no spoilage will develop. Care must be taken to wash and sterilize all utensils carefully so that no bacteria will be introduced into the jars to work spoilage later. Unless you are experienced at canning, I do not suggest you try this method, but if you do, here are the directions to observe:

1. Wash and sterilize all equipment. This means jars, rubbers, spoons, spatulas, funnels, in fact, anything that comes in contact with the food.
2. Make sure the food has reached the boiling temperature before filling jars. Fill each jar to the brim as rapidly as possible.
3. Run a spatula down the sides of each jar after filling. Refill with more juice to the rim of the jar.
4. Seal completely, at once.

If you wish additional instruction for canning fruit or berries, write to Miss Lynn Chambers, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago 6, Illinois. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

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GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott WNU RELEASE

FOREWORD

The author, Col. Robert L. Scott Jr., served under my command from July 1, 1942, to January 9, 1943, as commander of his fighter force. The only criticism of his actions as group commander was that he consistently scheduled himself as a pilot on all possible missions. He led all types of combat missions, both specialized in the most dangerous, such as long-range flights to strafe from minimum altitude Jap air-dromes, motor vehicles, and shipping deep in enemy territory. It was often necessary for me to forbid his participation in combat missions in order to enable him to discharge the many other duties of a group commander.

His story is a record of persistence, determination, and courage from early boyhood. Having determined early in life that he had to fly, he overcame all obstacles in the way of the attainment of his ambition. This story alone should be an inspiration to every American boy. Having become a military pilot, his determined struggle to meet the enemy and his glorious record first, as a "One Man Air Force," and later, as commander of the American Fighters in China, should be an inspiration to all Americans of all ages.

Colonel Scott's group of fighters always operated against greatly superior numbers of the enemy. Often the odds were five to one against them. Their planes and equipment were usually battered by hard usage and supplies were extremely limited. Both Scott and his handful of pilots had one resource in unlimited quantities—courage. They also possessed initiative and a never-failing desire to destroy the enemy. They wore themselves out doing the work of ten times their number. They demonstrated time and again that American pilots and planes are superior to the Japs. The results which they achieved prove indisputably that the enemy can be destroyed or driven from China if adequate equipment and supplies are made available. The offensive spirit displayed by Scott and his early pilots lives on in the men who replaced them. They impatiently await the weapons needed to drive on into the heart of Japan and to final victory.

C. L. CHENNAULT,
Major General, A. U. S.,
Commanding, 14th Air Force.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

My decision for the title of this book was probably made back there in Kunming one afternoon as the doctor dug those five rivet heads from my back. They had been driven in when a Jap explosive bullet hit the armor plate behind my seat.

To keep my mind off the pain the big Cantonese intern of Doctor Manget's kept talking to me. He seemed to find it hard to believe that I flew the little fighter alone—that I dropped the bombs—fired the six machine guns—changed the fuel tanks—navigated and landed the fighter. Finally, with disbelief in his eyes, he looked at me and said, "Colonel, you are up there all alone—even talk over the radio when you shoot the guns?" As I waited for him to go on with another question, I heard the old doctor say, "No, son—you're not up there alone—not with all the things you come through. You have the greatest copilot in the world even if there is just room for one in that fighter ship—no, you're not alone."

I believe when this war is over that we will be closer to God than at any time in the past. I believe this because I have seen instances of real faith on all fronts. Take for instance: Just the other day a song came out, "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer." That could have been conceived as a title or as the theme of the song only by some real event. A ship landed with an engine shot away—the fuselage gutted by fire and the plane riddled with bullets. One of the war correspondents hurried out to the wounded pilot and asked, "How in the world did you bring this ship in . . . ?" The pilot shook his head, smiled and replied, "I don't know—ask the Man upstairs."

We who fly are going to get to know that Great Flying Boss in the sky better and better. My personal ambition is that He permit me to go again into combat against the Jap or the Hun; that He help me just a little to shoot down a hundred Jap ships—even a thousand. Then I hope He lets me come back to tell another story. I'm going to name that one—the sequel to this one—GOD IS STILL MY CO-PILOT.

CHAPTER I

Even the angels in heaven must have shrugged their wings after the few seconds of my first flight. For back home in Macon, Georgia, in 1920, I must have been, even at age twelve, the "vandal" type. There I climbed the steeple of the Baptist Church, and from the belfry took twelve whitish pigeons, carried them to a tent-meeting of Holy Rollers, and at the tense moment of fanatic prayer released them. I can remember nearly splitting my sides laughing at what happened—the darkies were rolling on the sawdust floor. They were rolling their eyes and yelling, "Gideon, Gideon—hal-leluiah—glory, glory!" I suppose the pigeons really did look like doves of peace.

