



Travel with Richard Halliburton

by Emma Jean Scudder

BOILED octopus—delicious though tough—is the daily fare of a group of Greek monks whom I have visited,” related Richard Halliburton, world adventurer and writer, while on the Iowa State campus last spring.

“During the first day of my visit at Mt. Athos Monastery, overlooking the Aegean Sea, the guide brought me a cup of ozo for the noon meal. It is a favorite Greek drink that tastes like stale paregoric and is usually taken along with a spoonful of raspberry jam.

“Then came the special—octopus covered with a sauce. I’d eaten squids before, but never before a full-grown octopus. I found that it had been slammed against a rock till all the ink was beaten away, and then boiled for hours to take away the toughness. Even though it was about as tender as linoleum, I ate a shocking amount—perhaps four whole tentacles—and I didn’t recover for a week.

“Boarding a small steamer in Brazil one scorching winter day about a year later, we discovered that the ship’s cook had brought a live steer along the lower deck (since ice was unheard of). Next day, at noon, we witnessed the slaughtering of it and at three o’clock participated in eating it.

“As special guests of the rulers of Borneo, the pilot of the ‘Flying Carpet’ and I were served rice, a tray of eggs, fish, onions and rice wines. All of which was carried to us by five unmarried girls (but highly marriageable!). The only distracting thing about these damsels was the color of their teeth, which had been blackened by chewing betel nut.

“In Siam, the natives also look upon black teeth as a sign of beauty. Too, they have a fondness for foods seasoned quite heavily with curry powder. When offered a bowl of rice covered with this red hot pepper, I accepted to the extent of one mouthful.

Scenting something to be wrong while on an oil tanker traveling through the Suez Canal, Mr. Halliburton discovered

a group of Greek sailors enjoying to the fullest extent pieces of garlic. They not only considered it a very rare delicacy—but they kept it under lock and key. For meat, the Greeks would stand along the side of the boat until a school of flying fish came along and then make their catch right off the starboard.

“In Russia we saw a ballet, which was superlatively good—but would have enjoyed it more had the audience not eaten apples all the time. Six comrades (probably from the police force) leaned from the Imperial Box, crunching pastry.

“Instead of having coffee for breakfast on the Island of Bali, we would break open coconuts and drink the milk from them. Other food on this paradise-like place consisted of bananas, mangoes, rice and fish. The ceremonies for the cremation of the dead are quite elaborate—music is played on their home-made instruments and food simply abounds for all those who take part in this fete.”

If a Heinz salesman tried to sell cucumber pickles to any of the 160 wives of King Ibn Saud of the Arabs, he would probably be met with flat refusal, because a Moslem rule prohibits cucumbers in any form; and the king told Mr. Halliburton that “We are very strict adherents to the law.”

“Ladakh, in Tibet, the highest inhabited region in the world, has practiced polyandry for centuries because the land area is rather limited. Thus, when a husband returns home, he leaves his shoes on the doorstep as a warning for the rival husbands to keep away.

“Bribing our way into one of these homes, we entered just before the serving of a meal. The host invited us to take places at the family board. I am sure we were the first white guests this group had ever had—they had come to look upon them as a superior order of being—so that though they served us bountifully with rice and unleavened bread, no amount of persuasion could induce them to partake of their own food at the same time.

“At Knossos, Greece, is a store house

of 200 giant jars of olive oil. This forms the chief source of their income and perhaps accounts for the reason why they use so much olive oil in their cookery.

“Dressed in a uniform of towels and sandals, we started the pilgrimage to Mecca in Arabia. On the third day, animal sacrifices were made. Every pilgrim, no matter how poor, must sacrifice at least one beast. Over one million sheep, goats and camels lay in a heap. The poor ones are allowed to take away all the meat they can carry, but 90 percent of it is left untouched—and this has to be burned for sanitation.”

Losing the detailed list of food supplies he was supposed to take on the ascent of the Fujiyama volcano in Japan, this conqueror of peaks, Richard Halliburton, said that when his larder was finally filled, it consisted of “unappetizing sandwiches made from sweet bread



and sour ham, and two pints of brandy.”

“Stranded in a Soviet hotel on a Christmas day—miles from anywhere—I would like to have been at home in Tennessee, where glorious food was being served. Finally a comrade brought me my dinner—it consisted entirely of cabbage soup, caviar and vodka,” said Halliburton.

