



**Bacon Sandwiches Make Grand Outdoor Eating** (See Recipes Below)

Lynn Chambers' Picnic Menu

\*Bacon Sandwich

Roasted Corn Cherry Tomatoes

Cocoa

4 cup diced American cheese,

Beat the eggs well. Add salt and

pepper, if desired. Melt butter in

heavy skillet and pour eggs into pan,

stirring well as the mixture begins

to thicken. When eggs are partially

cooked, add cheese. Serve on toast

Bacon is a grand outdoor appetite

tempter. It is also an important

concentrated source of food energy

If you are frying bacon at the pic-

nic, then this is the best method to

not let fat smoke. For extra crispi-

ness, drain off the fat as the bacon

Bacon Sandwich.

To make delectable sandwiches,

fry the bacon as directed above with

thick slices of fried onion and to-

Have you caught some fish? Noth-

ing will taste better than a chowder

made in a chowder kettle over a

Fish Chowder.

(Serves 6)

5 to 6 medium potatoes, sliced

Fry bacon and onion together un-

til onion is light brown. Cut fish into

small pieces and rub with salt and

pepper. Add potatoes to chowder

cook 30 minutes. Blend flour with 1/2

cup milk. Add remaining milk to

fish and stir in flour mixture. Add

butter, simmering constantly. When

Like vegetables cooked outdoors?

\*Roast Corn.

Use fresh sweet corn. Remove

the ear, husk and all into a pail of

hot bed of coals. The water turns

into steam within the husk coating

and thus cooks the corn, making it

steamy and juicy instead of dry and

tasteless. Corn may also be roasted

Cookies and fruit make the ideal

campfire dessert. Take cookies easy

\*Rocks.

(Makes 5 dozen)

11/2 cups brown sugar

1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cream shortening and sugar. Add

eggs and beat well. Add sifted dry

ingredients, chopped nuts and rai-

cookie sheet and bake in a mod-

If you wish additional instruction for

canning fruit or berries, write to Miss

Lynn Chambers, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago 6, Illinois. Please en-

close stamped, self-addressed envelope

for your reply. Beleased by Western Newspaper Union.

¼ teaspoon cloves

3 cups sifted flour

1 teaspoon soda

2 cups raisins

erate (350-degree) oven.

11/2 cups walnuts

1 cup shortening

by burying in the ashes.

to carry such as:

3 eggs

5 slices bacon, diced

2 teaspoons salt

or diced

1 quart milk

1 teaspoon pepper

tablespoons butter

2 tablespoons flour

bowls with crackers.

Then, here is one:

3 medium onions, diced

2 pounds fresh fish, boned

matoes served on toasted bun.

that you'll need after working hard

when thick. Do not overcook.

•Recipes Given

1/4 teaspoon salt

if desired

follow: Place the

strips in a cold

quently until all

parts of bacon

are evenly crisp

but not brittle. Do

bed of coals:

4 tablespoons butter

Fresh Fruit

#### Picnic Tips

There's nothing like the great outors to produce great appetites. And there's nothing that tastes so good as food eat-

en in the great wide spaces in sand, under the pines amid the Our recipes and suggestions today

are designed to fit those who want to do part of their cooking at home, and finish when they arrive at the picnic. It is easy to lay out a swell spread when everything is well organized and planned ahead.

You'll like the recipes because they're not fancy. They do make for some downright good eating, though, and will give you a grand experience in outdoors eating.

Food is best packed in hampers or tied in cloth. It's easiest to carry that way. If you have anything breakable, use a metal container.

Best Type of Fire. For those of you who want to cook tdsors, use the trapper type of skillet over a low are. Never start cooking until the

wood has burned and is a bed of glowing red coals. To make this type of fire, place 2 medium sized logs (green) 6 to ches apart. Between these set

up dry twigs and shavings. Carry something that A will make the fire start easily, a bit tissue paper

with a few dry twigs. The logs can e adjusted to fit the cooking utensil. Our recipe round-up starts with the favorite hamburgers. If you snuggle in the extra cheese, you'll ike the flavor:

All-American Hamburgers.

(Serves 6) 1% pounds hamburger % cup milk 1 teaspoon salt Dash of pepper 14 pound American cheese 4 tablespoons butter 6 buttered buns

Mix meat with milk, salt and pepper. Form 12 thin patties of the meat about 3 inches in diameter. Cut 6 slices of cheese slightly smaller than meat patties and place the cheese in between the meat patties, sandwich-fashion. Seal edges well. Melt butter in a skillet and fry the patties slowly for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve on toasted buns.

