

# HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



**Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu**

- \*Hamburger Deep-Dish Pie
- Celery Curls
- Toasted Rusk
- Currant Jelly
- Molded Cranberry Salad
- Lemon Meringue Pie
- \*Recipe Given

A little nest of grated American Cheese will surprise the family in these fluffy potato croquettes. Nourishing and filling, they fit well into winter menus.

### Thrift and Nutrition

There's a clamor among nutrition-conscious homemakers for recipes that nourish but that are inexpensive to fix.

Expense of food has little to do with nutrition as the recipes today will show. There's good eating in them besides, and the family will welcome seconds as readily as they do the more expensive foods:

**Surprise Croquettes.** (Makes 6)

- 6 Idaho potatoes
- 1/2 cup hot milk
- 2 tablespoons butter
- Salt and pepper
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- 1 teaspoon grated cheese
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon water
- Fine dry bread crumbs

Scrub potatoes and steam until tender in a small amount of water. Spear potatoes on fork and slip off skins. Mash well, adding hot milk, butter, salt, pepper, parsley and onion. Shape large spoonfuls, sufficient for a serving into croquettes with a tablespoonful of cheese in center of each. Roll in fine crumbs, dip in beaten egg to which 1 teaspoon water has been added. Then roll again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat (380 degrees) until brown. Serve at once.

Onions are plentiful this year and make an excellent casserole with mushrooms.

**Onion Casserole Supreme.** (Serves 6)

- 4-5 Sweet Spanish onions
- 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese

Slice onions in 1/4 inch slices. Cover with boiling, salted water, 1 teaspoon to each quart. Cook until just tender—about 30 minutes. Pour into a large strainer or colander and allow to drain thoroughly.

Place half of onions in buttered casserole and pour 1/2 of mushroom soup which has been diluted with an equal quantity of water over them. Then add remaining onions and sauce and top with cheese. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) until brown on top and bubbly.

Lentils are full of protein and can be served in place of meat. They're especially good when cooked with salt pork:

**Hoppin' John.** (Serves 5)

- 1 cup lentils
- 1/2 cup rice
- 1 quart water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 pound salt pork
- 2 tablespoons butter or bacon drippings
- 1 small onion
- 1/2 teaspoon celery salt

Rinse lentils and rice and add water, salt, diced pork and cook on low heat 45 minutes. Chop onion fine and cook until tender in butter or bacon drippings. Add to cooked len-

### Lynn Says:

**It's Good This Way, Too:** Green beans with small onions in cheese or mushroom sauce.

Scallop oysters in cream of celery soup. Make the soup or use the canned if you want to save time.

Combine cranberry sherbet with maraschino cherries for first course.

Add pink coloring to honey before serving on pancakes if you like a bluish on the flapjacks.

Add chopped ripe olives to carrots or celery or the two vegetables when combined.

Creamed onions are a good vegetable dish to serve with ham.

# GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott WNU RELEASE

The story thus far: After graduating from West Point, 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 appeals to several Generals and is finally given an opportunity to get into the fight. He flies a ferry pilot, but this does not satisfy him. After visiting General Chennault he gets a Kittyhawk, and soon becomes a "one man air force" over Burma. Later 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, but the Chinese get it out by a 3,000-year-old method.

### CHAPTER XX

When stranger things would happen, we talked about things of the sort which had once been told in story books. All of us agreed that when this war was over, there would be nothing that had ever happened in fiction that wouldn't have actually happened in this battle of the universe. For instance:

Likiang is a city in China far up on the big, northern loop of the Yangtze-Kiang. It is China, yes, but that part of China is as wild as Tibet and Arabia. The people are called "Lolos," and they must be descendants of Genghis Khan. I had flown over the place, for it was just North of the ferry route from Assam to Kunning, and I had seen the flat clearing South of the village that could have been an emergency landing field. I noted that it was close to nine thousand feet above sea level, and therefore not a field to use unless one had to.

Capt. Charlie Sawyer had crashed just South of there, closer to Talifu, and had been unable to identify himself. While the wild-looking Lolo tribesmen were getting set to execute him with ancient-looking flint-lock muskets, Sawyer said the holes in the barrels looked twice as big as fifty-calibre bores. Just at the crucial moment, however, when his fate looked darkest, some new arrival in the party saw the identification card that Sawyer had been pointing to. It was inscribed in various languages, and with pictures. The new arrival didn't recognize the Chinese flag, or any of the languages, or the Generalissimo's signature "chop"—but he saw a star. As it happened, it was the star of India over the imprint in Hindustani. Then the tribesman pointed to the same star on the wing of Sawyer's ship—the insignia of the Army Air Force. Sawyer was saved, and later he was feasted on wild buffalo and rice wine.

