

THE "DUTCH" TRADITION

by Reginald Wright Kauffman.

There being, happily, no such thing as a typical American, it follows that there can be no typical American dinner. I think of Connecticut's oyster-stuffing for turkey as a little more alien than garlic used to be, and I am sur that Connecticut would consider my scrapple of doubtful patriotism. Therefore, I may but contribute to *The Nation's* symposium the menu of such a dinner as average Pennsylvanians of moderate means "get up" when they want to dine—as on a Sunday afternoon—rather well and altogether "natively":

Fruit Salad

Roast Ribs of Pork, Apple Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Sauerkraut, and Real Beer

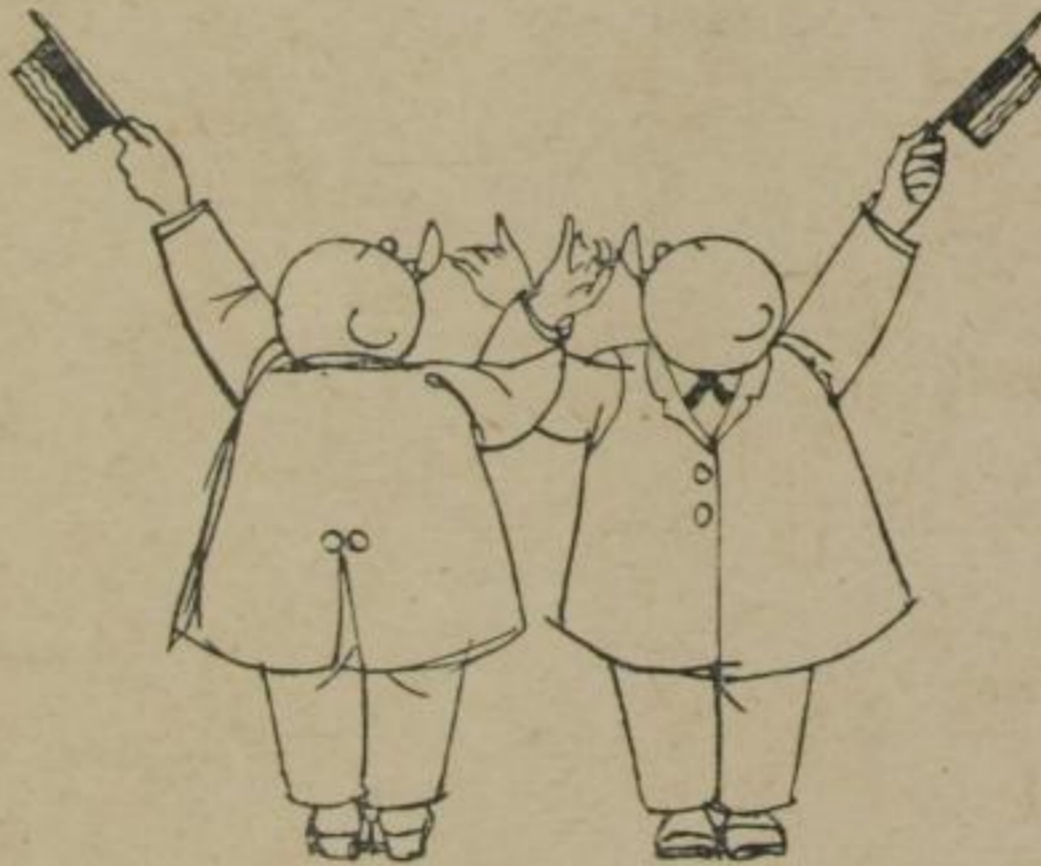
Mince Pie (laced, not with brandy, but moonshine whiskey), and Cheese

Coffee

Some smuggled liquor

(from "*The Nation*".)

KANTOROWICZ



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E. R. Weiß