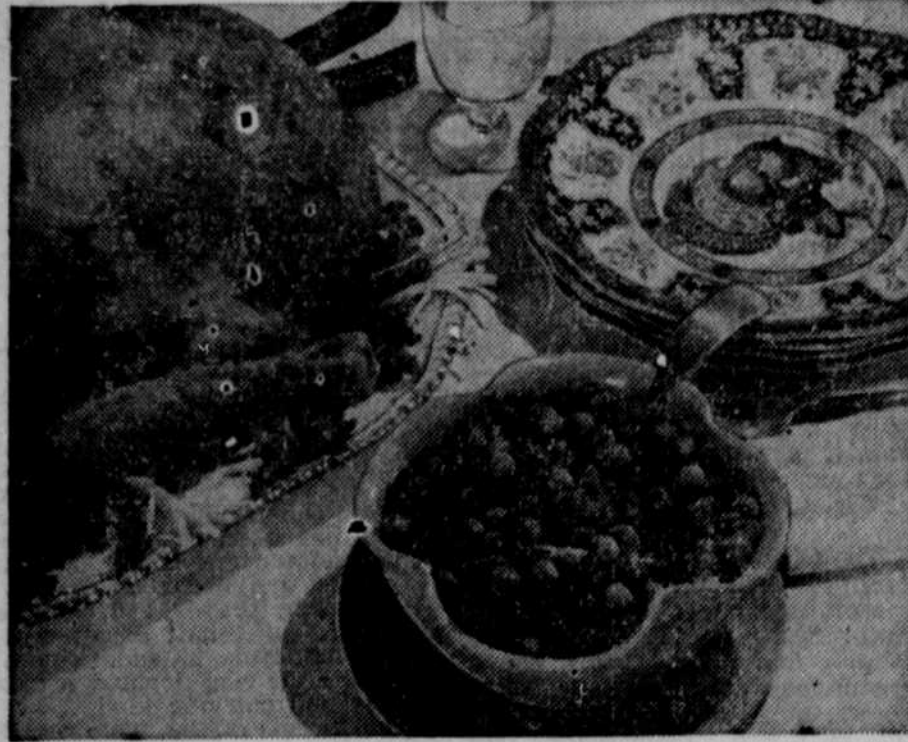


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Thanksgiving Favorite... Turkey With Cranberries! (See Recipes Below)

Turkey Talk

This time every year we set aside a day of thanks—thanks for the bounty of the year, our good fortune, our harvest. We may have worried about ration points, about balancing the budget, but hasn't it been a good year in spite of it all? Yes, so good!

Our day of thanks is appropriately celebrated with as good a feast as can be set upon the table. The turkey is frequently the queenly bird that sets the tone for the whole dinner, so let it be proud and beautiful.

To Roast Turkey.

Rub inside cavity with salt, 1/4 teaspoon or less to each pound of bird. Place enough dressing in the neck to fill the cavity nicely. Fasten skin to the back. Stuff cavity well but do not pack too tightly. Truss, then grease skin with unsalted fat which has been melted. Lay in pan on a rack, preferably on one side, back up. Or, place in V-shaped rack breast down, and keep in this position throughout the roasting period.

Cover with fat-moistened cloth, then roast at constant temperature until tender, turning bird to the opposite side, still back up. Turn bird breast up when about half done. Do not sear, cover or add water to the pan. Sprinkle melted fat on cloth as it dries out.

Cut trussing string between drumsticks after about an hour of roasting. This releases the drumsticks slightly for better cooking of the thigh, improves the appearance of the bird on the platter and facilitates carving.

Testing for Doneness.

Move the leg by grasping end bone. If the drumstick joint breaks or moves easily, the turkey is done. If a thermometer is used, it should register an internal temperature of 190° F. when placed inside in center of inside thigh muscle. If placed in the center of the stuffing, it should register 180 degrees F.

Roasting Time Table

Weight	Oven Temperature	Total Roasting Time
8-10 lbs.	325 deg. F.	3-3 1/2 hrs.
10-14 lbs.	325 deg. F.	3 1/2-4 hrs.
14-18 lbs.	300 deg. F.	4-5 hrs.

Speaking of Stuffing

There are several different types of stuffing which may be used for the bird. There is the basic bread stuffing which may be varied in at least five different ways:

Bread Stuffing

(For 12-16 lbs. of turkey)
1 1/2 pounds loaf bread, stale

Lynn Says:

Trussing Turkey: Insert needle through breast through rib at the base of the thighs. Draw cord through and pull string across by pulling cord through openings formed by folding wings triangular shaped onto the back. The needle does not go through the flesh here. The cord at the side (where needle was first inserted) making body of bird compact.

