

TABLE TALKS

done Andrews

Some rules to follow in making cucumber pickles are these: Select fresh, firm cucumbers, small to medium in size. Use enameled, glass, aluminum, stainless steel, or stoneware utensils. When possible use dairy or pickling salt. Granulated and flake salt have the same strength, but do not measure the same.

When using flake salt, increase the measure by a scant one-half. Use high-grade cider or white distilled vinegar. Spices should be fresh and of the highest quality. Use whole spices unless the recipe calls for them to be ground. Tie spices in a cloth so they may be removed before pickles are canned. Seal jars of pickles while boiling hot or else process them in a water bath according to recipe directions.

Here are the general directions for preparing cucumbers for pickling.

FOR SOUR OR SWEET PICKLES

- 48 small cucumbers**
1 cup salt
3 cups vinegar
 Wash and dry fresh 2 1/2-3-inch cucumbers. Put in stone jar or enameled-ware kettle. Dissolve salt in 1 gallon water. Pour over cucumbers. Cover with dinner plates or glass pie plate weighted to hold plate below brine. Let stand 24 hours. Drain. Rinse cucumbers and put cucumbers back into it. Add vinegar to enough water to cover cucumbers. Let stand 24 hours. Drain cucumbers.

SOUR PICKLES

- 3 cups vinegar**
1 cup sugar
1 1/2 tablespoons mixed spices
 Add vinegar, sugar and spices (tied in a bag) to 1 cup water. Simmer 15 minutes. Pack prepared cucumbers into hot jars. Cover with hot pickling syrup. Process pints and quarts 15 minutes in boiling-water bath.

SWEET PICKLES

- 2-4 cups sugar**
3 cups vinegar
1 1/2 tablespoons mixed spices
 Add 1 1/2 cups sugar to 1 1/2 cups water. Boil until sugar dissolves. Add vinegar and spices (tied in a bag). Simmer 15 minutes. While syrup is cooking, split cucumbers into halves. Pour into stone jar or enameled-ware kettle. Pour hot syrup over cucumbers. Let stand about 24 hours. Rinse through several changes of cool water. Drain. Add sugar, spices (tied in bag), salt and 1 cup water to vinegar. (Add more salt if wanted.) Boil 3 minutes. Let stand until cool. Add tomatoes. Boil until tomatoes are clear and syrup is thick. Pack hot, into hot jars. Process pints and quarts 10 minutes in boiling-water bath.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES

- 8 cups thinly sliced cucumbers**
2 cups thinly sliced small onions
1/4 cup salt
2 cups cider vinegar
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons whole mustard seed
1/4 teaspoon whole celery seed
1/4 teaspoon ground turmeric
 Arrange alternate layers of cucumbers, onions and salt. Let stand overnight or six to eight hours. Mix remaining ingredi-

ENTERS IN A FOUR-QUART PRESERVING KETTLE

- 1 cup salt**
5 cups vinegar
4 cups cut cucumbers
2 cups cut carrots
3 cups cut celery
2 red sweet peppers
1 pod hot red pepper
1 cauliflower
2 cups pickling onions
1 cup salt
4 tablespoons mustard seed
2 tablespoons celery seed
1 1/2 cups sugar
5 cups vinegar

Wash, rinse, drain, and cut vegetables as wanted. Dissolve salt in 1 gallon of water. Pour over vegetables. Let stand about 18 hours. Drain. Add seeds (also spices if you want to use them) and sugar to the vinegar. Boil 3 minutes. Add vegetables. Simmer until heated through, then bring to boiling. Pack, boiling hot into hot jars; seal at once.

CRYSTAL PICKLES

- 1 1/2 gallons green tomatoes**
1 cup sliced lime
8 cups sugar
8 small sticks cinnamon
1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1 teaspoon ginger
1 1/2 tablespoons salt
8 cups vinegar

Wash, drain and cut small to 1/2-inch slices. Dissolve lime in 1 gallon cool water. Pour over tomatoes. Let stand about 24 hours in a cool place. Rinse through several changes of cool water. Drain. Add sugar, spices (tied in bag), salt and 1 cup water to vinegar. (Add more salt if wanted.) Boil 3 minutes. Let stand until cool. Add tomatoes. Boil until tomatoes are clear and syrup is thick. Pack hot, into hot jars. Process pints and quarts 10 minutes in boiling-water bath.

