



HOUSEHOLD MEMOS
by Lynn Chambers



Sugar Substitutes
Come Into Limelight
After the Holidays

Sugar-Shy Sweets

Have the holidays exhausted your supply of sugar and sweets? Today's collection of recipes is especially planned for the low sugar budget, for strange though it may seem, there are many foods which can be fixed with a minimum of sugar.

Try packaged mixes, dried fruits, candied fruits, and the sugar substitutes if the sugar canister is getting empty. There are many packaged fillings which will relieve sugar from being used in pie and cake fillings, and these come in a variety of flavors.

Substitute as many of the fresh fruits for dessert as possible, and if they are baked, sweeten with maple or corn syrup. If your favorite cookie recipes call for one cup of sugar, use 3/4 of a cup. They will be just as good, if a little less sweet.

Marble Molasses Cake.

- 1/2 cup butter or substitute
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 eggs beaten
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 teaspoons allspice
- 3 tablespoons molasses

Have all ingredients at room temperature. Measure out flour, sugar, salt and butter in bowl. Beat for 2 minutes. Add eggs and milk and beat for another two minutes. Take out one-third of batter and mix with molasses and allspice. Drop by spoonfuls into greased loaf pan, alternating light and dark mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour. Serve plain or frosted.

Angel Cake.

- 1 1/2 cups light corn syrup
- 5 egg whites
- 5 egg yolks
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Boil syrup until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Beat egg whites stiff but not dry, pour syrup over them slowly, continue beating. Add the lemon juice and the vanilla. Beat this mixture until it holds its shape. Fold in egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Bake in large ungreased tube pan in a slow oven (300 deg.) until well browned and done, about 60 minutes. Invert until cake loosens. Ice with following:

Lynn Says:

Sugar-Savers: When stewing fresh or dried fruits or making fruit sauces, add sugar or syrup just a few minutes before cooking is finished. Don't forget to add a pinch of salt to the fruit while it cooks. Both these little tricks will help make the fruit seem sweeter without using up a great deal of sugar.

Dried fruits are rich in sweetening and may be added to fruit whips without any sugar. Simply steep the fruit, cook and put through a sieve. Beat two egg whites until stiff and use 1/2 cup of dark corn syrup beaten into them. The amount of fruit puree required for this amount of egg white-syrup mixture is 3/4 cup.

Since powdered sugar is more readily obtained than the granulated type, use it in icings. Powdered sugar is especially good when mixed in the proportion of one cup to a three-ounce package of cream cheese and flavored with orange juice.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

- Calves' Liver Baked in Sour Cream
- Buttered Spinach
- Fried Potatoes
- Apple-Cranberry Salad
- Rolls
- Jelly
- *Ginger Pudding

*Recipe given.

Sugarless Icing.

- 1 egg white, unbeaten
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Combine all ingredients in top of double boiler. Beat with a rotary beater until thick enough to stand in peaks. Spread on cake.

A delightful spicy pudding can easily be made from sugar substitutes, and these are guaranteed to satisfy the family:

***Ginger Pudding.**

- (Serves 6)
- 1 cup hot coffee
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 well-beaten egg
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon each cloves, nutmeg, ginger

Pour coffee over shortening and stir until melted. Add molasses and mix thoroughly. Add egg and beat. Add sifted dry ingredients, mix until smooth. Pour into wax-lined square pan and bake in moderate oven (350 deg.) for 30 minutes. Spread with the following:

Orange Topping.

- 1/2 cup sugar
 - 2 tablespoons grated orange rind
 - 2 tablespoons orange juice
- Mix all ingredients and sprinkle on top of pudding. Return to oven which has had heat turned off, for about 10 minutes.

Orange Fig Whip.

- (Serves 6)
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup orange fig-filled cookies
- 1 cup orange sections
- 1/2 cup broken nuts

Whip milk and fold in cookies. Add orange sections and nut meats then chill thoroughly. Pile lightly into sherbert glasses and serve.



Use an unbaked crumb filling for pie to save fat. Filling can be made of prepared pudding mixes to save sugar.

Cookies, too, may be made with a pleasing combination of a sugar substitute and only a small amount of sugar:

Peanut Cookies.

