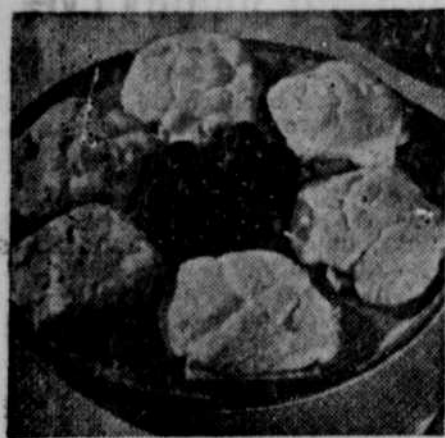




Meal Contrasts
In Color, Texture
Help Appetite



Cheese Souffle Sandwiches team up with ripe olives to give good flavor and color contrast to those quickie lunches.

How is your contrast IQ in meals? Do you serve whitefish, potatoes and cauliflower all at the same meal and expect the family to eat it? Do you put before them Bean Loaf, mashed squash and bread pudding and expect them to find the meal palatable?

Yes, the foods are all highly nutritious and may be well prepared, but there's an important element in meal planning missing in these suggestions. It is contrast. There's a lack of contrast in flavor, color and texture in these food combinations, and without that meals will often go uneaten.

Real interest in foods is an interest in the way they look and how they feel in the mouth. If the meal is colorful, the family is immediately attracted. There is also a desire for different textures. That's why the family wants something crispy in a salad when they have a soft food like stew, spanish rice or spaghetti.

People are very fond of macaroni and corn or potatoes and parsnips, but they don't care for them at the same meal. If you're having macaroni, try serving it with something green like green beans, peas, broccoli or asparagus and watch the family go for it. The table will be more colorful, too, and we eat with our eyes, too, you know.

Now, how would you like this combination? Mock drumsticks, lima beans and carrots. There's no sameness about texture or color there.

Mock Drumsticks.

- (Serves 6)
- 1 1/2 pounds veal, beef or pork steaks, cut thin
- 6 skewers
- 2 cups cornflakes
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons fat
- 1/4 cup water

Cut meat into strips and roll around skewers in the shape of a drumstick.

Roll cornflakes into fine crumbs. Cover drumsticks with crumbs, then dip in slightly beaten egg to which milk and seasonings have been added. Roll again in crumbs.

Brown the drumsticks in fat, then add water, cover tightly and bake in a moderate (350 degree) oven about 1 hour or until tender.

Here's an easy dinner as good to the eye as to the palate:

- Cream of Tomato Soup
- Lamb Roll
- Baked Squash
- Hashed Brown Potatoes
- Cole Slaw
- Chocolate Cookies
- Lamb Roll
- (Serves 6)
- Boned Breast of Lamb
- 1/2 pound thick pork sausage
- 2 tablespoons lard
- 1 small onion, diced
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup tomatoes

Have lamb breast boned, spread with sausage meat and tied into a roll. Brown on all sides in hot fat. Season with salt and pepper. Add

Lynn Says
Looking Mighty Pretty: Slice cucumbers thinly but not quite all the way through. Place slices of radish in between each slice of cucumber. Fill spiced beets with chopped spinach and serve around beef roast. Break cauliflower into flowerlets, sprinkle with paprika and place around ham slice. When serving carrots with lamb, roll the whole carrots in chopped mint. Bananas and pineapple slices make a smart accompaniment to ground beef.

all other ingredients. Cover closely and cook very slowly until done, about 1 1/2 hours. Add more liquid, if needed.

- Colorful vegetables in this menu are all cooked with the meat:
- Braised Liver with Vegetables
- Mashed Potatoes
- Orange-Watercress Salad
- Rye Bread - Butter
- Butterscotch Sundae
- Braised Liver with Vegetables.
- (Serves 6)

- 1 1/2 pounds sliced liver
- Flour
- 2 tablespoons bacon drippings
- 6 carrots
- 2 green peppers
- 6 small onions
- Salt and pepper
- 1/2 cup water

Dredge liver with flour. Brown in hot drippings. Clean and dice vegetables. Arrange in piles on slices of liver. Season. Add water. Cover and cook slowly until liver and vegetables are done. Beef liver will take about 45 minutes. Pork, lamb and veal (or calves') liver will take about 30 minutes.

Now, for a luncheon dish that has unusual flavor and contrast. First, here's the menu I'd suggest:

- Vegetable Broth
- or
- Grapefruit Juice
- Cheese Souffle Sandwiches.
- Jellied Fruit Salad
- Beverage
- Date Bars

A double boiler will help the cook produce perfect souffle sandwiches:

- Cheese Souffle Sandwich.
- (Serves 6)
- 6 slices white bread
- 1/2 pound processed cheddar cheese
- Dash of pepper
- Dash of paprika
- 3 eggs
- Ripe olives

Toast the bread (crusts trimmed) on both sides. Melt the cheese in the top of a double boiler. Add pepper and paprika to egg yolks. Beat until thick, then fold this mixture into egg whites which have been beaten until stiff but not dry. Pile on toast and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until puffy and golden brown. Place on a chop plate and garnish with ripe olives.