TOMATO CHUNKS

Wash, drain and remove core from slightly ripe tomatoes. Cut tomatoes into 1-inch chunks. Measure. For each quart chunks, make syrup of 3/4 cup vinegar, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon whole mixed spices, 1/4 teaspoon salt. Boil 5 minutes. Add tomatoes. Boil 5 minutes. Pack, boiling hot, into hot jars; seal at once. A few slices of onion may be added to each jar if you desire.

A Lesson Learned In Blueberry Time

The vibrant blueberry is now coming in. Put in stone jar or enameled-ware kettle. Dissolve salt in 1 gallon of water. Pour over cucumbers. Cover with dinner plates or glass pie plate weighted to hold plate below brine. Let stand 24 hours. Drain. Rinse cucumbers and put cucumbers back into it. Add vinegar to enough water to cover cucumbers. Let stand 24 hours. Drain cucumbers.

When I was rather small, blueberries taught me a lesson, but I never knew just what to do with it. I had taken my lard pail — in those days everybody had a two-pound lard pail to pick in, and it was his very own property — and I had gone down by the ice pond to glean. About the time I had found a patch and settled to work on it, a large dog sharply delineated a scream arose from a clump of bushes nearby, and a woman came leaping forth in every guise of distress. She was picking the ground about every thirty feet. She paused near me, and explained.

It turned out that she had been calmly gathering blueberries in a 14-quart milk pail, and had something like 15 quarts of blueberries in it when she moved over another foot or two and dislocated a prosperous nest of yellow-jackets' hornets. Yellow-jackets hornets to give them their due, are excellent judges of blueberry ground, and wherever you find a nest, you will find very fine blueberries which frequently last out the season and dry up on the vines and waste their fragrance on the desert air. There is something about a nest of yellow-jackets which discourages close picking. This woman, upon making this interesting discovery, had gathered herself into a departure and come forth. The pail of blueberries was sitting on the ground right beside the hornet's nest, and when she pointed I could see it shining in the puckerish. Comments evolved, and one thing led to another, and this woman at last agreed to divide the pail of berries with me. I would go in and retrieve them.

In after years I have wondered myself, about my evaluations of the gentlemanly customs at that time. I have, now and then, been thrust by chance into certain situations where I might aid and abet the fairer sex without making any gains without it, doing kindly things just for the good feeling it gave me, and to enhance my reputation as a great boon to humanity. But I suppose I was young, and hadn't properly equated the amenities.

There is also the possibility that hornets are a special factor in negotiations. It is true that circumstances alter cases, and "every the circumstances a methodical mind can assemble to insure full consideration I guess a hornet's nest is pretty good. Anyway, this woman and I made a bargain, and I was to get half the blueberries if I would bring out the whole of it.

I thereupon walked over, picked up the milk pail, and brought it forth, doing so without involving the hornets in any way, and arriving back at our unpurged ground intact and unharmed. The woman seemed disappointed. She acted as if I had abused her in some way, and had not fulfilled the obligations of contract. It had been too good for her. She had not expected that the bargain was off, and there would be no dividing of the spoils.

I remonstrated, citing the sanctity of open covenants openly arrived at, and suggested she was not playing fair. With what I have since learned of hornet logic, she reversed this decision, and pointed out that I was the one resorting to subterfuge and chicanery since I had no hornet's nest. I had been stung a few times, she pointed out, it would be different.

While her logic prompted thoughts that were one hopeloss in it. She had not yet regained possession, and it was I who still held the ball of the bucket. "Very well," I said. "And I carried the pail back into the bushes and set it beside the hornet's nest, and passed by on the other side and went to picking blueberries with neither care nor care. Afterwards I went home and mother made a blueberry cake a yard square, and I ate it with gusto and butter, and sat back happily to reflect on affairs and their causes, and don't know to this day if a woman ever got her blueberries or not.

