

the fans. The visiting teams felt that they were working being used. Notwithstanding the larger share they were given, they could not forget that it came from a single gate; whereas Michigan's came from a double gate. Moreover, chagrin set in as they began to comprehend what an unsurpassable lead they had allowed Michigan to attain. For, obviously, not every school could undertake to build a second stadium and schedule double games. Simple arithmetic was against it. There were not enough teams.

The fans, too, caused difficulty. They displayed a reluctance to come to Ann Arbor for the less important game. A kind of Gresham's Law in reverse came into operation. Thus on the Saturday when Michigan played Illinois and Syracuse, the first stadium was packed, the other only half-filled. And when Michigan played Notre Dame, the other stadium, where the opponent was Princeton, had a handful of spectators. Worthington, appealed to for help, came up with the daring suggestion that Michigan schedule a double game with Notre Dame in 1960. The idea was that both schools would shuttle back and forth, taking the offensive in one stadium while on the defensive in the other.

To relate the melancholy events of the fatal Saturday just a month ago seems hardly necessary. They are only too well known. The day began fine, the crowds were colorful. The 200,000 rabid fans who had descended on Ann Arbor were getting their money's worth. For the first three quarters the games went off with exceptional smoothness. The score was tied at 14 all in the old stadium, and



Michigan led 21 to 20 in the new. Then, during the fourth quarter, through some caprice of fortune or some momentary tangle in the weary brain of one of the coaches, the irrevocable mistake was made. The Michigan offensive team shuffled from the new stadium to the old at the same time that the Notre Dame

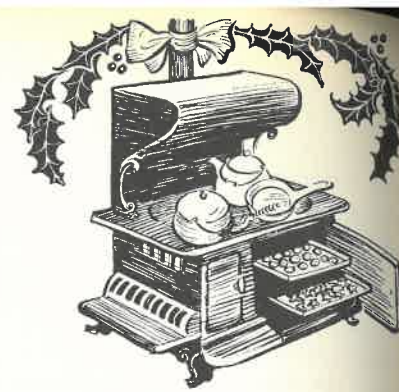
offensive shuffled from the old to the new. This brought Michigan's offensive against its own defensive, and put Notre Dame in a like predicament.

A number of factors prevented the teams from noticing the blunder until it was too late. A drizzle had started to come down in the second half, the fields had been churned to mud, and the uniforms had become unrecognizable. Furthermore, dusk having fallen, the light was poor. And, perhaps most important, the teams had grown so big, with 200 men on each squad, that a player did not know half of his teammates even by sight unless they happened to be associated with him in particular operations. Whatever the reasons, thanks to a special trick play, really a brilliant and thrilling maneuver, held in reserve for this very moment, Michigan scored against itself. Only then, after the extra point had been kicked, was the mistake discovered.

Chaos settled over the old stadium. The gridiron was a darkling plain swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight. The players wrangled. The referees could make no decision.

The snarl never was untangled. Both schools claimed the victory, and some of the Michigan alumni raised a fund to carry the case to court.

But cooler heads quickly understood that something far more serious than the score — namely, the future of football itself — was at stake. What would be the reaction of the fans? Michigan waited anxiously. On the following Saturday the worst fears were realized. Across the entire country the stadiums were deserted, and have remained so ever since. Most of the schools have not even bothered to play the scheduled games. A stupor of bewilderment overwhelmed the fans. Apparently their firm faith in football had toppled and they would have no more of it. Although a few schools have gone ahead halfheartedly to draw up a schedule for 1961, it is certain now that intercollegiate football is as dead as falconry or dueling. Most of the big schools have announced that they are quitting the game. With its usual hardheadedness and resourcefulness, Michigan has already put its best minds to work devising uses for the two stadiums at Ann Arbor, so that it need not default on the bonds. Plans are afoot to hold a festival of Greek drama in the new stadium next spring, opening with Euripides' *Hercules Distracted*.



CHRISTMAS COOKIES

by VIRGINIA PASLEY

VIRGINIA PASLEY is a former Chicagoan and news reporter who now lives in New York. This article was taken from *The Christmas Cookie Book* by Mrs. Pasley, which has just been published by Atlantic Monthly Press-Little, Brown.

