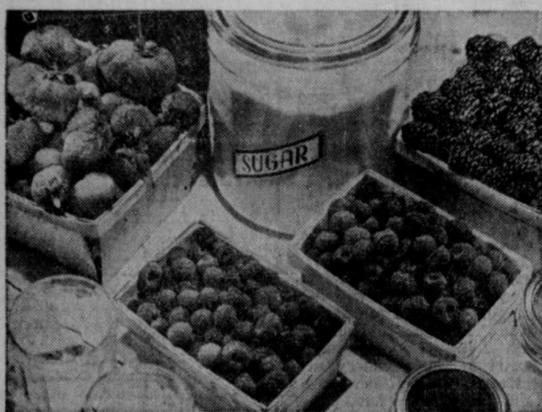


# Household News

by Lynn Chambers



Magic for Your Meals—Berry Jams  
(See Recipes Below.)

### Time for Jam

With the arrival of the fruit and jelly season, you homemakers will want to make the most of these garden products for winter use. This year it is doubly important for you to can fruits and jellies wisely, as this will help you not only in conserving the nation's resources, but also assure you of delicious accompaniments to your meals during cooler weather.

Since sugar is used in canning not only as a sweetener, but as a preservative, the government will allot five pounds of sugar per person, in addition to what you receive in your ration, so that you will have sugar for canning.

**\*Ripe Raspberry Jam.**  
(Makes 10 6-ounce glasses)  
4½ cups prepared fruit  
6 cups sugar  
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, crush thoroughly or grind about 2 quarts fully ripe raspberries. Remove some of seeds by sieving part of pulp, if desired.

Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure prepared fruit into a 5- to 6-quart kettle, filling up last cup or fraction of cup with water if necessary.

Place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well, and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar, stirring constantly. (To reduce foaming, ¼ teaspoon butter may be added.) Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard 1 minute.

Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Jam takes slightly less sugar than jelly, and you will work an economy by making use of the fruit in addition to the saving on sugar:

**\*Ripe Blackberry Jam.**  
(Makes 11 6-ounce glasses)  
4½ cups prepared fruit  
6½ cups sugar  
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, grind or crush thoroughly about 2 quarts fully ripe blackberries (not black caps). Sieve about ½ of ground or crushed pulp. (For Spiced Blackberry Jam, add ¼ to ½ teaspoon each cloves, cinnamon, and allspice, or any desired combination of spices.)

Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure prepared fruit into a 5- to 6-quart kettle, filling up last cup or fraction of cup with water if necessary.

Place over hottest fire, adding powdered fruit pectin, mix well, and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar, stirring constantly. (To reduce foaming, ¼ teaspoon butter may be added.) Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard 1 minute.

**\*Spiced Blackberry Jam.**  
(Makes 11 6-ounce glasses)  
4½ cups prepared fruit  
6½ cups sugar  
1 box powdered fruit pectin  
¼ cup brown sugar  
¼ cup honey  
¼ cup vinegar  
¼ cup pecan nuts

Mix all the ingredients except pecans and cook 1 hour, slowly. Add pecans and cook 3 minutes longer. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal at once.

**Sugar Substitutes.**  
If you feel that you cannot use sugar in all of the canning recipes given here, even with your extra ration, here are the rules for substitutions:

If you are using a bottled fruit pectin recipe, you may substitute 2 cups light corn syrup for 2 cups of sugar. Do not use more than 2 cups of corn syrup in any recipe, however, as this will give unsatisfactory results.

In a powdered fruit pectin recipe, you may use 1 cup light corn syrup for each cup of sugar omitted. But, do not try to use all corn syrup in the recipe instead of sugar. You may substitute corn syrup for only ½ the sugar required. If, for example, the recipe calls for 6 cups of sugar altogether, you may use 3 cups of light corn syrup, but you must also use 3 cups of sugar.

**Why get hot and bothered over your cooking and household problems when you can get expert advice on them? Write, explaining your problem to Miss Lynn Chambers, Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplains Street, Chicago, Illinois. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.**

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

## Hero or Coward?

By  
**R. H. WILKINSON**  
Associated Newspapers.  
WNU Features.