My public service for this afternoon, few inventions, in fact, can be a commercial success — and a sizeable number never be anything more than gadgets or trivia. Yet thousands of amateur U.S. inventors take the plunge every year, bidding the patent profits the way speculators play the stock market.

THE DEACON'S BLUEBERRY CAKE

- 1 egg, whipped light**
1 cup sweet milk
1 1/2 tablespoons sugar
Butter size of an egg
Some salt
1 teaspoon soda
2 teaspoon cream tartar
3 cups flour
2 cups blueberries

Mix the sugar with the egg, melt the butter, and add all to the flour. You'll need a pan about eight by twelve inches and bake at about 375 degrees for about a half hour, or until browned.

Then serve with plenty of butter, and afterwards write me a letter saying thank you. — By John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

Underwater Fight With A Crocodile

A sixty-year-old aboriginal, Samuel Poochemunk, was cruising off the coast of Cape York, Queensland, in a dug-out canoe with his daughter-in-law, Beulah, and her ten-month-old baby, when the girl suddenly screamed with terror as huge claws and teeth gripped her body from behind.

Looking round, Samuel saw that a large crocodile had crept up and struck at her through an out-rigger. The next moment both mother and baby were snatched overboard.

Without hesitation, Samuel dove headlong into the swirling water. He knew instinctively what to do. Feeling for the crocodile's body, he got an iron grip on its twisting tail, moved gradually on until he reached his head. Then he plunged his thumbs into its eyes—something no croc can endure.

The monster writhed, let go of the girl—still clutching her baby—and dove. Quickly Samuel swam back to the canoe, dragging the mother and child. When they reached the shore, first-aid was rendered at a nearby mission. Then the hospital in an ambulance plane. Amazingly, both she and the baby recovered. Samuel was awarded the Royal Humane Society's silver medal for his heroic deed.

Coralie and Leslie Rees in "Coasts of Cape York," say that when they visited Beulah, she showed the wide scars of claw and teeth marks on her arms and back.

One man, hauling across a river, shot two wallabies. Paddling back in his frail skin-bark canoe a croc swam out to him, doubtless smelling the carcasses' blood.

Alarmed, he increased speed. But when the croc came on and nosed round the canoe he decided to throw a wallaby overboard, hoping that would satisfy the creature.

It rapidly disposed of the wallaby, then made for the canoe again. In desperation, the man threw the second one overboard. But still the croc wasn't satisfied. It began snapping and tearing at the end of the canoe.

He saw only a grim death ahead if he stayed with the wallabegged skin-bark, so leaped overboard, hoping the monster would pause to lick up any congealed blood while he swam away. Luckily, some of his friends saw his plight and dragged him ashore before the croc attacked again.

Seized with remorse, he ran up a hill, decked himself with leaves and branches, and dove alone. On his return he told his wife to light a big fire and a spear in the flames, to be perished. The same day Gator's body floated ashore in Mission Bay and was buried there.

When one of their craft struck a Pulu reef, the natives and their revenge by killing all the crew except one.

Anybody who most bibliography story concerned a chieftain, Gator, who went off one day with seven companions because his pregnant wife said she was tired of vegetable food and craved meat. While trying to harpoon a shark he was caught by the line and drowned.

Driven by the wind, the boat reached Daun, where the last chief, Kogea, killed all but two of its occupants. These two escaped and drifted to Pape.

There, the friendly chief gave them food and enabled them to reach home on a favorable wind.

When they met Gator's father and told him of his son's death he was so enraged that he drew them with his stone club, he without them Gator would not have gone to the reef. Then he slew the pregnant wife who was the real cause of Gator's death.

Having vented his anger, he began to regret his hasty action. Seized with remorse, he ran up a hill, decked himself with leaves and branches, and dove alone. On his return he told his wife to light a big fire and a spear in the flames, to be perished. The same day Gator's body floated ashore in Mission Bay and was buried there.