- 1 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 cups quick-cooking oats
- 1 cup chopped seedless raisins
- 1 cup chopped peanuts

Cream shortening, add sugar and honey. Beat and add sifted dry ingredients, alternately with milk. Add oats, raisins and nuts. Drop by spoonfuls onto a greased cookie sheet and bake for 15 minutes in a pre-heated (375 degree) moderate oven.

Pecan Crispies.

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 cup confectioners' sugar
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 2 cups pecans, chopped

Cream shortening, add sugar and vanilla. Add pecans and flour. Make rolls about 2 1/2 inches long and 1/2 inch wide. Place on cookie sheet and bake 15 to 20 minutes at 325 degrees. When baked, roll in powdered sugar and cool on wire rack.

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GOD IS MY CO-PILOT
By Col. Robert L. Scoff W.N.U. RELEASE

The story thus far: After graduating from West Point, Robert Scoff wins his wings at Kelly Field and takes up combat flying. He has been an instructor for four years when the war breaks out, and is told he is now too old for combat flying. He appeals to several Generals and is finally offered an opportunity to get into the fight. After flying a bomber to India he is made a ferry pilot but this does not suit him. He talks Gen. Chennault into giving him a Kittyhawk for combat flying, and soon is flying the skies over Burma, becoming known as the "one man air force." Later he is made C.O. of the 23rd Fighter Group, but he still keeps knocking Jap planes out of the skies.

CHAPTER XXVI

We figured that some important announcement was about to be made, and out there in the hostel area everything was quiet. The amber liquid was divided among some forty men, and each of us got a few drops in a Chinese teacup—but it was enough for the ceremony.

The General grinned at us and said, "We've got the Japs worried now, we've hit everywhere except what he thought we'd attack. Tomorrow is the Day." We could hardly keep from cheering. But we held our "brimming cups" and just said, "To you, General." The drops never tasted better.

That night, after the announcement, we closed the post and kept all men from going into town. This would cause talk in the right places, Colonel Cooper went into Kweilin and discreetly passed out the news that we were ready for the main attack. Somehow he arranged for just the right information to begin its round-about journey to the Japs.

The seed had now been sown.

On November 27 the largest force of bombers we had ever used in China, rolled by the largest force of fighters, escorted by the runway at Kweilin. There were fourteen bombers, with twenty-two P-40's for escort. We had also left a strong force on the ground at Kweilin, just in case the Jap tried something while we were away. I led the headquarters section of the fighter escort and made up the reserve. My position in the escort would be three thousand feet above the bombers. Down below me a thousand feet was Johnny Alison with his flight of eight, on the right flank of Morgan's bombers. Colonel Bruce Holloway had the flight on the left flank, another thousand feet lower. Colonel Cooper was riding in the lead bomber as intelligence officer, and that day was going to demonstrate the teamwork that he had striven for, between the fighters and the bombers.

Cooper had been so anxious to accompany our raids that he seemed keenly disappointed whenever other duties interfered. He was threatening today to take over one of the turbines in the lead bomber and shoot down the first Jap. I joked with Cooper on the way to our fighters that morning, and told him that we in the fighters were so glad to have him along that we were going to let one Jap through, just so he could shoot it down and get the pilot's ears for his little boy. We laughed as we separated.

The large formation—large for us in China—assembled over the airdrome and took a course North in the direction of Hanoi. We wanted reports from other spies in Kweilin to get started, for this mission was planned mainly to get the Jap Air Force into the air where we could get at it. We usually evaded towns as we began our attacks, but today we went over Kweilin, and then to the North. When we were beyond the prying and ready ears of any spies, we turned to a direct heading for Hongkong.

Now we climbed above high overcast to twenty-thousand feet, and settled down for the three hundred miles ahead. In fifty-five minutes the clouds began to break and scatter, and we approached enemy territory with a cloudless sky and perfect visibility. Over to the right now I caught the glint of the sun on the junction of the three rivers that meet near Canton in a figure like a trident. Far ahead I saw the hills of Hongkong Island and the ever-present fog banks out in the Pacific.

We crossed the East River that led down to Canton, and the bombers turned ninety degrees to the right, away from Hongkong—and we swept towards Canton. For again we were going where the enemy were not expecting us. The General was about to outguess the Japanese as always.

