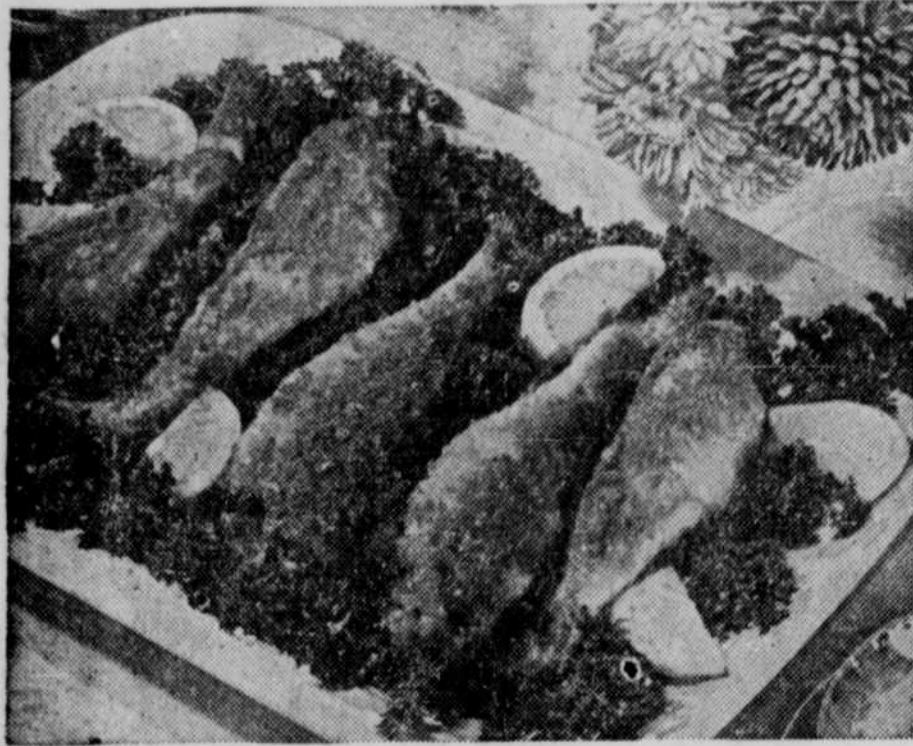


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Crisply-Coated Fish Takes It Easy on the Budget
(See Recipes Below)

Serve Fish Often

As civilian meat supplies grow leaner, fish will again come to the rescue as a good protein food. Fish is easier to prepare than meat, and it bakes, broils, fries and cooks quickly.

Fish is at its best when it's perfectly cooked. By that, I mean, the bones separate from the delicate flesh, and the coating is crisp and golden brown if the fish is pan-fried or broiled.

This delectable food is available in large quantity now, and it's wise to plan to serve it not once a week, but several times, to lessen the drain on red points. When served with a garnish of lemon and parsley or one of the excellent sauces, fish can become a regular family favorite.

Condiments should be used wisely so that fish can take on an agreeable flavor. Their flavors should be subtle rather than pronounced so that the delicate flavor of the fish is not completely lost.

Baked Whitefish.
3 pounds whitefish
2 1/2 cups bread crumbs (dry)
2 tablespoons bacon, minced
1 teaspoon green pepper, minced
Onion, large, minced
5 slices bacon
1/2 teaspoon salt
Pepper

Mix bread crumbs, minced bacon, green pepper, onion and seasonings and lay on fish. Place a slice of bacon on this and fold over fish. Place on rack in open pan and lay remaining bacon over top. Bake 35 minutes in a very hot oven (450 degrees), basting often with fat in pan. Serve with green pepper and lemon slices. For sauce, mix together the following: 3 teaspoons minced green pepper, 3 tablespoons catsup, and 5 tablespoons mayonnaise.

Broiled Halibut.
Anchovy butter or lemon halibut
Salt and pepper

Wipe fish with damp cloth. Brush with melted butter and season with salt and pepper. Arrange on broiler pan and broil until fish is well browned. Spread with anchovy butter when ready to serve or garnish with lemon.

Baked Fish With Mustard Sauce.
1 1/2 pounds fillet of haddock
2 tablespoons melted butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
1/2 cup dried bread crumbs
Salt and pepper

Lynn Says:
Have Sauces With Fish: Combine melted butter with lemon juice and chopped parsley. Serve at once.

Take 1 cup hot white sauce (medium) and mix with 2 hard-boiled eggs and 1 chopped dill pickle. Keep hot until served.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

- *Baked Fish With Cheese Sauce
- Baked Carrots
- Mashed Potatoes
- Whole Wheat Rolls
- Green Bean Salad
- Orange Chiffon Pie
- Beverage

*Recipe given.

