

Pinon Nut Crop Starts Fun Fest

Throughout the area of northern New Mexico, from the land around Santa Fe, miles of pinon forests have been blacked out by a bonanza of minute mahogany-colored nuts. There has not been such a crop for years. It has upset the calm of this ancient land more than did the explosion of the first atomic bomb or the discovery of uranium.

Along the highways, along dirt roads in all directions, cars are parked in long lines. Los Alamos auto plates indicate that residents of the atomic city have fallen under the lure of the minute nut, about the size and shape of a girl's smallest fingernail.

Laborers, businessmen, artists, and writers with their families joined Martinez, Gonzales, and Garcia delegations to shoulder to shoulder. Some came in Cadillac, some in ancient pickup trucks. Some rode in on horseback and some walked.

It did not make any difference whether the bonanza fell on public or private land. Why should it? The sky was solid turquoise. Aspen gold dripped over the nearby mountains. Pickers crawled over barbed wire fences, they slid between gaps in the wire. They carried immense picking sacks over one shoulder and copious bags of lunch over the other.

It was a hilarious invasion sparked with laughter, greetings, and children's delighted squeals. A couple of weeks when property owners found their pinon areas littered with lunch wrappings and many of their fences flat on the ground.

Some of the harvesters hunted for pack rats' nests where it was rumored as many as a dozen pounds of the minute nuts could be found hidden for winter eating by the industrious little animals. It also was rumored that there was an ancient law in the state which decreed that whoever robbed the nest of a pack rat must replace his find with a like amount of corn or wheat. The statutes were searched, and the local press announced that no such law had been uncovered, writes Dorothy L. Pillsbury in the Christian Science Monitor.

But the Martinez, Gonzales, Garcia contingent smiled knowingly. Fair replacement was not a law of the land, but a law of the heart as their ancestors had taught them. That was because the Spanish settlers in the region esteemed the nutritious little nuts as a welcome embellishment to their monotonous diet of beans, corn, and chili. In the adobe of the richer ones, one special servant was set apart to crack the little nuts with a stone rolling pin to extract the toothsome kernel.

Indians valued the little nut likewise. It is said that Indian tribes waging war on one another forgot their differences during a good pinon harvest and picked the nuts one another's territory. Once the harvest was gathered, wars were resumed.

So much had pinon nuts become a part of Indian eating that during World War II Indian boys in the Army scattered throughout the world, asked, but one remembrance at Christmas was "Send us pinon nuts," they answered the inquiring agencies.

But pinon nuts have caused some complications in the region. There was the case of the New Mexico who, some years ago, in desperation scrawled in chalk letters on his blackboard, "You must eat pinon nuts in class, kindly put shells in your pocket, not on the floor!"

And the teachers with Navajo children in their classrooms in autumn often found their classes deserted for weeks during pinon-picking time. Picking and selling pinon nuts was a solid plank in Navajo economy in the days of their poverty — before uranium. Navajo pickers can pick with both hands, which few others can do.

Cameras Explore Sunken City

Exploration of the sunken pirate city of Port Royal, Jamaica, has gotten under way in Kingston Harbor.

Louis Marden, writer-photographer of the National Geographic Society, and Mendel I. Peterson, curator of naval history of the Smithsonian expedition, have joined the expedition.

Led by Edwin A. Link, deep-sea explorer and inventor of the Link trainer for fliers, the expedition will attempt to recover, century Caribbean port. It was reputed to be the wickedest city in the world when its lost-in-time warehouses, shops, and two ships were swallowed up by earthquake and sea in one great gulp in 1692.

Through murky water and the silt-covered floor of Kingston Harbor make exploration difficult, the expedition will use a special "turbidity eliminator." The 300-pound, four-foot-long device is attached to a camera to provide a sealed funnel of crystal-clear, distilled, filtered water between the lens and the object to be photographed.

Mr. Link is joined by his wife, Marion, author of the recent book on underwater adventure entitled "Sea Diver." Expedition headquarters is aboard their new, powerful, 51-foot research yacht, Sea Diver II. It is the first vessel designed and especially built for underwater archaeological work.

The Links are veteran explorers of waters off southern Florida and islands of the West Indies. In her book, Mrs. Link tells how they became interested in Port Royal—the fair of pirates, buccaners, adventurers, and villains of the Spanish Main. Before the city's abrupt end, seafarers in pillared silks swaggered about the streets, noisily spending their ill-gotten pieces of eight.