I could imagine the small aerial screen over Hongkong watching and waiting, while on the ground at Kai Tak in Kowloon, on Sanchau Island, at Tien Ho and White Cloud in Canton, the enemy Zeros were waiting to take off after we had passed Hongkong, to come and get us over Canton, or to intercept us on the way home. We bore in towards our targets—shipping on the East River at Canton and at Whangpoo Docks. We had special reports that two freighters were unloading new Zeros and spare airplane engines at Canton that morning.

Just South of Tien Ho airdrome, we split the bomber formation, and one of the fighter echelons went with each of the three bomber flights, each with an assigned target. My flight stayed with the lead bomber formation, and I saw our target, an

8,000-ton freighter surrounded by many lighters, there in the river. The smoke from the single stack was lazily going straight up. Morgan's bombardier was bending tensely over his bomb-sight now, keeping the cross-hairs on the target. I knew the A.F.C.E. was flying the lead bomber as we went on the straight bombing run towards our target.

I saw the string of bombs bracket the freighter perfectly, and later photos showed four direct hits from the first flight. The lighters around the doomed vessel were blown high and in all directions. Down to our left, Holloway, escorting the other flight whose target was a freighter, saw the vessel hit, then saw the smoke. Alison had his fighter force with the third flight; they had already bombed the docks and were fighting Zeros from getting to the bombers.

Then, under the lead flight of bombers, I saw the enemy fighters coming up and I knew we had them. All the enemy planes were below us, climbing steeply for the bellies of the bombers. They had waited on the ground too long, had waited for us to pass Canton and go on to Hongkong. Now we had every advantage. General Chennault had foxed them again, and I had an idea that we were in for a profitable day.

I called directions to the group as the bombers closed up and I started down. Alison was even now shoot-



The Flying Tiger of the AVG tears through the Chinese Sun and jumps Jap flag.

ing down Zeros around the last formation of bombers. Holloway called to one of his elements to take the climbing Jap ships and return to formation. We were fighting this battle like a business, and we were going to keep together until every bomber was safely on the way home to lunch at Kweilin.

About four thousand feet under the leading three bombers I could see the first of the steeply climbing Japs. As I dove closer I could even see the white smoke rings that formed in front of his wings, and I knew from experience that he was firing his cannon at the bottom of the bombers as he climbed. The Jap carries in his wings smaller guns that have tracers; he gets these on his target, then shoots his cannon. As I took this first enemy ship, I had one moment of panic; it seemed very close to Morgan's lead ship—maybe I couldn't get it in time. Then my dive took me right up above the Zero, between him and the bomber. I held my fire until the last two hundred yards, and shot the Zero down with a two-second burst. It exploded within a hundred yards of the ship in which Colonel Cooper was—he confirmed it for me later. But as I pulled up and looked for the next enemy ship, I recalled that I had almost made my joking threat too good. For the Jap had got too close to the bomber in which the Chief of Staff was riding.

My wing man stayed with me and we fired on the second Zero together. I could see his tracers coming from my right. I closed in with a full-deflection shot and held a burst ahead of the next enemy ship. He climbed on up towards the bombers and flew right through my tracers. His ship turned in a slow, almost too deliberate half-loop, stalled out, then dove straight down. At first I thought that I had fired too far in front of him and he'd turned to evade the fire; then, as I watched the speeding ship go straight into the hills between Tien Ho field and White Cloud, I knew I had shot the pilot. The ship did not burn until it crashed.

I fired at six Japanese fighters so fast that I didn't see what happened to any of them. You get a snap shot and then the Zero is gone, rolling over, or you're turning for another one, or you're getting your nose down to make sure that you never lose your speed and too much altitude when you're fighting those highly maneuverable ships.

One other I saw trailing smoke as he rolled over, but I didn't get to see him catch fire or crash. The bombers had outrun our dog-fight and were going down-hill fast for Kweilin. I heard Morgan call that chow was on, and I knew he considered his bombers safe. I called

and told Captain Goss to escort the bombers to base.

The others of us broke away looking for straggling Japs. I took my flight over towards White Cloud airdrome, where ack-ack was so heavy that it was just about making the sky black. I guess I must have thought of Lieutenant Daniels—for I dove. I hadn't heard a single P-40 call for help; so I was fairly confident that we had won the battle. My wing man must have got lost in my dive.

