



Celebrate Columbus Day by Making Some New Discoveries Yourself!

"In fourteen hundred and ninety two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue" and cried "mira, la tierra," on October 12th, when he first sighted the land of the free. That discovery rates Christopher a holiday named for him, and puts his picture in all the history books.

Homemakers—long experts at discovering the hour of daughter's arrival home or whether Johnny washed his neck—are advised also to turn amateur Columbuses for their own culinary celebration of the day and find out some new discoveries for themselves. Possibly no days will be named for us, but some good food is certain to be the result!

Among the suggested things for you to discover on October 12th (or any other day) are how good some of the dishes of Columbus's native land can be. Christopher was born in Italy, married in Portugal, sailed from Spain, and discovered America. This gives us an opportunity to do him honor by serving a dish from every land; some of the recipes are given here. And here are some discoveries:

Discover how extra-delicious and new bananas can be when they are served as a vegetable, baked, broiled or fried! They're good in fruit cups, salad, sandwiches and desserts, but they're good with the meat course too. Use the partially ripe or green-tipped bananas, or the firm yellow-ripe ones for cooking. Ever try them au gratin? Just mix a fourth-cup of grated cheese with a tablespoon dry bread crumbs, add a half-teaspoon salt. Then roll six bananas (cut in halves crosswise) in two table-spoons lemon juice, then in cheese-crumbs mixture. Put in a greased baking dish and bake for 15 or 20 minutes in a hot oven.

When you make these "foreign" dishes you'll discover how "peppy" pimientos and olives can be. Ever try combining chopped pimientos and chopped salted pecans with a little mayonnaise for a sandwich filling? Or chopped olives and chopped cooked bacon?

Did you ever discover the pungency garlic gives dishes? Columbus liked it, so rub a clove on your salad bowl; try putting one right in your bottle of Worcestershire and using to flavor tomato juice; rub your steak with it before broiling, sometime.

But pause to discover the goodness of these recipes, and note

their historical connections!

Spanish Rice

While you are honoring Queen Isabella with this one, discover how economical is our good friend rice:

- 3 cups cooked rice
- 1 onion
- 3 slices bacon
- 2 cups tomatoes (canned)
- Salt and pepper

Cook bacon and onion in heavy skillet until brown. Add rice, salt and pepper to taste, and tomatoes. Mix thoroughly. Cook in frying pan 30 minutes or longer, or place in baking dish and cover with buttered crumbs.

Three Ships a-Sailing

A little far-fetched perhaps, but these are supposed to represent the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina! Stuff pickled dates with chopped peanuts which have been moistened with a little orange juice. Then stick three halved peanuts or end upright in filling to represent sails.

Columbus Pancakes

Columbus refused to believe the earth was as flat as a pancake and see where he landed!

- 1/2 cup flour
- 2 tbsps. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 bananas

Sift dry ingredients. Add milk to beaten egg and stir slowly into flour mixture until smooth. Pour onto hot, well-greased griddle. Drop a few slices of banana on top of each cake. Brown on one side, then on the other. Sprinkle with powdered sugar or garnish with jelly. Serve immediately. Makes six.

Genoise Croquettes

What Columbus ate on his voyage history does not tell us, but it is safe to believe he'd like these:

- 1 cup ripe olives
- 1/2 cup nutmeats
- 1 slice onion
- 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 eggs (beaten)
- Egg and crumb mixture

Remove olive pits before measuring. Chop olives, nutmeats and onions together rather fine and mix with other ingredients. Shape into small balls or cones, roll in crumbs (dry bread or cracker crumbs) then dip in egg; allow to drip for a moment and roll in crumbs again. lightly, and fry in deep fat heated to 390° F. for 2 or 3 minutes.

paved roads then nor many paved streets in towns of less than 10,000 population.

It was early March. The altitude was about 7,500 feet above sea level. The frost was going out of the ground. It had been a cold winter and the ground had been frozen quite deep. Everything went fine until we reached the end of the gravel road and then things began to happen, not suddenly, as you may imagine, but gradually.