But why? Here in the wilds of the Lolo country, where very few white men had ever been, the tribesmen were more familiar with the white star of the Air Force than with any written language. We learned the principal reason later.

A report had come in to General Chennault's headquarters that a native village in the Lolo country, between Lake Tali and Likiang, was under siege by the Burmese northern tribesmen who had crossed the Salween, perhaps under the direction of the Japanese. Two of us, Holloway and I, were sent to look the place over in two P-40's. We were told by the General that we could determine whether the town was under siege by noting whether or not the usual pedestrian traffic was passing in and out of the city gate. All the cities are walled, and are obviously very far from roads or from civilization.

We made our observation and returned with the report. The village was besieged, and we had seen the horsemen encamped a half mile around the city wall. We loaded up and went back with six eighteen-kilogram frags on the wing racks and plenty of fifty-calibre ammunition. I also carried a Very pistol and all colors of shells.

As we circled the town, we could see the villagers watching us; then we dove on the besiegers and bombed them from a thousand feet. The lines of prehistoric cavalry broke and retreated towards the Salween and Burma. We machine-gunned them until they spread in panic. Then I used the Very pistol, shooting first green lights, then red. Holloway said it was the best display of fireworks he'd ever seen. We checked up for several days, but the raiders hadn't come back, and normal pedestrian traffic was passing through the city wall. Holloway and I, with two of the General's P-40's, had stopped a war.

The white star of the Air Force had been seen by those villagers, and they had told the surrounding country that we were friends. Perhaps the constant sight of transports from India to China and return had made the big white star a familiar symbol. At any rate, the Lolos who were about to execute Sawyer recognized it, and to them it meant more than written languages and sealed orders. Such is the strangeness of this global war.

More true fiction came out of the Lolo country during the autumn. A Ferry Command pilot, Lieutenant Aronson, "lost an engine"—which means that his engine failed—on his trip from Assam to Kunning. He barely made the big meadow that was South of the town of Likiang, in the hairpin loop of the Yangtze. After several days we went in there to look the improvised landing-field over, in the hope that we could fly another transport to him with a good

engine, or carry in the mechanics and the tools with which to repair the bad one.

In every organization there is always one person who holds up the morale, some one who makes the darker moments brighter and who can bring a little sunshine into the tense reality of war. Out in the China theatre, and especially in the 23rd Fighter Group, my most unforgettable character was Lieut. Henry Elias. This pilot was a Southerner, like most of the others in the China skies. When I first reached Hengyang he was acting as assistant operations officer to Ajax Baumler. He had a reply for every person, and a come-back to every joke. He was definitely a morale builder, and you can ask anyone if they're not as valuable at the front as ammunition.

Elias had been on several raids and had shot down two Japanese when I heard the first joke about him. He'd been on an attack to Nanchang, and as the ships turned for home in the fading light of late afternoon, some one in the rear of the formation observed something peculiar. Up ahead there were five



These pilots are tired out by almost constant alert without relief for 21 days.

P-40's with their sleek silhouettes showing wheels up and everything in proper order. But off to the flank, in almost the position of the number-three man in a Vee formation, was one ship with its wheels extended. Some one called on the radio, "Hey, Elias, who's that flying in formation with you, with their wheels down?"

As the words sank into the consciousness of the flight, and of Elias especially, their ominous significance became apparent. Elias jerked his head around and looked at his wing map. Even to an inexperienced eye, the silhouette was unmistakable. It was a Jap Model I-97, one of the old fixed landing-gear types. The entire formation tried at once to get it as they finally realized what it was. But they had the laugh on Elias. Just as he recognized the Jap, the enemy pilot evidently recognized the P-40's in the twilight before darkness—perhaps he saw the leering sharks' mouths. For as Elias shoved the nose of his ship straight down and dove for him, the Jap pulled his ship straight up and climbed for the sky. Later, when our imaginations began to embroider the joke, Elias took the kidding in good part and always had a comeback.

A small two-seater biplane, a Fleet, came to Hengyang from Kwellin one day with a Chinese officer. We looked the little ship over as it came into the field wide open at some seventy-five miles an hour.