For the fruit salad suggestion, you may have cherry flavored gelatin with melon balls and dark grapes; lemon flavored gelatin with pineapple, white grapes, nutmeats, and cherries.



Mock Drumsticks, crisply coated and fried to tenderness, are fine food for whole cooked carrots and lima beans. Use a circular platter to carry out the pattern.

Date bars are a chewy contrast to the rest of the meal.

- Date Bars.
- (Makes 2 dozen)
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 cup bran or wheat germ
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup honey
- 1/4 cup melted butter

Sift together flour, salt, cinnamon and baking powder. Add bran, dates and nuts. Beat egg until thick, add honey and butter. Mix well. Stir in flour mixture, blending thoroughly. Spread evenly on well-greased pan and bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven about 35 minutes. Cut in squares while warm, then remove from pan.

- Butterscotch Rice Pudding.
- (Serves 6)
- 1/2 cup rice
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup chopped dates

Wash rice, then add rice and salt to milk. Bring to a boil and simmer 25 minutes. Meanwhile melt butter and add sugar. Cook slowly until mixture melts and turns dark brown. Add to rice-milk mixture and stir. Remove from heat and add lemon juice, vanilla and dates. Cool.

Do you have recipes or entertaining suggestions which you'd like to pass on to other readers? Send them to Miss Lynn Chambers, Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago 6, Illinois. Received by Western Newspaper Union.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott WNU RELEASE

The story thus far: Robert Scott, a West Point graduate, begins pursuit training at Panama after winning his wings at Kelly Field, Texas. When war breaks out he is instructor at a California airfield, but wanting to get into combat flying he writes General after General making the request. Finally the chance comes. He says goodbye to his wife and child and leaves for Florida, where he picks up his four-motor bomber and flies to India. Here for some time he is a ferry pilot, flying supplies into Burma. When Burma falls to the Japs he helps carry refugees to India. Soon he has an opportunity to visit General Chennault, and tells the General he wants to be a fighter pilot.

CHAPTER XI

I couldn't waste much time in practice, for after all Burma was just over the Naga Hills and the Japs were coming towards Myitkyina from the South and up the Chindwin and the Irrawaddy. It was open season and I needed no hunting license. Now I definitely knew that adventure was near.

On that afternoon of April 30, 1942, with a full load of ammunition and the shark-mouth seeming to drip saliva, it was so eager, I waited by my ship for an alert. Jap observation planes had been coming over at high altitude very regularly. If they came today I hoped to surprise them.

At two o'clock the alert came, but it was not observation. Many unidentified aircraft were reported by a British radio somewhere over the Naga Hills. I didn't ask for more than that scanty information—I was in my fighter and climbing over the "tea ranches," as Colonel Haynes called them.

High over the field at 22,000 feet, I cuddled my oxygen mask and circled, watching for enemy ships to the East, South, and Southeast—in the direction of a course to Mandalay. I searched until my eyes hurt, but saw nothing. After about an hour, turning to a course that would take me in the direction from which an enemy had to come, I flew off to intercept—I now had barely two hours' fuel, and the farther away from my base I met them, the more successful my attack would be. Lord! the ego that I possessed! I honestly believe I thought I could shoot down any number of Japs with my single fighter. Again I say, more of the valor of ignorance.

After forty-five minutes I turned for home and began to let down to eighteen thousand. Thirty miles from the field I suddenly tensed to the alert. Off ahead of me was a dark column of smoke, rising high in the air right in the position on the world's surface that the home field should be. My tortured mind flashed back to other results of bombings that I had seen.

"My God," I moaned, "while I've been away looking for the bastards, they've slipped in here and bombed hell out of the home base!"

With tears in my eyes I nosed over and dove for the Zeros that should be strafing the field. (Later I was to learn a lot about this method, too.) The smoke was from base all right, but I could see no enemy planes. The only thing in the sky was a single Douglas transport, making a normal landing on the runway. "Calling 'NR-Zero-NR-Zero,'" I asked what the fire was. The reply was muddled, but everything seemed to be in order, for I noticed two other transports clearing the field for China. I circled, then dove on the smoking ruins of the RAF operations "basha." That building had been the casualty, and it was a total loss. I could see the operations officer sitting out in the open, some hundred feet from the charred ruins, calmly carrying on his duties.