Put in part of dressing through vent opening. Then insert needle between two bones at each drumstick joint and bring cord around to the tail, through the backbone. Tie securely.

The neck opening offers a place to insert part or all of the stuffing which should be filled to make breast and neck well rounded.

Fold neck skin under wing tips and string to keep in stuffing and make a nice appearance. After roasting remove cord before serving.

Thanksgiving Dinner.

- Apple Juice
- *Roast Turkey With Oyster Stuffing
- Giblet Gravy
- *Spiced Cranberries
- Sweet Potato Casserole
- Hot Rolls
- Green Beans with Brown Butter Sauce
- Orange-Onion Salad with French Dressing
- Celery Curls Pickle Fans
- Olives
- *Pumpkin Pie Beverage
- *Recipes Given

1/2 pound butter or substitute
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/4-1/2 teaspoon each, marjoram, sage or
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
1/4 cup minced onion

Cut bread into small cubes, with crust removed, if desired. Drop into a large mixing bowl. Add butter which has been cut into cubes. Measure seasonings and blend with bread and butter. Mix in onion and stuff bird.

Variations

Celery: Add 2 cups finely chopped celery which has been sauteed partially.

Egg: Add 4 well beaten eggs.
Oysters: Add 1 pint or more of drained oysters, chopped or left whole if small.
Add raw or pre-heated in 2 tablespoons of the butter.

Sausage: Add 1/2-1 pound sausage meat or tiny sausages cooked until brown and thoroughly done. Break meat into small chunks before cooking. Omit or reduce butter.

You can add more holiday spirit to your meal if you bring glorious red cranberries, spiced with lemon and cloves to your turkey dinner as a relish:

Spiced Cranberries.

- (Makes 1 quart)
- 2 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 2-inch sticks cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon whole cloves
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- 4 cups fresh cranberries

Combine sugar, water, spices, lemon juice and rind and boil together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and cook slowly, without stirring until all the skins pop open. Chill to serve.

In the matter of pumpkin pie, either pumpkin or cooked squash may be used. Be sure that it is seasoned according to the recipe as most people object to a too prominent flavor of spices that jumps out at them when they eat the pie:

- 1/2 cup brown or white sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon ginger
- 2 whole eggs or 4 yolks, beaten
- 1 1/2 cups sieved pumpkin
- 1 1/2 cups scalded cream or milk

Mix sugar, salt and spices thoroughly. Add eggs. Blend and then beat in pumpkin pulp. Add scalded cream. Have previously prepared pastry lined pan that has been allowed to dry in a refrigerator for several hours. Pour in about 1/2 of the pumpkin mixture. Place on bottom of preheated oven, 400 degrees F. from which rack has been removed. Quickly pour in remaining mixture. Bake 10-12 minutes. Place pie on a rack quickly replaced in oven. Bake until custard is set. Cool on a rack.

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GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott

W.N.U. RELEASE



The story thus far: After graduating from West Point as a second lieutenant Robert Scott wins his wings at Kelly Field and takes up combat flying. When the war breaks out he is an instructor and is told he is too old for combat flying. He carries his case to several Generals and is finally given an opportunity to get into the fight. He flies a bomber into India, where he becomes a ferry pilot but this does not appeal to him. After visiting Gen. Chennault he gets a Kittyhawk and soon becomes a "one man air force" over Burma. He is made commanding officer of the 23rd Fighter Group. Maj. Allison gets three bombers one day and lands in the river. His plane sinks.

CHAPTER XIX

But on the day when he finally got out on his way to what he wanted to do most, the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor. Ajax had just landed at Wake Island, and, soldier that he was, he had reported to the Marine Commander for duty. He was having breakfast with the CO (CO means Commanding Officer), Major Devereaux, when the Japanese attack came to Wake.

Ajax used to say that the unusual strength he demonstrated that morning was due to the heavy supply of vitamin pills he had taken. As the first bomb hit the runway of the field, he ran with the others for the door and the safety of the slit trenches on the outside. The door opened inward, but Ajax opened it outward, taking the screen, the door, and most of that end of the flimsy building with him. Part of the glass hit him in the face—and that cut was the only wound he received in the bombing. But he carried the scar with him when I last saw him in China.

Baumler got out of Wake Island the next day on the last clipper, but to join the AVG he was no longer going West. It was now necessary to go all the way back and around the other way, towards the East. Anyway he managed to go by way of Washington and got promoted to Captain. I believe if Ajax had stayed in Washington just one more day, he would have been a Major. After seeing Ajax Baumler in a few fights, I wish that he had gotten to be a Major before he came to China, for he certainly was a fighter pilot.

