

1978

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~ May 9, 1978 ~

Now that the mud has left central Sanbornton and the peas are in, it's high time to figure on some entertaining or a special treat for the family. Think of a fun-to-do dish, and a delicious one, then try this Spanikopita. Here it is:

SPANAKOPITA (Greek Spinach-Cheese Pie) for 10-12

¼ c. olive oil	¼ c. parsley, chopped
½ c. onions, chopped	½ tsp. salt and pepper
¼ c. scallions, chopped	⅓ c. milk
2 lb. spinach, chopped	½ c. cottage cheese
¼ c. fresh dill, chopped (or 2 T. dried dill)	½ lb. feta cheese (or sour cream)
½ c. melted butter mixed with ¼ c. olive oil	4 large eggs, beaten
16 sheets filo (or phyllo) pastry	

(Note: 4 pkgs. frozen chopped spinach may be substituted for fresh, drain overnight.)

In a large heavy skillet, heat the olive oil until a light haze forms over it. Add onions and scallions, stirring frequently, 'til onions are soft, not brown. Stir in spinach, cover and cook five minutes. Add dill, parsley and seasoning and cook for about 10 minutes, stirring. The liquid in the skillet should be evaporated and the spinach begin to stick slightly to the pan. Transfer the spinach mixture to a deep bowl, stir in the milk. Cool, then add the cheeses and the beaten eggs.

Preheat the oven to 300 degrees. With a pastry brush, coat the bottom and sides of a 13x9x2 baking dish with the butter-oil mixture. Line the pan with a sheet of filo, pressing edges into corners. Brush the entire surface with the butter-oil; layer another filo leaf on top, butter it. Repeat this until eight filo leaves are used.

Spread the spinach mixture evenly over the last layer of filo. Then, repeat the layering of the filo and butter-oil on top of the spinach mixture, using the remaining eight layers. Brush a bit extra butter on top. Cut through top layers of filo before baking to make serving easier.

Bake in the middle of the oven for one hour, or until pastry is crisp and delicately browned. It may be necessary to cover the pita lightly with foil to keep it from becoming too brown. Cut in squares and serve hot or at room temperature. (If frozen, place in 375-degree oven for 1 ½ hours, covered for the first hour.)

It's handy to have such a versatile recipe. You can prepare this early in the day, the day before serving (refrigerating, of course), or freeze it ahead of schedule. It is good hot or cold, so that puts it in the patio-picnic-boating category, too. Even non-Popeye fans are apt to like this enough for seconds.

Spanakopita was served at the Gilford International Buffet last United Nations Day, and now as a result of that successful event a Gilford High School student is going to Japan this summer as an American Field Service exchange club representative. This makes me feel good, and will benefit the whole Lakes Region territory.

~ May 16, 1978 ~

Scotch Eggs were a very important item for survival when Henry was a graduate student in Cambridge, England, back in 1938. They were readily available at his favorite bakeshop, very portable, inexpensive, and most of all, filling. He made it back home to the United States just before the war flared, and explained the importance of Scotch Eggs in his life.

I've been producing them, in my own way, ever since the I-do's. Now you can try this easy satisfaction.

SCOTCH EGGS

Mix ½ cup soft bread crumbs
with 1 beaten egg
and 1 lb. the best sausage.
Divide into 4 portions.
Wrap each portion
around 4 medium sized
peeled hard-boiled eggs.

It appears you have 4 small meat tennis balls. Place them on a rack in a pan, bake in a 350-degree oven for about 40 minutes, or until sausage is cooked. (Note: the English generally roll the balls in crumbs and deep-fry them. I prefer them without any excess fat.)

Since these are good hot or cold, use them assorted ways; wedged they are a choice hors d'oeuvre. Need I mention how fit they are for brunch or Sunday night supper with hot blueberry muffins?

Henry had been back to Cambridge many times for his work, and he continued the Scotch Egg enjoyment – logically today served in all the good pubs. But it wasn't until 1970 that I got to go to Cambridge for an extended stay.

One special day I decided to take a sentimental journey and go to that bake shop and surprise my Downing fellow for dinner. Fitzbillies Bake Shop is still right there (checked it in March this year, too), across the road from Kings College and down a bit.

I queued up proper, and when my turn came I clearly asked for two Scotch Eggs. That seemingly nice lady gave me a funny look, and asked me to repeat that please. This time it definitely was raised eyebrows and an almost smile.

Clearly she said to me, and to the rest of the line, "Why, we haven't made those since the late 30s!"

~ May 23, 1978 ~

Rhubarb is late this year, but I do believe the social season is upon us. Week ago last night there was a Last-Day-of-School party that cinched this feeling. The Laconia Adult Education Foreign and Gourmet Cooking class met here at our Sanbornton farm for the final Go this school year.

The gathering had to be here since I couldn't figure out how to produce a barbecue session in the Gilford Middle-High School home economics area. Especially since there are no noticeable fire extinguishers or ventilators handy there.

Ten weeks last fall, six this spring, on Monday nights I was busy producing and the class sampled the chosen and assorted dishes. It was such a great, responsive group that I know it brought out the best in me. And so as a fitting tribute, Henry readily agreed to help do a Barbecue Buffet instead of a Sampling Finale. Each student was allowed to bring one guest, and I reckon you never saw 50 folks have a better time.

