

The "Twist" As Seen By British Eyes

"A degrading, decadent and obscene ritual which outrages human decency."
"A healthy, exhilarating exercise which, when performed skillfully, produces graceful and attractive movement."
"The biggest thing since Asian flu."

"Synthetic sex turned into a sick spectator sport."
All these things have been said about THE TWIST — the latest, liveliest, zaniest dance to hit this country.

To get to that, you have to ask first: "What is the Twist?"
First man to make a record of the dance was the twenty-year-old colored singer from Philadelphia, "Chubby" Checker. He says: "You move your feet as if you were grinding out a couple of cigarette butts, and move your arms as if you were toweling your back after a bath."

"Actually, it is no more than swaying naturally to musical rhythms."
But is the dance really no more than that?

The El Morocco nightclub in New York has banned it.
So has the city of Tampa, Florida. And the Rev. William J. Penfold of Decatur, Indiana, calls it "an excuse for depraved people to make lewd and lascivious movements to music with the aim of stimulating sexual passion."

Since it hit Britain, the Twist has been danced in the best places by the best people. But Mr. Bernard Stetson, managing director of the London Dance Institute, has banned it from his studio. He declares: "It is not a dance at all."

"This abandoned, suggestive and uninhibited ritual belongs to the African bush."
Repiles the man who has done most to popularize it, Chubby Checker: "Of course it's sexy. All dances are based on sex."

"The great thing about it is that everyone can do it. Anybody who's got rhythm has got the Twist."

Back to Mr. Stetson: "The Twist is a complete negation of ballroom dancing. These people don't need partners."

"I've seen as many as fifty men and women dancing at all independently, completely oblivious to each other."

"It has an obsessive, self-satisfying effect. I would compare it to taking a dangerous, stimulating drug."

"At first we were prepared to allow an approved version of the Twist, suitable for the ballroom, in our school. Then we realized it might become more and more abandoned and suggestive, so we decided to ban it altogether."

But debonair Victor Silvester, one of Britain's ballroom dancing



HARDY VIKINGS — In the maritime tradition of their ancestors, these kindergarten tots play in a boat supplied by fishermen in a small village in the northern part of Norway.

TABLE TALKS

Over the years, the two most popular luncheon dishes at a farm mid-western tea room have been cheese soufflé with rabbit sauce and scalloped chicken served in individual shells.

CHEESE SOUFFLE WITH RABBIT SAUCE
6 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup flour
3/4 cup milk (or a little more)
Dash salt
Dash white pepper
1/4 teaspoon mustard
4 drops Tabasco sauce
1/2 pound grated cheese, Canadian

12 eggs, separated
Melt shortening and flour and blend. Add milk and seasonings with Tabasco and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Boil 1 minute while continuing to stir. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add cheese, then egg yolks. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into first mixture. Pour into well greased baking dish. Bake at 300° F. for 40 minutes, or until spatula inserted comes out clean. Cut into 12 servings and serve with cheese sauce.

CHEESE SAUCE
1 quart milk
4 tablespoons flour
1/2 cup butter
2 cups old English style cheese
1 cup Cheddar cheese
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Salt to taste
Mustard
2 teaspoons paprika

Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, and milk; add seasonings. Combine cheese, gravy, and seasonings. Place in individual baking dishes. Top with buttered crumbs. Place in 350° F oven until dishes are heated through and crumbs are brown.

SCALLOPED CHICKEN
4 cups diced chicken
1 pint thickened chicken gravy
Salt and pepper
1 teaspoon celery salt
1/2 cup buttered crumbs for topping

Combine chicken, gravy, and seasonings. Place in individual baking dishes. Top with buttered crumbs. Place in 350° F oven until dishes are heated through and crumbs are brown.

SHORTCAKE
1/2 cup whole bran cereal
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cups sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup ground, cooked ham
1/2 cup butter or chicken fat
1/2 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon each, pepper and nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon celery salt

1 cup chicken stock
1 cup milk
1/2 cup light cream
1 cup diced, cooked chicken
2 tablespoons pimiento cut in strips

Combine bran cereal and milk; let stand until most of moisture is taken up. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse corn meal. Stir in ham. Add bran mixture, stirring only until combined. Spread in 8x8-inch pan. Bake at 425° F. about 30 minutes. Cut into 4x 8 1/2-in. pieces.

