

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Put Pears into Your Canning Schedule (See Recipes Below)

Relish With Meals

These later summer months find the markets still dotted with fruits that make wonderful jams and relishes. Those of you who want that extra special something to add to your meals during winter will want to take advantage of the crops and put them up in various forms.

Most fall fruit is sweet and requires little of precious sugar in the preserving. Making them into jams, butters or marmalades will give you the joy of having the fruit instead of just the juice.

Pears made into jam or honey have long been favorites throughout the nation, and these are recipes I know you'll like. Commercial pectin assures you of success in making the thick, jellied consistency, and miraculously gives you more jam than you dreamed possible out of a small batch of fruit.

Ripe Pear Jam.
(Makes 8 six-ounce glasses)
3 1/2 cups prepared fruit
4 1/2 cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, peel and core about 2 1/2 pounds fully ripe pears. Crush thoroughly or grind.

Measure sugar into a dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure fruit into a 5 or 6 quart kettle, filling up last cup or fraction of cup with water, if necessary.

Place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well and continue stirring until mixture comes up to a hard boil. Pour in sugar at once and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. Pour in sugar immediately, stirring constantly. To reduce foaming, 1/4 teaspoon butter may be added. Continue stirring, bring to a full, rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute.

Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. The peach crop is good this year. Peaches and oranges are a delightful combination with just a suggestion of lemon:

Peach-Orange Marmalade.
2 dozen large peaches, peeled
6 oranges
Juice of 1 lemon
Sugar (3/4 as much as fruit)

Cut the peel from three of the oranges into pieces. Cover with water and boil until tender. Drain and grind. Cut peaches and oranges (discard peel of other three) into thin slices and add lemon juice. Measure and add 3/4 of the amount of sugar. Boil rapidly until thick and clear. Pour into clean, hot jars and seal.

Spiced crabapples are good accompaniments for meats. In fact, when you serve meat with a relish such as this, it will even seem to stretch a small meat course:

Lynn Says
Popular Choice: You'll like fried chicken if it's dipped in cornflakes instead of bread crumbs for a change.
Cottage cheese molds nicely when mixed with garden green onions, radishes, diced green pepper and seasonings. Serve on lettuce for a luncheon treat.
Bread Pudding: Try it with brown sugar instead of white for a different touch. If you make it plain with raisins, try a lemon custard sauce.
Scrambled Eggs on the menu? Serve with jelly, sauteed chicken livers or french fried shrimp. All are combinations hard to beat.
Au gratin vegetables: Cabbage, cauliflower, potatoes and tomatoes. For a topping try crushed cereal like cornflakes with butter and melted cheese.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- Fried Chicken
- Green Beans, French Style
- Lyonnais Potatoes
- Chiffonade Salad
- Cloverleaf Rolls
- Blueberry Pie
- Beverage

- Spiced Crabapples.
- 3 pounds crabapples
- 3 pounds sugar
- 3 cups vinegar
- Stick of cinnamon
- Cloves

Take blossoms off the crabapples, but leave stems on them. Steam apples until tender, not soft. Boil vinegar, sugar and spices for 15 minutes. Skim and put in fruit. Boil apples about 5 minutes, not allowing skins to break. Seal in hot, clean, sterilized jars.

Pear Butter.

Wash, pare and core ripe pears. Add just enough water to prevent sticking. Cook until soft, then press through a sieve. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg and 1 cup sugar to each quart of pulp. Boil rapidly until thick. Pour into hot, sterile jars. Process 10 minutes in a hot water bath.

Pear Honey.

Pare, core, chop and measure hard-ripe pears. Add a little water if necessary to start cooking. Boil 10 minutes. To each quart of chopped pears, add 3 cups sugar, juice of 1 lemon, grated rind of 1/2 lemon and 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger. Boil until thick. Pour into hot, sterile jars; seal at once. Orange and nutmeg may be used instead of lemon and ginger.

Quinces and apples are a good combination in this marmalade:

Quince-Apple Marmalade.

Pare, core and chop 6 quinces and 3 tart apples. Cover quince with water and cook until tender. Add apple and cook 10 minutes. Measure. Add 3/4 cup sugar for each cup of fruit and juice. Boil to jellifying point. Pour into hot jars and seal at once.

