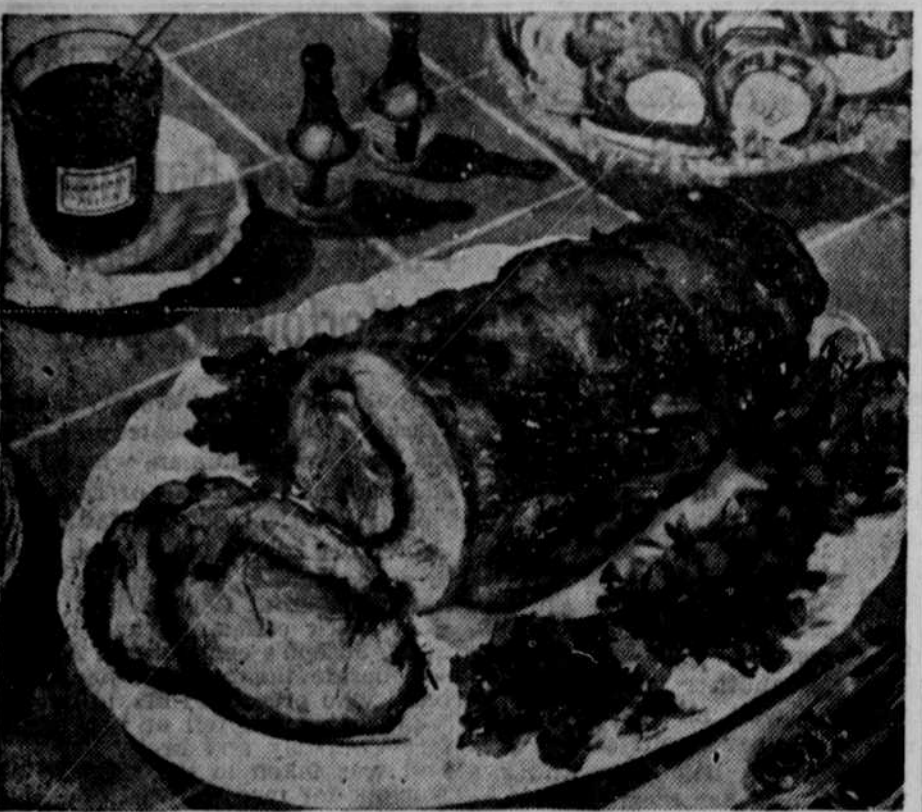


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Families Like Meals With a Relish

(See Recipes Below)

Bit of Spice

"I've saved many a meal just by serving it with a good relish," homemakers often tell me.

This is the season to put up those small, precious jars of sweetness and spice to go with meat-thrifty meals. There's needn't be many if your sugar rations are low, but do fit a few of them in your canning budget and classify them as morale builders.

Pickles, chutneys, catsups, conserves and relishes add that bit of something special to the meal. They're easy to put up because the sugar, spices and vinegar in them act as preservatives.

First on the list is a tasty blueberry relish that goes with mild-flavored meats like lamb or veal.

Blueberry Relish

- 4 cups blueberries (prepared)
 - 7 cups sugar
 - 1/2 cup vinegar
 - 1/4 bottle fruit pectin
- To prepare blueberries, crush thoroughly or grind 1 1/2 quarts fully ripe, cultivated blueberries. Add 1/4 to 1 teaspoon cinnamon, cloves, allspice or any desired combination of spices.
- Measure sugar, prepared blueberries and vinegar into a large kettle. Mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Skim; pour quickly. Paraffin hot relish at once.
- Chili sauce has carried a high point value since rationing came into effect. It would be a good idea to put it up at home so as to save points for other canned food.

Chili Sauce

- 1 gallon tomatoes
 - 2 cups onions
 - 2 cups sweet red pepper
 - 1 pod hot red pepper
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 3 tablespoons salt
 - 1 tablespoon mustard seed
 - 1 tablespoon celery seed
 - 3 tablespoons mixed spices
 - 2 1/2 cups vinegar
- Skin tomatoes before chopping. Chop all vegetables before measuring. Tie mixed spices in a bag. Mix all ingredients except spice bag and vinegar. Add spice bag after mixture has boiled 30 minutes. Cook until very thick, then add vinegar and boil until there seems to be no more "free" liquid. Taste and add more seasoning, if necessary. Pour, while boiling hot, into hot, sterile jars and seal at once.