> Hot Cheese Frankfurters. (Serves 10)

20 frankfurters 20 slices of bacon % pound sharp cheese

Solit frankfurters lengthwise and all with long strips of cheese. Wind strip of bacon, spirally, around each frankfurter and fasten at ends with toothpicks. Toast on forks or long-handled toasters over fire until bacon is browned and cheese is melted. Place in a hot toasted roll and serve with relish.

> Creamy Scrambled Eggs. (Serves 6)

% cup milk

Lynn Says Campfire Cozy: Make sure the drinking water is safe on your camping trip. Boiled water always is, sparkling water isn't nec-

A hole dug in the earth in the shade of the tree, lined with small stones makes a nice outdoor refrigerator. Moist caves, shallow underground streams, small drops or falls are all good "refrigerators."

Be sure to put your campfire out. Water is the best thing, soil next best.

A canoe paddle makes an excellent bread board or a checker board! Paint squares as for checkers and play with cookies or candies.

# GOD IS MY CO-PILOT Col. Robert L.Scott

self-made West Point graduate, wins his wings at Kelly field, Texas, and marries a girl from Georgia. From Mitchel Field, N. Y., he is sent to Panama where his real pursuit training is begun in a P-125. He is given a job constructing flying fields which would some day protect the Canal. He begins to train other pilots. The war is getting closer and he is unhappy because he realizes he is getting farther and farther from actual combat duty. As director of training in a twinengine school in California he writes to General after General asking for a chance to fight. When that chance comes he realizes that his wife and child meant America for him.

#### CHAPTER VI

Doug was an ideal flying officer, and it was to him that I first turned for advice on how I should make myself acquainted with this big airplane. Doug had learned to fly at the period when I had been instructing. I had taught his class to fly; now the tables were turned and he would have to be the instructor for while. Don't forget that as yet I hadn't flown a B-17E.

Introducing myself to my co-pilot, I said, "How about showing me how to fly this ship-I want to see how to work these turbos and such." He merely grinned at me in disbelief. "Aw, Colonel," he said, "you can fly the thing-why, you taught me to fly." I finally got him to give me some cockpit instruction by explaining that though I had many thousand hours in PT's, BT's, and other trainers, and knew lots about singleseaters and fast twin-engine medium bombers, I knew nothing about such planes as this big devil.

He showed me the approved method of starting the four engines, when to use the booster switches, how to set the turbos, how to lock the tail wheel-and generally how to pick up that fifty-seven thousand pounds of flying dynamite and take it around the field. I flew it for two landings that afternoon, and that night I climbed all over the Fortress, read the entire maintenance manual, and learned from scratch what made the big ship go. Next day I soloed it for over four hours, and after the twentieth landing I felt as if I was | ready to start for war.

Then we tested everything-fired all guns at targets in the everglades, and the cordite from all those roaring fifty calibres gave even the swampy "glades" a sweet aroma. My gunners were eager to be on the way, and I soon found that they knew exactly what they were doing. Private Motley was my tail gunner. During the entire trip I think he stayed in the tail ninety per cent of the time, just to get used to the way to handle the tail turret. I used to say of Motley that he just didn't care where he was going-he wanted to see where he had been.

Sergeant Aaltonen, the engineer, was charged with keeping the engines functioning properly, and in general the entire enlisted personnel was under him. He was a diligent Finn and one of the bravest men I have ever seen. I can see Aaltonen now, standing there behind my seat and the co-pilot's seat, unperturbed in the roughest of storms, from the violent currents of the equatorial front of the Hamadans to the Shimals of Africa and Arabia. Eternally watching the many instruments, waiting to correct the slightest trouble even before it happened. When we were lost over trackless seas he was never ruffled, but ready at all times with information as to fuel consumption and the best RPM's for cruising. Once when he was told that we would probably have to land in the Atlantic there was no change in the expression on his face; he simply began to move kettle. Cover with boiling water and the provisions to a point where they could be quickly placed in the rubber boats. His job in case of attack was to man the top turret with its twin Fifties.

mixture thickens, serve in soup Sergeant Baldbridge was the head radioman. His secondary duty was to handle one of the waist guns back aft of midships. Corporal Cobb was second radioman; he would leave that to enter the lower turret. The other waist gun on this flight was corn silk but leave husks on. Dip to be handled by a radio officer, Lieutenant Hershey. water and lay on a grate over a

The navigator was a Lieutenant whom I'll call Jack. He was a nervy kid who liked his job. I know that after our mission he made many raids as navigator to bomb the Japs in Rangoon.