Cut fillets in six servings. Season lightly with salt and pepper. Lay in shallow, well greased pan. Make sauce of 1 tablespoon butter, flour, water, lemon juice and mustard, stirring constantly until thickened. Add remaining tablespoonful of butter to bread crumbs and sprinkle over fish. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) for about 20 minutes.

When much fish is served, it is good to vary the method of cooking and serve it as a soufflé occasionally:

Fish Soufflé.

- (Serves 6)
- 1 package flounder or similar fish
 - 3/4 cup boiling water
 - 3/4 teaspoon salt
 - Heavy cream
 - 2 1/2 tablespoons flour
 - 2 tablespoons butter or substitute
 - 1/4 teaspoon pepper
 - 4 egg yolks, stiffly beaten
 - 4 egg whites stiffly beaten

Cook the fillet of flounder in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain, reserving liquid. Add the cream to make 1 cup. Separate fish into fine flakes. Combine butter, flour, salt and pepper. Add cream and cook until smooth and thick. Add fish and cool. Blend in beaten egg yolks, mixing well. Fold in beaten whites. Turn into buttered casserole. Place in a pan of hot water and bake for 1 hour in pre-heated 350-degree oven.

Stuffings add interest to any type of fish. Bread stuffings or those with celery, mushrooms, or chestnuts may be used. In the following, rice stuffing is suggested with pike:

Fish With Rice Stuffing

- (Serves 4)
- 1 3-pound pike
 - 2 tablespoons butter
 - 1/2 pound mushrooms, chopped
 - 2 tablespoons chopped onion
 - 1/4 cup bacon drippings
 - 1 cup cooked rice
 - Salt and pepper
 - 1/2 teaspoon poultry seasoning
 - 2 beaten eggs

Place fish in shallow pan and broil under moderate heat for 15 minutes, basting with the 2 tablespoons of butter. Turn; broil 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Cook mushrooms and onions in bacon drippings until tender. Add rice, seasonings and eggs; mix well and mound the stuffing in center of serving platter. Place fish, skin side up over stuffing. Fish may also be baked with stuffing, in a moderate oven for 45 minutes, basting with butter. Garnish with lemon slices.

Cheese sauce is an excellent accompaniment for fish as in this case:

*Baked Fish With Cheese Sauce.

- (Serves 4)
- 1 chopped onion
 - 1/4 pound sliced cheese
 - 1 2 1/2-pound pike, halibut or perch
 - 1 1/2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
 - 1 teaspoon dry mustard
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1/2 teaspoon pepper
 - 1 cup milk

Place onion and half of cheese in fish cavity. Place remaining cheese on top of fish. Add remaining ingredients and pour over fish. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees) for 25 minutes.

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.

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GOD IS MY CO-PILOT



By Col. Robert L. Scott WNU RELEASE



The story thus far: After graduating from West Point, Robert Scott wins his wings at Kelly Field, Texas, 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. After appealing to several Generals, Scott is finally offered an opportunity to get into the fight. He flies a bomber to India, but on arrival is made a ferry pilot, but this does not suit him. He visits Gen. Chennault, gets a Kittyhawk and soon is flying the skies over Burma, where he becomes 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.

CHAPTER XXVII

Another theory was that the realization that you had strafed enemy ground troops, shot down Japanese pilots, strafed troops getting out of an enemy transport, or even killed Japanese satellites, would come back to you at night, and you'd wake up in horror at having "blood on your hands." To that I say "Nuts."

Later, when the newness of combat had worn off, I used to watch a Japanese pilot come towards me on a head-on run, picking me out, I guess, because I was leading the Group. I'd get my sights on him and yell, perhaps a bit hysterically: "You poor sucker, with my six Fifties that out-range your short-range little cannons that jam lots of times, I'm going to blow you apart before you get close enough to hit me!" Overconfidence, perhaps, for I didn't get every one who came at me, and I took lots of hits in my own ship—even had to dive away sometimes when two came on me at once. But I'm still here, and from thirteen to twenty-two Jap pilots who fought against me are dead.

You know that you have everything to live for, and that the Jap has everything to die for. That's his only hope of reaching the heaven that we already have.

Yes, they are suicide pilots; at times they will try to ram your plane, or will dive their ships into our carriers. I've seen a Japanese dive low over Hengyang and circle while they shot at him with everything on the field and we shot at him with every ship above the field. But he flew his ship in a slow circle, as if he were blinded and couldn't see, or were only partly conscious. Then, with a half roll at barely three hundred feet, he dove his plane into the only building on the field—our thatched-roof alert shack, which burned with the Jap in his ship. When the wreckage had cooled enough we finally pulled his charred body out—and by his side was his Samurai sword, and through his body the doctor found one lone bullet-hole, severing his spinal cord near the small of the back. He had been able to move his hands but not his feet. But with his last consciousness he had picked out one more object on our field to destroy for the gods of the Shinto Shrine.