When I'd gotten my fighter parked again I went over and heard the story. No Jap attack had come, and I felt relieved—my single-ship war and I had not let the station down. But as I heard the embarrassed operations man tell his story I remember choking discreetly and leaving before I laughed myself to death.

When the alert sounded, "Oops"—the operations officer—had hurried to the window of the thatch and bamboo "basha" to see me take off in the "bloody kite—that Kittyhawk." Seeing a transport from China about to land, and fearing that the Japs would bomb it on the field, he had then fired a Very pistol out of the operations window: the red Very light would be the signal for the transport not to land but to fly in the "stand-by" area. The Very light had gone nonchalantly out of the operations window, into the wind, had curved gracefully back into another window, and had burned the bloody building in five minutes. Operations was being carried on as usual from operations desk, which was located in front of the site of the former office. Bloody shame, wasn't it?

Well, it was tragic, but I guess it was better than a bombing. And so my first mission ended.

Came May Day, and I began the greatest day in my life. I flew every day in that long month, sometimes as many as four missions a day. By putting in a total of 214 hours and 45 minutes, I averaged over seven hours a day for the month. Most of this was in fighter ships—my little old Kittyhawk and I learned a lot, and we were very,

very lucky. When I had come in from my first sortie, the day operations burned down, my pal Col. Gerry Mason kidded me a bit.

We got pretty confident, the transport boys and I, for I used to go with them across Burma, and Joplin and some of the other daredevils would try to lure the Jap in to attack them. Jop would call over the radio, in the clear: "NR-o from transport one three four—I'm lost near Bhamo—give me a bearing."

Up there, some three thousand feet above them, I'd be sitting with my fighter, just praying that my "decoy" would work and some luckless Jap would come in for the kill. Then I'd imagine myself diving on his tail, my six guns blazing. But the ruse never worked. Sometimes I think the "Great Flying Boss in the Sky" was giving me a little more practice before he put me to the supreme test.

May the fifth was one of the big days in my life. Waving good-bye to Gerry Mason as I taxied out, I saw him hold his thumb up to me to wish me good hunting. I waved back and was in the air on a sweep towards central Burma. I went straight to Myitkyina; then, seeing nothing, I swung South along the Irrawaddy over Bhamo. Continuing South I went right down on the Burma Road, North of Lashio, and searched for enemy columns. North of the airport at Lashio I saw two groups of troops in marching order. I would have strafed them immediately, but I was afraid they might be Chinese; after all, there were two Chinese armies coming North somewhere in Burma. I made as though to ignore them and they partially

ignored them and they partially



Chinese soldiers and coolie look over Jap plane shot down by Col. Scott.

scattered to the sides of the road. Twelve trucks in the column kept rolling to the North.

Then I momentarily forgot about the troops—for in the northwestern corner of the field at Lashio was a ship. From my altitude of 2500 feet I saw at once that it was a twin-engine enemy bomber, later identified as a Mitsubishi, Army 97. It was being serviced, for there were four gasoline drums in front of it and a truck that had evidently unloaded the fuel. My gun switches were already on, and had been since I had seen the troop column. Now I was diving for the grounded bomber and getting my "Christmas Tree" sight lighted properly.

Hurriedly I began to shoot. I saw men running from the truck and jumping into the bushes to the side. My first shots hit in front of the plane, probably striking the fuel drums, for heavy dust covered the enemy ship. I released my trigger as I pulled out of my dive, just clearing the trees behind my target. As I looked back I saw the red circle on one wing, but the other was covered by the body of a man who either had been shot or was trying to hide the identifying insignia.

Keeping the ship very low, I turned 180 degrees for the second attack. This time I did better. I saw my tracers go into the thin fuselage and then into the engines. At first I thought that what I was seeing was more dust; then I realized it was smoke pouring from under the ship. It was on fire. Foolishly then, I pulled up to about six hundred feet; if there had been anti-aircraft fire, I know now they would have shot me down. Again I turned and shot at the truck and the gasoline drums, and once more I saw the tracers converge on the enemy ship. Smoke was floating high in the sky—I could smell it over the odor of cordite that came from my own guns.

Keeping very low again, I turned East and found the Burma Road, turned up it and started looking for the columns which I now knew were Japanese. I approached them from the rear, fired from about a thousand yards, and the road seemed to pulverize. The closely packed troops appeared to rush back towards me as my speed cut the distance between us. I held the six guns on while I went the length of the troop column and caught the trucks. There were only six now, but I fired into all of them and two I saw burn immediately. On my second pass, as I "S'ed" across the road, I shot at each truck individually, then turned for the troops again. The road was so dusty that

I could barely see the bodies of those I had hit on the first pass. I suppose the others were hidden in the brush to the side. As I pulled up, I could see the black plume of smoke to the South—my first enemy ship was burning fiercely.