Tomato Ketchup

- 1 peck tomatoes
 - 1 sweet red peppers
 - 1 pod hot red pepper
 - 4 tablespoons salt
 - 2 cups sugar
 - 1 tablespoon celery seed
 - 2 teaspoons mustard seed
 - 1 tablespoon whole allspice
 - 2 sticks cinnamon
 - 3 cups vinegar
- Wash and dry cucumbers. Put a layer of dill and 1/2 of the spices in a stone jar. Add the cucumbers. Put the remaining spices and dill on top of the cucumbers. Boil salt, water and vinegar 2 minutes. Cool to room temperature and pour over cucumbers. Cover with a plate weighted down to hold the cucumbers in the brine. Keep at an even temperature (80 to 85 degrees). Remove scum each day. The pickles are ready for canning when they are crisp, uniform in color and well-flavored with dill. This usually requires 2 to 4 weeks. Pack the cured pickles into hot jars, cover with hot brine and seal at once. If the pickles are to be stored a long time, process them in water bath for 15 minutes at a simmering temperature.

Peach Pickles

- 1 gallon peaches
- 7 cups sugar
- 1 piece ginger root
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon whole allspice
- 1 teaspoon whole cloves
- 2 cups water
- 3 cups vinegar

Lynn Says

Pickles are crispier: If you put up your pickles this way:

1. Use a pure cider vinegar. Be sure that you get a good product, neither old nor adulterated.
2. Follow every direction, every measurement, and do every step carefully. Cucumber pickles may be made either by a long or short process, but the longer process yields a better pickle.
3. When slicing several kinds of fruit or vegetable for pickling, have all of them about the same thickness.
4. Too much spice destroys both flavor and color. Use the ingredients in tested recipes only.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- Stuffed Veal Roll
- Creamed Potatoes
- Parsleyed Carrots
- Blueberry Relish
- Cantaloupe
- Bread and Butter
- Beverage
- *Recipe Given

Wash and chop tomatoes and peppers. Simmer until soft. Press through a fine sieve. Cook rapidly until reduced to about one-half. Add sugar, salt and spices (tied in bag) and boil until thick. Add vinegar about 5 minutes before removing from fire. Pour into hot, sterile jars and seal at once.

Two of the most popular types of pickles get a place in today's column. You'll like putting up both for variety's sake:

Bread and Butter Pickles

- 3 quarts sliced cucumbers
- 3 onions
- 1/2 cup salt
- 3 cups vinegar
- 1 cup water
- 3 cups brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon ginger
- 2 tablespoons mustard seed
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 1/2 tablespoon celery seed
- 1 pod hot red pepper
- 1 piece horseradish

Mix cucumbers, onions (sliced) and salt. Let stand 5 hours. Drain. Boil vinegar, water, salt, sugar and seasonings 3 minutes. Add cucumbers and onions and simmer 10 to 20 minutes. Do not boil. Pack into hot, sterile jars and seal at once.

Dill Pickles

- 35 to 40 fresh cucumbers
- 2 tablespoons mixed spices
- 1/2 pound dill
- 2 cups salt
- 2 gallons water
- 2 cups vinegar

Wash and dry cucumbers. Put a layer of dill and 1/2 of the spices in a stone jar. Add the cucumbers. Put the remaining spices and dill on top of the cucumbers. Boil salt, water and vinegar 2 minutes. Cool to room temperature and pour over cucumbers. Cover with a plate weighted down to hold the cucumbers in the brine. Keep at an even temperature (80 to 85 degrees). Remove scum each day. The pickles are ready for canning when they are crisp, uniform in color and well-flavored with dill. This usually requires 2 to 4 weeks. Pack the cured pickles into hot jars, cover with hot brine and seal at once. If the pickles are to be stored a long time, process them in water bath for 15 minutes at a simmering temperature.