I had never lived in an adobe country so was wholly unprepared for the ensuing two hours. It must have been about four o'clock when we left Dulce. Just a few feet across the railroad the soil began to gather on the tires of the buggy. The farther we went the more soil stuck to the tires. The horses began to show signs of having to pull to move the buggy along what looked like a very slight up-grade. We had not gone out of sight of the Agency, as we called the town, until the wheels of the buggy refused to revolve.

The little horses backed into it and pulled pretty good but they were no match for the mammoth mounds of earth that had taken the place of the wheels. George asked Frisco to stop the team and get out and dig the wheels loose. We all three got out and began to dig. There were no shovels, no timber wherein we could get hard spikes or pries, but we finally got the dirt off the wheels and started on. It was only a very short distance until the wheels stuck again. We reared the horses and dug mud off the wheels about every forty rods until the sun began to sink behind the mountains to the west.

The horses then began to show signs of giving out. It was past supper time and we were hungry. When I stepped on the ground the adobe stuck to my rubbers and it only needed four or at most six steps until the weight of the soil adhering to the rubber would pull the things off my shoes. I had on my best suit of clothes. They were getting to look like the last rose of summer piled high with winter snow, only the color would not be the same. It was the only suit I had so it was a serious matter. You will remember that we did not have enough to buy groceries with when we got to Browning, only six months before—short enough when salary is considered but dreadfully long when one thinks of the loneliness, the bleak prairie, the wind, the cold.

After getting a little more than a mile on our way we topped the divide that extended across the country and shut off the view so that the school was not visible from the Agency. The boys told me that the children had been to supper for they were out on the walks. That meant the employees

had also probably eaten.

I hated to leave that trunk out there in the road but we decided to abandon the buggy and come after it in the morning provided the ground froze, as it seemed to promise, for the air got real chilly as soon as the sun sank from sight. One boy got on one horse and the other boy on the other horse and we started for the school. The horses could move along nicely as soon as they were unhitched from the buggy. It left me holding the short end of the sack, but I was gritty and waved to them to go on, while I fought to keep my rubbers on my shoes.

Finally, the muck got so sticky that I decided to get outside of

the beaten track, so I tried hopping from one bunch of sage to another. My hops' lead me at times some distance from the road but as I could see the school I did not mind until I came to an arroyo. It was too wide to jump over, too deep to go down into and climb out again so I had to get back to the road. There I found a bridge and got across all right.

A delegation of employees met me at the edge of the campus and I was introduced all around. Acting Principal Likens showed me to my room where I washed up and came down. Then everyone started for the mess hall and on the way I inquired the meal hours. They told me, and as it was so long

past supper time I suggested that I'd fare all right and that they could go about their duties.

Miss Gunn, a red headed school ma'am from Missouri, sort of giggled. "Oh, we were so busy watching you hop around out there on the divide that we did not take time to go to supper." Then how they did laugh. I assured them that though it "did not matter that they laughed, it was no laughing matter to me." Then they broke out into howls of merriment, in which I joined after a bit though not at first.

Mrs. Ida Clifford of Portland was out to her ranch on Denney Road, Monday.

No Need for Old Eyes to Suffer While Youth Is Served



A single lamp placed at the end of a divan represents improper lighting as well as unbalanced furniture arrangement. Note how well both parties are served when the right lamps are placed on end tables at each side.

By Jean Prentice

"YOUTH will be served," says a well-known adage. But most fair-minded people will agree that old eyes need not be sacrificed in the process. For with a little common sense in the arrangement of lamps and furniture, proper provision may be made for old eyes as well as young.

Watch Eye-Comfort Zones

In the upper left illustration, the tell-tale line of light shows the end of the eye-comfort zone as clearly as a river bank shows where the water ends. It reveals that while little Betty has ample illumination, poor old "Granny" has very little; not nearly enough for eyes that have become dulled by age and abuse. Of course,

Granny knows that she isn't getting enough light, but then, age is tolerant of youth's demands, isn't it?

Too often we go on the basis that just enough light to see by is enough for our needs. That is one reason why eye defects are so prevalent today. We sometimes overlook the fact that our eyes, in order to see clearly, need an abundance of glareless light; far more than we usually give them.

Two Lamps Give Balanced Arrangement

It is unreasonable to expect one lone lamp to provide enough light for two people seated on a divan, unless that piece of furniture is placed away from the wall—alongside a fireplace, for example—in which case it should be placed at the rear center. Any other position, besides being wrong

from a lighting standpoint, makes for unbalanced arrangement.