I made as though to leave the area, then came in again from the South on the troops after the dust had settled. They had reformed but were not as closely packed as before. Again I strafed them, but this time I saw that they were firing at me. The trucks couldn't get off the road, and I exhausted my ammunition on them in two more passes. One truck that I caught dead center with a full two-second burst seemed to blow up. When I left, I knew that four of the trucks were burning, and farther to the South I could still see the smoke of my first Jap plane rising high above the trees of Burma.

Straight back to base I went, feeling very intoxicated with success. At last I'd been able to see Japs and draw blood. In this case they had been treated just as they had been treating Allied ground troops, and I was happy.

That afternoon I went back on the second mission. I found the wrecks of four trucks and baggage, and objects that could have been seen, scattered all over the road. The place where I had caught the troop column showed about forty dead men. The grounded plane had burned, and with it had burned about ten acres of the jungle. I fired a long burst into the truck and into the four fuel drums in front of the debris of the enemy bomber, but they didn't burn; I guess the morning fire had finished them. I searched the country to the North for more troops, but didn't intercept any.

I went back home highly elated—I had drawn my first blood. I felt that the world was good again. With pride I radioed General Chennault that his "shark" had been in use, that I had caught lots of rats walking along the Burma Road, and that one Army 97 bomber would fly no more for the Japs.

When Myitkyina fell, I went over there every day to burn the gasoline that had been stored in tins in the woods to the Northeast of the end of the runway. I had found out its location from British Intelligence, but the RAF Group Captain had exacted from me a promise that I would not fire into it until he gave me the word.

It seems that he was afraid that the firing and the burning of the fuel would excite the native Burmese who were in the village. I couldn't see what difference that would make, for after all the Japs would capture the thousands of gallons of aviation gasoline, and the natives were more than likely helping them anyway. Though I held off, every time I saw the shiny four-gallon cans in the trees my finger itched to burn the cache before the enemy could use it. I passed the three days of waiting in burning three barges on the Irrawaddy, South of Bhamo, and in setting a fuel barge on fire down on the Chindwin. In this last raid my ship picked up a few small holes; evidently some Jap sympathizers got my range.

Later in the week, the RAF Group Captain told me that his Commandos in Myitkyina were going to knock holes in all the fuel tins with picks before they left the field to the Japs. Nevertheless I kept watching the gasoline stores while the Japs moved to the North. On May 8, when I got in my ship and started the Allison, my friend the Group Captain ran across the field to tell me that the Japs could not get the gasoline—it had been destroyed without fire, and thus the villagers would not be panicked. Over the roar of the engine I yelled that in that case it would not burn when I fired into it. For I had waited long enough; the Japs were in Myitkyina and I wasn't taking any chances on their acquiring over 100,000 gallons of aviation fuel less than two hundred miles from our base.

When I came over the field at Myitkyina, the enemy fired at me while I was yet ten miles away; I could see the black bursts of the 37 mm AA in front and below me. I started "jinking" and moved to the Northeast, so that I could come from out of the sun and be as far as I could get from the field. With my first burst the whole woods seemed to blow up—I have never seen such a flash as that which came when that veritable powder-train of high octane fuel caught fire from the tracers. I also fired at two of the gun installations on the field. But the bursts from the Jap guns were so close to me that I decided to let well enough alone, and turned for home in Assam.

Next day, May 9, I made four raids into Burma. On the first of these I escorted two transports piloted by Sartz and Sexton to Paoshan, where they were going to land to pickup the baggage of the AVG, who were going on to Kunming. I waited for them to land and take off again, and then called goodby. They were going on East within the air controlled by the AVG, and I wanted to look for Japs to the South anyway. Two hours later Paoshan was badly bombed by the Japs; and so I missed a good party by not staying around.

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1222
11-18

1219
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Household Hints

To clean berry stains from the teeth, bite into a cut lemon. (Hope you face straightens out.)

Keep a package of paper spoons in the medicine chest. Use for doling out fish-liver oil and medicines and you won't have to worry about ill-tasting or stained silver spoons.

Clean stained bronze ornaments with hot vinegar or hot buttermilk rubbed on with a soft brush or cloth. Rinse in warm water and wash in hot water and soapsuds. Wipe dry with soft cloth.

Slip an oiled-silk bowl cover over the hand wheel of a sewing machine. Keeps small children from getting their fingers and hands caught when it's turning.

When setting posts, dig the hole a foot deeper and fill the bottom with rocks. This gives ground water a chance to drain away from the post, thereby helping to preserve it.

If new tin pans are greased and put into the warm oven before using, they will not rust.

Should the cane seat of a chair sag, wash it with hot water, then set it out in the air (not in the sun) to dry. The cane tightens as it dries.

After grating cheese, rub a potato over the grater to clean it.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1222 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12, jerkin, requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material; skirt, 1 1/2 yards.

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