But I had reckoned without the old preacher, who had me arrested for disturbing the noisy peace. When I got out of jail, more embarrassed than anything else, I swore vengeance on the Holy Rollers and the old preacher. Early one morning while delivering papers I took a razor blade and cut off fifty feet of canvas from the side wall of the converted circus tent—took it away and hid it in the woods.

I had no use for the pilfered canvas, and to excuse myself from a nagging conscience I tried to forget it. But every morning I saw the jagged hole that I had made for vengeance. Later on I decided to build a glider, and for wing-covering the canvas was ideal. Then, with the cloth stretched over the ribs of the airfoils and varnished for tightening, even with American insignia painted on the fuselage, I found myself ready to fly. Two of my friends helped me pull it to the roof of a high colonial home in Macon, and with them steadying the wings I ran down the sloping roof and flew out into space. Now in those days I knew nothing of "main-spars," "center sections," or "wing-loading." With a crack like the closing of the jail door, the wing buckled in the center and I crashed sixty-seven feet to the ground. The Cherokee rose bush—that sacred State flower of Georgia into which I fell—probably saved my life, but the thorns stayed with me for a long time.

After my father had pulled me from the wreckage—more scared than hurt—I was ordered to tear the glider apart. I did, but saved the ill-fated canvas for other plans. Later on it was used to cover the barrel-stave ribs of a home-made canoe which was intended to transport me down the Ocmulgee River to the sea, some twelve hundred miles away as the winding river ran. I had made about six hundred miles of the trip when the sailing canoe caught on a snag and the current rolled us to the muddy bottom, tangled in the rope rigging of the sail. In the seconds that followed I nearly drowned—I saw my whole misspent life parade before my eyes. Finally the rope broke and I swam ashore; but I had already decided to leave the sacred canvas, seasoning forever, at the bottom of the Ocmulgee River.

Once again my mind turned to flying. I confined my aircraft construction to scale models, and finally made a flying one which won the first Boy Scout Aviation merit badge in that part of the country. I remember when General Mitchell (Billy Mitchell) led a flight of fast-looking MB-3's through the home town. I crawled into one of the baggage compartments in hopes that I would be flown on to Florida in this dawn-to-dusk flight. But the mechanics found me, and I missed making the pursuit ship any tail-heavier than it normally was.

It was far back, when I was four or five, that I had seen my first airplane. A pilot by the name of Ely spun in and was killed, and my horrified mother dragged me from the scene. It most certainly should have been an ill omen for my flying future. However, I know that it whetted my appetite to fly. I liked anything that flew and freed one from the earth, but most of all I prayed that destiny would make me a pilot of the fast, little single-seaters—a fighter pilot.

In 1921 I read of an auction sale of war-time Jennys in Americus, Georgia. Gathering the largest fortune that I could collect, I drove my cut-down Model-T racing Ford to buy myself a real plane. As the auctioneer's hammer hit the block for the first time that morning I opened with my maximum bid—Seventy-five dollars! The auctioneer did look my way, but the look was merely a frown. Far in the back of the hangar a heavy voice called, "Six hundred dollars." And to this fat man the Jennys went, one by one. I must have bid over a hundred times before the morning had gone—the sale had stopped for lunch and had been resumed.

That afternoon I kept bidding, and as I said "Seventy-five dollars" for about my hundredth time, I heard heavy breathing over my right shoulder. I turned to look at the man who had been overbidding me, and the deep voice said, "Now listen, son, I'm going to let you have this one for your seventy-five dollars. Get it and get the hell out of here, because I'm buying all the rest for an airline." Anyway I had a real plane, all crated up. I hauled it home on a truck, hid it in another boy's garage so my parents couldn't find out about it, and began trying to assemble the parts.

For days and weeks I worked, but couldn't get the knack of it. Finally I received a letter from a street-car conductor who said he had been a pilot in the war. He offered to help me put the Jenny together, and teach me to fly and navigate, if I would give him use of the plane for "barnstorming" over the State on week-ends.

The partnership began. He taught me some fundamentals, like taxiing faster and faster until the ship was almost ready to take off. I went to Chandler Field in Atlanta and took several lessons with the instructors there in Eagles and Jennys, until one day I trusted myself to take off from the racetrack of my hometown fairgrounds. I still don't see how I got by with the flight, because I knew nothing about the coordination of controls or the technique of flying—though no one seemed to know much about them in those days. But the ship was a pretty safe old crate, the wing skids saved me from digging a wingtip in on the forthcoming ground-loops, and I got away with murder.

All of this ended very suddenly. The street-car conductor instructor of mine came back to land one night and hooked the Jenny's right wing on the guy-wire of a smoke-stack. That was the last of him and the last of my Jenny, because they both burned.

