



Put Pears Into Your Canning Schedule (See Recipes Below)

Relish With Meals

that make won-

derful jams and

relishes. Those of

you who want

that extra special

something to add

to your meals

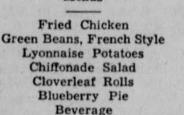
These later summer months find the markets still dotted with fruits



during winter will want to take advantage of the crops and put them up in various forms.

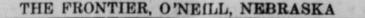
Most fall fruit is sweet and requires little of precious sugar in the preserving. Making them into jams, butters or marmalades will give you the joy of having the fruit instead of just the juice.

Pears made into jam or honey have long been favorites throughout the nation, and these are recipes I know you'll like. Commercial pectin assures you of success in making the thick, jellied consistency, and lowing skins to break. Seal in hot, wings straight and level with the miraculously gives you more jam clean, sterilized jars.



Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving

Take blossoms off the crabapples. but leave stems on them. Steam apples until tender, not soft. Boil came fairly monotonous. I finally vinegar, sugar and spices for 15 adjusted the stabilizer so that the minutes. Skim and put in fruit. ship would climb this altitude, and Boil apples about 5 minutes, not al-





The story thus far: After many unsuccessful attempts, Scott finally makes West Point, and in the summer of 1932 after being graduated and commissioned as a second lieutenant of infantry goes to Europe, which he tours on a motorcycle. quickly. He is happy when he finally arrives at Randolph Field, Texas, and becomes an air cadet, for to fly has been his life's dream. He is graduated from Kelly field and has some wings pinned on his chest. He is now an army pilot. Then came orders to report in Hawaii, which leaves Scott pretty blue, as he wanted to get married to a girl in Georgia, to whose home he had driven over 84,000 miles

CHAPTER IV

It took them thirty minutes to find out that the mere fact that I was traveling in a car with a Western license plate didn't make me Pretty Boy Floyd, who they said was on the prowl in that area. I finally had to telephone the Commanding Officer of Mitchel Field, and as he didn't know me, all he could say was that an officer by the name of Lieutenant Scott was supposed to be on the way to Mitchel from Kelly. Anyway, I still don't think I looked-

even then-like Pretty Boy Floyd. My arrival at my new station was the start of a hectic time for the Air Corps. First I began to try to work in some flying time by volun-

teering for every flight I could get. I had an especially good break when I got on the Department of Commerce weather flights. I used to have to get up at two o'clock in the morning and take off-no matter what the weather was - at 2:45 a. m.

On one of these I found myself in quite a bit of trouble. As soon as I took off I went on to instrument flying and climbed up through the heavy clouds in the Curtiss Falcon -known then as an O-39. Out to the side, fastened to the "N" struts, I could dimly see the barometrograph which was to record the changing weather as we climbed to as high as the ship would go. It was necessary to climb at a constant three hundred feet a minute. which in several thousand feet be-

then all I had to do was to keep the turn and bank indicator and the

course constant with the gyro.

The route that I flew from Chica- | to our usual duties at Mitchel Field. go, to Cleveland, to Newark, was Things sort of settled down, and I what was known to all airmail pilots began to make more flights and as the "Hell Stretch"-and it was more automobile trips towards just that, as I found out pretty Georgia.

to Panama. And then began my

real pursuit training. In P-12's I

roamed across the country of Pana-

ma up into Central America and

down into South America. I was

given a job constructing flying fields,

which we figured would some day

protect the Canal. These fields were

put in for the purpose of installing

planes approached the Panama Ca-

nal. I would have to go down on

the Colombian border and contact

the natives, some of whom were

head-hunters, to work on these fields

that we were building. We would

have to get the grass cut off, and I

would make motions with a machete

-the long knife of the Darien In-

dians-and show them what we had

to do to keep that field so that air-

The natives didn't work very well

with us at first. But we doctored a

few of them for chiggers and for

planes could land on it.

himself, too.

Finally I talked the girl into it. We went on up to West Point and Sometimes people on new jobs got were married. Catharine really fits mixed up and sent the Cleveland into this story because it was the mail in the wrong direction from trips over to Georgia to see her, Chicago, towards Omaha, or sent from every place in the United the Chicago mail from Cleveland States, that not only made me drive to New York, the reverse direction | an automobile but taught me cross--just normal events amid the country flying, since I had been fly-"growing pains" of an Army flying | ing in these later months from wherthe mail. ever I was-by way of Georgia. From Mitchel Field I was sent

Once the control officer finally got a man in the air after sweating the weather out to the West for days. I saw his ship take off and disappear in the snowstorm. Then I saw Sam Harris jump up, for the U.S. mail truck had just driven up. It was late, and in the excitement of getting the ship's clearance the eager pilot had forgotten to wait to have the mail loaded. The control radio stations and also air warning officer had to call him back and devices to tell us when enemy start all over.