If you like fruity pickles, you'll like this one:

Clingstone Peaches

- 1 gallon peaches
- 7 cups sugar
- 1 piece ginger root
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon whole allspice
- 1 teaspoon whole cloves
- 2 cups water
- 3 cups vinegar

Clingstone peaches are best for pickling, although freestone may be used. Pare hard-ripe fruit. Leave whole. Boil 3 cups sugar, the spices (tied in a bag) and vinegar for 3 minutes. Add 10 to 12 peaches at a time. Simmer until they are tender. Let stand in syrup 12 to 24 hours. Pack peaches into hot jars. Add remaining sugar to syrup and cook to desired thickness. Pour over peaches. Process 5 minutes in hot water bath.

Get the most from your meat! Get your meat roasting chart from Miss Lynn Chambers by writing to her in care of Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago 6, Ill. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott WNU RELEASE

The story thus far: Robert Scott, a self-made West Point graduate, wins his wings at Kelly Field, Texas. He is sent to Panama, where his real pursuit training is begun in a P-125. When the war comes closer he has been instructor for several years, and fears he will get no combat flying. At the outbreak of war he pleads with many Generals asking for a chance to fight, and at last the opportunity comes. He says goodbye to his wife and child and leaves for Florida, where he picks up his Flying Fortress. After some flying instruction (from a former student of his) he flies the big ship 12,000 miles to India. Here he becomes a ferry pilot flying supplies into Burma, but he does not like this job.

CHAPTER IX

We kept low to the flat country now, so that it wouldn't be silhouetted against the sky. Moreover the trees under us caused the olive-drab of the ship to blend in, making us harder to see. I thought many times that we couldn't get lower; but we kept going down until I know if the wheels had been extended we'd have been taxying.

I guess we were both a little bit nervous as we peered ahead for any little dot that would mean a Jap. Fly specks on the windshield—and you get lots of them when flying as low as we were—scared us many times. I could feel the palms of my hands sweating as the tension increased.

Finally, straight ahead, I saw a lone column of smoke and thought it was Shwebo. The Japs must already have bombed that too. We kept right on going, expecting any minute to see about eighteen Zeros on our tail. Bombs had started these fires, and where Jap bombers were, fighters could not be far away. The smoke plume grew larger and blacker as we came nearer, until we could see the glow of the fires and the licking flames. We both must have automatically concluded that the burning town was Shwebo, for without more than a glance to check the map we headed for the Southeast corner of the town, where the field was supposed to be.

Then I saw them, high overhead—three planes. But I almost sighed in relief, for they were only Jap bombers—no fighters yet. We kept on low, trying to find the field, while more bombs blasted the town. After searching for several minutes we realized that we were looking into the smoke of the wrong town, for farther South we saw another smoke column, and after checking our position by a canal to the West, we agreed that this town was Kinu and that Shwebo was ten miles South. Shwebo was burning too, and, as we learned later, had been bombed only minutes before we arrived. Jap fighters had accompanied the bombers. So once again some hand of Providence had intervened—had made us mistake Kinu for Shwebo and waste a little time circling.

Colonel Haynes saw the field at Shwebo and pulled the big transport around like a fighter, slipping her in and sitting her down like a feather-bed. We taxied over to the shade to try to partially hide the ship, and I stayed to guard the Douglas while he went to see General Stilwell. You could hear the staff officers and the soldiers yelling, and see them throwing their tin helmets in the air. Jack Belden of Life magazine told me later that they had never expected an American ship to get through, and that when the white star of the U. S. Army Air Force was identified, they had even sung "God Bless America." But to us right then, America seemed a very, very long way off.

While Colonel Haynes went for General Stilwell, I stationed the crew around the ship, and we watched the sky with Tommy guns. There was a dead feeling in the air—the smell of smoke and of human flesh from the burning town—and I expected any moment to see Jap Zeros diving on the transport. There we stood with our veritable pop-guns, waiting for Jap cannon.