**FUNNY** how you could think of so much in so short a space of time. Yet the whole conversation ran through Emery Folsom's mind in the seconds before the ball spiraled down, plumped against his chest, and he was away.

Folsom could hear the two voices even now. "Oh, sure," the first voice had said. "Oh, sure, Folsom's good all right. He'd be a star half back if he could take it."

"You mean," said the second voice, "that he's yellow?"

"It'd be more kind to say the kid's cautious." The first voice broke into a short laugh. "Yeah, cautious. Afraid he'll spoil the looks of his pan. There's a girl they say." "Folsom's away!" The shout came echoing down from the stands in a thunderous roar. But Emery didn't hear it. He had too much else to occupy his mind. There were two men in the field ahead. The Allenton safety man and another, Mac Piper, the half back. Emery was charging at Mac like a freight train.

Funny how you thought of things at times like this. Yellow, eh? They thought he was afraid of getting bugged up because his girl wouldn't like his looks? They thought he had the makings of a great star if he weren't yellow?

Yellow! You couldn't say anything much worse about a man. And Emery was prideful and sensitive, too. This was his first year on the varsity. And reaching the varsity had been the culmination of years of dreaming and hoping and making himself fit. And now that he was there they thought him yellow!

Did they think he was afraid of being bugged up because his girl then wouldn't like his looks?



They all thought it. You could see it in their faces when they looked at him. They were too decent—or afraid, to accuse him openly. But despite the fact they thought him yellow they admitted he was fairly good. That's why Coach Murray kept him on the squad.

Mac Piper swung in from the right. Emery veered. Mac's arm tried to encircle his thigh. Emery's right hand shot out and Mac fell away, rolling over and over. Emery was away again, cutting toward the sideline in a race to beat the safety man.

Next year, he was thinking, next year there'll be someone to take my place. I won't even be allowed on the varsity, because they think I'm yellow—unless I prove that I'm not.

The safety man was going to beat Emery to the sidelines. He could see that at a glance. Anyhow the sideline was too dangerous a place to risk a fracas. He might be thrown out of bounds.

Emery stopped in his tracks, swung toward midfield. The safety man was taken wholly by surprise. Emery had gained a few feet before the Allenton back could shift his course. Even so, Emery knew he couldn't get by.

The stands were wild. Were they calling him yellow for trying to avoid contact with the safety man? Well, contact was inevitable. For they weren't two feet apart now. The safety man was coming at him from the left.

Too late Emery remembered that he shouldn't have permitted an attack from his left. Too late. The safety man had hold of his left arm. Emery winced and wanted to scream. But he didn't. He kept moving. Three steps, dragging the safety man along with his left arm. Sharp pains were shooting up into his shoulder. Specks were dancing before his eyes. No use. He was going to faint.

Vaguely he knew that he was failing. The ground came up and knocked the remaining consciousness from his brain. He lay there, with the safety man sprawled out beside him, still clutching his left arm. And above the thunder of an insane mob of fans the starter's gun boomed a denouement to the drama.

When Emery finally regained consciousness, he found himself lying on a table in the locker room. He was partly undressed, and a trainer was rubbing his legs. Coach Murray was standing on one side of the table, and Ernie Little, the

Morrow captain, on the other side. "You played a great game, Folsom," the coach was saying. "I'm proud to have you on the squad, for a fact."

"We're all proud, Folsom," Ernie Little grinned. "How d'yuh feel?" Emery smiled faintly. Why couldn't they be honest? Why couldn't they tell him they thought him yellow, and be done with it?

"Can't blame you chaps for being a little sore," he said. "Losing the game like I did."

"Losing hell!" Ernie Little exploded. "You were across the line when Piper dragged you down."

Emery grinned. That was a little better. He said: "Well, that's fine. Glad we won." Pause. "Listen, Coach, I been thinking about next year. Is there going to be a chance for me?"

Coach Murray seemed a little startled. He saw an anxious, pathetic look in Emery's eyes and swallowed hard. "Chance for you? Say, I'm counting on you for next year more than any three men in the squad. I guess you're still a little goofy from that fall, Folsom."