"From all we could gather, no real attempt had even been made to salvage it," Mrs. Link said. "Eventually we were to feel compelled to explore those long-lost ruins. The urge was irresistible."

Three years ago the Links and Mr. Peterson made a preliminary investigation of the drowned city. This was followed by extensive research that led as far afield as London.



FEATHERED FRIENDS — A covey of macaws finds a living roost with Mrs. George Trabant. The birds make their nests in Tompa.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

TURKEY TIMETALE

Ready-To-Cook Weight (pounds)	Oven Temperature	Total Cooking Time (hours)
8 to 12	325°F.	4 to 4½
12 to 16	325°F.	4½ to 5
16 to 20	325°F.	5½ to 7
20 to 24	325°F.	7 to 8½

TURKEY GRAVY

Ingredients	amount:	2 cups gravy	4 cups gravy
Fat	3 tablespoons	6 tablespoons	
Flour	3 tablespoons	6 tablespoons	
Liquid — broth, milk or water	2 cups	4 cups	

A basic stuffing for a 10-12-pound turkey follows:

SAVORY STUFFING

¾ cup butter
2 cups chopped celery
½ cup chopped parsley
1 small onion, chopped
2-2½ quarts bread crumbs
1-2 teaspoons savory seasoning
1-2 teaspoons salt
Pepper to taste

Cook celery, parsley, and onion for a few minutes in the melted fat. Add to bread crumbs and dry seasonings and stir all together lightly. You may add nuts if you desire.

A timetable for cooking turkey will be found on the top of this article. Here are a few points to remember after your turkey is done. Allow turkey to stand in roasting pan 15-30 minutes so that juices may be absorbed. Remove all trussing equipment, such as skewers and cord. Place bird on a warm, large platter. Use a simple garnish — don't overdo it.

Carve at table so everyone can enjoy the full glamour of the activity. Carve with a very sharp, thin-bladed knife and a fork with a guard. Carve enough meat at one time to serve all guests.

There is a standard way of carving turkey which is, briefly, to remove leg, slice drumstick meat, cut into white meat parcels, cut into white meat parcels, cut into wing, slice white meat. Serve each person portions of both white and dark meat, and serve stuffing from turkey.

TURKEY POT PIE

3 cups cooked turkey
1 cup cooked, sliced carrots
12 cooked small onions
12 cooked small potato balls
¾ cup cooked button mushrooms
2½ cups turkey gravy

1½ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup whole bran cereal
½ cup grated sharp cheese
½ cup shortening
½ cup buttermilk or sour milk

Arrange pieces of turkey and the vegetables in greased 2-qt. shallow casserole. Heat turkey gravy and pour over turkey and vegetables.

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt; combine with bran, cheese and caraway seed. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse corn meal. Add buttermilk, stirring gently until combined. Turn dough out on lightly floured board and knead gently a few times. Roll out to ½ inch in thickness. Cut with floured 1½-inch biscuit cutter. Place on top of turkey mixture. Bake at 450°F. about 20 minutes or until biscuits are golden brown. Serve at once.

OVEN BEEF STEW

1 pound chuck or other lean beef cut in 2" cubes
3 tablespoons flour
4 tablespoons cooking oil
½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons horse-radish
3 cups canned tomatoes
2 medium onions, quartered
2 medium potatoes, cubed
2 medium carrots, cubed
1 cup lightly crushed corn chips (measured after crushing)

Salt beef, dredge in flour and brown in cooking oil in skillet. Add seasonings, tomatoes, onions, potatoes, and carrots. Place ½ cup crushed corn chips in a casserole, then add beef mixture. Top with remaining corn chips. Cover. Bake at 350°F. for 1 hour. Serves 6.

CREAMY LAMB STEW

2 pounds lamb from neck, shoulder or breast
Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons shortening
3 cups water
4 small onions
2 carrots, sliced
1 cup peas
½ cup thin cream (evaporated milk may be used)

1 egg yolk
3 tablespoons flour
Cut lamb into serving portions. Dip lamb in flour and brown in hot shortening. Cover with water and let simmer 1 hour. Add the vegetables and slowly cook until vegetables are done (if canned peas are used, add when other vegetables are tender). Mix cream and egg yolk with flour and add to liquid. Let cook slowly until mixture becomes thick and creamy. Serve hot. Serves 6.

Christmas Isn't For The Kids!

By Richard Gershman
NEA Staff Correspondent

It is the consensus of those who know—child psychologists, toy buyers, Santa costumers and Santas themselves—that Christmas is for the grown-ups. If you must eat pinon nuts in class, kindly put shells in your pocket, not on the floor!