During the month of our battle of Hengyang, I saw Captain Baumler do some of the nerviest things I've ever seen any man accomplish. We had a few ships that had been strafed badly on the ground; some of them had been shot to pieces, and in others the engines or hydraulic systems had been damaged. In most cases these same ships couldn't be got off the ground when the Japs came over; sometimes they were caught three or four times by Zeros, and consequently they were in a continual state of repair.

One of these was old Number 104, the ship that Ajax had been flying. The ground crew had worked on it for days, but whenever they'd have it just about ready to be taken back to the factory in Kunming for overhaul, the Japs would catch it again. Finally one morning Ajax must have said, "The hell with it." For when the "Jin-bao" came he went and got into the crippled fighter to take off before the Japs could get there to strafe it again. He told me later that he was tired of seeing it sitting on the ground as a target; whether it would fly or not, he was going to get it taxying as fast as it would go and at least make it harder to hit than it had been in the revetment. Well, Ajax did better than taxy—he got off. But the story of it all reached me later on.

I was on the ground that day, and didn't see it. But I heard Ajax talking on the radio, and I heard his six guns when he caught one of the Zeros. Just a little later I saw the trail of black smoke that marked the enemy ship going down. I was glad to hear Ajax talking that morning; for a minute I'd thought that smoke might be he, going down in that luckless Number 104. All the time he'd been flying the ship he'd been having to pump the landing-gear up manually, for the hydraulic system had been shot up by the Jap strafe days before. Added to this, an exertion which is no pleasant task at fighting altitudes, was a more painful experience. The cards were stacked even more heavily against Ajax in this jinx ship, for his electrical system was shorting out.

On his take-off from Hengyang, as he gave the ship the gun Baumler had felt a terrible electrical shock through his sweaty hand on the stick control. He couldn't turn the stick loose or the ship would have crashed in the take-off run; so he grimly held on. Take hold of the spark plug of your car some time while the engine is running, and you'll feel just about what Ajax felt. But he kept holding it until he was at an altitude where it was safe to turn the stick loose, get out his handkerchief, and wrap it around the stick.

Even after he had been through the fight and came in to land at Lingling he had to take some more of the shock cure, for by that time the handkerchief was damp and the electricity was jumping through it. He couldn't stay long on this last field, for the Japs were on the way back in waves; so he reserviceed and taxied out to take off. Though the engine was now missing badly, Ajax

couldn't wait—the Japs would be there in a matter of minutes.

He tried a take-off with the current going through his arms again and the engine spitting and sputtering—and at the end of the runway he still hadn't enough speed to get into the air. He would swerve the ship about and try the other direction. Finally after three runs he got the fighter plane in the air, pumped the wheels up by hand and continued doing it for five hundred miles—and so flew back to Kunming.

But it wasn't all hard work and no play in China. Some evenings we used to sit in our cave down at Kwelin and listen to the Tokyo radio. They would give us reports on the missions that we flew to Hankow, Canton, and the cities near Lake Puyang Hu—Nanchang and Kukiang. They'd declare that we were using barbarous tactics and that we were going to be treated as guerrillas if we were captured.

One night while we sat there calmly listening to the news and playing gin rummy, Tokyo news-analysts announced they did not think the American fighter force in China was large. True enough, said the radio, they had struck weakly at several cities, in their barbaric way bombing innocent Chinese women and children, and for this the American pirates would pay when they were prisoners of the Imperial Japanese Government, now fighting to liberate Asia for the Asiatics.

We listened to the usual "blah" without raising an eyebrow, until Radio Tokyo continued: "We don't think the American fighter force in China is more than three hundred ships."

There was a squadron that came over from Assam to work with us, part of another group from India. In this squadron there were some fine fighter pilots, one of whom was Lieut. Dallas Clinger from old Wyo-



Pilots of the China Air Task Force on the alert at Hengyang.

ming. Clinger was another man who in years gone by in the West would have been a great gunman like Tex Hill. Only Clinger wouldn't have cared whether he was on the side of the Law, the Mormons, the Church, or Jesse James. He just wanted to fight.

One morning Clinger was one of a formation of three fighters over Hengyang. His combat report read like this:

"I was flying on my leader's wing—Lieutenant Lombard—at 23,000 feet when we saw three enemy planes down below circling. There were larger formations reported around. Just then I heard my flight leader say: 'There are three stragglers—let's attack 'em.' So we dove into them like mad. As I shot into the Zero on the right of the formation I saw that we were in the midst of twenty-four other Zeros, all shooting at us. I got mad and shot at every plane that I could get my sights on. I think I shot one down but I was so busy I didn't see it crash."