CHRISTMAS came to our big old-fashioned kitchen on Chicago's north side long before the holly wreaths went up in the front windows or the Christmas bell was hung on the door.

Christmas came to our kitchen on the wings of a frosting-painted cookie angel, in the hundreds — no, thousands — of cookies spicy and sweet, crispy and chewy, that were baked and decorated there — cookies to be packed lovingly into baskets or boxes and carried to friends or served in our own house throughout the holiday season.

During the Christmas baking, our kitchen, always the focal point of the household, took on exciting new values with a succession of tantalizing aromas. The essences of honey and cardamom, cinnamon and cloves, molasses and ginger, mingled with the heady ambrosia of rum and apricot brandy, and the fragrance of anise, the dark pungency of black walnuts, the almost cloying sweetness of almonds-pounded with powdered sugar and egg white. Finally, as the magic day approached, the kitchen was redolent with the gentler scents of melting butter and caramelizing sugar, with now and then a whiff of nutmeg or mace or chocolate and vanilla.

Cookies were everywhere — cookies in the batter stage, cookies being rolled out on the big breadboard, cookies being cut out on the table, cookies just fresh from the oven and impossible to resist even if they burned your fingers, cookies cooling on the marble shelves in the pantry.

ACCENT ON LIVING

cookies being decorated and frosted, and cookie jars and tins stacked high in all available corners.

There were golden macaroons with curlicues of orange peel, frosty white kisses topped with savory minikins of nuts or cherries, sugar cookies, butter crisps, and sugar-frosted black-walnut squares. There were the old-country cookies, the dainty spongelike Springerle and the dark brown spiciness of Lebkuchen and Pfeffernüsse. And there were the special cookies for the children, the cookies to hang on the Christmas tree, in the shapes of stars and bells, white-winged angels with golden halos and blue gowns, the snowmen with frosted buttons, the elves and Santa Clauses.

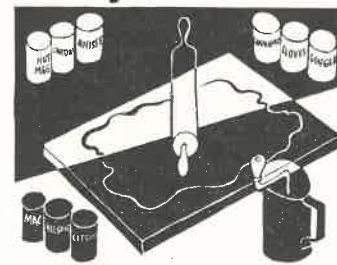
Mother laid in an ample supply of cookie essentials before starting her Christmas baking.

The only items she bought on a day-to-day basis were such perishables as butter, eggs, cream, and so on. The spices and cookie decorations were easy to obtain in all grocery stores.

Today, although ordinary food seasonings can be found in any delicatessen or supermarket, the rarer ingredients of cookie making are sometimes hard to find. Unless you live in a community large enough to support a shop specializing in all varieties of spices, sweet herbs, rare teas, and exotic food oddities from around the world, you will have to ask your druggist or grocer to order them. However, you might first tour the various neighborhood stores, trying the Scandinavians, for instance, for cardamom, the Czechs or Germans for aniseed, the French or Italians for decorations and candied peels.

Our Christmas baking invariably seemed to start unexpectedly, to happen overnight. One snowy brisk day in November we three girls would come in from school rosy-cheeked and cold-nosed, and go wild with excitement at the sight of the big cookie sheets that had burgeoned during our absence, the Springerle board spread out on the kitchen table, and Mama checking her handwritten recipes.

My mother always saw to it that no one, not even the youngest, was made a drudge in the Christmas cookie making. If you shelled nuts, you were allowed to put them on the tops of the cookies. If you measured flour out and sifted it with the



spices, you could hold the spoon and stir for a minute or two. And you were never too young to be given a scrap or two to cut out a cookie of your very own.

We began our Christmas cookie baking with Lebkuchen. Lebkuchen is one of the very oldest of the Christmas cookies — so old, in fact, that there are literally hundreds of different recipes for it. Even the exact meaning of its name is lost. You could translate the word as "lively cookies" or "long-lived cookies" or "life-giving cookies," I suppose. They are lively with spices, and the ones made from honey have a life span (if they get a chance) of from twelve to eighteen months.

Lebkuchen cooks argue endlessly as to which recipe is the best, or the

most authentic, or the oldest. Mama's problem, however, was different but possibly more difficult. She had to try to make Lebkuchen the way Grandma Schmitz — Papa's mother — used to make it. Grandma cooked by the touch system and made the Christmas Lebkuchen herself as long as she lived. She left no recipe for Mama's guidance.