Point one, they say, is that it's a moot question whether the daddy comes or the mommy. The youngsters, or because he loves to see and toy with the toys himself.

The fact of the matter is, says Bill McDuffy, the toy buyer for Gimbel's in New York, during the four-week buying spree before Christmas, some 30,000 parents a day traipse through the department (including papa who is supposed to be working). Look at the counters. Only 5,000 of them actually buy anything.

The kiddies, of course, come in on Saturdays, but by then the folks are worn out and already armed with an idea of what they (the old folks) want to play with on Christmas morning.

And to whom are their toy lists sent? To whom, indeed, but adults.

And who will dispute the Christmas morning fact that it is dear old dad on his hands and knees playing with the new electric train he bought, while Junior plays with the crate in consignment.

In point of further fact, a noted child-parent counseling team says, it's natural for Junior to prefer playing with the toy crates than the toys.

The team—Willard and Marguerite Beecher, authors of "Parents on the Run"—say that to children nowadays, Christmas means only more and higher-priced presents than they receive during the rest of the year.

The original meaning of a spirit of Christmas is fast fading to the younger folk, the Beechers maintain, along with the old family "togetherness" and the original do-it-yourself Christmas.

Mrs. Beecher recalls—as will other sympathetic grown-ups—that as a girl the Yule season was a high point of the year. The entire family had a hand in the preparations. They all went out to chop down the tree.

Good Neighbors And Fences

Ever since Rural Free Delivery was established, our neighbors across the street have shared our mailbox post, so we met on the other morning to discuss repairs after a gale-wind blew it down. The post is on my side of the road because the route comes down hill, and the Post Office Department still requires that the box be located for the convenience of a horse-and-buggy seat.

We found the post had rotted away the base, so it would have toppled soon anyway, wind or no. Bud, our mailman, had continued down the road when I heard the thump. Before I could get out, the rain had soaked the mail, and I dragged the post and boxes onto the lawn out of traffic.

These two boxes were new when the RFD system was started, which was in 1896. Before that, farmers had to go to the village for mail, and usually anybody making the letter for all the neighborhood. The new service was cheered, and before the first driver made the route everybody had to put up a box. Manufacturers embraced the opportunity, and there first appeared the phrase: "Approved by the Postmaster General."

Although the two boxes on our post are unlike, they were both approved, and neither is like the common box of our era today, which has an end opening. Ours are originals, antiques. Moreover, they are made of heavy gauge sheet, well galvanized, and each weighs at least three times that of a modern RFD box will. Perhaps ten times, if you get aluminum.

My neighbor and I surveyed the damage and he said, "I've got a post, spruce." "Let's try spruce," I said. "This one was fir." So I got a screwdriver and wrench and he got his post-hole auger and cleaned out a hole. He came lugging the pole, and with a few swipes of the double-bit ax he heveled the top, and hewed a flat plane to attach the boxes. He showed the post in the hole, tamped in the dirt, wobbled it to see if it were tight, and said, "There." He picked up his tools and went home.

I've often thought Robert Frost's poem about mending wall was thoroughly outside my own experience. It may be a difference between Maine and Vermont. Seems to me the poet and his neighbor approached the thing with an indifference, rather than being doing as an obligation or duty something that could otherwise have been a good deal more fun. Every time I do anything with my neighbors, I have fun. The fun alone is worth the trouble, and the work is all divided.

Frost's neighbor was pitching his fidelity on an aphorism, was mending wall simply because good fences make good neighbors. I think the exact opposite. I think the exact opposite, mainly: "Good neighbors make good fences." I think neighboring is an opportunity and a delight, not a duty to be approached mechanically. Like whipping a boy for his own good.

Now this primitive banking system has been brought to an abrupt halt and the ringleaders have been arrested.

Meanwhile, district patrol officers are trying to undo the harm caused by these swindles.

OH! MY ACHING HEAD

Have you ever noticed how much noise Christmas tree needles make as they drop to the floor on New Year's morning?