Tomatoes spiced with lemon, cinnamon and ginger root are a splendid accompaniment to many meats. You'll like the rich, red color of them, too:

- Tomato Preserves.
- 2 pounds tomatoes
- 4 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 lemon
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 2 pieces ginger root

Use small, firm tomatoes. Scald 1 minute. Dip into cold water. Skin, but do not core. Combine sugar, lemon, sliced thin, cinnamon and ginger and simmer together 20 minutes. Remove cinnamon and ginger. Add tomatoes and boil gently until they are bright and clear. Cover and let stand overnight. Pack cold tomatoes into hot sterile jars. Boil syrup until as thick as honey and pour over tomatoes. Process 15 minutes in a boiling water bath at simmering.

Ranch Preserves.

Soak dried apricots or peaches overnight in water to cover. Drain. Measure fruit. For each quart, make a syrup of 3 cups sugar and 1 cup water in which fruit was soaked. Boil 5 minutes. Cool. Add fruit and cook until thick and clear. If syrup becomes too thick before fruit is done, add 1/2 cup water. Pour into hot jars and seal 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

By Col. Robert L. Scott

W.N.U. RELEASE



The story thus far: After many unsuccessful attempts, Scott finally makes West Point, and in the summer of 1932 after being graduated and commissioned as a second lieutenant of infantry goes to Europe, which he tours on a motorcycle. He is happy when he finally arrives at Randolph Field, Texas, and becomes an air cadet, for to fly has been his life's dream. He is graduated from Kelly field and has some wings pinned on his chest. He is now an army pilot. Then came orders to report in Hawaii, which leaves Scott pretty blue, as he wanted to get married to a girl in Georgia, to whose home he had driven over 84,000 miles while on week-end trips from Texas. He tells the General about his plight.

The route that I flew from Chicago, to Cleveland, to Newark, was what was known to all air mail pilots as the "Hell Stretch"—and it was just that, as I found out pretty quickly.

Sometimes people on new jobs got mixed up and sent the Cleveland mail in the wrong direction from Chicago, towards Omaha, or sent the Chicago mail from Cleveland to New York, the reverse direction—just normal events amid the "growing pains" of an Army flying the mail.

Once the control officer finally got a man in the air after sweating the weather out to the West for days. I saw his ship take off and disappear in the snowstorm. Then I saw Sam Harris jump up, for the U. S. mail truck had just driven up. It was late, and in the excitement of getting the ship's clearance the eager pilot had forgotten to wait to have the mail loaded. The control officer had to call him back and start all over.

About that time, when men had begun to die on airmail, I wrote a letter to this girl, the same one I had been going to see by automobile from Texas. It was addressed to her in case the "old ship hit some-

to our usual duties at Mitchel Field. Things sort of settled down, and I began to make more flights and more automobile trips towards Georgia.

Finally I talked the girl into it. We went on up to West Point and were married. Catharine really fits into this story because it was the trips over to Georgia to see her, from every place in the United States, that not only made me drive an automobile but taught me cross-country flying, since I had been flying in these later months from wherever I was—by way of Georgia.

From Mitchel Field I was sent to Panama. And then began my real pursuit training. In P-12's I roamed across the country of Panama up into Central America and down into South America. I was given a job constructing flying fields, which we figured would some day protect the Canal. These fields were put in for the purpose of installing radio stations and also air warning devices to tell us when enemy planes approached the Panama Canal. I would have to go down on the Colombian border and contact the natives, some of whom were head-hunters, to work on these fields that we were building. We would have to get the grass cut off, and I would make motions with a machete—the long knife of the Darien Indians—and show them what we had to do to keep that field so that airplanes could land on it.

The natives didn't work very well with us at first. But we doctored a few of them for chiggers and for other infections under their fingernails which had become very inflamed, or we few men in to hospitals who needed operations, and soon they began to appear more friendly. By the time we left there they were calling me "El Doctor."

When my training of other pilots began, I realized the terror I must have caused my instructor. For in training I perceived my own faults better, learning even to anticipate the mistakes the student would make. And I learned much about the peculiarities of man, for on one occasion I had a student who attempted to kill me. I don't know why—he would have killed himself, too.