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India, where safflower was indigenous, grows around 600,000 acres a year. It is also planted in the United States.

Paint manufacturers tested safflower oil, found it to be even more than the linseed oil variety. For several reasons, they did not meet with too much success. Both farmers and agronomists had a great deal to learn about safflower culture, and there was no established market.

Everybody Wants To Get A Patent!

Some months after the idea of the "Patent Office" was first put forward by the U.S. Patent Office, the inventor of the "Patent Office" was first put forward by the U.S. Patent Office.

Along with a new overhead system, a new machine was making corrugated potato chips, and a new automatic pilot was being developed.

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Summer's Day Pastoral, 1960...



Timeless serenity of summer day in the country is caught in this photograph of a field near Rapid City. The picture has no news value as such but perhaps cameraman Rudy Vetter of the Red Cross saw in it a more permanent news story than the current accounts of man's brief, tortured activities over this strife-filled world.

THE FARM FRONT

By John Russell

Safflower, grown for thousands of years in the Orient has almost suddenly become a farm crop in the United States. It is generally profitable for its growers and showing great promise for expansion. Commercial production of safflower did not start in this country until after World War II, and in its first year's total acreage was not over 1,500. By 1958, however, plantings were up to 125,000 acres; they doubled in 1959 and in 1960 have risen to approximately 300,000.

Rising demand for safflower oil in the paint and varnish industry, plus a substantial export market, may well push acreage to the vicinity of half a million. The United States Department of Agriculture will probably collect detailed statistics on the varieties previously known. Indeed, a majority of the varieties now grown are designated by a number preceded by the initial N — for Nebraska.

Among the Nebraska originators of new safflower strains was the earnest young agronomist named Carl E. Klassen, today a leading figure in the nation's fast-growing safflower industry.

Paint manufacturers tested safflower oil, found it to be even more than the linseed oil variety. For several reasons, they did not meet with too much success. Both farmers and agronomists had a great deal to learn about safflower culture, and there was no established market.

Out in California, an enthusiast named B. T. Rocca refused to be discouraged. He saw a future for safflower in the United States, and for several years he plowed in safflower and earned as an importer and exporter of vegetable oils. Call-exporter of vegetable oils. Call-exporter of vegetable oils. Call-exporter of vegetable oils.

Dr. Klassen was lured away from Nebraska as president of Pacific Oilseeds, as well as advisor to growers. A young giant named Joseph R. Smith was in the Sacramento Valley, where it is often rotated with rice.

California has about half this year's 300,000 acres. Arizona has 3,000, accompanied by visions of a dozen times this much in 1961. The rest is divided between Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, with a little in North Dakota and Oklahoma.

Although Pacific Oilseeds and General Mills have contracted for most of the harvest, they have no monopoly. Practically all of Arizona's acreage is under contract to Calcana Safflower Products, Inc., offshoot of a large Canadian company with headquarters at Medicine Hat.

Safflower can be grown in any locality that enjoys 125 to 150 frost-free days in a year. It is planted in spring, threshed in the fall, everywhere except in irrigated southern California and Arizona, where December seeding and June harvest are the rule. The farmer uses the same equipment as for barley or wheat, and his cost is little if any higher than with grain.

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Activities of Pacific Oilseeds were not confined to California, however. The firm joined with General Mills to build a crushing plant in Sidney, Neb., and to persuade northern and Great Plains farmers to grow safflower.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. E. Larely Warren

Isaiah 11: 1-9

Memory Selection: He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Isaiah 2: 4.