Mama tried recipe after recipe in her attempt to find Lebkuchen "like Mother used to make," and in the meantime perfected her skill with other varieties until she was baking cookies so good everyone was begging for them. That was when Papa suggested she give them to friends on Christmas, and that was how the Schmitz Christmas cookie tradition got underway.

About that same time Mrs. Schmidt next door — no relation to the Schmitz clan — produced a recipe for Lebkuchen that Papa finally approved. Mama took it over and Lebkuchen became the one cookie she insisted on making all by herself, allowing us children only the privilege of slivering the almonds or cutting up the citron.

Mrs. Schmidt's Lebkuchen is probably closer to the time-honored traditional Lebkuchen than the other recipes which we used. In a European farm home where honey could be produced by the inexpensive processes of nature, and where refined sugar was imported and thus prohibitively high, Lebkuchen was the cheapest of all cookies, calling for no eggs, no butter, and only a minimum of lard.



BASKET OF SUNSHINE FOR XMAS!

One-half bushel size filled with finest, assorted Texas grapefruit and oranges — generous jar of Texas Orange Blossom

Honey and a jar of Texas Citrus Marmalade. Fruit wrapped and packed in colorful, hand-woven imported Mexican basket as illustrated. Price delivered: \$5.50 west and \$5.95 east of Mississippi River.

Family packs — bushel box of assorted grapefruit and oranges. Price delivered: \$6.90 west and \$7.25 east of the Mississippi. We also specialize in shipments of Ruby Red Grapefruit or Oranges in other size packages.

All orders for Christmas delivery must be in by December 10. No shipments to California, Arizona, or Florida.

Write for Descriptive Circular

GREEN VALLEY PACKERS, INC.
FINE CITRUS FRUITS
Phone 1100 • 601 W. Highway
McAllen, Texas



"THE SHOWCASE OF WISCONSIN CHEESE"

A beautiful gift-wrapped box containing seven well-aged varieties of Wisconsin's Famous Natural Cheese. Includes Cheddar, Swiss, Bleu, Brick, Smoked, Roanne and Gouda. A real pleasure to give and to receive. Ship. Wt. approx. 4 lbs. Delivered to any U. S. address \$3.90 (Ten or more \$3.70 ea.)

LUXURY PACK

Our choice selection of eight varieties of natural Wisconsin cheese in attractive gift-wrapped box. Ship. wt. approx. 6 lbs. Post-paid anywhere in U. S. \$5.95 (Ten or more \$5.65 ea.)

Please specify whether you want your order shipped immediately or at Christmas time. Unless specified we ship at once.

We specialize in gift mailings for industrial lists. Write for circular.

SAK'S CHEESE HOUSE
MIDDLETON WISCONSIN



ORANGES & GRAPEFRUIT

20 years "know-how" in selecting for finest quality, flavor and juice content. It's "Taste-Tested."

ORDER NOW — EXPRESS PREPAID

Write for free color illustrated folder QUALITY SELECTS (as shown — all fruit). Generously packed 55-lb. Bushel.

Half Bushel — 27 lbs. \$3.50
90-lb. box (1 3/4 bu.) \$9.00

DE LUXE GIFT PACK, choice fruit, 4 assorted pound marmalades, pound fruit cake, pound fancy pecans — full 60-lb. Bushel. . . \$12.00
Half Bushel — 30 lbs. \$6.50
100-lb. box (1 3/4 bu.) \$15.00

HADLOCK FRUIT COMPANY
Box 8T MOUNT DORA, FLORIDA
Prices quoted are shipments East of Miss. River except Wis.—slightly higher West



HOENSHEL Brandied FRUIT CAKE

With loads of glazed fruits and choice nuts—mellow old brandy and fine sherry—these dark fruit cakes delight everyone. You'll love them too! *Plio-film inner-wrapped.* Shipped to you or individually to list.