About that time, when men had begun to die on airmail, I wrote a letter to this girl, the same one I had been going to see by automobile from Texas. It was addressed to her in case the "old ship hit some-



Col. Robert L. Scott Jr., author of "God Is My Co-Pilot."

pocket during all my trips of airmail-I nearly wore it out, just with him. I gave him forced land-But I had reckoned without real carrying it. But the ship didn't hit | ings and such, and when he tried to knowledge of flying. My first indianything and she didn't see it. In it cation of trouble came at some sev-I must have just asked her to marenty-five hundred feet, when I was ry me-that's all I used to ask her him about gliding low towards not to fret any more," continued surprised to see the reflection of anyway. the moon down directly beneath my One night I took off from Chicago ship. I then forgot all caution and and came to Cleveland. They tried to fly partly on instruments couldn't find the man who was supand partly by visual reference. This see what the student will do-he posed to take the mail on to New-I learned pretty soon was about imrolled the ship on its back and pulled ark; I found out later that he was possible, for I went into the nicest it down in a dive towards the sick. So I talked them into letting spin I have ever seen. Recovering me take the ship on East. I climbed about four thousand feet below, I in and headed out towards the bad tried it again but the same thing happened. I then realized that after weather. When I got to it, following the experience I had gained in the months before and the advice climb of three hundred feet per min-I had received from the airline piute, as the fuel was used the weight lots, I climbed instead of diving, of the ship decreased and the nose took him aloft again. to hunt for a way through. At went up, for the fuel was of course 18,000 feet I came out and over the forward. This gradually precipitatclouds. I was alone, for as far as back and told him to bring it out. ed a stall which turned into a spin Immediately he pulled it toward the you could see. There were stars as the big Conqueror twisted the and a moon, and down below were fuselage from propeller torque. I the swirling clouds over the Allehad to resolve to do all my instrughenies, dropping their snow and him almost frozen to the controls ice. If I had turned back towards ing the ship from him by force. I Cleveland, I would have had to let down in the dark and probably would have crashed. So I decided to head into the clear sky of the night, at 18,000 feet, and as the dawn came the next morning I started my letdown, for at least I would have light in which to make the landing. little wildly. My radio had not worked since had got into the snow and ice: so I was flying merely by dead-reckoning. I let down somewhere over what I thought was northern Pennsylvania, but after buzzing the town and reading the name, found I was over Binghamton, New York. I flew on South, having remembered a field at Scranton, Pennsylvania, and there I landed. The landing was quite an experience. As I dove over the field I saw workmen there, frantically waying their arms. They were repairing the field. But I was about out of gasoline, so I came in, motioning with my hand for them to get out of the way. The only damage was caused by my landing on one of the small red flags on a stick that one of the workmen had been waying-he had hurriedly stuck it in the ground when he saw me landing regardless, and I came down right on top of it: but the small tear was of no consequence. I repaired it, had coffee with the man in charge of the airfield, and went



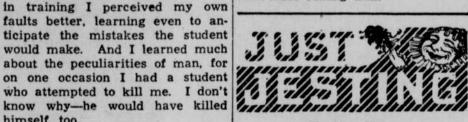


FOR the newcomers who like to get out and play from morning until supper time-a three-piece costume of bonnet, jumper or jumper-dress and matching pant-

Crisp House Frock

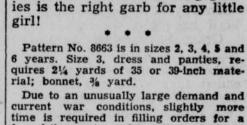
other infections under their finger-THE youthful capped sleeves nails which had become very inwith their romantic little rufflamed, or we flew men in to hos- fled trim-the slim, sleek lines of pitals who needed operations, and the front-the trim buttoned back soon they began to appear more and the big tie-bow all add up to friendly. By the time we left there as neat a bit of house dress charm they were calling me "El Doctor." as you've ever encountered!

When my training of other pilots Pattern No. 8642 is in sizes 12, 14, 16, began, I realized the terror I must 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 14 requires 3% yards of 39-inch material; 3½ yards mahave caused my own instructor. For chine-made ruffling trim.



Useless Fear

One day I was told to take out a "Your mother," said the serthing," and I carried it around in cadet listed as an incorrigible and geant to the very awkward recruit,



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enuine pure St. Jos

more? Big 100 tablet size for only 354.

Menus

Spiced Crabapples. 3 pounds crabapples 3 pounds sugar 3 cups vinegar Stick of cinnamon Cloves

u dreamed small batch of fruit.