As the years went on I moved up in the Boy Scouts until at seventeen, in 1925, I was one of the highest in the country, and had more merit badges than any other Scout in the South. With all of them, however, my schooling had suffered, for to me flying and athletics came before books and such. I sometimes think the only way I ever completed high school was for my patient mother and father to promise to let me work my way to Europe on freighters in the summer only when I could pass studies like Spanish and English. I don't think, though, that my parents knew I had resolved to go to West Point. For after talking to men in the Air Corps I had discovered that if a boy went to the Training center at Brooks Field, near San Antonio, as a Flying Cadet, his future was rather indefinite. The Government would train you to fly, give you the best course in the world. Then they would order you to active duty as a Reserve Officer for about a year. After that, due to economy programs, it might all be over.

Wanting to fly for the rest of my life, I had chartered my course. I resolved to go to the Military Academy and become a regular army officer first; then to be ordered to the Air Corps Training Center as a student officer. After completing the flying course, I would have a lifetime in front of me as a pilot in the Regular Army.

The greatest fight I had was to get into the Military Academy, for appointments were scarce in the South. I wrote all the Senators and Congressmen in Georgia, but found they had promised their quotas long before. All such refusals merely made me more determined to win the opportunity. I wrote not only my own State political leaders but those of other States. Finally, the Congressman of my Georgia district—at the earnest plea of hometown friends who knew of my Boy Scout record—gave me second alternate. This proved of little value; the principal won out by merely presenting his high-school credits and passing the physical examination. The next year I was given a first alternate from a Senator but again the principal won.

Hope of entering the Academy seemed to wane, for I was approaching maximum age limit for applicants. The same year I tried a competitive examination with the National Guard, but failed the algebra subject. This failure at least proved to me that though my studies in high school may have been passed, I had learned very little. My stock in myself was at a low ebb, then in 1926, when the high-school principal did me the greatest favor in the world by his remark: "Well, you really didn't expect to go to West Point, did you?" And the smile that accompanied the slur made me swear that by all that was high and holy I would get there.

The things that followed were chronologically peculiar for any boy. I'll bet I'm one of the few in this world who was graduated from high school, attended two colleges, and then returned to high school to really get the foundation I had missed. I know I had at last learned that what one of the old professors said was right: "Not for school, but for life, we learn."

Returning to my old high school, I chose my own courses and subjected myself to several periods of mathematics, history, and English every day. The professors, who remembered me as seldom opening a book, glanced at one another as though they thought they had a psychopathic case on their hands. But I acquired some of the knowledge I had missed, and the next summer—June, 1927—I went to Fort McPherson and enlisted in the Regular Army as a private. There I became Private Scott, Serial Number 635544, in Company "F" of the 22nd Infantry. Three months later, after a preliminary examination, I began training in the Fourth Corps Area—West Point Prep School.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THINGS for You TO MAKE

5739



5746

Shopping Bag

YOUR government asks you to take a marketing bag with you when you go to the grocer's and to take as many packages as possible without paper wrappings. Paper bags are becoming a vanishing item! Provide yourself with a crocheted string bag. This one is made of bedspread crochet cotton so it's strong and durable. When not in use, it folds up into a tiny compact ball.

To obtain complete crocheting directions for the Folding Shopping Bag (Pattern No. 5746) send 16 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number.

Household Hints

For cleaning a coffee-stained percolator, put in a cup of salt, fill with water, and let the mixture percolate as for coffee.

Never knot the ends of your thread when darning socks as the knot may prove uncomfortable to the wearer. Moistening the end of darning cotton will prevent thread slipping through when taking the first stitch.

To tell at a glance which are your good handkerchiefs, iron them into triangles and plain ones into squares.

To help in remodeling dated garments, try grandmother's custom of having a "piece bag." In it put all saved zippers, bits of ribbon and lace, and scraps of fabric.

Applique Apron

A BIG coverall apron for summer has a "basket" pocket of dark green and bright red cherries, green leaves and basket handle appliqued onto the body of the apron. Make the apron in colorful checked cotton—it's a splendid kitchen "shower" gift!

To obtain complete applique pattern and apron pattern for the Cherry Basket Apron (Pattern No. 5739), sizes: small (34-36), medium (36-40), and large (42-44), send 16 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number.

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. Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK
530 South Wells St. Chicago.
Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern No. _____
Name _____
Address _____

Congressional Committees

In congress today, the senate has 42 committees with 567 seats, or an average of 5.91 per member; and the house has 52 committees with 978 seats, or 2.25 per member. While 210 members in the house sit on one committee only, 24 senators and representatives serve on seven committees, 11 on eight, and 2 on nine.

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Dust-Free Area
Only air free of dust is that over the ocean 600 miles or farther from shore.

ATHLETE'S FOOT NEWS

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



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.

