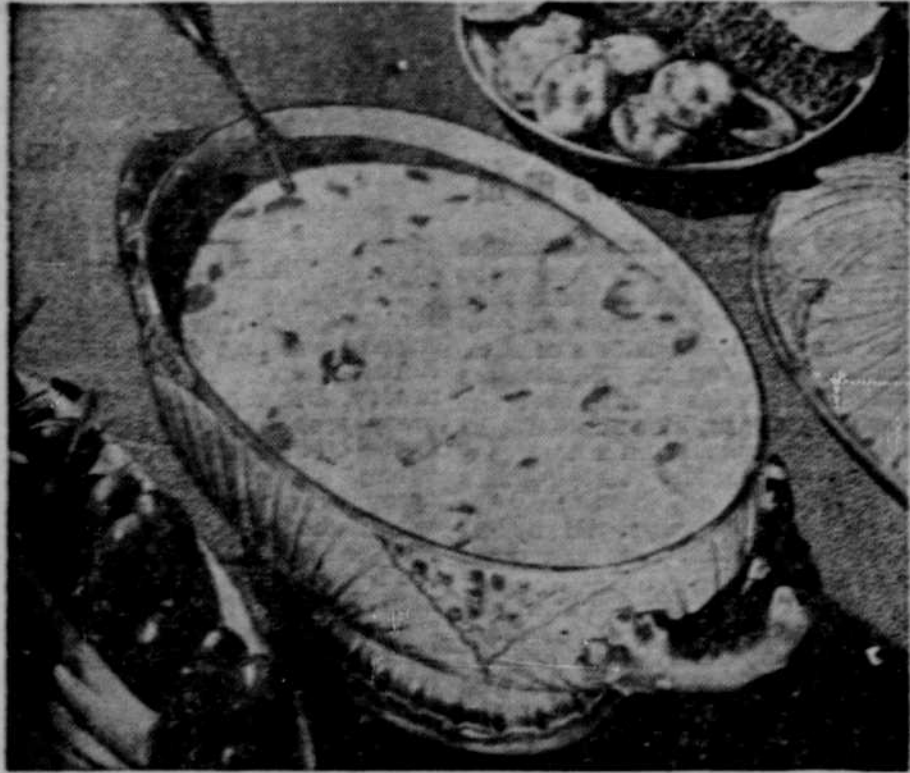


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Chowder Comes to the Dinner Table!
(See Recipes Below)

Soup Suggestions

There's a lively interest in soup these days, and rightly so, for a soup that's rich enough can take the place of a meat dish at a meal and still satisfy even appetites made keener by plustery winter weather.

Soups are good for filling in that gap before the main dish is brought to the table to satisfy the hungry. If they are substantial enough, that is, if they are creamed soups, or the thicker type of vegetable and meat combinations, no main dish is required. And, if there are any dieting members in the family, there are enough of the lighter types of soups which not only satisfy, but are low in caloric value.

First, there are the substantial lentil soups which have much nourishment:

Bean Soup.

- 1 1/2 pounds pork shoulder or ham
- 2 tablespoons onion, chopped
- 1 pound navy beans
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon white pepper

Soak the beans in water overnight. In the morning, parboil them. Cover the meat with water, then add beans, onions, salt and pepper. Cook 2 1/2 to 3 hours. Serve with dumplings, if desired.

Yellow Split Pea Soup.

- 3 pounds smoked brisket of beef or scraps of dried beef, sausage or ham bone
- 2 cups yellow split peas
- 3 quarts cold water
- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 1 small onion, cut fine
- 2 tablespoons butter or substitute
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 teaspoon white pepper
- 2 tablespoons flour

Pick over and wash peas. Soak them in cold water overnight, then drain and place in a saucepot with meat. Add cold water and let simmer gently for about 4 hours. Add celery during last part of cooking. Remove meat when tender. Skim fat off the top of the soup. Heat 2 tablespoons of butter in frying pan, add the onions and brown. Blend in flour and gradually add soup, stirring constantly. Season to taste and serve with smoked meat, adding crotons.

Clam Chowder.

- 1 quart clams
- 4 cups potatoes diced
- 2 inch square fat, salt pork
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 4 cups milk
- 8 soda crackers, rolled

Pick over clams, drain and cut pork in small pieces. Fry out in skillet. Add onion and fry 5 minutes. Add potatoes, clam liquid and enough water to cover. Cook until nearly tender, then add butter, milk and seasoning. When potatoes are done and milk is very hot, add clams and cook for 3 minutes.