Undoubtedly the menu will be of some interest: Barbecued Pork Tenderloin, Swordfish, Chicken and Beef Teriyaki; Zucchini Rings filled with Duchess Potatoes, Basil Carrots and Tossed Salad; Bob Beaulieu's Super Cheddar Cheese with Herb and Rye Breads; Rhubarb-Strawberry Delight over a touch of ice cream; plenty coffee.

SWORDFISH MARINATED

1 c. oil, part olive oil	salt and pepper
1 clove garlic, crushed	2 lbs. swordfish, 1¼-1½ inches thick
2 sprigs parsley, minced	1 ½ c. bread crumbs
2 scallions, minced	1 c. grated Parmesan cheese
1 tsp. oregano	

Combine first five ingredients with some salt and freshly ground pepper. Pour this mixture over the swordfish and marinate for two hours. Mix crumbs and cheese; lift fish from the marinade, dip in crumb mixture, being sure to coat it well. Barbecue slowly about 15 or 20 minutes on each side (or til done), basting with marinade. Take care in turning the fish as it does flake; a wide spatula helps.

Note: this fish is also delicious baked in a 350-degree oven for about 30 minutes, or until done.

It isn't too late to tell this class that I failed to turn in, or even speak about the semester grades. I will have to give each member an E for excellence in enthusiasm, endurance, encouragement and enjoyment – to say nothing of Enterest in Eager Eating.

~ May 30, 1978 ~

It's taken quite a bit of resistance on my part to not give you two recipes honoring the gorgeous rhubarb that is now with us. So, I've chosen my very favorite one, even though a few of the Lakes Regioners have already been exposed to this particular Scalloped Rhubarb.

This recipe came to me as an "original" from a frankly fun-loving sister who had to leave early for Up Yonder. She said it came from a fine restaurant in Wichita; I know it was, and it did.

Since it is so easy to prepare and so tasty, we can all join in giving it high priority. Important to remember, too, is that rhubarb is simplicity itself to freeze; cut up the tender stems, put into container and freeze for winter ratings.

Had some Sanbornton neighbors over for dinner one night, and all went well until we got to the dessert. An otherwise likeable chap noted he didn't like rhubarb, but he was game to give it a try-it-you'll-like-it chance, and he did. Well, I'll just tell you that after three helpings he just couldn't eat any more.

SCALLOPED RHUBARB

2 c. tender rhubarb, cut up 3 c. fresh bread cubes, without crusts
1 c. sugar ½ c. butter, melted

Mix rhubarb and sugar in one bowl. Mix bread cubes and melted butter in another bowl. In a baking dish arrange a layer of rhubarb mixture, then a layer of the buttered bread cubes. Repeat.

Bake at 350 degrees for 40-45 minutes. Serve warm, topped with whipped or iced cream.

Rhubarb was used by the early settlers in America; it surely must have been a welcome sight in the spring. It has been called variously an herb, a fruit or a vegetable. When I asked by botanist friend who was handy what should it be called, he didn't rightly know. I did learn we eat the fleshy petiole, but never ever the leaf because it's too full of oxalic acid.

On to Mr. Webster for help. He settled the whole question by calling it a plant of the buckwheat family. Reading on a bit was another definition of the noun rhubarb: "a heated dispute or controversy." It seems fitting for me to add: don't let a rhubarb spoil a luscious Scalloped Rhubarb!

❧ June 6, 1978 ❧

It would be little venture to guess that relatively few of us have ever been to a genuine society debut. Although this does seem to be a fading custom, I seized the opportunity last Saturday to present my newly created sour dough rye bread in debut to society – the Sanbornton Historical Society, that is.

The occasion was the annual invitational opening of our barn gallery, held regularly on the first Saturday afternoon in June to benefit the Society's Lane Tavern Restoration Fund. The barn provides an informal atmosphere to view assorted art prints, to meet new folks, and to visit with old friends. The not too modest barn board doesn't dampen the spirit, and the setting was just right for the bread introduction.

The proper name for this newness is important, so our guests were allowed to vote for "Lane Tavern Rye Bread," "Market Day Bread," or a better idea. The recipe for this is in keeping, and will be available for any anxious bakers, or recipe collectors, in the Country Kitchen in the Lane Tavern on Market Day, July 8. Some of the bread will be on deck at the luncheon that day, too. You'll remember, the Lane Tavern is in downtown Sanbornton.

A large **ham baked with rhubarb-maple syrup topping** and barbecued pork tenderloins sliced thin at barn temperature abutted the bread. To make the ham simply score the fat side and stud with cloves, then pat on top a mixture of equal parts cooked rhubarb, maple syrup and fine cracker crumbs; then bake.

MARINADE FOR PORK (also good for chicken)

6 T. finely chopped preserved or candied ginger (don't use blender, makes ginger too fine)
½ c. soy sauce ½ - ¾ c. maple syrup (or brown sugar)
2 T. wine vinegar 2 T. cornstarch
2 cloves garlic, crushed salt and pepper

Mix well. It is said to keep indefinitely, that is, if you can keep from using it.

Marinate pork (or chicken) several hours. Cook the meat slowly, and baste with the same marinade.

Meant to tell you that all the votes to name-that-bread have not been counted yet, but it was gratifying to hear the smacking approval of same and to observe the rising ovation it took lightly.

~ June 13, 1978 ~

The votes got counted, and in spite of some very clever and original suggestions, my new bread will be called Market Day Rye. Since you have to wait for this recipe until July 8 on Market Day, I want to share another bread entitled Dearie's Wholewheat Bread.