But they have fear too. Don't think they're supermen, for I assure you they're not. They're little, warped - brain savage animals with the complex of suppression—but they have fear, like any one else. Their fear is worse, for there's that phobia of having nothing to live for—the inferiority-complex they try to overcome.

I once saw that fear on the face of a Japanese pilot when he knew he was going to die, and it did me lots of good. I told it of many times to youngsters in my Group and it always made them feel better to know that the Japs were afraid when they met them—probably more afraid than we were. Oh, the Jap is a wonderful pilot when he meets no or little opposition. They come in over undefended Chinese cities and loop and roll and zoom, shooting at the helpless pedestrians while arrogantly flying inverted on their backs. But when they meet good American fighters, with pilots who know how to fight them, they are the most anxious people I've ever met to leave our territory and go "hell for leather" towards Japan.

One day I flew up very close to a lone Jap pilot during a fight near Kweilin. I placed my sights right where his wing joined the fuselage of the 1-97-2 and steadily squeezed a burst from two hundred yards, holding the trigger down while I moved into closer range. Then I swerved out from behind the enemy ship, expecting it to stream fire and perhaps explode. I had seen pieces come off, and I had seen the canopy glass turn to a fine, shining powder that sparkled in the slipstream as the ship nosed almost straight up. But when it didn't burn, I skidded back across its tail, first with a look to my rear quarter.

I saw into the cockpit. The canopy had been shot away and I could see the Jap's face—and on it was a look of terror such as I had never seen before. The realization went through me with such force that as I nosed down to fire again I nearly cut the tail from the Jap fighter with my prop. Then I savagely held a long burst from less than fifty yards while I shot the ship to pieces. Even after the enemy plane had fallen and I had flown through the debris, I found that I was continuing to fire at the empty heavens, for I had learned to hate also.

No, the Jap is far from a superman. But we must never again be little the fanaticism of the Japanese. They are as dangerous as mad dogs.

They think they will win—and they can if we continue to underestimate them.

Strange things happen in the air, six of us shot into a ship that detached itself from one of the circling Japanese "circuses" we encountered one day East of Hengyang. When you meet the Jap in his larger-numbered formation, he at once goes into the circling technique that Baron von Richthofen made famous in the last war. This "circus" gradually moves in on or away from their objective as a defensive maneuver, for in it the ship behind protects the tail of the one in front. Our tactics were to dive through the "squirrel cage" and get snap shots at as many ships as we could, but keep our speed to prevent their getting on our tails.

It was in one of these attacks that this lone Jap Zero left the protection of his other ships and began to do aerobatics—sloppy loops, wing-overs, stalls, and then another loop. Thinking it was a trick, we were wary; but after two of our pilots had made passes on it, two more of us went down towards it. As I kept getting closer and closer to the enemy plane I could see that the pilot was evidently hurt, but when I



Another friendly coolie who gave aid to Col. Scott.

crossed the top of the strange-acting plane I saw that he was leaning forward over the stick control, obviously dead.

As the speed of the dive would build up pressures on the tail surfaces, the nose would rise, for a Jap ship is rigged that way. As the ship climbed more steeply, the pilot's upper body swung to the back of the seat in the normal position and the plane made a sloppy loop.

For several minutes we watched the pilotless Zero in fascination. From 16,000 feet a ship that is shot down can dive into the ground in a few seconds—it can even spin in from an explosion in a little longer than that; but we watched this plane for twice the time that it would normally have taken. It worked closer and closer to the ground over the same area, as it lost altitude gradually in the maneuvers. Then, after the longest wait that I can remember having gone through in the air, in one of its dives from a loop it struck the hills below and burned. We could have burned it with a long burst many times during the minutes of our watching, but I imagine we were all spellbound at the spectacle.

No one spoke for several minutes as we turned back to Hengyang. Then some call over the radio broke the spell, and we just marked the Jap off as another confirmed Zero—another "good" Jap.

Over in Yunnan we fought the Japs a few times in Burma and had the sadness of another military funeral. Those moments in the Buddhist burial grounds were the hardest in China. As the Chaplain read the prayer and the flag-draped casket was lowered into the red earth of Yunnan, a small formation, with slow-turning engines that gave forth a muffled sound, would fly over the grave. There would be one vacant niche in the evenly spaced fighters, in honor of the brother airman who would fly no more.

After eight months in combat I was sent with five other pilots to ferry six new P-40K's over from the air base at Karachi. During our wait for the planes to be ready for combat, we were permitted to go to Bombay for the detached service. There, in this splendor of the Hotel Taj Mahal, we had a glorious time. In fact, it became very hard to realize that a war was going on over in Burma and China, as we looked at the night clubs from Malabar Hill and from inside them too, at the horse-races for the Aga Khan's Purse—and at all the things that we had forgotten to remember.