Lynn Says:

Soups for Meals: If there is any water left after vegetables are cooked, this should be saved and used for soup stock. A few extra vegetables may be added to give stronger flavor. When milk is added to soups, its richness and nutritive value is increased. Serve big helpings of salad when soup is the main dish and have a really nutritious meal. Soups may be garnished with toasted crotons, whipped cream or egg white or sprinklings of grated cheese, paprika, and parsley.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scoff WNU RELEASE

The story thus far: After graduating from West Point, Robert Scoff wins his wings at Kelly Field and takes up combat flying. He has been an instructor for four years when the war breaks out, and is told he is now too old for combat flying. He appeals to several Generals and is finally offered an opportunity to get into the air. He flies a bomber to India, but is made a ferry pilot and this does not suit him. He visits Gen. Chennault, gets a Kittyhawk, and soon is flying the skies over Burma, known as the "one man air force." Later he is made C.O. of the 23rd Fighter Group, but he still keeps on knocking down Jap planes. He goes out on his greatest mission, over Hongkong.

CHAPTER XXV

Pilots waiting for the order to go into the air. Sitting at the crude table, waiting for the chow wagon or for an alert. Listening with keen ears for the jingle of the telephone. Playing gin rummy or poker, but bearing everything that was going on. A player would be dealing the deck, and in the middle of the routine of dropping a card here, and one there, the phone would ring. The card would stop in the air, poised over the table while we all heard the Chinese interpreters pick up the magneto phone and utter the familiar "Wey-wey," as they say "hello." The card would remain there over the table, undisturbed throughout the telephone conversation—until the player realized what he was doing. Then he'd go hesitatingly on.

Perhaps the call was one of the hundreds that meant nothing; only the Chinese really knew, and we could only wait and find out. Then again, the receiver of the telephone might drop back into place and the interpreter would say something to another Chinese. This second one would go to the plotting-board, look at the marked co-ordinates, and quietly put a little red flag down over a certain city towards Japanese territory. Even then, with one warning only, the game could go on for a long time in confidence.

Perhaps the Squadron commander or the officer who was on the alert that day would move out of the game and start looking the map and the flags over, sizing up the situation. As the picture formed and it became apparent that this was a real attack he'd just go over and tell the card-game about it. Or maybe two or three men would begin to get helmets out. The game would silently break up, with cards and CN left where they were. Helmets and gloves would be put on. Men who were pretending to be sleeping in the bags on the floor would be awakened.

And the tension dropped off like a cloak. It wasn't the actual combat these fighter pilots feared, for we all wanted combat more than anything else; it was the damnable uncertainty—the ringing of a telephone, an ominous sound that most of the time meant nothing. When men went out of the door to get into their ships and take off there was no handing to friends on the ground of last letters to take care of, no entrusting of rings and watches to room-mates. For fighter pilots don't think of not coming back. They are invincible, or think they are, and they have to be that way. Down in our hearts we may figure that some accident will get us some day, when we are old and gray, when our beards get in the way of the controls, or we get to where we don't see well or react fast—but we know that no enemy fighter is good enough to shoot us down. If that happens it's just an accident.

These thoughts are the "chips" that we carry on our shoulders, and they have to be there—arrogant, egotistical chips mellowed by flying technique and experience and fortified by the motto, "Attack!" Never be on the defensive. Shoot the enemy down before he can shoot you down. You are better than he is, but don't give him a chance. He may get in a lucky shot but you're invincible. Move towards any dot in the sky that remotely resembles an airplane. Move to attack, with switches on and the sight ready. If it's not a ship or if it's a friendly one you'll be ready anyway, and your arrogant luck will last a lot longer.

The worry comes before you get to take off for combat—wondering whether or not you'll do the right thing out of habit. After you're in the air it's all the fun of flying and doing the greatest job in the world. You are up there, pitying all earth-bound creatures who are not privileged to breathe this purer air on high. Your training makes you do the combat work that is ahead with out thinking about the movements. Months and years of training hours of waiting on the ground—high-powered engines pulling you up and up to the attack—and then in a few fleeting seconds the combat is over, your ship is all that's in the sky, and you're on the way home again to base, whistling and thinking how easy it was and what a great and glorious life it really is. You're wondering if you can pick those cards up and finish the game and take your CN back from Ajax or Johnny or Mack. You might be thinking how good that sleeping bag is going to feel, or wondering whether the transports that can land on the field, now that the air raid alert is over, have brought you any mail. "Dog-gone, wonder if that woman is writing me?"