This is especially meant for Jean Howe who recently mentioned on an Audubon walk that she needed a good, wholesome recipe for bread to take with her when the Howes move to Maine later this month. You can't get much wholesomer than this, but I'm quick to add that our loss will be Maine's gain with this particular family move.

DEARIE'S WHOLEWHEAT BREAD

Put 2 pkg. yeast in a mug, add 1 c. lukewarm water, plus tsp. sugar.

Put $\frac{2}{3}$ c. dried milk in a container with 2 c. cold water, stir.

In a large bowl put $\frac{1}{3}$ c. sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. shortening, 2 rounded T. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. potato flakes. Pour over: 1 c. boiling water, stir til shortening is melted.

Add 1 c. whole wheat flour, 1 c. wheat germ, 1 c. oatmeal, 1 c. water, a dollop of molasses for color (1 T. or so).

Add milk mix and yeast mix, beat til smooth. Add enough flour to make a dough that can be handled; when it's getting too stiff for the spoon, use your floured hands. Turn out on floured board and knead til smooth and blisters develop. Put in greased bowl. Cover and let rise til doubled – about 2 hours.

Punch down, divide into 4 pieces. Roll out to eliminate bubbles, roll up into loaf shape, put in greased 9x5-inch pans and let rise til doubled, about 1 hour.

Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees, or til done. Turn out on racks to cool, sprinkle tops with flour, or brush with butter.

One eventful day some time ago, Dearie went with me to buy a large bowl to use for my bread baking – the kind you may not be able to reach around. She was so taken with my bowls, had to have two, that she got carried away and bought one herself. We stayed home long enough to show this beginner how to fill that bowl. Today she is my best source for new and different and good breads.

We two did have a lot of up-and-down the roads in our numerous doings, and I was always pleased to introduce her to my assorted friends we'd meet. One day Dearie said to me in all seriousness, "Lib, I do wish you would introduce me as someone other than your 'bread-baking' friend!"

It chanced almost immediately that we bumped into our Washington University Chancellor's wife, whom I knew and loved well. After our warm greetings, I quickly and naturally said, "Mrs. Shepley, I want you to meet my 'glamorous' friend, Jane Parsons." Once was enough, we were right back to the 'bread-baking' bit.

Jane will enjoy hearing that her Wholewheat Bread was discussed, demonstrated and sampled at the Tilton-Northfield Garden Club's members' hobbies show this very afternoon in downtown Tilton.

~ June 20, 1978 ~

Some of us were among the lucky ones when we were growing up that we had the opportunity to tell our moms what we'd really like for our own birthday dinners. I always had mashed sweet potatoes with toasted marshmallows on top, and I still do if somebody besides me is fixing the dinner. There is no reason for this that I can think of, just on account of, I reckon.

One of our threesome took this family plan for birthday dinners more seriously than the other two, on either side of him in age. When he was turning 15 it suddenly came over him that we would be living in India when number 16 came up. This posed two big problems in his thinking: he might be hungry for some of his favorites, and there would be no driver's license issued to him. So, Hank made a two-page list of all the goodies he wanted in anticipation of starvation and deprivation. I did it all, every item. Now I can only remember shrimp cocktail, deviled eggs and ice water; do wish I'd kept that list. It took all afternoon for the feasting, but before exhaustion set in he had the strength to speak up and announce that no matter what, he was not going to school next Jan. 26!

Today, if we could be so lucky to have that chap home, I know what would head his list: Cream Cheese and Leek Soup with Ham.

CREAM CHEESE AND LEEK SOUP WITH HAM

5 T. butter	2 (8 oz.) pkg. cream cheese
1 lb. spinach, chopped	salt and pepper to taste
or 2 pkg. frozen	2 c. yogurt
4 large leeks, chopped	4 egg yolks
6 T. flour	2 c. cooked ham, coarsely chopped
8 c. chicken broth, bouillon	1 c. chives, chopped fine

Heat 2 ½ T. butter in heavy pan, add spinach and leeks, cook until soft, sprinkle in flour, cook for 2 minutes, stirring. Add chicken stock, cook until thickened. Simmer 15 minutes.

Mash the cream cheese in a bowl, add salt and pepper. Stir in yogurt and egg yolks. Beat until smooth. Sauté the ham in remaining butter. Carefully stir cheese mixture into soup and cook over low heat 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add ham. Serve hot, garnish with chives.

This soup is so good and hearty that it makes a fine main course. A crispy salad and some ho-made bread or rolls complements this for a whole meal. It rewarms well, but don't let it boil.

Oh, yes, we learned as the year in India moved along that Jan. 26 is the biggest holiday of the year, kind of like our Fourth of July. A day when everyone in that country does nothing but celebrate!

~ June 27, 1978 ~

Strawberry time is one of the best times of the year. It is not just because this luscious fruit is available, but it means we've had due reason to celebrate one of the best days of the year: the last day of school. Summer has arrived!

When I was growing up in a small Missouri town the last day of school meant report cards and a feast at noon when folks on our street gathered for the Oak Street Dinner. I could start, but I couldn't finish listing the assorted dishes that covered the numerous tables. You can know they were the best of each kitchen in that long block.

Stuff as you might, there was always room for Mom's Strawberry Shortcake.