We tested the bombardier and the bombsight, too, before we started the flight. Lean, lanky, six-footthree Bombardier George-I never did see how he managed to wiggle into the nose of the Fortress. I can see him there now, tense over his sight, waiting for the bombs to go-ever with the cross-hairs on the target. George had a couple of fifty calibre guns up there in the nose with him, too. He was just the opposite of the tail gunner-he never did know where he had been but

always got there first. And so the eight of them made up my crew-eight good soldiers who had volunteered and who wantsins. Drop from spoon onto greased ed to hurt the enemy. None of them worried about whether or not he'd get home-for he knew of big-

ger things that had to be done. We had to test everything, for it was over sixteen thousand miles to Japan the way we were having to go; there couldn't be a slip-up on degrees North of the equator. Comthis mission, and so we didn't take | ing down lower to look at the French a chance. When finally all was set | penal colony, we found that although

The story thus far: Robert Scott, a | I was about nervous enough to bite | the temperature was comfortable on my nails off, for my ship was to top of the haze at six thousand feet, be last to leave the States. I had down in the soup near the water worried every minute of the time | we had difficulty breathing. Passwe had been waiting for fear that | ing on over another river identified some brass hat would get my orders as the Rio Oyapok, we went out changed before I could get on my over the Guianas into Brazil at 9:55 way. The other twelve ships had a. m. Cruising low at eight hundred gone, with Colonel Haynes leading feet, we got some unforgetable in his B-24. They all made their way to the East separately, with instructions to meet in Karachi, India, for final orders. And Karachi was 12,000 miles away.

As soon as we could leave the West coast of Florida, we loaded up and crossed the State. Going on East over West Palm Beach, I rang the alarm bell, putting all men on the alert, and we dropped down, with the crew firing at the whitecaps out over the Gulf Stream. The guns were working fine but we couldn't take a chance. I had to learn right now whether the crew could work as a team, for once we started it would be too late.

As we came back towards the last field we were to land on in the U. S. A., something strange met my sight, something that made the blood pound a little harder in my temples. There, along the entire beach of Florida, was a jagged black line-the clean sand of Florida's beaches had been made black and terrible-looking by the oil from many tankers sunk by the Axis submarine war. It gave me a queer feeling, for along the beaches there



Col. Scott's superior officers, Gen. Chennault.

was also the beached wreckage of several ships. This war was meaning more and more to us as we prepared to shove off for the first stop out of America.

Now we were poised for our flight to Puerto Rico. In our two-day wait for technical changes on the engines I worried more than ever. for the other twelve ships were gone and I was getting frantic lest something might change the orders. Finally, after having to wait during days of perfect weather, we took off in heavy rain for Borinquen Field,

The take-off and first two hours of the flight were "instrument," as we were flying through a moderate tropical front. We finally broke into clearing weather over Long Island Key, British West Indies. This was

on March 31, 1942, Just after noon we sighted Hispaniola at the point of Cape Frances Viejo. Sergeant Aaltonen passed out some hot coffee from the thermos jugs. Our spirits were high, for now that we had passed the bad weather this was like a picnic. The big ship was handling like a singleseater. We turned from the dark, mysterious Hispaniola, crossed Mona Passage, and landed at Borinquen Field at 15:07, just three minutes off our E.T.A. (Estimated Time of Arrival).

Two of our flight's Fortresses were waiting in Puerto Rico for minor repairs, so we felt a little less lonesome. Just in case the authorities in Washington decided to stop the last ship or the last two ships in our mission, I got my crew up long before daylight next morning, and we soon were heading South for Trinidad, ahead of the other two.