Ripe Pear Jam. (Makes 8 six-ounce glasses) 3½ cups prepared fruit

4¼ cups sugar 1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, peel and core about 2½ pounds fully ripe pears. Crush thoroughly or grind.

Measure sugar into a dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure fruit into a 5 or 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 up to a hard boil. Pour in sugar at once and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. Pour in sugar immediately, stirring constantly. To reduce foaming, 1/4 teaspoon butter may be added. Contimue stirring, bring to a full, rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute.

Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. The peach crop is good this year. Peaches and oranges are a delightful combination with just a suggestion of lemon:

Peach-Orange Marmalade. 2 dozen large peaches, peeled 6 eranges Juice of 1 lemon

Sugar (% as much as fruit)

Cut the peel from three of the oranges into pieces. Cover with wa-

ter and boil until tender. Drain and grind. Cut reaches and oranges (discard peel of other three) into thin Ear slices and add

lemon juice. Measure and add 3/3 of the amount of sugar. Boil rapidly until thick and clear. Pour into clean, hot jars and seal.

Spiced crabapples are good accompaniments for meats. In fact, when you serve meat with a relish such as this, it will even seem to stretch a small meat course:

Lynn Says

Popular Choice: You'll like fried chicken if it's dipped in cornflakes instead of bread crumbs for a change.

Cottage cheese molds nicely when mixed with garden green onions, radishes, diced green pepper and seasonings. Serve on lettuce for a luncheon treat.

Bread Pudding: Try it with brown sugar instead of white for a different touch. If you make it plain with raisins, try a lemon custard sauce.

Scrambled Eggs on the menu? Serve with jelly, sauteed chicken livers or french fried shrimp. All are combinations hard to beat.

Au gratin vegetables: Cabbage, cauliflower, potatoes and tomatoes. For a topping try crushed cereal like cornflakes with butter and melted cheese.

Pear Butter. Wash, pare and core ripe pears. Add just enough water to prevent sticking. Cook until soft, then press through a sieve. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and 1 cup sugar to each quart of pulp. Boil rapidly until thick. Pour into hot, sterile jars. Process 10 min-

utes in a hot water bath.

Pear Honey.

Pare, core, chop and measure hard-ripe pears. Add a little water if necessary to start cooking. Boil 10 minutes. To each quart of chopped pears, add 3 cups sugar, I had set my stabilizer for the steady juice of 1 lemon, grated rind of 1/2 lemon and 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger. Boil until thick. Pour into hot, sterile jars; seal at once. Orange and nutmeg may be used instead of lemon and ginger. Quinces and apples are a good combination in this marmalade:

Quince-Apple Marmalade.

ment flying by hand until the auto-Pare, core and chop 6 quinces and 3 tart apples. Cover quince with wamatic pilots were perfected later. That afternoon I looked at the

> graph paper of the barometer recording, and there were two little jagged lines, plainly showing where the ship had lost nearly four thousand feet in two spins. The weather flights got pretty monotonous, and I would take off from Mitchel and fly up over Boston, then let back down to my home base. Finally the meteorologist

caught on and told me to please stay over the area, as he had other weather ships taking the same readings over Boston. These flights taught me enough to save my life when the Army took

over the airmail contracts a little later in the year. If you remember 1934-there was

trouble between the Government and the air lines concerning airmail Use small, firm tomatoes. Scald contracts. To me even this was a life-saver in securing flying time, 1 minute. Dip into cold water. Skin, but do not core. Combine sugar, for all of us had recently been orlemon, sliced thin, cinnamon and dered to fly no more than four ginger and simmer together 20 minhours a month. This was the bare minimum to receive flying pay, and, utes. Remove cinnamon and ginger. Add tomatoes and boil gently as it turned out for many, the best until they are bright and clear. Covway to get killed in airplanes. It's er and let stand overnight. Pack still a game that takes constant cold tomatoes into hot sterile jars. practice. Boil syrup until as thick as honey

The weather we flew in to carry and pour over tomatoes. Process 15 the mail during the winter of 1934 minutes in a boiling water bath at was about the worst in history. I sometimes think the powers on high collaborated to give us a supreme on toward Newark. Soak dried apricots or peaches test. There were fourteen pilots

overnight in water to cover. Drain. killed along that airmail run, and Measure fruit. For each quart, make most of them were killed because we a syrup of 3 cups sugar and 1 cup water in which fruit was soaked. Boil 5 minutes. Cool. Add fruit ing blind. We flew pursuit ships, and cook until thick and clear. If which carried fifty-five pounds of is done, add ½ cup water. Pour into speed of eighty miles an hour, providing the wind in front of you If you wish additional instruction for wasn't too strong-sometimes they canning fruit or berries, write to Miss Lynn Chambers, 210 South Desplaines almost went backwards. We flew everything from a Curtiss Condor Street, Chicago 6, Illinois. Please en-close stamped, self-addressed envelope

which Mrs. Roosevelt had been us-And we flew through the worst of themselves.

weather in the country.

