

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Meat Pointers . . . Rice Balls in Mushroom Sauce (See Recipes Below)

Flavorful Meats

You'll be using more of the lower grades of beef as time goes by. Most of the AA and A, top grades of beef, are going to armed forces and utility or lower grade beef will be more available for civilian consumption.

That calls for pulling out the old-fashioned, flavorful recipes that will really make this beef taste good. We used to do, and can still do it as long as we pull the bunny of ingenuity out of the proverbial hat, or cookbook, as the case may be.

Inexpensive cuts of meat can be made tender by several methods.

Round steak can be pounded with a small hammer or mallet to break down the tissues, then braised with liquids and seasonings to savory goodness. Stewing is another good method for cooking this type of meat. Adding tomato juice, spices, mushroom soup and other liquids gives peak flavor.

Here are recipes which may be made with utility beef, but which will have just as much flavor as the more expensive cuts:

Swiss Steak

(Serves 6)

Round or Arm steak, cut 2 inches thick
 Flour
 Salt and pepper
 1 onion, thinly sliced
 2 tablespoons lard
 2 cups tomatoes
 1 carrot, diced
 1/2 cup corn
 1 small green pepper, sliced
 1/2 cup water

Mix flour, salt and pepper; pound into steak. Brown steak in lard. Add vegetables and water. Cover pan and cook in slow oven (300 degrees) for 2 1/2 hours. Add more water if needed. Serve with vegetables poured over steak.

Short Ribs With Vegetables

(Serves 6)

5 pounds short ribs of beef
 3 teaspoons salt
 1/2 teaspoon pepper
 2 tablespoons lard
 8 medium-sized potatoes
 8 small onions
 4 parsnips
 4 carrots

Wipe meat with damp cloth, sprinkle with salt and pepper and brown in hot fat. Add water, cover and allow to simmer an hour. Prepare vegetables. Add whole potatoes, onions, parsnips and carrots cut in half. Season vegetables, cover and continue cooking until vegetables are tender. Serve meat on platter garnished with vegetables.

Lynn Says

Pointers: Use low temperatures in cooking meat, regardless of the method. High temperatures shrink meat unnecessarily.

Save all the meat you buy. If a roast is boned at the butchers, bring the bones home and use them for soup.

Different seasonings add interest to meats. Try onion gravy with beef. Mushroom soup, diluted and heated, goes well with lamb. Horseradish adds pep to pot roast or short ribs gravy.

Pork gravy is good with a dash of sage, lamb gravy with a bit of curry.

Leftover vegetables such as peas, carrots, celery, lima beans and green beans added to gravy make it colorful, different and more nourishing.

Lynn Chambers' Point Saving Menu

*Rice Balls with Mushroom Sauce
 Baked Squash Green Lima Beans
 Jellyed Fruit Salad
 Bread Butter
 Lemon Souffle Beverage
 *Recipe given.

Spiced Beef.
 3 pounds chuck steak
 1/2 teaspoon cloves
 6 medium-sized onions
 1/2 teaspoon peppercorns
 2 tablespoons salt
 1 teaspoon allspice
 6 bay leaves
 12 gingersnaps

Wipe meat with damp cloth. Place in a saucpan and cover with a mixture of half water and half vinegar. Add 2 tablespoons salt, sliced onions, bay leaves and spices. Let stand at least 24 hours. Place on stove and simmer gently until meat is tender. Take meat out and let drain. Strain broth through a sieve and let it come to a boil. Then add gingersnaps which have been softened into a paste with cold water. This will thicken broth so that it will have to be stirred about 3 minutes. Return meat to gravy and let stand for about 15 minutes before serving.

The favorite combination of ham and sweet potatoes takes a new turn in this following recipe:

Ham and Sweet Potato Roll.
 (Serves 6)
 1/2 pound ground ham
 1/2 pound ground pork
 1/2 cup cracker crumbs
 1 egg
 1/2 cup milk
 Pepper
 2 cups mashed sweet potatoes

Combine all ingredients except potatoes. Spread on waxed paper to 1/2-inch thickness, making a rectangle about 6 by 10 inches. Spread with seasoned potatoes and roll like a jelly roll. Place in dripping pan and bake 1 1/2 hours in a moderate (350 degree) oven.