From the altitude at which I had started my White Cloud, but as I pulled half out of the four-hundred-mile-an-hour dive over the hills South of the airdrome, I saw an airplane. It was a big ship, which I soon saw had three engines. The door was open, and I think men were hurrying to get in or out. Two cars were driving away from the ship. Even at my speed I tried a burst at the tri-motored Junkers 52, but I saw the tracers go short, and when I got closer I could see the dust far to the left of the target. My speed was so great that I couldn't hold enough pressure on the rudder steadily for accurate shooting. But I must have gotten a few tracers in, for as I swept low over the ship it seemed that dust was churned up all about.

Turning low, I came back for a better shot. The ack-ack was so thick that I nearly forgot and turned back. After all, that which I could see had already exploded, and if I wasn't hit yet I was as well off one place as another. My burst caught the engines of the transport, which I could see now were running. Uniformed passengers were jumping out of the door. I turned steeply and fired on the door, then into the fuselage. The ship was smoking, and the engines had either been shot up or had been cut off, for they had stopped.

My engine missed several times, as it had done from some poor gasoline earlier in the flight, and I decided to let well enough alone and get away about White Cloud. Keeping just about down in the keep. I went straight North to the river. With the engine missing every now and then, I spent a miserable few minutes that seemed like a year until I got out of Jap territory.

I landed at Kweilin, and while I counted the holes in my plane I watched for the last of the fighters to come in—half trying to count the twenty-seven holes from the ground-fire around White Cloud and half trying to sweat all the twenty-two fighters back. All the bombers were in and were being serviced and bombed up again. Eighteen fighters finally came in, and we worried until we got word that the other four were at another field and would be back later in the afternoon.

We made our reports to the General and we knew he was pleased. Out of 45 Zeros that had come up for us over Canton we had shot down 29 that were confirmed. Alison had stayed back there for twenty-five minutes and definitely had seen that the two freighters loaded with Zeros and engines had been sunk. The nature of the cargo was eventually confirmed. Three weeks later we dive-bombed the salvage parties that were diligently trying to raise the sunken freighters. Evidently there had been something very valuable to the Japanese on the two big vessels.

We went on back to Kunming. Sometimes I wonder if the Jap ever did find out where General Chennault was going. Years after maybe they'd still be flying that patrol over Hongkong, waiting for the attack that we were supposed to make.

As we carried out the long missions into Burma in the days that followed, I thought about how the spirit of our air warfare had changed from what I had heard about and read of the last World War in the air. There had been an element of knight-errantry depicted in that first struggle in the skies. Now I thought I knew why.

Back then the pilots had been carefully hand-picked. They were the adventurous, devil-may-care hot-bloods, like those boys who had been the Confederate cavalry in the War Between the States. More than likely when they fired at another pilot and then saw that their victim's guns were "jammed," they may have "saluted" and dived away, unwilling to destroy the helpless enemy. But this was a different type of war, against a race of fanatics, who had been repressed for so long in their warped minds that they were barbaric madmen.

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AROUND THE HOUSE

Pin perfume-soaked dabs of cotton to the hems of garments to lend a subtle fragrance to body and clothes.

Because of the residue of animal fats, which pelts naturally have, some perfumes suffer unpleasant distortions when applied to furs. So, it's a good idea to test out the compatibility of your muskrat or mink with your own perfume before you whoosh on a lot of the fragrance.

As far as possible all windows in a house should have a similar appearance from the outside; if the draperies hang straight, sheer curtains used with them should also hang straight.

Soft, figure-acknowledging jerseys and crepes are favorites this year. They should be laid away when not in use and not hung from hangers or hooks, because even their own weight will distort them.

If you have difficulty driving a finishing nail into hardwood without bending the nail, drive the nail through a bottle cork, then through into the wood. After nail has started well into the wood, pull the cork off and finish driving the nail.

Defrost refrigerator when ice coats coils as much as one-quarter of an inch and, while the box is being de-iced, clean the shelves, hydrator, walls, trays, ice compartment, drain pipes—with hot water mixed with a handful of baking soda. To clean outside of box and remove all stains, use soapy hot water and, where needed, a gentle scouring powder. Give box an airing before turning on current. Refill trays with fresh water and mop these dry before returning to ice compartment.

Use a curling iron to stretch the fingers of washable kid gloves.

Bacon fat and salt pork drippings add to the flavor of kale, turnips and legumes.

When ripping clothing with a two-edged razor blade, cut a slit in a cork and put it on one side of the blade to protect your hands from being cut.

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