They had long ago given me up for lost, for in that same night two other army pilots had met their death had no instruments for the ships, or over the Alleghenies. Once again I at least not the proper type for fly- felt that something had told me to into 1939, I was moved to California climb when I got to the bad weather. and if that same thing had told those syrup becomes too thick before fruit mail; we flew old B-6 bombers that men to climb they would have flown Center. This. job was to check all would carry a ton of mail at a through instead of going down-they flying cadets in the three schools might have disregarded a warning. In a case like that we think it's luck, but maybe it's not. To me something had said, "Get altitude. don't roam around down here, get altitude and go on." And I think ing, to the old tri-motored Fords. that after that things just took care two cadets, until after one year we

With airmail over, we went back

'is rather upset because you left home to become a soldier?" "Yes, sir, she is," replied the glide down and land on a highway, awkward one.

I would take the ship and caution "Well, just write and tell her trucks and automobiles. On one of these tries, as I gave him a forced landing—you do this merely by cut-soldier!" ting the throttle to idling speed to soldier!"

Different Yarn The counter was strewn with stock

ground. I waited as long as I could ings, but the customer still hesitated. Drawing a deep breath, the assistant and then I took it away myself. I opened a new box. found that the man was glaring "Now, these stockings, madam," she

straight toward the trees we had said, "are the finest you can buy. Fast almost hit. I landed the ship and color, latest shade, won't shrink, won't asked him what was the matter. He appeared very sullen, and so I "Yes," said the customer, with em-took him aloft again. "the yarn is excellent." He appeared very sullen, and so I Once more I put the ship on its

For a Match "I think I'll get a pair of red ground, and I knew it was intention- shoes-those flatties with wedge al. With alarm I realized that with heels," said the tall blonde. "Why low heels?" asked her

I would have extreme difficulty tak- friend, in surprise. "I want them to go with a short

hurriedly kicked the right rudder, lieutenant."

which carried the half roll into a complete snap roll. Then I went Germs or no germs, kissing through every acrobatic maneuver must be fully as dangerous as I knew until I made him sick; after they make it out to be; it has put that I flew him back to Randolph an end to a lot of bachelors. Field with my own heart beating a

Supreme Proof

Could Be

That One Muffed

"See that man across the As I landed the ship two men stepped from behind a plane, ask- road?" asked Smith as they lining to see the student. "You just gered chatting at the corner. wait a minute," I said. "After all, Jones nodded wearily in rep Jones nodded wearily in reply. he's my student and I have some "He's the best friend I ever things to say to him." Then they had," went on Smith fervently. pulled gold badges out of their pock-'When the clouds were dark and ets to show me they were F.B.I. threatening, he showed a wondermen. They had been looking for ful faith in me."

"How?" Jones was interested, this student for a long time. He had been a pilot before and had for once. "He lent me an umbrella." smuggled dope across the Mexican

vise men?

border, and I believe to this day that to evade the arrest that was waiting for him, he was trying to end it all. But the worry I had here was that in ending it for himself. he would have been ending it for me.

When I first came to Randolph we Saleslady-Oh, the darling hat! worked only half a day and had the rest of the day to play around at It makes Madame 10 years golf, to hunt, or do anything we younger.

wanted. But as the belief that war was coming got into a few American ford to put on 10 years every time people, we started the limited Air I take off my hat. Corps expansion program. We then began working all day, and I was moved up to a Flight Commander and taught instructors, for the Government was giving contracts to civilian corporations to train Army pilots. The Air Corps was beginning to grow. As the years rolled to become Assistant District Supervisor of the West Coast Training at San Diego, Glendale, and Santa

Maria. Later on I received my first command-that of the Air Corps Training Detachment called Cal-Aero Academy, at Ontario, California. I worked this up from fortyhad nearly six hundred.

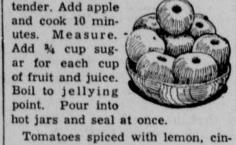
(TO BE CONTINUED)





1





ter and cook until

simmering.

namon and ginger root are a splendid accompaniment to many meals. You'll like the rich, red color of them, too:

> **Tomato** Preserves. 2 pounds tomatoes 4 cups sugar 1½ cups water 1 lemon 1 stick cinnamon 2 pieces ginger root

Ranch Preserves.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

hot jars and seal at once.

for your reply.