This was signed "DALLAS CLINGER—2nd Lieutenant—Almost Unemployed."

What Clinger had really done was the greatest piece of daredevil flying that any of us had ever seen. Instead of diving away from the twenty-seven ship circus as the others had done, he had stayed and fought the old-fashioned "dog-fight" until the Japs just about took him to pieces from sheer weight of numbers. When they straggled home they must have been the most surprised bunch of pilots in all Japan, for this crazy American with his heavy P-40 had done everything in or out of the book. He fought right side up and upside down, from 23,000 feet down to less than one thousand. As many Japs as could fill the air behind Clinger would get there and try to hang on while they shot; but Clinger wouldn't fight fair and stay there. In the end, he came right over the field, diving from the enemy until he had outdistanced them enough to turn; then he'd pull up into an "Immelmann" and come back shooting at them head-on.

He was last seen after the unequal fight skimming out across the rice paddies, making just about 500 miles an hour, with some ten to twelve Zeros following. For some reason they seemed reluctant, as though they didn't know whether to run after Clinger or leave him alone. He came in for lunch with his ship

badly shot up by their cannon. But he had shot one of them down and had got another "probable."

Down Lingling way on another morning, Clinger went into an attack with his engine acting up. After the first contact with the enemy, he was forced to land, followed by two enemy strafers. As Clinger maneuvered the falling fighter into a safe landing, the two Zeros came down shooting at his rolling P-40.

Dallas from Wyoming got out on the wing to jump onto the ground, with his ship still rolling. Just then one of the Jap bullets went right through his seat-pack chute, passing exactly between Clinger's pants and where he sat on the parachute. He got so mad he jumped back in the cockpit and shot at two Zeros as they passed over his nose. After all, air-cooled guns are made to shoot while the ship is going two or three hundred miles an hour—but Lieutenant Clinger said he got in a pretty good burst from his grounded fighter before the six Fifties froze.

Johnny Allison had helped to train Clinger in the tactics of fighter pilots. In fact, Johnny used to fly with ever man in his flight on his wing, at one time or another. In one training flight such as this he took Clinger up and they practiced attacking one another—"dog-fighting," the "pea-shooter" pilots say. Up there at nearly 20,000 feet they came at one another head-on, time after time, until the moment when, as Johnny told me later, he was sure Clinger was going to run into him. Allison, who usually forced others to give way, had to dive under Clinger's P-40. They circled and tried again, and again Clinger kept right on coming, until, as the ships drew together at well over six hundred miles an hour relative speed, once more Johnny had to dodge, and the Wild Man from Wyoming went on over his head.

They landed then, and by the time Johnny had climbed out of his ship he had calmed down. Clinger came nonchalantly over. Just in passing Allison said, "That was pretty good flying, Clinger; you fly formation well and you look around okay. But you want to watch those head-on runs—you nearly hit me up there. Did you know that?"

Clinger shifted the weight of his body back to both feet. With his chin out, he answered: "Yes, Sir, Major—I tried to. You see, you've been flying longer than I have and I know I'm not as good a pilot as you are. But, Sir, I knew I'd come closer to you than you would to me."

You can find the remains of a good many Japs in China, or somewhere down in the China Sea, who know that Clinger meant just what he said. He'd keep coming at them head-on and shoot them out of the sky before they got to him.

The battle for the defense of Hengyang lasted through August, but we didn't just sit there on the defensive. We rapidly took the offensive as our best defense, and kept it up until higher headquarters sent us a very classic radio:

"You either did not understand or did not receive my last radiogram to remain on the defensive. Repeat quote on the defensive unquote. Signed, Chennault."

At Nanchang, on August 11, 1942, I shot down my fourth enemy plane that was confirmed. Though I hate the Japs with a passion, I felt sorry for that pilot, for he never saw me at all. But as I left his burning ship North of the runway that he had been taking off from, I thought of the boys in the Philippines and Java, and I wasn't so sorry.

I had dropped my five-hundred-pound bomb on the hangars, when in pulling out of the dive I saw Lieutenant Barnum, from Old Lyme, Connecticut, continue his dive on a Jap ship, and begin to fire on it. I looked below. There was dust at the far end of the Jap field where one enemy plane was taking off. I rolled over and dove, pulling out about a half mile behind the enemy at the moment he got off the ground. His wheels had just begun to move to the "up" position as I got him dead in my sights and pressed the triggers. As the pilot died, his new 1.97-2 pulled straight up, then spun into the ground the few feet it had climbed. I passed over it as the flames belched from the wreckage. I climbed for an enemy observation plane higher over Lake Puyang Hu, but the Jap outclimbed me, and though I fired at him several times from long range he finally got away. On this trip, Barnum had shot down one enemy ship, and Lieutenant Daniels, though unable to release his wing-rack fragmentation bombs, had strafed the field with his bombs hanging on. After the attack, this pilot had force-landed his plane in a rice paddy near Hengyang rather than bail out—and this decision to save the ship for spare parts had been made with the six frags still hanging from the faulty wing-racks. He got away with it, and Captain Wang was able to salvage the fighter.