Just a few minutes later a jeep drove up and C. V. Haynes jumped out, saying that most of the staff was on the way behind him but that General Stilwell wasn't going. At my look of surprise, he added that the General was going to walk out—that he refused to be evacuated by air. Well, for the life of me I couldn't see what face would be saved, for the British Army had gone up the road to the North, and most of the Chinese armies were also on the way out. Perhaps the General knew things that I didn't know. But I remember that Colonel Haynes and I talked it over during the minutes while we waited for the Staff to get aboard. We wanted to take General Stilwell out if we had to use force; after all, he was the Commanding General of all American forces in China, Burma, and India, and we knew he was to have a very slim chance of walking out to India through Burma.

I guess if we had captured General Stilwell and taken him back to Chungking we'd have been court-martialed and shot. But we didn't much care what happened then anyway. Burma was falling, and there seemed to be a never-ending stream of Japs coming North. I guess we thought we had a very slim chance of ever getting out alive. After all, we'd been flying around bombed Burmese towns all morning, and when you expect to see Jap fighters any minute for hours, with you in

an unarmed ship, and then get to destination and the General won't go—things just don't much matter.

We loaded the anxious staff and took off for Calcutta, with over forty passengers. We could easily have taken from fifty to seventy, but the staff colonel whom we instructed to give the signal when the load was aboard evidently lost count, for he came up and told Colonel Haynes that all were inside.

As we crossed South-Central Burma towards the town of Chittagong, we planned to come back that night and take General Stilwell out if we had to trick him into getting aboard. We crossed the many mouths of the Ganges in one of the worst rains that I've ever seen, and soon landed in the humid heat of Calcutta. While we were reservicing for the second trip of some five hundred miles, Joplin landed from Assam, and Colonel Haynes had him unload his cargo and take off immediately for Shwebo. Once again we ourselves flew through black rain across the Ganges into Burma, but when we landed we found that all had been evacuated except wounded British and American soldiers. In the half darkness, for the night was lighted by the fires of the burning villages, we loaded them on and took them to Calcutta.

General Stilwell with a few of his staff, his ADC, Colonel Dorn, and Jack Belden, war correspondent, had gone on to the North on the long trek to India by way of the Uyu and Chindwin Rivers to the Manipur Road. For weeks no one knew where he was.

One of the officers in this last cargo handed me an itinerary that the General had given him, and I resolved to try to drop food and vitamin capsules to the party as it made its way to the West. The projected itinerary would lead them from Shwebo North to the Uyu Riv-

er, down that stream to the Chindwin at Homalin, then down the Chindwin to Sittaung and Tamu, and thence on the Manipur Road to Imphal. Using it, I expected to be able to contact them and drop the necessary food; Joplin and I even figured we could land on a sand bar in the Chindwin and pick them up. We planned all this out the next day as we flew back home, four hundred miles to the Northeast, transporting our first jeep into Assam by plane.

But though we began next day to fly into Burma to contact General Stilwell's party, again we found that there was many a slip 'twixt the cup, etc., even when one had an itinerary. After I'd crossed the Naga Hills in my single P-43, I would follow the Chindwin South until I came to Homalin. Then I'd turn to the East up the river, flying right down in the canyon formed by the thick jungle trees. I carried a Very pistol to identify myself, but learned that we had no air-to-ground liaison code with which to establish our identity to General Stilwell. As a substitute I decided to fire a green light, figuring that anything but red would indicate that I was friendly.

Though I saw party after party, there was no way of identifying that of the General. I marked their positions on my map, and we went back later in a transport plane and dropped food to all of them—food, medicines, and blankets. Later I dropped letters attempting to establish a code between his party and our ships, so that if he wanted us to land when he reached the Chindwin, he could signal us with a panel. We were never able to contact him, but we continued to drop food to every party of refugees we saw.

As the days stretched into weeks and no news came of General Stilwell's party, we just dropped bags of rice and medicines to all parties, whether they were led by a General or by a British sergeant. On my single-ship escort trips I noted that burning barges were floating down the Chindwin, South of Tamu. One afternoon I saw four big riverboats burning at the docks of the town where the Manipur Road began. I reported this to the British. Then, about three weeks from the day we had flown down to get the staff out of Shwebo, I met General Stilwell and his tired group at the little Tinsukia railroad station. I told him that practically all the Air

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