MOM'S SHORTCAKE FOR STRAWBERRIES

2 c. flour (Mom preferred cake flour)	
2 tsp. baking powder	2 T. sugar
3/4 tsp. baking soda	6 T. shortening
1 tsp. salt	1 - 1 1/2 c. buttermilk

Sift together dry ingredients. Cut in shortening (I think Mom used equal parts of lard and butter). Stir in enough buttermilk to moisten; turn dough onto floured board and knead lightly.

Divide dough into two portions, and pat each half into similar free-form circles about 1/2-inch thick. Prick the dough. Bake on greased cookie sheets at 425-450 degrees for 12-15 minutes, or until light brown and done.

Slather butter on while hot, and before cakes cool stack them on a large plate with a quantity of sweetened mashed berries between and on top of layers. Serve in wedges with whipped cream, of course.

I remember feeling awfully sorry for those kids who didn't live on Oak Street.

On June 29 this year in Sanbornton on the Chapel side of town, the annual Strawberry Festival gets under way at five in the afternoon at the Chapel vestry. There are many regular diners returning to enjoy this country turkey dinner, but they'll plan ahead for that anticipated strawberry shortcake.

In reality, this Chapel version does spell real competition to my memory of Mom's shortcake. I've heard that ages ago this same festival group had to use the tasty but tedious wild strawberries before the cultivated ones were available. Money made from this \$3 bargain will be used to ready this same spot for our Old Home Day fun in late August.

I can't leave the strawberry department without suggesting you try this way of using those large patch-temperature berries. Since I've never cared for grit between the teeth, I wash and carefully dry those berries, leaving the stems on.

Line up three bowls containing sour cream (or, sour dressing for fewer calories), sifted powdered sugar and comfortably soft brown sugar. Get out your prettiest dishes, it heightens this glamour. Using your fingers, dip your choice of strawberries in the cream, then sugar. You'll have a good time with your permutation and combination efforts before you know you have had enough.

~ July 4, 1978 ~

While writing on freezer tape circling the first of three dozen loaves of sour dough French bread, it came over me that it's only once a year that you can write such well matched numbers as 7/8/78. When that day goes it's just like all the rest, gone forever.

It may be gone, but I'll venture it will not be forgotten, because 7/8/78 is Market Day at Lane Tavern in Sanbornton Square. And that French bread is for the chicken barbecue starting at 5:30 p.m.

The show doesn't actually start until ten o'clock, but at 9:30 my adept helpers and I will be producing freshly baked English Muffins to keep you happy and to help you gather strength to make the dash across the road to snatch all the good buys in the Tavern and outside the Tavern.

You may have to try three or four muffins, just to be sure they're fit. With plenty of butter and home-made jams, along with some good coffee and the fact that now you know, you may want to forget breakfast at home.

If you're interested in learning how to make these goodies yourself, or want to encourage your choice of cooks to learn, step right up under the canopy and you can do it in one easy lesson. You'll see Ann Marie, Debbie and Lou acting like pros after their one time at the drawing board. If you pleaded, with very clean hands, we might let you join us in the kneading happiness.

Maybe we should have booked ourselves along with the numerous talented craftsmen who will be on deck Market Day! But we may not qualify as we fold our tent at 11:30.

Bring this recipe along to check if you wish, as we do get to visiting and really try not to leave anything out.

***ENGLISH MUFFINS from Lib's sister Eve
(makes about one dozen)***

1 cake or package dry yeast	½ c. boiling water
¼ c. lukewarm water	½ c. evaporated milk
1 tsp. sugar	1 egg
3 T. shortening	4 c. flour
2 T. sugar	cornmeal
1 ½ tsp. salt	

Dissolve yeast and tsp. sugar in lukewarm water. Pour boiling water over shortening, 2 T. sugar and salt; stir to melt shortening. Add milk, cool to lukewarm. Add 2 cups flour and beat smooth; add egg and beat well; add dissolved yeast, mix well; add the remaining flour to form a moderately stiff dough. Knead until smooth and satiny, then place in greased bowl; grease surface of dough lightly. Cover and set in warm place to rise until doubled in bulk, about 1 ½ - 2 hours.

Punch down, let rest 5 minutes. Roll out a bit less than ½ inch thick, cut into 3-4 inch rounds, place on surface covered with cornmeal, cover and let rise until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour.

Bake slowly on ungreased heavy skillet or griddle covered with cornmeal. An electric skillet or fry pan set at 325-330 degrees is just about right. (The cornmeal on the surface should not brown too fast.) Muffins should brown slowly, for about 10 minutes; turn carefully and brown the other side.

This particular recipe would win hands down in a contest for number of miles traveled. It has been with me, and produced, on four continents.

Far from being the bane of my existence, it has been my pleasure to share it and the produce with the multitudes. I sure do chuckle each time I pull out this yellowed, smeared card – now enshrined in plastic.

Sister Eve, who did start me on this merry-go-round years ago, penciled plainly in the upper right hand corner: "This is my private recipe!"

~ July 11, 1978 ~

When you get the chance to prepare something special for a very special occasion, such as Claris' 90th birthday or the Meaders' 50th wedding anniversary, snatch that opportunity and try Montpelier Butter.

It is a unique sandwich spread, and goes well on thin slices of petite Market Day Rye loaves as served today with rose hip tea at the Garden Club following a talk on miniature roses.

But after today I will not guarantee no-duplication of tea sandwiches at a future gathering in the Tilton area.