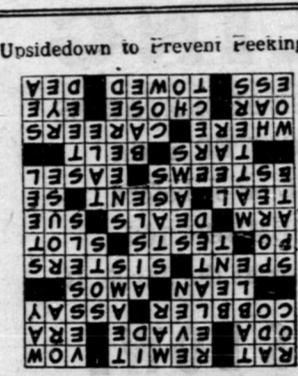
Isaiah wrote more of the coming Messiah and His kingdom than did any other of the prophets. In our lesson Messiah is identified as a descendant of Jesse. Some of Isaiah's loyalty and confidence in the royal line of David that he looked forward for a leader who would give them a better day. "But Isaiah looks for one who is far above the ordinary. He shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears; but with righteousness shall he judge the poor." The "rod of Jesse" will bring peace. Those who have received Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior do experience this peace. But in the world about us there are wars and rumors of wars. As I write some of our friends local conflicts. But Isaiah's vision is still unfilled. In USA 20% of the federal budget goes for defense. When Jesus Christ shall slay the wicked with the breath of His mouth and reign without a rival no money will be spent for armaments. "Neither shall they learn war any more."

The mass of people around the world long for the day of peace. Most people are sick and tired folk may welcome war that they may add to their wealth but most people would prefer a modern living, made in peaceful pursuits.

Jesus Christ is the answer for our needs today. Let us as individuals submit our wills to Him and hasten the coming of His kingdom.

A man is liable to lose control of the car if he applies the brake on a curve, says the Ontario Safety League. And is almost certain to, if he lets his wife and son learn to drive.

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Unsidledown to Prevent Reeking

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SUN-POWERED — Solar furnace with meticulously finished reflecting mirror turns sunshine into 7,000 degrees F. of heat. The furnace uses new materials developed for missile nose cones, rocket engine nozzles and space craft that must withstand enormous heat.

THE GIRL IN THE GLASS HOUSE — Washington, for some time location of the "World's Largest Chair," now has a glass house. Lynn Arnold is shown waving to spectators from the house which is 12 feet by 12 feet and set positioned 16 feet above the ground. It's a parking lot publicity gimmick.

Answer elsewhere on this page.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. Fabulous bird. 2. Systematic. 3. Connected by. 4. Not varying. 5. Period of time. 6. Fruit. 7. And's eye. 8. Physically. 9. Italian city. 10. Canoe. 11. Narrow. 12. Distributes. 13. Wife to court. 14. River bank. 15. Impertinent. 16. Period of time. 17. Artist's stand. 18. Zone. 19. Profoundly. 20. Profoundly. 21. Profoundly. 22. Profoundly. 23. Profoundly. 24. Profoundly. 25. Profoundly. 26. Profoundly. 27. Profoundly. 28. Profoundly. 29. Profoundly. 30. Profoundly. 31. Profoundly. 32. Profoundly. 33. Profoundly. 34. Profoundly. 35. Profoundly. 36. Profoundly. 37. Profoundly. 38. Profoundly. 39. Profoundly. 40. Profoundly. 41. Profoundly. 42. Profoundly. 43. Profoundly. 44. Profoundly. 45. Profoundly. 46. Profoundly. 47. Profoundly. 48. Profoundly. 49. Profoundly. 50. Profoundly. 51. Profoundly. 52. Profoundly. 53. Profoundly. 54. Profoundly. 55. Profoundly. 56. Profoundly. 57. Profoundly. 58. Profoundly. 59. Profoundly. 60. Profoundly. 61. Profoundly. 62. Profoundly. 63. Profoundly. 64. Profoundly. 65. Profoundly. 66. Profoundly. 67. Profoundly. 68. Profoundly. 69. Profoundly. 70. Profoundly. 71. Profoundly. 72. Profoundly. 73. Profoundly. 74. Profoundly. 75. Profoundly. 76. Profoundly. 77. Profoundly. 78. Profoundly. 79. Profoundly. 80. Profoundly. 81. Profoundly. 82. Profoundly. 83. Profoundly. 84. Profoundly. 85. Profoundly. 86. Profoundly. 87. Profoundly. 88. Profoundly. 89. Profoundly. 90. Profoundly. 91. Profoundly. 92. Profoundly. 93. Profoundly. 94. Profoundly. 95. Profoundly. 96. Profoundly. 97. Profoundly. 98. Profoundly. 99. Profoundly. 100. Profoundly.

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