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Ship's officer
2. Gulls
3. Afternoon performance
4. Apple
5. On top of
6. Cigarette (plural)
7. Turn right
8. First decimal number
9. Assistant minister
10. Abraham's nephew
11. Composition
12. Building
13. Milkweed
14. Bird
15. Black
16. Mesquite
17. Die coal
18. Buffalo
19. Decapitates
20. Predecessor
21. Chum
22. Not healthy
23. Windmill sail
24. Border on
25. Wise man
26. Church
27. Spartan slave
28. Jewish sect
29. Down
30. As soon as I attached the boxes, we'd be in business again. His division was unchallenged, and I was satisfied. Actually, he had done the hard work. He'd reamed

DOWN
1. Type of powder
2. Jacket

12. Pipe fitting
13. Vapor
14. An act
15. Winding silk
16. Possession
17. Glossy surface
18. This holier, favoured trillium could set aside special offerings and then, one day, they would be rewarded by the arrival of a shipload of white man's goods. All the merchandise aboard would be theirs.

The exporters said they had a better system to conjure forth this desired bounty. So they invited villagers to entrust them with money and goods, saying these would be boxed and kept in specially built houses, known as "house bang banks."

"There," they told the gullible natives, "your treasure will grow." Many were deceived and handed over money and goods.

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20. Mr. Hunter
21. Appointee
22. Tolerant
23. Possession
24. Light touch
25. Unheeded
26. Brass
27. Corner
28. Building
29. Quarry
30. Blowing expert
31. Moho
32. Overcast
33. White

34. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
35. 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24
36. 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
37. 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47
38. 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59
39. 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71
40. 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83
41. 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95
42. 96 97 98 99 100

Answers elsewhere on this page

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

Steers from a cross of Charbray bulls and Hereford cows outranked Hereford steers in many respect in tests supervised by the Lehigh Research Station.

Results — Crossbreeds were heavier at weaning, they gained more each day on feed, and they returned higher hot carcass weight with greater eye of lean area.

Hereford steers topped Charbray crossbreeds with a higher proportion of choice carcasses.

There was no significant difference between the two groups in dressing percentage; total digestible nutrient consumption per pound of liveweight gain; average muscle fibre diameters of samples taken from the chief loin muscle.

In these tests, Hereford bulls and steers of Charbray breeding were turned out with a commercial herd of Hereford cows in southwestern Saskatchewan. The cows were bred at random.

At weaning 25 crossbred steers and 25 Hereford steers were weighed, removed to a commercial feed lot and fed in two groups to slaughter finish.

Successful crossbreeding for hybrid vigor involving British beef breeds is not new to western Canadian cattlemen. A search for other suitable insects is in progress in Europe.

A leaf-eating caterpillar is being tested at Belleville to see if it is suitable to control tansy ragwort in eastern Canada and studies on the insects that attack Canada thistle are in progress both at Belleville and in Europe.

It turned out that this wasn't exactly so. For an interesting reason. What he had done, muscular, was within easy reach of a man equipped with only two hands. What he had left for the easier part, required a man with four hands, which I don't have. I found, at once, that I needed two hands to hold up a box, and two more to start and take up the screws. I grinned to myself, and wondered if he'd thought of this. We'll never know.

I made out all right. I had to do a little rigging. I used the broken-off post as a prop, and got the first box into position and steadied. Then I center-punched for the screw holes, and by fastening on one foot and using the off knee I was able to both hold and twist. The second box, his, went up the same way.

It would have been so much easier if he had hung round long enough to hold the boxes for me while I got the screws started, but as I fussed and juggled with the boxes, he stepped on a leak in his henhouse roof. He was satisfied that the amenities of mending wall had been met, and that if I needed further assistance I would resort to the other part of neighboring, which is "calling on." It is all right to "call on" a neighbor in the situation I predicated on "calling on." And, naturally, I didn't call on. This problem was on my side of the line, and he was busy.

I took all the lagscrews up another quarter turn, to make sure, and laid down the tools. I grasped the box, but not when they were tight. Solid and secure. Ready for Bud when he would come the next day with more lagscrews. Approved by the Postmaster General, they were now approved by me, too, and seemed to be just the right kind of neighbor.

Hereford steers topped Charbray crossbreeds with a higher proportion of choice carcasses.

Do You Know?

BON-BON is just baby talk. From the French word for food, it is just what a child might say of something tasty: "Good-good."

CLAM is so named because his shell snaps tight together. Clam was originally "clamp" — and two of them made a pair of pincers.

FILBERT, the nut, was named for an obscure Burgundian saint. It happens to get ripe about the time of St. Philibert's Day — Aug. 22 — which is the

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

Two men were seated in a subway train. One of them noticed that his friend had his eyes closed.

"What's the matter, Bill?" he asked. "Feeling ill?"

"No, I'm all right," answered Bill. "It's just that I hate to see all these ladies standing."