Maybe they've even made some mistake back over there in the States and have sent some new planes out here, and we're going to get the best in the world, planes that go a hundred miles an hour faster and climb 4,500 feet a minute to fifty thousand feet. But there's your crew-chief now, waving you in—and he's looking at the patches you've shot from the blast tubes of your guns and knows you've fired at the enemy. Or maybe your "victory roll" warned him anyway... Who knows?

Day after day, through the early part of November, we actually prayed that the weather East would clear, so that we could stop our small, piddling attacks on Burma and go back to Hongkong. I knew that General Chennault and Colonel Cooper were planning a big one for the next time, for now we had the largest force of fighters we had ever seen in China. New P-40's had been arriving in small numbers, but steadily. The Group was actually being built up to strength at last.

With the first breaks in the heavy winter clouds, Bert Carleton was sent with his transport and our ground personnel to Kweilin. Aviation fuel and bombs were placed ready for instant use, and I could feel the tension in the air again. From the daily reports on the air-warning net it could be seen that the Japanese had maintained a constant aerial patrol over Hongkong and vicinity since our last attack. With the first break in the clouds we sent observation planes over with

seventy to fifty and finally to nothing. I sweated out my return to Kweilin and just made it by mentally lifting the ship onto the strip between the jagged stalagmites that seemed to guard our field.

That afternoon I led sixteen fighters to escort our twelve bombers to Canton. Capt. Brick Holstrom, who had participated in the raid on Tokyo the preceding April, led the bombers. As the fighters kept the new tactical "squirrel cage" about his formation he deliberately circled to the South of Tien Ho air-drome and covered the target area perfectly with his long string of bombs. The anti-aircraft was heavy and increased as we went on North over White Cloud field. I looked back at the results at Tien Ho and felt a surge of pride at that perfect bombing from fourteen thousand feet. This was teamwork, I knew now, with bombers and fighters properly proportioned. All of us were mad because the Japs wouldn't come up. The bomber crews had reported them taking off from both fields and keeping low, but heading in all directions. The accurate bombing must have destroyed many of them on the ground, for we had made a feint of continuing on South to Hongkong. I sent one ship home with each bomber. The rest of us hung back and tried to tempt the enemy Zeros to come up; but they had evidently received their orders.

Next morning Lieut. Pat Daniels got up begging the General to let him lead a dive-bombing attack on an aircraft assembly plant in Canton. His plan was good, and the mission was made ready. All of us went down to the alert shack and watched the ground crew loading the little yellow fragmentation bombs under the wings of six P-40E's. A short time later they were off, with Daniels waiting to blow up the factory, and all set with his movie camera to take pictures automatically as he dove the bombs into the target.

Three hours later only five of the six returned. Pat Daniels was missing in action. His wing man had seen his leader lose part of his wing in an explosion on the way in with the bombs. Anti-aircraft could have done it, but most of us agreed from the description that Daniels' bombs might have hit his own propeller. At the tremendous speed that a fast fighter-ship builds up in a long and nearly vertical dive, pressures are also built up from the increased speed. This torque necessitates so much compensating pressure on the rudder that one must actually stand on the rudder control. While doing this, Pat might have relaxed pressure just as he reached down to pull the bomb release; this would have allowed the speeding plane to "yaw" or skid, and the bombs could have struck the arc of the prop.

The only note of encouragement was that a chute had been seen when the fighters left the target. Lieut. Patrick Daniels was one of our best and most aggressive pilots, and we missed him immediately—and hoped for the best.

That same night, Johnny Allison led eight ships in a fighter sweep and dive-bombing attack on the docks at Hankow, over four hundred miles to the North. In the river harbor, with the sky criss-crossed by tracers from the ground, Johnny dropped his bombs on the hangars and on a large freighter. Then for ten minutes he strafed the enemy vessel and badly disabled it. Captain Hampshire dove and shot the searchlights out until he was out of ammunition. The night attack so deep into enemy territory was a daring one and did much to confuse the Japs further. Johnny's ships were rather badly shot up from the ground-fire, and he was lucky to get them all back to base safely. But it was such missions as these which built up the circumstances that would assure the success of the big attack the General was planning.

Next day, with eighteen fighters, we escorted the bombers to raid Sienning, an occupied town near Hankow. We kept the circling movement all around our B-25's and tried to give them an added feeling of security by our presence. Through heavy anti-aircraft fire, Morgan led the attack in and didn't waste a bomb. We left the warehouses in flames, and there was much less ack-ack coming up towards us than when we first approached.

Arriving back at our advanced base, we refueled and bombed up again. Then we made the second raid of the day towards Hankow, over the town of Yoyang. Once again Morgan blasted the target, with black bursts of anti-aircraft fire bouncing around the formation. But there was no interception, and now we were feeling blue. We couldn't destroy the Jap Air Force if they were going to try to save their airplanes.