Poached Veal With Dumplings

2 pounds veal shoulder
 1 onion
 1 quart water
 2 teaspoons salt
 1/2 teaspoon pepper
 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 2 cups diced potatoes
 6 carrots
 4 tablespoons flour
 1/2 cup cold water

Remove fat and cut meat into 1-inch cubes. Simmer veal and sliced onion for 1 hour. Add salt, pepper, sauce, potatoes and sliced carrots. Continue cooking for 15 minutes longer. Thicken mixture with flour and water. Prepare dumplings and drop by spoonfuls on top of meat. Cover closely and steam 12 minutes.

Dumplings: 1 1/2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lard, 1/4 cup milk. Sift flour, measure and sift again with baking powder and salt. Cut in fat and mix to a fine crumb. Add milk and mix to a soft dough.

Many dishes are made better by the addition of mushrooms, or by a mushroom soup that combines both the goodness of the mushroom and a well-blended white sauce. Try:

*Rice Balls With Mushroom Sauce.
 (Serves 6)
 1 pound hamburger
 1/2 cup rice
 1 10 1/2-ounce can condensed mushroom soup
 1 teaspoon salt

Mix together meat, salt and rice which has been washed and drained. Shape into small balls. Brown them in hot fat. Add mushroom soup which has been diluted with an equal amount of water. Cover. Simmer for 1 hour.

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. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT



By Col. Robert L. Scott

W.N.U. RELEASE



The story thus far: Robert Scott is graduated from West Point as a second lieutenant, and after winning his wings at Kelly Field takes up pursuit flying. When the war breaks out he is an instructor in California and told he is too old for combat flying. He appeals to one General after another for a chance to fly a combat plane and finally the opportunity comes. He says goodbye to his wife and child and flies a four-engine bomber to India, where he becomes a ferry pilot, flying supplies to Burma. After Burma falls he visits General Chennault and tells him his story. Chennault promises that the first P-40 to arrive from Africa will be his. Scott soon gets a Kittyhawk and flies the skies over Burma. He gets his first Jap.

CHAPTER XII

After following the Salween to the South until I could see Lashio, I turned West for the field and came in right on the treetops, straining the anti-aircraft guns in two passes. On the second run across the field I felt and heard bullets hitting my ship, but didn't see their origin until nearly too late. Down close to the West end of the field, almost under the trees, were Japanese ground soldiers. They were grouped into two squares like the old Macedonian phalanx, and were firing rifles at me. I turned my guns on them and could see the fifty-caliber fire taking good toll from the Jap ranks. But even after I had made three runs on them, I noted that they continued to hold their positions, an excellent demonstration of perfect battle discipline. Later on one of the AVG aces, Tex Hill, told me that he had seen the same thing down in Thailand, and that after he'd strafed one of the squares of about a hundred men and there were only two or three on their feet, those few still were shooting at him when he left the field.

Leaving Lashio, I went to Katha looking for a Jap train on the railway, but succeeded only in gathering a little more ground-fire. From there I went back North to Bhamo, and seeing no barges, continued on to Myitkyina, keeping very close to the surface of the Irrawaddy, and strafed the gun positions of the enemy on the field with the last of my ammunition. When I landed I had made almost eight hundred miles, which is just about the limit for a fighter ship, especially since I had strafed at full throttle for several minutes. There were a few holes in my ship, but mostly in the fabric of the rudder and the flippers. The Japs couldn't learn to lead me enough; I guess they'd never hunted game birds.

In less than an hour I took off again and made a shorter trip to Mogaung and Katha, searching without success for a train. After getting more fuel I went back and strafed Myitkyina, turned South, and caught a barge of enemy equipment at Bhamo. Though I didn't sink this river boat, I put at least eight hundred rounds of ammunition in it, and left it settling in the water and drifting slowly with the current. The crew either were killed or jumped into the river.

And now, to close the big day, I got in the air again and set my course for the bridge on the Salween about twenty miles West of Paoshan. I had received a radio report that the AVG under Tom Jones, Bishop, and Tex Hill were dive-bombing the Japs who were constructing a pontoon bridge there. Reaching the rendezvous point, I couldn't see a thing except some burning trucks that the AVG had strafed on the Jap side of the Salween; evidently I had got to the battle too late.

I had turned South towards Lashio and was flying through a moderate rain when, down below on the Burma Road, I saw a troop column marching South, probably towards Chefang. At this point the Burma Road is about eight thousand feet above sea level, rising nearly to its ceiling, just over nine thousand feet.