Not even at Timbuctoo, an oasis in the Sahara Desert, could a spinach allergic remove himself from that substance, because Mr. Halliburton revealed that, “At Timbuctoo we bought fruit, condensed milk and spinach to feed the undernourished young slaves that we had bought.”

Not mock turtle—but real turtle—was served to this world-famed adventurer



during a brief stay in a Guiana jail. This dish topped off the preceding course served him of beef soup, fish, beans and rice.

Crows might be quite a delicacy in some parts of the United States, but in Central America a diet of parrots is no

unusual thing—at least, so discovered Mr. Halliburton when he was offered a feast of parrots after swimming the Panama Canal.

"In a window of a train passing through Puerto Barrios could be seen a bunch of bananas hanging by a string.

These my companion and I had purchased for one dollar. Incapacitated for space, we had put them in the open window as a last resort. But soon (with the aid of the hungry onlookers) we had only to worry about space for the stalk."

Have a Treasure-Hunt Spread

With Eats for Booty

by Louise Peterson



Courtesy McCall's

IT'S a crisp fall evening and we're all in the mood for a spread—a real honest-to-goodness one with lots of food. Let's make it a treasure hunt this time with eats for booty, all carefully tucked away in obscure corners, and the center table a make-believe treasure chest where we'll assemble the loot. All in favor?

Since most coeds prefer informal gatherings we'll have dishes that are easy to prepare, so that one or two



won't have to do all the work and miss out on the social fun.

When Ednamay Schmidt, Evelyn Ingalls and I scouted around for ideas we found some "favorite dishes" that were most appetizing—and simple, too.

Spreads should get off to a flying start. Marge Newell declares, "I'm one who appreciates them if they're early."

Mary Louise Brower's pet dish is a salad made of macaroni, roasted almonds, and shrimp flakes. "Tuna fish, or fruit salad," says Inez Rosenbusch, "in a large bowl is welcome any time." Ida Ruth Younkin's description of an orange cup salad sounds attractive. She scoops out the orange pulp and fills the halved orange shells with a mixture of

pineapple, banana, and apple cubes, interspersed with some of the orange pulp.

Jeanne Strohmeier always has home-canned chicken in half-pint jars on hand. By just adding hot water she has a tasty chicken broth. The chicken flakes can be removed and served between toasted or plain rye slices and lettuce.

"We often poached eggs at our spreads," says Miss Louise L'Engle, "in thick canned tomato soup spiced to taste, heated in a chafing dish, and served on toast." Her description of "Dobey Gooies" would whet anyone's appetite—chocolate cakes of four or five layers with an inch of butter-cream and mocha icing bulging between each layer.

Fruit jello can be easily prepared with steaming water from the tap the afternoon before the spread. Small cans of spaghetti or chili con carne can also be heated up in hot water, and after a turn with the can opener are ready to be served.

Nothing tastes better on a fall evening than apple cider and fresh, crisp doughnuts rolled in powdered sugar, declares Fran Johnston.

Sardines can be served any number of ways, but Gretchen Bjornstad thinks sardines and chili sauce "just belong" between Zwiebach rusks.

Margaret Burnstedt insists that toasted peanut butter and jelly sandwiches just "can't be beat"—adding that tuna fish and mayonnaise sandwiches run a close second.

There is nothing better, Margaret Fugill believes, than ice cream or angel

food cake with frozen strawberries or fruit preserves for a spread.

As a climax to a hazy September evening, Helen Reuling recommends fudge made by adding hot water to the prepared powder, or hot-buttered popcorn.

"What's in a spread without potato chips or olives?" says Doris Dechert, and she agrees with Gaynold Carroll, who believes that nuts, pickles, and celery stuffed with a cream cheese spread should always be included.

Kay Ebzery stresses the beverage. Her suggestions include grape juice with ginger-ale and a foamy ice cream "soda" in ginger-ale.

A natural cherry drink, made of good quality, orchard-run cherries and sealed in enamel-lined tin cans, is one of three recently developed food products. Storage tanks of cold water, into which the warm cherries from the orchard are placed, make the cherries firm and prevent fermentation. The juice is extracted cold, cane sugar added and canning is done by a vacuum process. It is sold in enamel-lined tin cans for 18 to 20 cents at retail stores.

A new yeast variant which is smoked over hickory, thus giving it the flavor of bacon, may be used with spreads, fried eggs and soups to provide vitamin B and iron in various dishes, and a golden-colored lemon drop which contains an amount of cod liver oil equal to two teaspoons are the two additional new food products.