A real night take-off from Trinidad-we were airborne in the darkness at 5:20 a. m. As the wheels left the ground I realized very quickly how great a load we were lifting. This was the first time we had taken off with full load of fuel, and it seemed to me that I almost had to break my arms to keep the tail from going all the way back to the jungle-for all practical purposes the Fortress tried a loop. (It must have been that case of Scotch, added suddenly to the other sixty thousand pounds.) Finally we got the ship rigged properly and climbed on top of the clouds at eight thousand feet. Later we had to go higher to keep from going through the heavy tropical thunderheads; with our overload, neither Doug nor I wanted to risk the turbulence that

we knew was there. As the sun came up we could look down through holes at intervals and see the dark Atlantic near the Gui-

Over Devil's Island at 9:20, I saw by our chart that we were only five

views of the steaming Brazilian jun-Looking out to sea, we noticed that the blue color already was changing to the murkiness of the Amazon, though we were about a hundred miles from its mouth. Flying low. I noted that the hump of Brazil near the coast was flat and green and hot as hell-temperature ninety-six and humidity about ninety-nine per cent at 10:55 a. m. We reached the mouth of the greatest river in the world at 11:35 E.W.T. Here the width of the Amazon is about one hundred and fifty miles.

Boys will have their fun too, no matter if you are flying low over the greatest of rivers. As we crossed the equator-old Zero Degrees Lat. at 11:56 a. m., at West Longitude 49 degrees 32 minutes—I saw those of my crew who had been in the South latitudes before take paper cups of water and drop them on the heads of those who were uninitiated, thus making them subjects of the sacred realm of Jupiter Rex as identified from the realm of Neptune Rex on the sea. We crossed the Amazon, from just West of Point Grossa over Bahia Santa Rosa to Mixiana Island, thence to Isla da Marajo. This last island in the mouth of the river is one hundred miles wide and reputedly has more cattle on the Para, crossed it in a thunderstorm, and were over Belem, where we landed in the blackness of a tropical rain at 12:40 E.W.T.

On April 4, we left Belem for Natal at 6:55 a. m., and climbed to ten thousand feet in order to top as much of the cumulus as possible. We had to skirt one great anvil-head reaching up into the sub-stratosphere near Bahia San Luiz. This storm covered about fifty miles, but we got around it without going into its turbulence. As we went on South of the equator the haze diminished gradually and the country became dry, making us think we the South Atlantic crossing, at 12:25

the night at Natal. Our run from Belem to Natal of nine hundred miles, then the crossing of nineteen hundred miles to Liberia, plus the run down the hump of Africa to a Pan-American base on the Gold Coast-this last almost nine hundred miles-had to be made without stops, except short ones for fuel. For all practical purposes, then, we had thirty-seven hundred miles to make in one day.

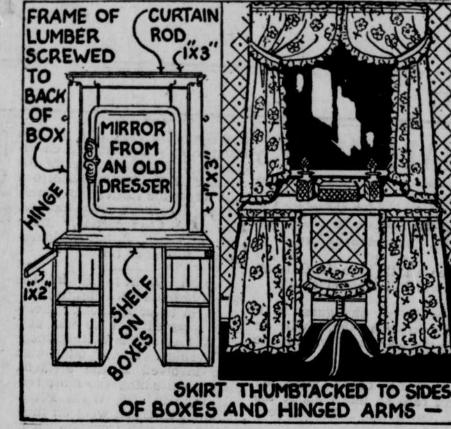
We got the big ship serviced and ready for the trip, then went to the Ferry Command Hotel. There we found two more crews of our thirteen heavy bombers. One group of these had turned back the night before with one engine out. The other, piloted by Col. Gerry Mason, had nearly come to grief on the way in from Belem. The rubber life-rafts in the Forts are carried in two compartments where the wing of the B-17 joins the big fuselage. This is to facilitate their automatic release upon contact with the water should the ship have to land at sea. They are of course tied to the airplane with strong manila rope, and it is on this hemp that the present tale hangs. In the flight down the coast some malfunction had caused one of these compartments to spring open-and out came the heavy, five-man boat. At the speed of two hundred miles an hour with which it struck the tail section as it went back on its rope in the slipstream of two engines, it nearly took the entire horizontal stabilizer off. Only by very skillful piloting had Gerry Mason managed to get the Fort and his crew of ten to Na-

Just the same, in my attempted high and low water. nap that afternoon, I grinned at the thought that we in old "Hades Ab Altar" were passing ahead of two more ships of the flight. Boy. I dreamed, they'll have a hell of a job getting me back there into the a foot. training center now! It's four thousand miles back to Florida and in the morning I'll be across the At-We climbed out of the Fortress

and stepped upon Africa at 11:05 G.M.T. Our crossing from Natal had been made in thirteen hours. Leaving the natives at work under Royal Air Force bosses, we hurried on to Operations, where we arranged for clearance down the coast. Then we were led into a thatch-roofed dining hall for good hot food. If I hadn't been so hungry and tired from the extra tension I had been subjected to, I think I'd have "gawked" at those wild-looking tribesmen who were serving us. In one night we'd left the hotels of South America, and here we were, having our plates brought by jetblack bush Negroes with rings in their ears and noses, jabbering away in a West Coast dialect. To them we were "Bwana," the food was "chop," and dessert was "sweet." (TO BE CONTINUED)