The troops below me were Japanese soldiers, evidently retreating from the mauling they had taken back there on the river, when the AVG had bombed them with five-hundred-pound bombs. I turned to the side, to watch them—they were in heavy rain, and from the standpoint of their own safety they were in the worst possible place on the road. The Burma Road was cut out of red Yunnan clay, and there were steep banks on both sides of the column—besides I don't think they had heard me over the roar of the rain, and I know they hadn't seen my ship.

I turned my gun switches on and dove for the kill, sighting carefully through my lighted sight. My tracers struck the target dead center, for I had held my fire until the last moment. There was no need of doing this job at high speed, for if I merely cruised I'd have longer to shoot at them and could also look out for the hills hidden in the rain and the clouds. This time there was no dust, but the red, muddy water went up like a geyser. The six Fifties seemed to cut the column to bits. As I passed over, I could see those who hadn't been hit trying desperately to crawl up the muddy bank to the safety of the trees and slipping back.

Turning very close to the hills, I came back over. Every now and then I'd lose them, for the rain was heavy and it was dark in the clouds,

so dark that my tracers burned brilliant to the ground and then ricocheted away into the air again, still burning. I think it was in my third pass, as the Japs seemed to be giving up the effort to climb off the road, that I decided my ship would be called "Old Exterminator."

Their officers must have called double-time, for they spread out as much as they could and ran South on the road through the rain. I kept on cutting them to pieces until my ammunition was gone; I fired 1,800 rounds into those three or four hundred Japanese, and I don't think more than a handful escaped.

As the May days drifted into weeks, I made up little schemes to fool the Japs. Perhaps the schemes worked, perhaps they didn't—anyway they eased the disappointment of not getting letters from my wife and little girl and from the other folks back home.

During this month I went to China as much as possible to talk to members of the AVG. Some of these pilots I had taught to fly in the Army Schools back home. I had checked quite a few of them and I was older, but I'm glad I realized then



Symbol of the American Volunteer Group "Flying Tigers" which made aerial combat history over China and Burma when the Japs were having their inning. The AVG was later inducted into the Army Air Corps, with General Claire Chennault as commander.

that these younger pilots knew a million times more about combat than I did. I'd corner some of these Flying Tigers and ask them questions, for I longed for the day when I'd get to fly on attacking missions with them.

At first they were hard to know. The men they had met as representing our Army in China had been pretty harsh with these high-strung flyers, who after all had done the greatest job in the war against the enemy. In the beginning they were reluctant to answer my questions or tell me the secrets of their success in combat. They couldn't understand why a Colonel in the Army Air Corps had to know anything. As George Paxton put it: Didn't the Army know everything? "Seems like to me," he said, "every army officer we've seen out here knows all the answers."

When he found out that I was serious, and that my ambition was to get over there and fly with them, and learn combat from them, so that in the end I might teach it to our younger pilots who would be coming out, he told me things that I would never have learned otherwise. "First," he said, leading me off under the wing of one of the P-40's, "first, the Old Man says, never turn with one of the Zeros. He says that's bad."

I learned that the Jap ship would outmaneuver anything and would outlimb the P-40 four to one. "But that doesn't matter," Paxton said. "The P-40 is the strongest ship in the world. It's heavy as hell, but that makes it out-dive just about anything, and it'll out-dive the Jap two to one. With those two Fifties and the four thirty-caliber guns in the B's we have done pretty good. Now with the six Fifties in the new Kittyhawks we out-gun anything."

He told me that Hill, Rector, Bond, Neal, Lawler, and other aces had seen Zeros disintegrate in front of their six Fifties, and went on to advise that I use the good qualities of the P-40's against the bad qualities of the Jap, but never try to beat him at his own game—climbing and maneuverability.

Paxton did me a lot of good—he got me my first flight with the AVG on the Emperor's birthday. But the Jap didn't come in. We were the most griped bunch you've ever seen. Everyone up and waiting at three a. m.—and then the dirty so-and-so's didn't have the guts to come in!

I heard a story on George Paxton that will show you the kind of tough Texan he was. It was down over Rangoon, near Mingaladon air-drome, in the early days of the Burma war. Doctor Gentry, who told me the story, said that the squadron George was in was aloft and engaging the Japanese over the field. Looking upstairs, you could see the condensation streamers criss-crossing the sky, and every now and then a trail of smoke as a Jap Zero burned and plunged towards the earth.