Emery wet his lips. "Well—then you chaps don't think I'm yellow any more?"

"Yellow?" Coach Murray and Ernie Little suddenly exchanged looks. "Say, who's been talking to you? Who told you that?"

"Why—why no one. That is, I overheard some—"

Coach Murray swore. "And you fell for that! Say, Folsom, you're green. That's an old gag. Some of the boys sized you up, decided you had a lot of pride and a lot more potential ability than you were showing on the field. They framed that talk, fixed it so you'd overhear 'em and get mad. They wanted you to get out there in this last game of the season and show folks you weren't yellow. Probably they had some money up."

Framed. A trick! Emery tried to grasp it and couldn't. Yet somehow, despite the excruciating pain in his shoulder, he felt suddenly happy. The trainer was tugging at his jersey. Emery let out a yelp of pain. He couldn't help it.

Coach Murray came around the table, brushed the trainer aside, and took hold of Emery's arm. He looked up, and Emery couldn't remember having seen such a look on a man's face. His words were flat and cold and hard.

"When did this happen, Folsom?" Emery had difficulty in talking. He thought he was going to faint again. "Third-quarter. It—it didn't hurt much—then."

Coach Murray swore horribly. And there was a sudden stillness in the locker room. Ernie Little's face was white. Finally he said, awed, "And the kid had an idea they thought he was yellow. So he played through a quarter and a half and made that last run with a broken arm!"

He stopped and involuntarily shuddered. He was thinking how it must have felt when Piper pulled Folsom down. And then he glanced savagely toward the table. But Emery had slipped once more into unconsciousness, and there was a smile on his lips.

**Many Theories as to Origin of Bock Beer**

Not many German words are better known to the American public than bock, meaning goat. This is due to the fact that the bock beer sign, decorated with the picture of a goat, has been for many years (forgetting the 13 black years) a mildly festive feature of the American spring. Baltimoreans have been pleasantly aware of this seasonal brew for some days now, although there used to be a local tradition that it wasn't to be served until Good Friday.

There are authorities who pretend to trace the origin of bock beer back to the 11th century, but nobody really knows much about it. There is even some disagreement as to what it is. A vast amount of space would be required merely to review the various opinions handed down by respectable historians and brewmasters, while to review the speculations of dreamers and folklorists would be a lifelong task.

There are those, among them J. P. Arnold, the author of "The Origin and History of Beer and Brewing," who hold to the Einbeck theory, to wit, that bock originated in the ancient south German town of that name, and that it was first called einbeck, which became shortened to beck and eventually changed to bock. If this is true, then it was the name that suggested the goat as a symbol. Contrariwise, another account relates how, during a famous outdoor drinking bout between brewmasters near Munich, one of the contestants was bowled over by a runaway goat, to the merriment of the spectators, who thereafter always referred to the strong brew he was drinking as bock.

**Wanted to Be Mayor**

U. S. Grant was our 17th President, but what he really wanted to be was mayor of Galena, Ill. The Peoria (Ill.) Transcript of January 20, 1864, disclosed that some of the general's friends suggested to him that he allow his name to go before the national convention as a candidate for President. Grant replied that he aspired to only one office.

When the war was over he wished to return to Galena, run for mayor, and if elected see that the sidewalk running from his home to the railroad station was repaired and kept in good order.

## History in the News

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

### Saviors of the Flag

WHEN a press dispatch carried the news recently that an army captain and three enlisted men had braved heavy Japanese fire to restore the American flag atop a 100-foot pole on siege-bound Corregidor, it sent the editorial writers scurrying to their history books to look up the name of a soldier who performed a similar heroic deed during the Revolution. So the story of the defense of Fort Sullivan, during the month of June, 1776, was told again and once more Americans were reminded of one of their almost-legendary heroes.

He was Sgt. William Jasper and beside his name in the annals of America are now written, as "saviors of the flag," the names of Capt. Arthur E. Huff of St. Louis, Mo., Corp. Louis A. Roark of Gypsum, Kan., and Privates Roy O. Bailey of Kansas City, Mo., and Harley H. Leard of Durant, Okla. For their feat at Corregidor they were awarded the silver star decoration.

