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Through the Gates of the White House By the Skin of the Cheese

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Through the Gates of the White House

By the Skin of the Cheese

It was a front page spread to the newspapers, but a lot of cheese for the President.

Even the brassiest press-agent trembled in his boots at the climax, the crux, the Big Idea of the Cheese Week publicity plan for presenting the President with 1,250 pounds of cheese.

Like all major campaigns, it seemed a simple enough idea at first! But cheeses weighing 1,250 pounds are a bit hard to come by, as several experts in the bulk cheese line will be glad to testify. Only by the cooperation of several agencies, some wire-pulling, and by dint of disappointing a customer or two in the southwestern part of the United States was the mammoth cheese procured.

And plans went forward to present the President with the cheese at the front door of the white house on Christmas Day, a ceremony for which a sleigh-like float, six white horses in red harnesses, four historically costumed dairy maids, a driver in the garb of George Washington and loads of yellow and white chrysanthemums were essential requisites.

The float, shipped in parts by truck from Chicago, had to be set up, white horses and all, on Monday before the Thursday of the event in order to secure advance pictures required for printing. No float on Friday, no float on Saturday, no float on Sunday at dawn. The float was to be assembled in Baltimore, where men and equipment and facilities for trucking were available. Long distance wires hummed throughout a placid Sabbath morning. And at 9 o'clock the float, boxed in dozens of separate pieces, arrived in Baltimore.

In the warehouse a huge truck body was waiting for its pictorial covering of canvas, wood, and much yellow and white crepe paper. From diagrams it was possible to get the dashboard in place in front instead of in the rear, and the sides seemed to fit nicely. Along towards the end of the afternoon, considerable of the younger fry of Lee street had come to look and wonder. One youngster asked in solemn glee, "Hey, is Santa Claus going to be in on this?"

And, indeed, it seemed as though he must have been for the float began assuming proportions of a sleigh.

Finally, it was done—and stood in the shed in Baltimore, beautifully yellow and white, austerely large and handsome. LARGE was no word for it!

As everybody stood about, exhausted, but faintly proud, someone looked at the float with a critical eye and said, "You know, I wonder if we can get this float through the white house gates!"

Followed a shuddering silence! At high midnight the party, dirty and weary, arrived back in Washington and hence to the White House gates. To the wonder and amazement of the occasional passerby and to the sharp questioning of the secret service men, the distance was stepped off between the gates, hitching posts, iron grill-work and all. It's a feat difficult to perform with any accuracy in shoes that do not measure 12 inches in length.

The cursory examination showed that it could not be done. It would be impossible to get the float through those narrow gates, built in ancient days exclusively for the carriage trade. If it could not be gotten through the gates, there could be no presentation, for the main and simple reason that if such things are not done at the White House front door, there is no news. It couldn't be done—and meantime, editorial Washington was steaming with news, part of it humorous, part of it serious about the Big Cheese at the White House! Unable to think, one could only wait until dawn.

At dawn, twelve expert teamsters and two engineering experts were called in, who, with ruler and slide-rule, thickness gauge and micrometer, went down to make the official measurement. The White House gates, from stem to stern and pole to pole, are exactly 11 feet 3 inches wide. Our sleigh float was exactly 11 feet 1½ inches at the widest point.

There wasn't a driver in ten million who could make it with six white horses and a big cheese. But it HAD to be done! The last hope was staked in asking one particularly level-headed driver to do the impossible. And in a tone that made history he answered, "I'll get 'er through, if I tear off one of those White House gates, or one side of the float, or both!"

Wednesday, the day before the date of presentation, we had a cloudburst, such a solid day of rain as it would have been impossible to drive a team of horses through, much less a float adorned with crepe paper, four girls in flimsy if colorful satin gowns, and a large, very large piece of cheese. Thursday dawned gray, cold, but rainless, and at least 20 photographers and upward of 50 newspaper men, correspondents and wire service men waited on the White House steps for the appearance of the float, little guessing the terror of the situation.

At last she hove into view—preceded by a kindly motorcycle escort. Slowly, slowly, the six white horses, their red cockades flying, navigated the rather sharp turn, slowly, beautifully, they came two by two through those narrow

Imogene Powell

Foods as well as public idols need their publicity agents. To act as such an agent is a job that may fail to the lot of some Iowa State home economists.

Miss Imogene Powell, a graduate of Missouri University, works in the publicity department of the J. Walter Thompson Company of Chicago. Miss Powell relates her amusing experience in connection with a publicity stunt which she engineered for the cheese industry. She was a recent speaker on the campus.

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What's New
(Begins on page 9)

me!”, concluded Dr. Poulter, even though he was rather complimentary concerning the Marine Corp cook and the rest of the food.

"C AN she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?” the old song used to go. And in the days when Grandpa asked it of Papa about Mama it wasn't such a bad criterion of a woman's capabilities as a cook.

But the cherry pie to cinch any Leap Year bargain is one that has a crust made with sharp Old English Cheese. If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, as others before us have believed, here is the most direct route, with no cut-offs and no "Stops."

Give a man a pie, brimming with cherry juice, its crust meltingly flaky and rich with the robust flavor of cheese—and he is happy. The cheese crust for cherry pie is a new variation on this interesting old theme, and an unusually happy one. The cheese, used as a part of the shortening ingredient, gives delightful zest, and unusually piquant flavor to the crust—a perfect background for the sweetness of cherries fairly swimming in their own juice. The cheese also gives the crust an unusual richness of color.

Cheery Pie With Cheese Crust

1 lb. Old English cheese
1/2 c. shortening
2 c. flour
1/2 tsp. salt
Cold water

Cream the "Old English" cheese with the shortening. Work in flour and salt. Mix to a dough with as little cold water as possible. Preferably place in a refrigerator a few hours before baking.

Plant Lighting
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bedtime and on dark, gloomy days. They should, however, burn continuously for 4 or 5 hours an evening. The wall and table type units use 60-watt lamps, and 100- or 150-watt lamps are used in the floorstand units.

These units not only serve to keep the plants vigorous, but also are attractive decorations in any room. There are approximately 22 styles of plant lighting fixtures, and surely an appropriate fixture can be found to harmonize with any style of furniture. The light enhances the beauty of the plants and brightens up many dark corners where heretofore it was impossible to grow plants.

It must be remembered, however, that providing artificial light for house plants is not a solution to all the difficulties common to growing plants in the home, such as too high temperature, lack of sufficient humidity, difficulties due to gas, and the like. If conditions in the home are such that plants can be grown successfully at the window, then lighted house plant fixtures will make possible the growing of plants considerably removed from the window.

Skin of the Cheese
(Begins on page 6)

gates, slowly beautifully, incredibly, that float eased through the White House gates as if they, or it, had been carefully buttered. With a flourish of reins, a jingling of bells, and a smart clatter of hoofs, the horses, sleigh, cheese, girls and all drew up before the White House steps, cameras clicking all the way.

The event caused a genuine stir in Washington, where a stir is rather a difficult thing to cause in these stirring days. For a week the city engaged in conversation about cheese to the exclusion of international politics, the Canadian reciprocity agreement, and even a local murder full of baffling detail. And the success of all of this program may be laid directly to that one and a half inch clearance of the White House gates, and to the fact that nobody in the United States has seen a white horse in years!