Finally eight or nine Zeros ganged up on George Paxton. They got up on his tail and they got all over him.

He fought his way partially out of the trap, but two of them right on his tail literally shot him to pieces. George's ship was seen to trail smoke and dive straight down, from about fifteen thousand feet. Doctor Gentry said they watched the stricken Forty and knew who it was by the number. As it disappeared behind the trees they mentally crossed the boy Paxton off their list of living men.

But George and the sturdy P-40 were not through. There was the surging scream of an Allison engine's last boost, and the ship skimmed over the trees and made a belly landing on the soft part of the field. Even then, considering the number of Japs who had been using George for target practice and the way the ship looked, with big holes in the tail, wings, and fuselage, as they drove out for him in the jeep they expected to find just a body.

Instead, they found George Paxton standing by the side of his ship, swearing and shaking his fist at the sky.

Doctor Gentry said he looked into the cockpit. The instrument panel was just about shot away, the rudder pedals were partly shot to pieces, the armor of the pilot's seat was badly bent—but Paxton was out there yelling:

"I still say 'those little snakes can't shoot!'"

Even his Texas boots were practically shot off. Two doctors picked rivets from George's back all the afternoon, and Jap explosive particles from his feet, legs and hands. The worst injuries had been caused by the Japanese explosive bullets hitting the seat armor and driving the rivets through into George's back. But for the armor, those explosives would have been in Paxton's back, instead of just the rivets.

On May 17, I flew with the AVG on a mission from Kunming into Indochina. Squadron Leader Bishop led the attack. I flew the wing position with R. T. Smith, one of the aces of the Flying Tigers and one of the pilots I remembered checking during his training days at Santa Maria, California.

We got off the Kunming field with our fighters and headed South over the lakes at twelve thousand feet. In a few minutes we passed Meng-tze and the clouds thinned out and the weather got pretty clear. We went just about over Laokay, on the Chinese-Indo-China border. Then we followed the River Rouge through the very crooked gorge in the mountains, on South towards Hanoi.

Just about halfway between the border and Hanoi we saw a train coming North on the railroad. Bishop led four of us down to strafe it while the other four stayed at twelve thousand for top-cover. We circled over the train as we spiraled down to attack, and while the speed of the dive built up I got my gun-switch on and tried to trim the ship for the increasing speed.

As we leveled off and went in for the kill, I saw Bishop's tracers hitting the engine. By the time I got there—in number two position, on Bishop's wing now—the white steam was spraying from the punctured boiler. I saw the engineer and fireman jump from the locomotive, and as we went on down the cars, shooting into them, I saw Jap soldiers and probably Vichy French civilians jumping off too. We came back and set some of the cars on fire. It was a cinch now, for the train had stopped and was no longer weaving through the narrow curves of the gorge.

While the boys talked to one another, we re-formed and I heard Bishop say, "Let's bomb the railroad yards at Laokay with our frags." (Fragmentation bombs.) I thought then that was wrong, for we had alerted Laokay as we flew over and they were probably listening to us and would be waiting for us. That didn't matter, though; we'd get the railroad yards and some of the anti-aircraft crews too, if they didn't look out.

We spiraled down to bomb the target and I saw Bishop's bombs hit dead center on the round-house. Then I dropped mine. Just at that instant Bishop's fighter belched fire and smoke, and I saw him slide his canopy open and jump. His chute opened so close in front of my ship that I pulled up for fear I'd run into it. I hung there for what seemed like hours, with my air speed indicating three hundred miles an hour, while black bursts of anti-aircraft fire broke all around me. The ship just seemed to stand still, but I saw Bishop floating down towards the river that was the boundary between China and Indo-China. At the very last moment, as I got my nose down and got out of the center of the anti-aircraft, I saw an unlucky wind blow the chute back to the Indo-Chinese or Jap side of the river, and Bishop was captured. We heard from him later that he was really a prisoner of the French and was getting along all right.

We re-formed North of Laokay and went back to Kunming. General Chennault said that the train wasn't worth Bishop—we should have left Laokay alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Paint a large white spot on the tractor belt, then when running tractor unattended some distance from the house, you can see if the engine is still running and if the belt is on.

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Cover hangers with felt or velvet to hold sheer and silk dresses securely.

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