What their fate has been is unknown at the time this article is written, for Corregidor no longer flies the flag which they rescued. They may be prisoners of the Japanese, or they may have died gloriously in that last battle, just as did Sergeant Jasper in his last battle.

Jasper was born in South Carolina about 1750 and soon after the outbreak of the Revolution enlisted as a sergeant in the Second South Carolina regiment commanded by Col. William Moultrie. Early in June, 1776, when a British land and naval force under Sir Henry Clinton and Admiral Sir Peter Parker appeared off the Carolina coast to invest Charleston, Moultrie was trying to complete a fortress on Sullivan's island at the mouth of the harbor.

On the morning of June 28 five ships of the British armada sailed in close to the unfinished fort and opened a furious fire. Moultrie had only a limited supply of ammunition, so his return fire was very light compared with that of the enemy. In the midst of the bombardment a shot struck the staff from which flew the South Carolina banner—a blue flag, with a crescent moon in the upper corner—and it fell to the bottom of the ditch outside the entrenchments. A great cheer went up from the British man-of-war when they saw the patriots' flag go down.

But the next moment Sergeant Jasper had sprung from an embrasure, seized the flag, tore it from its shattered staff and tied it on to the staff of a sponge which he had been wielding as he helped serve one of the guns of the fort. Then he sprang back to the parapet and, amid a hail of enemy fire, supported it there until another flagstaff had been secured to take its place. And above the roar of the cannonade could be heard the cheers of the Americans acclaiming the sergeant's deed!

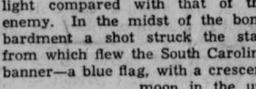
All day the battle raged fiercely with the Americans conserving their ammunition and making every shot tell upon the hulls of the British ships. Only one of the guns of the fort having been dismounted, the enemy's fire began to slacken and that night the attack was abandoned.

In recognition of his brave act, Sergeant Jasper was presented by Governor Rutledge of South Carolina with his own sword. The governor also offered him a lieutenant's commission but Jasper declined the honor because he could neither read nor write. However, Moultrie was so impressed with his daring that he gave the sergeant a roving commission and allowed him to select six kindred spirits to carry out raids against the British.

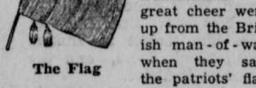
Jasper proved to be a successful partisan leader. His daring career came to an end on October 9, 1779. During the assault on the Spring Hill redoubt in the attack on Savannah by the American and French forces, led by General Lincoln and Admiral D'Estaing, Jasper was mortally wounded while attempting to fasten the regimental colors to the parapet. A square in the city of Savannah and a county in Georgia perpetuate his name.

William Moultrie, his commanding officer, was destined to have a longer and more distinguished career. In commemoration of his bravery in defending Fort Sullivan, the fort was later named Fort Moultrie. Soon afterwards he was commissioned a brigadier general in the Continental army and placed in charge of military affairs in Georgia and South Carolina where he repeatedly distinguished himself in battle against the British and Tories. In April, 1779, he again saved Charleston from being captured by a British force under General Prevost.

**The Flag**



William Moultrie



256

## For you to make



Pattern 256 contains directions for making two necklaces, a bracelet and an ornament; illustrations of them and stitches; materials required. Send your order to:

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To prevent marmalade from graining, do not boil it too fast and take it off the stove as soon as a little of it jellies on a cold plate. Be careful that you have pure sugar for this and all preserves.

**HELP WANTED**

Cardinal Construction Company, General Building Contractors, have a contract at Sioux Ordnance Depot near Sidney, Nebraska, where a large number of carpenters, laborers, and other skilled mechanics will be employed during the next four months. Work is just getting under way and workmen are not requested to start coming in on their own accord. It is, however, suggested that any skilled building mechanics or laborers desiring employment write Cardinal Construction Company, Box 99, Sidney, Nebraska at once.

Red raspberry leaves are said by some to be an excellent substitute for tea, now that tea is scarce. They are to be picked and then dried before using.

The stock left from spinach should be saved and used in vegetable soup. It contains valuable food properties.

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