One day I was told to take out a cadet listed as an incorrigible and to try to find out what was wrong with him. I gave him forced landings and such, and when he tried to glide down and land on a highway, I would take the ship and caution him about gliding low towards trucks and automobiles. On one of these tries, as I gave him a forced landing—you do this merely by cutting the throttle to idling speed to see what the student will do—he rolled the ship on its back and pulled it down in a dive towards the ground. I waited as long as I could and then I took it away myself. I found that the man was glaring straight toward the trees we had almost hit. I landed the ship and asked him what was the matter. He appeared very sullen, and so I took him aloft again.

Once more I put the ship on its back and told him to bring it out. Immediately he pulled it toward the ground, and I knew it was intentional. With alarm I realized that with him almost frozen to the controls I would have extreme difficulty taking the ship from him by force. I hurriedly kicked the right rudder, which carried the half roll into a complete snap roll. Then I went through every acrobatic maneuver I knew until I made him sick; after that I flew him back to Randolph Field with my own heart beating a little wildly.

As I landed the ship two men stepped from behind a plane, asking to see the student. "You just wait a minute," I said. "After all, he's my student and I have some things to say to him." Then they pulled gold badges out of their pockets to show me they were F.B.I. men. They had been looking for this student for a long time. He had been a pilot before and had smuggled dope across the Mexican border, and I believe to this day that to evade the arrest that was waiting for him, he was trying to end it all. But the worry I had here was that in ending it for himself, he would have been ending it for me.

When I first came to Randolph we worked only half a day and had the rest of the day to play around at golf, to hunt, or do anything we wanted. But as the belief that war was coming got into a few American people, we started the limited Air Corps expansion program. We then began working all day, and I was moved up to a Flight Commander and taught instructors, for the Government was giving contracts to civilian corporations to train Army pilots. The Air Corps was beginning to grow. As the years rolled into 1939, I was moved to California to become Assistant District Supervisor of the West Coast Training Center. This job was to check all flying cadets in the three schools at San Diego, Glendale, and Santa Maria. Later on I received my first command—that of the Air Corps Training Detachment called Cal-Aero Academy, at Ontario, California. I worked this up from forty-two cadets, until after one year we had nearly six hundred.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Col. Robert L. Scott Jr., author of "God Is My Co-Pilot."

thing," and I carried it around in my pocket during all my trips of airmail—I nearly wore it out, just carrying it. But the ship didn't hit anything and she didn't see it. In it I must have just asked her to marry me—that's all I used to ask her anyway.

One night I took off from Chicago and came to Cleveland. They couldn't find the man who was supposed to take the mail on to Newark; I found out later that he was sick. So I talked them into letting me take the ship on East. I climbed in and headed out towards the bad weather. When I got to it, following the experience I had gained in the months before and the advice I had received from the airline pilots, I climbed instead of diving, to hunt for a way through. At 18,000 feet I came out and over the clouds. I was alone, for as far as you could see. There were stars and a moon, and down below were the swirling clouds over the Alleghenies, dropping their snow and ice. If I had turned back towards Cleveland, I would have had to let down in the dark and probably would have crashed. So I decided to head into the clear sky of the night, at 18,000 feet, and as the dawn came the next morning I started my let-down, for at least I would have light in which to make the landing.

My radio had not worked since I had got into the snow and ice; so I was flying merely by dead-reckoning. I let down somewhere over what I thought was northern Pennsylvania, but after buzzing the town and reading the name, found I was over Binghamton, New York. I flew on South, having remembered a field at Scranton, Pennsylvania, and there I landed.

The landing was quite an experience. As I dove over the field I saw workmen there, frantically waving their arms. They were repairing the field. But I was about out of gasoline, so I came in, motpinning with my hand for them to get out of the way. The only damage was caused by my landing on one of the small red flags on a stick that one of the workmen had been waving—he had hurriedly stuck it in the ground when he saw me landing regardless, and I came down right on top of it; but the small tear was of no consequence. I repaired it, had coffee with the man in charge of the airfield, and went on toward Newark.

They had long ago given me up for lost, for in that same night two other army pilots had met their death over the Alleghenies. Once again I felt that something had told me to climb when I got to the bad weather, and if that same thing had told those men to climb they would have flown through instead of going down—they might have disregarded a warning. In a case like that we think it's luck, but maybe it's not. To me something had said, "Get altitude, don't roam around down here, get altitude and go on." And I think that after that things just took care of themselves.

With airmail over, we went back

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Government officials estimate that an average of one million gallons of alcohol a day will be used this year in the production of synthetic rubber. This is a big contributing factor in the shortage of certain types of beverages.

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