MONTPELIER BUTTER

1 cup watercress, cut up 3 shallots or green onions, cut
1 cup spinach, cut ½ cup each fresh dill and parsley, cut
boiling water to cover above

Boil together for 5 or 6 minutes, should remain bright green. Drain well. Blend thoroughly, or put through food mill to eliminate fibers, and make into a puree.

Combine this with: 6 T. softened butter
3 oz. cream cheese, at room temperature
salt and pepper to taste

This may be made several days ahead of need. It refrigerates well, and may be frozen in well-wrapped rolls for future reference.

Thin slices of young cucumbers or zucchini go well with this butter. Put them inside, outside or on top of large or small sandwiches. A slice of hard-boiled egg may add a touch for some folks. You'll remember to use the best bread you can get your hands on.

This recipe was first called to my attention when I sent up an SOS for ideas for a box lunch I'd agreed to do to launch a new series of well-planned but not inexpensive bus tours presented by the art museum at the University of Connecticut. The noon break was scheduled at a mansion which had been given to the university for housing VIPs and small conferences.

On a preview run to size up the situation, I became more disillusioned with lunch in a cardboard box. It just didn't go with the elegance of this spot; imagine peering into your paper treasure, searching for goodies, instead of looking up to enjoy those real Tiffany lamp shades!

A good friend heard me mumbling out loud, and said fret no more as she shared a small but valuable cookbook published to benefit The Cleveland Orchestra entitled *Bach's Lunch, Picnic and Patio Classics*. This same helpful soul housed in her attic the needed purple velvet lined viola case to fill with flowing grapes and other fruits, as well as a fancy bottle of wine and a long crusty loaf of French bread. This was to match the picture on the book cover and to make a centerpiece for the most enthusiastically received buffet ever.

Last summer when a visitor from Cleveland came to view our print show at the Belknap Mill in downtown Laconia, I mentioned *Bach's Lunch* to her. It just so happened she had helped the Junior Committee who had seen this gem through its fifth printing. And now, their newer cookbook was out: *Bach for More, Fireside Classics*. She sent me both.

~ July 18, 1978 ~

When I need an all-in-one dish to lend a helping hand to a friend who might be moving in or out, or who might have a crowd coming by after the funeral or the I-do's, or one who might just need a lift, I think of Bow Tie Casserole.

The Crooks family surely did enjoy it last week when they waved goodbye to Sanbornton and headed west, young and older liked it; your family might well appreciate it, too. On some occasions it will smell better than roses.

BOW TIE CASSEROLE for 8 hungry ones

1 ½ lb. ground beef	¾ c. spinach juice
1 large onion, chopped	10 oz. tomato puree
1 or 2 cloves garlic, minced	5 oz. water
oil or butter for browning	1 tsp salt, pepper to taste
1 tsp. mixed herbs (oregano, basil and/or rosemary)	
1 large (27 oz.) can spinach, drained (or 2 ½ c. frozen, cooked)	
¼ c. bread crumbs	¾ c. grated cheese, or more
¼ c. salad oil	2 eggs, beaten lightly with 1 tsp. salt
1 (12 oz.) pkg. bow tie noodles, cooked and drained	

Brown meat, onion, half the garlic in shortening. Add spinach juice, tomato puree, water and seasonings. Cook 15 minutes.

In separate bowl mix chopped spinach, remaining garlic, bread crumbs, half of the grated cheese, salad oil, eggs.

Butter a large casserole and layer the above in:

- 1) cooked noodles (not too done or soft)
- 2) spinach and cheese mixture
- 3) meat and tomato mixture

Repeat these layers to fill casserole, or to use ingredients. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about an hour or until real hot all the way through. This may be refrigerated a day ahead; freezes well.

One eventful Sunday while living in Stockholm, we carried this casserole piping hot in a strong bag by streetcar to the Old City for an International Church Potluck gathering. We ignored the sniffings en route, and gladly shared in this great way to get acquainted.

We met a couple there who pointed us in the right direction to locate our unknown Swedish cousins who lived in northern Sweden. We've remained grateful to Bow Tie and those nice folks, who also won this recipe.

Although this has nothing to do with the price of eggs, or the above-mentioned tale, I don't want to forget to mention that I'm looking forward to doing another Opening for Henry's Print Show for the Belknap Mill Monday, July 24, from three to six in the afternoon. I plan to present the Ubiquitous Crab on halves of small English muffins.

It may be of some interest to some that this same Henry and I had been married long enough to have three growing children before we learned his Swedish grandpa wasn't named Andrews at all. He changed his name from Engelbrekton after he settled in the U.S. because Swedes were far from the top of the totem pole in the area where he lived. I did wonder for a while if we were sailing under false colors, but reckoned not.

~ July 25, 1978 ~

Have you had a Frikadeller lately? Well, you can if you mush over to the annual church supper tomorrow night in the Sanbornton Town Hall.

These Danish meatballs are real good with the anticipated Lucinda baked beans. And the Boeuf Bourguignon, vegetable casseroles, green salad, cheeses, ho-made breads and pies should bake the buffet handsome for any country town.

If you start in at 5:30, there will be time for a little visiting before the Moulton band tunes up for concert.

FRIKADELLER (straight from Aarhus, Denmark)

2 lb. ground lean pork	1 tsp. pepper
2 eggs, beaten	1 medium onion, chopped fine
1 T. flour	approximately 2 c. milk
1 T. salt	

Mix together all ingredients but the milk; then gradually stir in as much milk as the mixture will hold. It will be close to the two cups. Let stand a while, refrigerated.