"We now have just the bait we need," I said. "Lieutenant Elias, I want you to borrow that Fleet from the Chinese. I know a trick to make the Japs lose lots of 'face' and airplanes."

Elias had laid down his Operations reports and was listening attentively. "This ought to get you promoted," I went on. "Now you get that plane and service it tonight, then early in the morning you take off for Hankow. Allison, Baumler, and I will be along later and will arrive over the Jap city before you do." Elias was looking at me in wonder. "Then, when you get there, fly over the enemy airport at thirty-five hundred feet—that'll keep you just above their small-calibre fire and they can't shoot accurately that low with the big stuff. Over the field you fly with one wing low, kind of skidding, cutting your switch on and off so the Japs will think you're either wounded or over there with a bad engine."

Elias was trying to figure out whether I was serious or not. Then I added: "We'll be up there in the sun, and as fast as the Zeros come up for you, we'll knock them down. After all, Elias, if they get you, a Fleet isn't worth much."

But by now Lieutenant Elias was walking out and calling over his shoulder: "No sir, Colonel, I just want to be a plain pilot—I don't want to be no ball of fire."

Well, we saw the value of Elias when we lost him, for in this second battle around Hunan he failed to return from the straining raid of September 2, 1942. We had taken sixteen P-40's back to Hengyang when he had gotten them in shape to fight, and had landed there just about dark to surprise the Japs. That's

the night the Fleet landed and the night I had been kidding Henry Elias.

Next morning we got into the air before daylight and went for Lake Puyang Hu, near Nanchang, where the Japs were moving the Chinese rice out by junks and barges—robbing the breadbasket of China in the yearly rape of the rice. Hill took eight of the P-40's and I took the other eight.

Elias was on Tex Hill's wing. We split at Nanchang and my eight went to the South to catch some gunboats that had been reported in the Sintze-Hukow Strait, near Kukiang, coming from the Yangtze to the Lake. I heard Hill call that he had caught the rice ships and was burning them. Later he told me that he found twenty-six of them, junks and steel barges; he sank some and saw others with their sails on fire, floating for shore where the hungry Chinese coolies would salvage the rice.

Through the four passes at the Japs Elias was right on Tex's wing, but on the fourth pullout he dropped behind the formation, perhaps to shoot at something Hill hadn't seen. Maybe he'd seen a Jap fighter and had gone for it; we knew there were eight Zeros supposed to be over Nanchang. Elias didn't return with the flight, and for two days we carried him as "missing."

Then the Chinese net reported that a group of Chinese soldiers had seen a lone American P-40 engaged by four Japanese Zeros. The American had fought them but his ship had been shot down. The American had jumped out in his parachute and four Japanese had strafed him on the way down.

The body had been found, with the identification flag number listed. The pilot's name was Lieutenant Elias. All of us watched for Japs bailing out, so that we could shoot one or two down for Elias, but we didn't get the chance.

We sent Captain Wang down to Kian to get Elias's body. Wang had to travel a hundred and sixty miles by buffalo cart, by alcohol bus, and on foot, but he finally got there. The trip took him twenty days. When the body of our lost pilot finally arrived at the field from which he had last taken off, it was in a Chinese coffin that Wang had gotten at Kian. We placed the flag over the grim reminder of war and sent it by transport to Kunning, to lie beside his other brother pilots in that Buddhist graveyard in Yunnan.

And so it went: tragedy—humor—tragedy. For on the same raid I had led the other eight ships, with elements led by Holloway, Schiel, and O'Connell, and had caught the Jap gunboats, ten of them, at Sintze-Hukow Strait. They were more than likely coming to Puyang Hu to convoy those rice barges—but we were going to interfere with their rendezvous.

Even as we circled them from sixteen thousand feet, I think they knew they were going to have lots of trouble. They had to stay almost in line, nose-to-stern, for they were going through the narrow strait. We circled warily for a minute, looking the sky over for enemy fighters, then spiraled down. As soon as we got close enough to the Jap ships to see distinctly, we noticed that the seamen were jumping over the side into the water. Only a few seemed to have remained to fire the anti-aircraft guns, and Schiel and Holloway silenced most of those with their initial pass.