## Vanity Table Can Be Made From Old Mirror and Odds and Ends

By Ruth Wyeth Spears

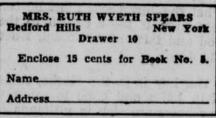


difference about the size or shape or how "queer" the frame may hammer dents. be, because you may hang the mirror any old way you want to and cover three sides with curtains to make the adorable frilly vanity shown here.

a little wire for hanging the mirror; a pair of cup hooks to hold the curtain tie-backs; a pair of hinges for the arms to which the single ranch than any other ranch swing - back skirt is fastened; in the world. Soon we came to Rio screws and nails-that is all you need. You probably have it all around the house right now. The sketch gives all the details, and it won't make any difference how

HAVE you a mirror from an old crude your carpentry may be. dresser? It doesn't make any | The curtains and skirt will cover a multitude of uneven edges and

NOTE: This dressing table idea is from BOOK 5 of the series of homemaking booklets offered with these articles. This book also shows how the dresser to match the mirror was combined with a fish bowl, an Two orange crates or a pair of old portiere and a chromo from the attie boxes; some odds and ends of to make an important piece of furniture lumber; a curtain rod; hooks and for the living room. Copy of BOOK \$ will be mailed for 15 cents. Send your order to:





This was to be a real day's flight. sewing room to receive scraps the proper voltage rating for your For we were not to be able to spend from sewing to be used for weekly current. mending.

Try cutting the outside leaves of cauliflower into inch-long pieces, and, when done, creaming with white sauce.

If you have a dog, cook him some cornmeal in the water in ing garnish as well. which vegetables have been cooked. Divide the dog's daily ration into three meals, instead of two. He does not get so hungry Be True to His Troth then and does not eat so fast.

Here's a tip to facilitate mending large holes in sweaters. Place a piece of netting under the hole, then darn with matching wool. The netting serves as backing and makes a better darning job pos-

### Mediterranean Sea, Known As Being Tideless, Is Not

The Mediterranean is often known as the tideless sea, and it is true that in its western half tides are only a matter of a few inches. But farther east tides are obvious

At Leghorn, on the Italian coast, there is a foot of tide; at Venice (Adriatic) there is as much as three feet. The strange thing is that in the Gulf of Syrtis, on the Tunisian coast, quite large tides occur. The rise and fall amounts to six and a half feet, while on the shores of the island of Djerba, off Tunisia, there is actually a difference of nearly ten feet between

Actually, the Baltic is far more tideless than the Mediterranean. Though it is 900 miles long and from 45 to 145 miles wide, there is nowhere a tide of much more than

The whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis, in the Straits of Messina, which were so dreaded by the ancients, still exist, and are deep eddies dangerous to small boats but not to modern ships.

To fasten something to angle | Most light bulbs have a life of iron posts, cotter pins will prove from 1,000 to 3,000 hours. You will much better than short tie wires. save bulbs and electricity by turn-Spread and slip the keys over the ing them off when not needed. Use fence wires, then insert them in good quality bulbs of the right were over western Texas. We land- the holes in the iron post, after size for your needs. A 100-watt ed at Natal, our jump-off point for which they are clinched tightly. bulb gives more light, costs less Hang a good-sized bag in the two 60-watt bulbs. Buy lights with to buy and less to operate than

> Pack all apples individually in newspapers before putting in a barrel. They keep better this way.

Quartered lemons add the something sour" that baked beans need and make a good look-

## Cottager Decided He'd

The carpet sweeper salesman came upon a remote cettage, at the door of which stood an extremely rough-looking man.

When he began his usual line of sales talk, the cottager interrupted him.

"Don't waste your breath," he said; "I've got a carpet sweeper already."

"Good! Then I can make you a splendid allowance for your old sweeper in part payment for this splendid new model." The cottager thought for a few

moments; then he said: "No, I won't do a deal. After all.

took er for better or wuss, didn't