Heat some butter or other fat in a heavy fry pan. Grease a large spoon, dip into meat mixture and take a rounded spoonful. Slide this into hot fat to cook and brown before turning for the second side to do likewise. Use a moderately hot temperature as the pork must cook thoroughly.

These may be served as is, or you may make a gravy with the pan drippings by adding 1 T. flour per 1 T. drippings and use chicken bouillon for the needed liquid. A light gravy is handy for rewarming.

It was a good 25 years ago that I first wandered into that Town Hall kitchen after finishing the good supper put on by this same church. I wondered how they operated so well with a hand pump for the water supply, and other facilities somewhat matching.

Standing there over the tin-lined sink and a dish pan of real hot soapy water was our well-liked postman, big Howard Sanborn. He sure needed some help it seemed to me, so I went back to my waiting folks and told them that I'd be a while as I was going back to that kitchen to lend a hand. Gramma didn't think much of my gesture, after all we were paying guests and besides who ever heard of such a thing!

What a way to get acquainted fast with one of University of New Hampshire's greatest athletes!

Perhaps Gramma was right to remain a "summer-folk," because as you can plainly see I'm still in there by the pump, standing over the tin-lined sink, meeting the challenge with another great crew – loving it, once the show is on the road.

❧ *August 1, 1978* ❧

Right now is the time to pause and be glad you're in blueberry country. You just cannot say this for many places in the U.S.A., or in the world for that matter. At least, not in the great quantities we in the Lakes Region are graced with.

It happens that we have the soil and climate they love, and we have the cultivators who know how to care for those treasured big patches. Patches can grow over. I know, ours did. Six acres of high and low bush-to-bush covering 30 years ago is presently an up and coming forest.

You had to walk in two-thirds of a mile to reach this patch, and in a busy hour two good pickers could trudge home that same distance, it seemed longer, with 20 quarts of berries, with or without blue lips.

Before freezing became so convenient, we use this simple way to **can** those fresh picked **blueberries**.

Using sterile pint jars, fill almost to the top with berries; cover with boiling water, adjust lids to seal all the way, put filled jars into a large container so they do not touch; cover all one inch over with boiling water, cover with lid; wrap the container with a thick layer of quilts or old coats. Let stand undisturbed until all is completely cooled, allow time.

Blueberry Pflumpf is one of the easiest and best ways of using these wonderful berries.

BLUEBERRY PFLUMPF

1 qt. blueberries, fresh or unsweetened frozen
(or, drained unsweetened canned berries)
½ c. sugar (may want a bit less)
4 slices good white bread, without crusts
butter to cover the bread ½ tsp. lemon extract

In a saucepan, cook up the blueberries and sugar until the berries are soft, about 15 minutes. Stir a bit at first to dissolve the sugar and draw out the berry juice.

Butter the bread as generous as you dare, cut into cubes and put into a dish. Pour the boiling hot blueberries over the bread cubes, stir and chop up until you no longer recognize the bread bits. Add the lemon extract and let cool a bit to serve.

Top with whipped or ice cream. Chilled is good too, just second best.

When the Canaan Consortante was being booked last winter by our Historical Society program chairman, name o' Henry, they inquired about a restaurant in Sanbornton as they would need a snack after driving up and well before their eight o'clock concert in the Sanbornton Congregational Church.

With no imagination at all, you know what he suggested. So, they'll be here tomorrow night to sup with us, and then on to the Square for the concert using all kinds of great historic instruments. Everyone is invited to the concert, and then down the road to the Lane Tavern for refreshments.

I'm serving Blueberry Pflumpf to our dinner guests, and hoping this is not unfair to them. But, I think I'm correct in presuming they will travel with toothbrushes. It seems to be a rule of the game to play an instrument with scrubbed teeth, and in this case they should be whiter than blue ones.

~ August 8, 1978 ~

Zucchini has a way of creeping up on you, some of us may reach the near suffocation stage. Don't despair, it does pass.

Use them fast, share them (pigs, too, like their munchiness), sell them if you can, or conduct a boomerang-like throwing contest – they never come back.

Yesterday I was positively pleased when a passing friend ASKED for a large freshly cut zucchini she saw in my arrangement to use in pickles. Young squash is delicious raw, more so when some sour cream and fresh dill leaves are added to the thin slices.

Try grating it coarse straight from the bush into some waiting melted butter, sautéing it quickly for a few minutes; fresh mushrooms go well in this pot.

Here's a good casserole that some may have tried, and others have requested. This may be frozen before baking.

SUMMER SQUASH CASSEROLE (serves 8, generously)

2 lbs. (6 cups) sliced or cubed summer squash
(all or part may be zucchini)
½ cup chopped onion
1 cup each shredded carrot, chopped green pepper and/or celery
1 can cream of mushroom or cream of chicken soup
1 cup sour dressing or sour cream
1 (8 oz.) package of herbed bread stuffing
(I use half plain bread cubes)
½ cup melted butter or margarine
herbs, salt, pepper to taste.

Cook squash, carrots and celery (make your own choice of variety) in small amount of water for 5 minutes, drain well.

Sauté onion and green pepper in butter. Mix vegetables with soup, sour dressing, seasonings. Line buttered casserole with half of the bread stuffing, layer on squash mixture, then top with remaining stuffing or bread cubes. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes, or til heated through.