Melt butter, stir in flour, salt, and nutmeg.

Combine bran cereal and milk; let stand until most of moisture is taken up. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse corn meal. Stir in ham. Add bran mixture, stirring only until combined. Spread in 8x8-inch pan. Bake at 425° F. about 30 minutes. Cut into 4x 8 1/2-in. pieces.

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Getting A Toaster The Hard Way

Technology has its minor moments, just as it has its epic. I thought of what Colonel Glenn said about the adaptability of human life to unprecedented conditions as I studied our new toaster. I decided that nostalgia for the simpler days must be unquenchable.

For a minute, though, I wondered if making toast as we used to make it — in the oven — wasn't better. It had the element of adventure, inasmuch as the chances of burning the bread black were 10 to one. It took character to make toast when I was a boy. Now it takes a push-button.

The early toast-maker was a resourceful person, I mused, and if he didn't have an oven, there were other ways. He could hold a piece of bread on the end of a fork over the campfire with one hand and shield his eyes from the smoke with the other. I remember a time when the gracious wife of one of my colleagues, determined to make a small budget produce a large variety, learned how to make toast over the gas heater in the hotel room.

But here we were, my wife and I, after more than two decades with a toaster than two decades without, beginning a new life anew electronically. We pondered the instructions. We pressed the gadget that said "Open" and the gadget that said "Start" and I began to think that adventure had gone out of our lives. Then I remembered Colonel Glenn and I also remembered what was involved in acquiring this shining new contraption.

It took, precisely, 11 1/2 books of trading stamps. To gather that many, for our small household, required nearly two years. Anybody who thinks they are not without mediocrity, needs his sensibilities sharpened.

Take their demand on me. Trading stamp people say they have a hard time persuading men to accept the stamps. I know. Some hidden timidity pops forward every time I ask for them. I say, "Thank you, my wife is saving them." Or, "You know how women are." Or, "I wouldn't dare go home without them." The man at the gasoline pump usually smiles understandingly. Sometimes he says, "Sure, I've seen more than enough of these stamps, aren't they?" If he has consulted the new Webster, he says "ain't."

Again, I have driven 10 miles out of my way, nearly running out of gas, to get stamps. When Kimmins Hendrick in the Christian Science Monitor, I remember once we drove almost 100 miles beyond the point of destination during a desert trip in one of our cars. I was a pioneer feeling to go that far on the Mojave without any assurance the gas will hold me. You are justified in saying at least once to your wife and somewhat truculently, "I hope you won't mind walking."

One devastating experience occurred recently. We were closely in a no-stamp region, and I was wishing we would buy a toaster and forget about stamps when suddenly we saw the sign. I said, "Foil, please," for a foil-lined toaster. The salesman said, "I'll get you a toaster and three minutes to recover equilibrium."

Now that we have the toast, though, it is nice to have these memories. The toaster does everything but talk. If it could talk, I think it would probably remind us that Colonel Glenn's words of wisdom are applicable even to household developments. It certainly wouldn't need to insist that the good old days are getting better. The way the gas door opens when the toast is golden says enough.

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Hard Cash — The Harder The Better!

The writer of the recent letter to the Christian Science Monitor entitled "Hard Cash," if he is patient, may now hear some of the reasons why the Westerner is so attached to "real" money.

Did he ever hang up his stockings on Christmas Eve and find, after he had extracted all the other contents, a beautiful, smooth, round five-dollar gold piece down in the very toe? I have. Does he remember the childhood joy he had in such a gift, entirely apart from any monetary value? I do.

Was he ever sent to the store to buy meat or groceries with a luscious ten-dollar gold piece tightly clasped in a proud little hand? I have gone on such an errand not once, but many times, and so did all the other children of my age at that time.

Did he ever stand on a school-ward platform at the end of my "speaking" contest and receive, while in a state of the most delicious joy, a red-dish-gold coin as first prize? Many of my older friends did.

Hard money can be cleaned and made as bright as the most attractive new, as was the custom for years of one hotel in that part of the State of Nevada known as The Inland Empire. When a friend came home from a trip, with his pockets and/or purse filled with bright, gleaming silver dollars, all looking brand-new, you would walk up to him and name the hotel where he stayed.