Upside-down to Prevent Pecking

SENECAVILLE, N.Y. (AP)—A farmer here has turned his henhouse upside down to prevent his chickens from pecking at each other.

The farmer, who has a large flock of chickens, found that the birds were pecking at each other's heads and necks. To solve the problem, he turned the henhouse upside down, so that the chickens were standing on their heads.

The farmer said that the birds were much happier and more productive since he turned the henhouse upside down.

Ang! Went The Natives' Cash

By inventing their own version of the European banking system, some natives on Simberi Island, in the Australian-administered territory of New Guinea, have run into serious trouble.

They got up, recently, as money kings or local bankers, seeking to exploit the "Cargo Cult" superstition. According to this belief, favoured trillium could set aside special offerings and then, one day, they would be rewarded by the arrival of a shipload of white man's goods. All the merchandise aboard would be theirs.

The exporters said they had a better system to conjure forth this desired bounty. So they invited villagers to entrust them with money and goods, saying these would be boxed and kept in specially built houses, known as "house bang banks."

"There," they told the gullible natives, "your treasure will grow." Many were deceived and handed over money and goods.

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Architectural Contrasts --- 1730, 1960 ---

These examples of architecture are separated by some 230 years in time but only 30 miles in distance. You won't find this house, above, in a suburban subdivision. It's the Hendrick Hendrickson farm house, built in Holmdel, N.J., in 1730. Since no "improvements" such as heating, plumbing or electricity have been made, the Monmouth County Historical Assn. was glad to accept the house from Bell Telephone which owns the land. Below is a sketch of the United Nations Library which will comprise on United Nations Plaza in New York City. The marble and glass concrete temporary building, which will hold 400,000 volumes, was made possible by a \$6,200,000 gift from the Ford Foundation. There will be three stories above ground, three below.

These experiments involved 324 pullets confined to individual cages and 530 pullets in floor pens.

At Belleville, Ont., scientists of the Canada Department of Agriculture's Entomology Research Institute for Biological Control are discovering ways of controlling weeds by using the insects that attack them.

Toadflax is not a serious problem in Ontario, where the seeds are attacked by a beetle, but it is increasing rapidly on farms, where this beetle does not exist. Beetles collected in Ontario were liberated at Marsden, Sask.

SPACE COMMUTERS EXPRESS

How tomorrow's spaceman may get up in — and out of — the world in a device which could be used as a shuttle between earth and a space station. With its arrow-shaped wings folded, the vehicle would be lifted into orbit by a three-stage rocket (1) (2). There, 300 to 500 miles high, the pilot would open the huge 1,000-square-foot wings (3) and navigate to a rendezvous with the station (4). After transferring passengers and cargo, the ship would then be guided back to earth (5) to prepare for another trip. The "commuter express" would be able to carry four men and some 14,000 pounds of cargo into orbit.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Rev. R. Everett Warren, B.A., B.D.
Good News for the World
Luke 2:8-14, Acts 1:1-5

Memory Selection: I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Luke 2:10-11.

The poet said,
"Twas great to speak a world from nought,
"Twas greater to redeem."
If that be true, then no wonder that beginning of the visible act of redemption should call forth an angelic choir to announce it. No wonder that Satan and his servants sought to destroy the Christ child.

Much of the beauty of the Christmas story lies in its simplicity. Anyone can understand it. The fact that Jesus was born in such humble circumstances helps us to realize that He is for us all. With Him there is no barrier of rank or wealth. The good tidings of great joy is for all people.

The second part of our lesson tells of this good news reaching the Greeks in the city of Antioch. Many of them believed on the Lord Jesus. When word of this reached Jerusalem, the Jewish capital, Barnabas was despatched to the scene. He was thrilled to see that Greeks as well as Jews were sharing in the benefits of this great salvation. Under his ministry many more turned to the Lord. Then Barnabas went to Tarsus to get Saul whom he had earlier befriended in Jerusalem. Saul came and together they pastored this church for a year. It was during this time that the disciples were first called "Christians." It was very appropriate. Disciples are people who believe in Christ and by His grace endeavor to follow His example in their way of living.

Over 1900 years have passed since the Good News came on that first Christmas morn. Still there are millions who haven't heard. There are millions of others in our so-called Christian lands, who have heard but haven't believed. What are we doing about it? Are we witnessing for our lives? David said of his being lifted out of the mire, "I shall trust in the Lord." Psalm 40:4. He gave a verbal witness, too. He said, "I have not refrained my lips, I have not concealed my faithfulness, and my salvation." Are we passing on the Good News?

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