One eventful summer a while ago when Franklin still had an active railroad station, we went over to wave goodbye to our fossil hunters who were headed for an exploration on Ellesmere Island in the Canadian Arctic. Knowing we would not hear for six weeks my parting shot to the rear platform occupants was, "Have you got your compass?" I had just had my instructions to have the best corn grown ready by their return.

This was one of the few years I got ahead of the weeds. It was a good active way to work hard and not worry so much if someone were inside or outside a polar bear.

In midsummer I took my group off for a little holiday, and returned to find some cows had had a tremendous feast in my prized garden. The shock was awful; I stood there and cried. Everything had been chomped to the ground. Everything, that is, but the zucchini. Not a leaf was touched.

Henry got home safely with some good fossil plant finds, but my concern about getting lost was pointless as he was north of the magnetic pole and compass needle just wavered about.

I was forgiven for the no-corn situation, but I'm not sure the cows were. I tried zucchini in about a hundred ways, and in my effort to give it away I became known as The Zucchini Kid of Sanbornton. I'm pretty sure some folks hid when they saw me coming.

~ August 15, 1978 ~

The Ubiquitous Crab is meant for someone or something special. Remembering, of course, that the ordinary can easily be converted into the special at the least desire.

This combination of ingredients is so versatile, as its name implies, that even the crab itself may be omitted if allergies interfere, and you still have a delicate and delicious treat. Fresh, canned or frozen crabmeat can be used; lobster is equally good. Either one, I tend to go a bit heavy handed on that item in the concoction.

THE UBIQUITOUS CRAB

2 (3 oz.) pkg. cream cheese, room temperature
¾ c. mayonnaise
2 hardboiled eggs, peeled and chopped fine
½ lb. sharp cheddar cheese, grated ¼ tsp. dry mustard
1 – 2 c. crabmeat ½ tsp. paprika
1 onion, minced freshly ground pepper

Mix cream cheese with mayonnaise until smooth. Add rest of ingredients and mix well. Refrigerate.

Serve: 1) as an appetizer with assorted crackers.

2) heated in a chafing dish as a hot spread

3) as a hot casserole with a little milk and some cooked rice or pasta added.

4) as a salad or celery stuffing, adding some chopped celery, green pepper, and/or sliced ripe olives.

5) spread on buttered toast rounds or English muffins, grilled to be piping hot, large size for luncheon, small for hors d'oeuvre – freezes nicely, ready for the heating.

6) as filling in rolled filet of sole, baked with some lemon and butter brushed on rolls.

Thinking on this crab business has brought to mind another crab bit I had to dole out some years ago. It was toward the end of my senior year in college when a number of us were corralled at a banquet to be properly initiated into the membership of an undergraduate scientific honorary society.

After the dinner and a few formalities, each of us initiates was given a piece of paper with a title on it, and told to give a brief, timed, impromptu discourse on that title.

My slip read “The Life of the Hermit Crab,” which I liked a bit better than another one I saw, “Who Wrapped the Vascular Bundle?”

Now, I didn't know what a hermit crab was, but when my turn came I can remember carrying on at a fearful rate. That was the most ubiquitously unlonesome, fun-loving hermit crab ever described. I won the prize. Later it hit me that that was a pretty sneaky way to entertain an assortment of learned professors, and to get rid of the head table centerpiece of potted geraniums at the same time!

~ August 22, 1978 ~

Some days it just pays you to get out of the kitchen. I escaped long enough this week to go over to Harrington's to get those perfect blueberries to relish fresh and freeze a plenty. It was then I learned of the one bountiful green gage plum tree in their back yard that had produced several pecks of the most welcomed fruit I'd seen in a while.

With proper encouragement from my house full of eager experimenters, I went into my act and made two large pies: blueberry and green gage plum. After proper sampling, the plum pie disappeared afore the blueberry, and that's saying a mouth full of good eating!

These green gage plums are the tart clingstone variety that are small enough to fit into the circle made by touching your thumb to your fore finger. They turn from green to a lovely yellow as they ripen. The green Kelsy plums I saw at Big Banana should work equally well, just not quite as thrilling as the rare green gage.

LIB'S GREEN GAGE PLUM PIE (A Large One)

1 unbaked pie shell, as good and as pretty as possible
4 c. green gage plums, cut in pieces to free from stone
1 c. sugar, maybe more to taste
3 rounded T. flour ½ tsp. almond flavoring
2 T. butter sprinkling of nutmeg

Mix the sugar and flour thoroughly, sprinkle a good tablespoon of this on the bottom of the pie shell. Half fill the shell with the cut up plums, put on half the remaining sugar and flour mixture, the butter and seasonings. Top with the other half of the plums and the rest of the flour and sugar mixture.

Instead of a crust or lattice top, use enough of the following crumb mixture to cover the top of the pie well.

Crumb Topping

Mix until the consistency of meal:

2 c. flour 1 c. sugar
½ c. (1 stick) butter or margarine or ½ and ½

Important note: before you put that pie in the hot oven, 450 degrees for 10 minutes and then down to 350 degrees for another 35-40 minutes (fruit will be bubbling), thoroughly wet with water a strip of clean cloth (like a piece of old sheet) about 1 ¼ inches wide and wrap around that pie, overlap edges. Remove this cloth after the pie bakes; hopefully it has kept the juices in the pie and not on the oven floor. This is a good Grandma trick for all pies and pie crusts.