One act of the New Deal which enticed some Westerners was removing our treasured gold coins from circulation and also made it unlawful to own them. We felt a personal insult to have to use "shadow" money whose only worth was the fact that it was backed by our western gold stored in New York City or later Fort Knox.

Hard money means solid worth to the son or daughter of the West. It comes from the mountains or the mountain country and carries with it some of the stability and firmness of purpose of a mountain. It is not made of flimsy, deteriorating paper, but of true metal whose value is enhanced by the very severity of the struggle to wrest it from its natural environment.

One who has watched men go down the mine shafts to work in the earth over a mile deep; or who has seen the ore trains at night snaking their way like living jewels up the mountain side to the bins where the ore is dumped; or who has stood in the mills watching the rolling and boiling of the concentrate as the gangue attempts to resist the compulsion of the reagents to wreathe the good ore from the worthless sand and rock, who has walked by roasting furnaces so hot you can hardly breathe but where men work all day earning their living, or stood at the last stage of extraction and watched the piglike ladles pour out the liquid, molten, red-hot gold stream of copper, silver and gold, hot, alive, vivid; such a one, I say, need not answer as to why he prefers hard to paper dollars, writes Katherine Lovering Cordale.

When a citizen of Montana

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Flowers For A Fair Lady

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FLOWERS FOR A FAIR LADY — Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy smiles at an Indian boy who presented flowers to her during a visit to a boys' home in New Delhi.

THE FARM FRONT

By John Russell

The formula for broiler breed excellence is not as simple as the three basic measurements familiar to students of the human form.

M. S. Mitchell, chief of production in the Canada Department of Agriculture's poultry division, says 4.38, 2.24 and 195.5 are desirable statistics for any broiler chick. They were reached by male chicks of a Canadian breeder at the recent central meat test conducted by the department for commercial broiler breeders.

What does that mean? The body weight of the bird at nine weeks was 4.38 pounds. The amount of feed required to put on each pound of body weight was 2.24 pounds. The percentage of the first figure in relation to the second gives PE — performance efficiency.

If the buildings are being used, the poisoned feed or water should be placed in sheltered runways. A long, wide board propped against a wall in a darkened area makes a suitable runway for the rodents.

A mixture of 40 per cent plaster of paris and 60 per cent fine-ground feed or flour is also effective against rats. The technique is to place a quart seal, one-quarter full of the mixture, on its side. Rats will enter and eat the contents, but hens will not put their heads in the container.

Once rats have been brought under control, continuous vigilance is needed to prevent their return.

Snobs in England are already beginning to lay plans to get around the order of Ernest Marples, Minister of Transport, and stopping the "prestige number plate transfer system."

Planning a party, the wives decided to wear dresses to match the husband's hair. "Gray for me," said another. The third stammered, "I'm afraid I won't be able to come."

The money value, or cost, of personalized registration in the past has been but \$5 (\$14).

To get an old-two-letter, one-figure number—JM 1, JM 2, etc.—the snob has simply had to find out through a local licensing authority what has happened to the car originally bearing the initial and figure he wanted. If it had been broken up he could then pay a fee and have the registration transferred to his new car.

The comedian Harry Tate even owned a one-letter, one-figure number which he had to give up. An unique registration has always had more appeal than a relatively new one for obvious reasons, it suggests that either the number or the driver has been in the family for generations.

Harry Tate's was genuine. He had been one of the first motorists in England.

If, however, an apt letter number was still being taken about the snob could arrange a transfer, also for a \$5 fee, when the machine was sold or destroyed.

Rat control is easier in buildings with deep foundations, concrete floors and heavily screened openings. In older buildings, sheet metal can be used to block the rodents' access to spaces between wall studgings.

Female chicks of the breed which headed the male PE rating had no mortality either. Their statistics were: 3.22, 2.25 and 141.3, the PE rating being second best in the female classes.

Female chicks of the eight commercial entries took 10 days longer than the males to reach 3 lb. and were almost 1 lb. lighter at 9 weeks.

Test were based on 360 eggs of each entry, from which 120 male and 120 female chicks were used.

Infestation of poultry buildings by rats can be solved with careful planned use of poison, says R. M. Blakely, of Canada Department of Agriculture's experimental farm at Swift Current, Saskatchewan.

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