DARK CAKE . . 1 1/2 lb., \$2.05; 3 lb., \$3.82
5 lb., \$6.02; 3 lb., with brandied hard sauce, \$4.57
LIGHT CAKE 2 lb., \$2.25
PUDDINGS (Plum, Fig, Fig-and-Date) 2 lb., \$1.65 ea.
BRANDIED HARD SAUCE . . 10 oz., 75¢
CINNAMON TOAST SPREAD, 10 oz., 69¢
West of Denver, add 10¢ per pound.
Send check or money order.

HOENSHEL FINE FOODS
1022 Hancock Street, Sandusky, Ohio
Largest Individual Maker of Fruit Cake in the World.

Its principal extravagance was in the chopped citron and orange rind and the almonds.

Lebkuchen is one of those cookies that you either like or you don't. The honey gives it an elastic texture — those who don't like it call it rubbery — and it does have a clinging taste that not everyone enjoys.

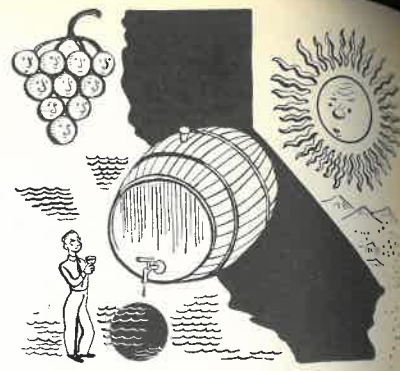
Lebkuchen, incidentally, is not likely to be a favorite with the children, especially as made from Mrs. Schmidt's recipe; but it is greatly liked by those persons who, with advancing maturity and the acquiring of sophisticated, if not effete, palates, have lost their taste for the simple sugar cookies. Lebkuchen is a good cookie to serve with after-dinner wines of the heavier type such as port and sweet sherry.

MRS. SCHMIDT'S LEBKUCHEN

- 4 cups honey (3 pounds)
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 3 tablespoons lard
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 1/2 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon cardamom (crushed)
- 2 cups slivered blanched almonds
- 1 1/2 cups chopped citron, candied orange and lemon peel
- 9 cups all-purpose flour (about)

Bring the honey to a boil, add the soda, brown sugar, and lard, and stir until dissolved. Allow to cool somewhat before adding flour sifted with spices and chopped nuts and fruits. Add flour by cupfuls to make a very stiff dough. Perhaps not all the 9 cups will be needed, since the consistency will vary, depending on the honey and the flour. Spread the dough in flat buttered tins about one half inch deep. Bake in a slow oven — between 300° and 325° — about 15 minutes.

The cake may be frosted with an icing made of confectioners' sugar, lemon juice, and water mixed to the consistency of thin cream and spread on while the cake is hot. Cut the cakes while warm into sticks about five inches long and one inch wide and store tightly in a tin box. These cakes improve with age. They do not get the right texture until they are aged. They may be cut and stored unfrosted, and frosted just before using with the above icing, or with an apricot glaze, or with a heavier icing of confectioners' sugar and cream. With the latter icing, they are usually decorated with blanched almonds, candied cherries, and angelica.



WINES OF CALIFORNIA

by SALVATORE P. LUCIA

A San Francisco doctor by vocation, SALVATORE P. LUCIA is a well-known amateur of fine wines. He served on the Judges Committee, Royal Table Wines, California State Fair, for the past three years and is a member of the Board of Governors, San Francisco Branch of the Wine and Food Society.

THOSE of us who look forward to leisure and ceremony at the end of an arduous day, and choose dinner-time as the period of relaxation, enjoy the part which wine plays in this ritual. The tempo of living is too quick and the length of life too short for us not to observe a respite in an overburdened day. More than the ceremony which a glass of crystal-clear, sound wine brings to this important hour is the fact that wine is a nutrient and a partner to bread; bread and wine are the foundations of a civilized palate. My plea is for a glass of simple, honest wine with ordinary meals, and for a fine premium wine on festive occasions. Wines of these classes grown and produced on native soil are available to us, and the promise is that with greater distribution they will cost less, and thus be within reach of the leanest of purses.

The controversy concerning the relative merits of California wines and French wines has always seemed idle to me. Premium wines constitute less than 5 per cent of the French total wine production, and superior wines make up another 10 per cent. I believe that it is unfair to compare California wine with French premium wines; however, the fine California products are equal to the French superior wines.