The return across India was a happy one, for we were ferrying new and higher-powered ships back to the war, and all of us were eager to try them out in combat. From Assam we took the old familiar trail that I used to fly with the transports, and it felt especially good to look around and see those friendly-looking P-40's along with me over the Burma Road where I had, in

earlier months, been compelled to fly alone. The shark-mouths had not yet been painted on, but the silhouettes of the new fighters looked friendly nevertheless.

A fast trip over the five hundred miles from Assam is like this:

We're off from our base and heading 118 degrees across the twelve-thousand-foot Naga Hills to the first check-point, where the upper fork of the Chindwin forms the likeness of a shamrock. Up to our left now, from the altitude of eighteen thousand feet that we've attained so effortlessly with the new ships, can be seen the higher snow-capped peaks of Tibet and Chinese Turkestan. Down below us the valley of the Irrawaddy is low and green, but forbidding nonetheless. Ahead, as we cross the "Y" in the little known "triangle of the Irrawaddy," we see the real hills of the "hump" begin to rise. Snow-capped peaks everywhere. Our map reads that our highest peak is going to be 15,800 feet; yet we well know from experience that we've tried it many times and we need to be very sure that we are at 18,000 to clear the mountains from the Irrawaddy to Tali Lake.

Below us are the villages of the Miaows. We climb to 25,000 feet to test the "suped-up" ships, and a smile comes to our faces under the oxygen masks—for this is going to surprise the Jap. We're going over the Mekong now, and from the time that has elapsed we've certainly picked up a tail wind—must be making over three hundred. The gorge of the Mekong runs like a gash in the sinister country of Burma to the South, and we know it goes on and on towards Saigon and the sea.

It's barely twenty miles to the Salween, and we make it so quickly that we begin to doubt that the other river had been the Mekong. Our ground speed is well over three hundred as we see Lake Tali and start the down-hill run to Kunning. Now we catch the first glimpse of the Burma Road, North of Yunnanyi, and soon we see the small lake that is near our field at that town. The mountains to the North are very high, and we know they get higher and higher and stretch almost without break to the East and the Pacific. We see the hairpin turns of the Burma Road near Tsuyung, and know that we're nearly home from the Taj Mahal and India.

We dive over the field of our headquarters just one hour and twenty-five minutes from the time we took off from Assam, five hundred miles away. I can tell by the smiles on the faces of the other men in the flight that we're all thinking the same thing: We have had medicine for the Jap packed into the increased horsepower of these new "Kays"—our Warhawks. They are the latest of the P-40 series, and coming to us this time of year we look upon them as Christmas presents from the States.

The P-40 was in production when the war began. Then the decks were definitely stacked against us, and everything was in favor of the enemy. During the past year of our war these ships produced as no other fighter plane did, for they were serving on every front. Any pilot who actually fought the Axis enemies in the P-40 Tomahawks, Kittyhawks, or Warhawks will tell you they are tough and dependable. They will dive with the best of projectiles—including a bomb. All of us hope that the best fighter plane has not been produced, but we know that America will develop it.

In the meantime, through those lean months when America had to fight on many fronts with so little, the glorious P-40 series paid off when the chips were down in a ratio of between twelve and fifteen to one—twelve to fifteen enemy ships for every one of ours lost.

Some day, when the war is over and our sturdy American engines driving great American ships have won victory with air power, I hope and pray—with all fighter pilots who have faced our enemies in aerial combat, from the hot sands of Libya to the cold tundra of the Aleutians, from the jungle heat of Guadalcanal to those torrential rains of the Burmese Monsoons—that some understanding group of citizens will go to Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. There, beside the statue that commemorates the first flight of the Wright Brothers, I hope that they will build a monument to the Curtiss P-40 with its Allison Engine.

And now, with a few minor battles in the air, we saw Christmas in China draw near, and I couldn't help wishing for fast action somewhere. After all, there's only one place a person wants to be at Christmas time, and that place for all of us was far away.

I took off from Kunning one day just before Christmas to inspect the warning net in western Yunnan. It didn't take long to find out that it was very inefficient near the Burma border, where a steady influx of fifth-columnists and Japanese money was filtering across the Salween. Even then I knew that instead of getting the Chinese officers who were in charge of the net to investigate, it would be much better to have a few engagements with the Jap over the failing net-area. There was no tonic like burning Jap planes over the country to improve the functioning of the air-raid warning net.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Princess Frocks Youthful, Smart Pretty, Be-Ruffled Dress for Tots



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YOUNG and spirited, this clever princess frock is a favorite with the younger generation. Soft shirtings accent a slim, doll-like waistline—lace or ruffles to edge the sleeves and unusual yoke make a striking detail.

Pattern No. 1266 comes in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, and 18. Size 12, short sleeves, requires 3 yards of 35 or 38-inch material; 2 1/2 yards trimming as pictured.

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