I think most of the ammunition had been fired at us while we circled at sixteen thousand feet, for we were the whole show now. We'd rake the steel decks from stem to stern and then swing out low to the water and come back with quartering shots from the beam. We were so low that we were actually shooting up at the decks of the boats. I saw many human heads above the water as the Japs tried to swim from the boats, and I fired at them. Those bullets ricocheted from the water into the steel side of the gunboat and went on through. As my range would reach the "sweet spot" of some 287 yards, where the six lines of tracers and armor-piercing Fifties converged, it would appear as though an orange-colored hole the size of a four barrel was being burned into the side of the Jap vessel at the water-line.

We S-ed along the ten-ship line and shot at them all from both sides. On the second pass, two of the vessels were listing, and others were smoking. On the fourth attack, seven out of the ten were smoking and burning and some of these were on the bottom with their masts barely out of water. Photographs taken later from an observation plane showed that seven had sunk immediately in the strait, and that the other three had sunk within a thousand yards of the battle area.

I was so happy, so excited and eager, that I tried to be glamorous that morning. After the fourth attack I had called to re-form and head for the rendezvous point to the Southwest. But as the ships left the target, I saw something I had to go back for. It was a Japanese flag, waving defiantly from the mast of one of the sunken gunboats. Forgetting caution, and with the other seven planes speeding away to the rendezvous point, I dove to strafe the flag in a gesture of hate.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

## Lovely Gift for a Special Friend Smart Ensemble for All Occasions



**1993**  
14-44

**1240**  
12-20

**Patchwork Apron**

If you like a covered-up feeling while you work, make this gay, practical patchwork apron. Look through your scrap bag for pretty pieces to make the unusual border. A lovely gift for a special friend.

**Attractive Ensemble**

VERSATILE and lovely, the jumper frock is the perfect all-occasion frock for every age. Square shoulders and trim waist give this one a smart, crisp air. The matching jacket makes an ensemble you'll wear with confidence.

Pattern No. 1240 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14, jumper, requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; jacket, long sleeves, 1 3/4 yards.

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 PATTERN DEPT.  
530 South Wells St. Chicago

Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired.

Pattern No. .... Size .....

Name .....

Address .....

## Household Hints

If candles are soiled, rub them with a cloth dipped in alcohol. Or they may be rubbed with lard or other fats.

Wax your book shelves. This will permit books to slide in and out easier and cause less wear on them.

When driving a nail into a wall to hang a picture, try placing a small piece of adhesive tape over the spot and drive the nail through it. This will prevent the wall from cracking there.

When sending a book through the mails, cut the corners from several heavy envelopes and place over the four corners of the book to protect them.

A little skim milk rubbed over leather chairs several times a year will keep the leather soft and prevent cracking.

In order not to scorch milk, rinse the pan with water for several minutes before heating the milk.

To clean under the piano, place an old sock moistened with polish over a yardstick.

Add salt to the water in which eggs are to be cooked. This makes the shells more brittle and easier to remove.

If there is a suggestion of rust on your refrigerator shelves, wash them with a mild scouring powder and hot water, dry well with a soft clean cloth, and apply a thin coating of hot melted paraffin.

Never use a big unsightly knot when sewing. Even a tiny knot should be hidden on the wrong side. Most dressmakers do not use a knot at all in the ends of basting threads because in removing basting the knot may catch in the threads of the fabric and pull them. Three or four fastening stitches at the beginning and end of basting will hold it securely.

## St. Joseph ASPIRIN

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

## FREE BOOKLET ON ARTHRITIS AND RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from Arthritis, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago or any form of Rheumatism ask your druggist for a free booklet on RHE-OVO, or write to Nae-Ovo, Inc., 412 S. Wells St., Chicago 7, Ill. for YOUR FREE COPY.

Successfully used for over 19 years

## SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Nearly 2,000 rubber tires daily were required in North Africa to replace tires which had been worn out or destroyed in action.

As a result of the diversion of the petroleum by-product to aviation gasoline, about 50 per cent of the butadiene produced for synthetic rubber processing so far in 1944 come from alcohol plants.

When you wonder about the shortage of civilian tires, bear in mind that in the time it takes to build one 56-inch airplane tire at B. F. Goodrich factories, seven 8.25-20 truck tires or sixty 6.00-16 passenger tires could be made. And airplane tires are "musts" these days!

In war or peace

## B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

# SH-H-H

Don't talk—don't spread rumors. Don't cough—don't spread germs. Smith Bros. Cough Drops, Black or Menthol, are still as soothing and delicious as ever—and they still cost only a nickel.

**SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS**  
BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