The vinous results of Cabernet Sauvignon grown in French earth and grown in our soil differ markedly. In California this grape produces a vigorous, florid, and coarse wine

which needs artful handling and prolonged aging to create the beautiful, rich, suave, and elegant product it can be. On the other hand, the Pinot Noir, the greatest of the French grapes, and the one responsible for the magnificent wines of Burgundy, produces in California a pallid, delicate, and weakly flavored wine. California wines will never be French wines; neither will a Chambertin be a Romanée-Conti, nor a Château Cheval Blanc ever be a Château Latour.

Let us judge California wines on their own merits. The ordinary California table wines are equal or superior to their counterparts produced elsewhere in the world. In the recent past a French training ship visited the port of San Francisco. Its supply of *vin ordinaire* for the daily consumption of the sailors had been exhausted en route, and the purchasing officer set out to replenish his stores with California wine. He bought a large quantity of competitive wine, not particularly celebrated for its quality. The French sailors were enthusiastic over the new wine ration — it was far better than the *vin ordinaire* with which they were usually supplied.

As I see it, there are two major problems confronting the producers of California wine: first, the production for everyday consumption of a sound, honest table wine, uniform in color and flavor, and of low alcohol content, available at a reasonable price, perhaps in half-gallon or gallon jugs; and second, the production of fine varietal premium wines identifiable by the region of provenance, the year of the vintage, and the name of the producer as essential elements of the label, and in addition characterized by full display of the best features of the grape rendered into the wine. No other garniture is necessary on such a bottle. The person in quest of fine California wine could then be his own selector.

There is no doubt that the American is primarily a drinker of hard liquor, and that in the present stage of our development the abominable cocktail — that anesthetic agent of the palate — holds sway. But with the disappearance of the rugged pioneers and the aging of our population, and the increasing longevity, Amer-

icans are acquiring time for reflection, contemplation, and the enjoyment of the good things of life. There is a growing appreciation of table wines in the United States, and they are now available in increasing numbers of restaurants. Societies are being formed for the appreciation of food and wine, and for the good comradeship that comes from the enjoyment of both.

The American people will learn to recognize the wine of their choice by its title. The custom of labeling wines under the name of the variety of grape from which they are made is as old as California viticulture. In 1860, the Arthur Lachmann Company labeled a wine California Grand Noir, and I have tasted the 1892 vintage of Pinot Noir, bottled at Rutherford, California, by Captain Niebaum. The California law states that a bottle carrying a varietal label must contain at least 51 per cent by volume of wine of that grape.

The better red varietal wines include Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Gamay, Zinfandel, Barbera, and Grignolino. These must be distinguished from wines labeled generically Claret, Burgundy, and Chianti. Among the white varietal wines are to be found Pinot Chardonnay, Pinot Blanc Vrai, Sauvignon Blanc, Semillon, Sylvaner, Traminer, White Pinot, White Riesling, and Folle Blanche. These are to be distinguished from the generic Sauterne, Chablis, and Rhine Wine. Over and above the varietal type name, it is important for the purchaser to know a bit about the regions in which some of the better wines are produced — the Napa, Sonoma, Livermore, Santa Clara, San Joaquin, and Cucamonga Valleys, and the Sonoma and Santa Cruz Mountains.

The wines of the Napa Valley are exceptionally fine, the reds are vigorous, big, and robust, and the whites delicate, elegant, and slower to mature than the white wines of the neighboring Sonoma Valley. In general, the wines of the Sonoma Valley are much softer, mature more readily, and can be drunk earlier than those of the Napa Valley.

Illustrative of these features is the case of the Zinfandel, which produces an unusually good wine in Sonoma. Colonel Haraszthy brought the Zinfandel to Sonoma County in 1852 and it was one of the earliest European grapes to be extensively cultivated in California. When it is grown on the slopes of Sonoma County, it produces

FOR
WONDERFUL
Wines
SAY
Great Western



New York State **PORT**

American **SHERRY**

New York State **SAUTERNES**

American **BURGUNDY**

and **RHINE, TOKAY, CLARET,**

MUSCATEL, CHABLIS

BY THE MAKERS OF

Great Western
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

THE PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.

Rheims, Hammondsport, N. Y.

Fine American Wines for Nearly 100 Years