Light Shades Help

A really sensible way to light a divan situated against a wall is shown in the upper right illustration. Here we have two end tables with lamps of proper height, each equipped with two 60-watt bulbs. (Smaller bulbs cannot be expected to give the required amount of light.) These lamps are not of the "dinky" decorative type, but really do a good job of providing illumination. Note, too, that the shades are quite light in color, permitting the light to come through, and are open at the top, letting some of the light escape to the ceiling, where it helps to illuminate the entire room, and provides a soft, "smoothing" effect, appreciated by all.

DAD'S STORY

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
To talk of many things,
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings."

The majority of the distance from Salida to Alamosa is covered by a straight track, as the crow flies, as the saying goes. But that crow must have loitered by the wayside, I almost repeated that old saying, fallen by the wayside, for any crow that went straight surely must have beaten the train by many hours.

I was quite interested in the first part of the journey, the snow-capped mountains looked just a step away from the train, the tall greasewood, the new homes going up, the strange situation where irrigation water could be obtained from artesian wells at such a shallow depth, all made the travelling interesting. But finally the slow progress of the train, the long waits at the stops, and to cap the climax, the long wait on the side track at Moffet made me sleepy and I dozed off while the sun was still high above the mountain peaks and did not awake until the conductor shook me and told me we were at Alamosa.

Once again I took a room and this time I turned in soon after getting a bite of supper. Perhaps it was the altitude, anyway something made me inordinately sleepy and tired. I arose next morning in time to take the train to Dulce, my destination, expecting to get in early, but again the slow travelling train seemed to stand still. We passed through Chama, N. Mexico, and travelled along the Colorado-New Mexico line until way after noon, though it did not seem that it could be more than seventy-five miles from Alamosa to Dulce.

The whole white population of the village turned out to meet my train. Not that my arrival meant anything special; they always turned out. There were only four or five white families there. Emmett Wirt was post trader, a man licensed to trade with Indians. He was a bachelor and hired Indian help in his store. The superintendent was absent with his family. He had been under investigation, as had my predecessor, the Indian

trial Teacher, the Principal, and several others at the school. The chief clerk, the financial clerk and the physician represented the total white population.

There were several employees at the Indian school but that was not at the village, but located about 1 1/2 miles to the north. Two Indian boys had brought the hack and team to take me to the school. My trunk was on the railroad platform, having arrived two days before I did. Thus everyone was expecting me. The boys had been down the previous day to take me to the school but of course I was slowly coming down San Luis valley.

Joe Large and a big chap we called Frisco were the two boys. They had a little team of Government mustangs, little better than the common run of Indian horses. The rig was a light double buggy, or perhaps spring wagon would be a better name for the vehicle.

After being greeted by all and sundry of the Indian service employees I went over to the Superintendent's office and registered, that is signed the pay roll. Perhaps it might be well to say something about that procedure. We called it "signing in" and it consisted of taking an oath of office, swearing that we would support the Constitution of the United States, accept the position to which we had been appointed and do all our duties, official and otherwise to the best of our ability.

Emmett Wirt took charge of the baggage checks and I asked him if there was any storage on the trunk that had been sitting out there on the platform two nights. He sort of grinned, and said that they were not particular about storing anything much.

The two boys and I loaded the trunk into the buggy and started for the school, a mile and a half to the north. Right there in Dulce the road was very fine. It had been rocked, we would say, now, but at that time I knew little of rock roads; they were gravel roads or paved with paving blocks. I do not think that at that time I had ever seen any cement paving, nor tarvia, but I had seen paving brick laid for street surfacing, and in some of the bigger cities they were using wood blocks for paving, short blocks set up on end, close together with some sort of filler in between. There were no



Outstanding

"OMAHA"—Winner, one after the other, of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont

Omaha is an outstanding horse today.

And in the cigarette world Chesterfield is outstanding.

Both won their place strictly on merit.

Apply any test you like—Chesterfields stand for the best there is in cigarettes.

They are milder . . . yet they let you know you're smoking. They taste better—give you real pleasure.

.. for mildness
.. for better taste