We spent the next day, Thanksgiving, working on the airplanes and resting. We had flown seven missions in four days, and both men and machines were tired and in need of repair. We had a special dinner that night, but remained extra vigilant against a surprise by the Jap.

On that Thanksgiving evening, as we were grouped around the General, he brought out a bottle of Scotch some one had given him. (TO BE CONTINUED)



A group of fighter pilots on the alert at Kunning.

a top-cover of several fighters, but the Jap would not come up to fight the shark-mouthed planes. His instructions appear to have been: Wait for the American bombers.

On November 21, the ground crews got to Kweilin. Instead of keeping them in the hotel that first night to insure that information would not leak out to the enemy, we sent them to town, first casually remarking that we were here now for the second attack on Hongkong.

Early next morning our twelve bombers slipped into Kweilin, with Colonel (promoted since the last attack) Butch Morgan in the lead ship. The strengthened fighter force of between thirty and forty planes infiltrated for reserve—some went to Kweilin, others scattered to the surrounding emergency fields for better protection of the bombers. As soon as I landed I ran up to the cave and the General took me in and showed me the plotting-board. The little red flags indicated increased vigilance at Hongkong. Then I got my orders: "Strike Hongay." In an hour the bombers were off to bomb the coal mines and docks of that Indo-Chinese port North of Haiphong. Morgan sank a 12,000-ton ship that was reported to have been an aircraft carrier. The fighter escort strafed ferry boats, small surface craft, and looked for Jap fighters trying to intercept. But none came.

That night the enemy sent up a flight of three bombers to each of our fields, looking for our forces. But we were so scattered that their luck was bad. Night fighters from all stations took off, but those under Maj. Harry Pike at Kweilin made perfect contact. The entire Japanese formation of three bombers was shot down over the field. Pike, Lombard, and Griffin each added an enemy ship to their scores, but Lombard was shot down in flames when the Jap gunners blew up his belly tank. Lombard had made the tactical error of pulling up over the bombers after delivering fire that shot one down. We had given him up for lost when he walked in carrying his chute—and begging for another ship.

At dawn the next day, November 23, I led the group to escort Morgan to Sanchau Island with twelve bombers. We had noted that the Japs were strengthening the air patrol over Hongkong even more. The General had smiled and said, "We're making them waste a terrible amount of gasoline."

We saw Morgan's bombs take out two of the three hangars on the island field, and we went down to strafe and watch for interceptors taking off. Some of the flight got three, but my plane was hit by the ack-ack, and when the oil pressure began immediately to fall, I started for the mainland and home. With the oil pressure slowly going from

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ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. The crew of Columbus' fleet was composed of what type of people?
2. Where is the greatest molybdenum mine in the world situated?
3. What mythological couple grew old together so gracefully that they turned into two tall trees growing side by side?
4. What common insect lives but a day?
5. The Wandering Jew is alleged to have been compelled to live until the second coming of Christ. What is his name?
6. How many New York governors have become Presidents of the United States?
7. What is a lute?
8. What man did God promise that his descendants would be as numerous "as the stars of the heavens, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore"?
9. What is a hookah?
10. Why is ambergris so valuable in the making of perfume?

The Answers

1. Adventurers and convicts.
2. In Colorado.
3. Baucis and Philemon.
4. The mayfly.
5. Ahasuerus.
6. Four—Martin Van Buren, Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin D. Roosevelt.
7. A stringed instrument having a pear-shaped body.
8. Abraham (Gen. 22:17).
9. A pipe in which the smoke passes through water.
10. Because ambergris has so little fragrance, it is the only natural substance that will "fix" the scent of straight perfumes without altering their odor. Musk and other fixing agents have such strong scents of their own that they can only be used in blended perfumes in which they do not conflict with the desired effect.

Adding Ancestors

The number of our lineal ancestors does not double with each past generation as commonly believed. After the third or fourth generation, the actual number is progressively smaller than the possible number, owing to the intermarriage of kin.

For example, in the past ten generations, or 300 years, the possible number of one's ancestors is 1,024, but the actual number is only 300 to 400.

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Commercial motor vehicles in the U. S., based on gasoline allotments, are expected to run 56 billion miles a year. Reduced to truck tire wear, that represents a tremendous number of tires. The rubber used in gas masks is now 100 per cent synthetic. Never use a tube in a tire larger, or smaller, than that for which it was designed by the manufacturer. Premature failure will result if you do. To return full mileage, synthetic tubes must be lubricated with vegetable oil soap solution when mounted on rims.

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