When the P-40's got so shot up that we were afraid they'd quit running and we'd lose them over the enemy lines, we were called back to Kunming. There, sitting around for two weeks while we worked on the ships and anxiously looked for mail from home, the war seemed far away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AROUND THE HOUSE

Try drying your wool sweaters on a window screen. It allows free circulation.

If lemon juice is squeezed over bananas and apples after they are sliced, they will not become dark.

The easiest way to remove thread from the brush of the carpet sweeper is to take a pair of shears and cut down through the threads between rows of bristles.

To prevent your bedsheets from catching and tearing, cover the corners of the bedsprings with adhesive tape.

Do not clean the enamel top of an oven with a wet, cold cloth as the enamel is apt to crack. Let it cool first.

Do not place hot or warm foods in the refrigerator to cool. The warmth will raise the temperature and the food is likely to spoil, owing to the sudden change in temperature.

Daily care of your rugs is very important. If children or pets track in or there's heavy traffic, use your handy carpet sweeper several times a day. (Don't scold, just be alert to changes in routine these hectic days.) A good carpet sweeper penetrates considerably below the surface, routing dust, grit or sand daily.

When the fabric of your umbrella is completely worn, take the frame to be re-covered—or do it yourself. Use the original as a pattern and stitch up a cover of waterproof or firm, tightly woven material. Usually a yard of 39-inch fabric will be sufficient.

To make a tailor's cushion cut four ovals of muslin six by nine inches. Sew each pair together, leaving a small opening at the top. Stuff one with cotton until quite firm (three inches thick). Use the other sack as a cover for the stuffed pad. Slip off to wash. It's grand for doing those puffed shoulders.



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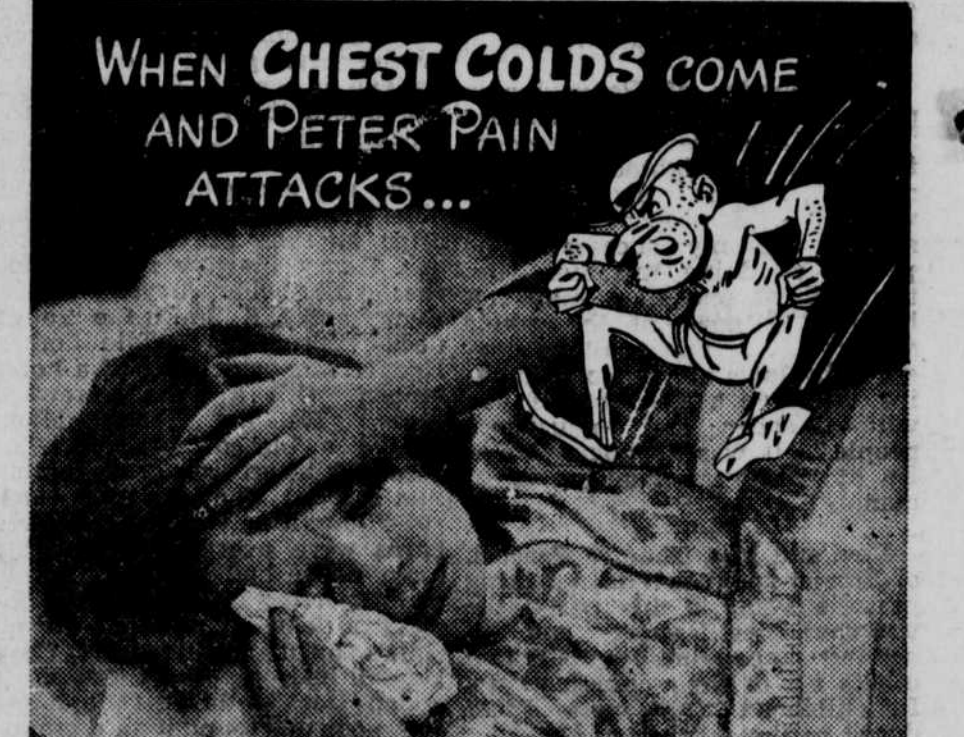
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