This crumb topping is handy to have on hand for most all fruit pies. It is handier still to have a "stack" of pie shells in the refrigerator or in the freezer, so that at a drop of the hat you can produce a pie as though it were no effort. To unsuspecting and sometimes unexpected guests this does seem like magic, and certainly fun for the cook.

This is exactly how I managed to make 65 individual blueberry pies before the big one o'clock luncheon we threw following commencement one memorable year.

The small pie shells were stacked with wax paper between each, a pile wrapped in foil and refrigerated; plenty of the crumb topping made ahead – zoom with the frozen blueberries, sugar, flour, butter and always some freshly grated lemon rind. A number of folks say they will never forget this particular occasion. I hope not. I do not plan to ever repeat such a feat!

~ August 29, 1978 ~

When Leroy Anderson wrote the typewriter song, I'm sure he had no notion that he was writing the perfect accompaniment to Dad Andrews' way of eating corn on the cob. I don't think Dad knew it either. It took a bit of talent at a clickety typewriter in front of the Pops orchestra to perform that snappy, fun tune. It took one well-buttered ear of corn for Dad's act – well, one ear after another!

He would always start at the left side, chomp right straight across, zoom back with the speed of a carriage thrown with a very satisfied grin. On again. The bits of corn that flew about the plate and onto the floor, and the considerable that stuck to the face only made it better. The best performances were done before the group of adoring, giggling and admiring grandchildren.

If you're on that On-the-Cob Team, take time out right now while fresh corn is so beautiful and so plentiful to try it cut off the cob. With a very sharp knife cut off the very tip of the raw kernels, then scrape the rest of the kernel meat into a waiting container. This should be a bit messy, but you have a juicy cream-style corn, a delicacy. And it's ready to heat through in some butter or bacon fat (also a delicacy today!) melted in a heavy skillet.

Now that you've learned that you can actually enjoy cutting corn off the cob, try this Creamed Corn Casserole.

MA'S CREAMED CORN CASSEROLE (serves 6)

4 or 5 c. cream-style corn (if need be, use canned)
4 to 6 hard boiled eggs, sliced
1 sweet green or red pepper, sliced
1 c. cracker crumbs salt and pepper
1 c. milk 4 T. butter, cut in chunks

In a buttered casserole make two layers of these ingredients in the order given. Heat 45 minutes to 1 hour in a 350-degree oven.

As you can plainly see, this is an easy all-in-one dish that may be prepared ahead, covered and refrigerated until needed. It's equally good with some choice meat on the side, such as a good baked Italian sausage. But it is enhanced served with **Marguerite Holmes' Tomatoes**, which are chilled at least one hour in advance of serving.

I can still see Marguerite peeling those luscious vine-ripened tomatoes, slicing them into a pretty bowl; sprinkling one layer at a time with sugar, salt, pepper, vinegar and a little water. If the tomatoes are awfully seedy, then collect the excess and put in a sieve to remove the juice. Use this juice instead of water when fixing the tomatoes, and always serve the tomatoes in small bowls to enjoy the juice, too.

☞ *September 5, 1978* ☞

The Back-to-School bell has always been a welcome sound and a merry one for me. It was a terribly exciting one as a youngster; and then again as a mother an "I'm-ready" one when our threesome all finally made it.

I had heard that when all your chicks got into school there would be some real boring or lonesome spots in your life. That is not necessarily true, at least I never experienced it. Maybe I didn't try hard enough.

I did try to do something special for after-school snacks or dinner that very first day back though. Here's something that was a sure winner, Hot Ziggities; and thick milkshakes made on the spot to assorted specifications.

HOT ZIGGITIES

2 c. coarsely chopped frankfurters or hot dogs
2 c. coarsely grated cheese 2 or 3 hardboiled eggs, chopped
¼ c. pickle relish 2 T. prepared mustard
¼ tsp. Worcestershire sauce, or to taste
mayonnaise to moisten (about ½ c.)
8-10 frankfurter rolls

Mix all the ingredients except rolls. Fill those with the mixture, wrap individually in foil, heat in the oven or over charcoal until heated through.

These treats were first experienced in the southeast Missouri boot heel at the "R 3 Benefit" at the Reorganized School District #3. It is always held on the last Friday in January because that is considered the worst-weathered day of any year. Sister LNR may go down in history as the Hot Ziggity queen of Cottonwood Point. I doubt she's kept track of how many she's made since the reorganization, and I haven't heard of any serious competition for her crown.

All proceeds from this well-attended event go to three national foundations or funds: Heart, Polio and Cancer. There are many activities besides a variety of food booths and cake walks to attract folks from far and near. A big one is the auction where donated trailer of pick-up trucks commonly appear on the block. This may help a tax return or not. Is it any wonder that last January 27th the total cleared amounted to more than \$18,000?

So by the process of diffusion, we here in the Lakes Region are recipients of national good the Hot Ziggity is doing annually!

~ September 12, 1978 ~

What a busman's holiday I had lately! It really was within shouting distance, just over to the Windmill Restaurant to sit on a stool in the downstairs kitchen and watch co-owner Margo Thomas in action. All those baked goodies served there are rightfully called homemade. It was like being in a bus stop, without any stops. Margo gets started at 6:00 a.m., and by the time I got there at eight o'clock things were going full hilt ahead.

Her nice young helper was putting in rice puddings, spiral buns and making fried dough by the bucketful. But with only one ordinary timer, I watched Margo clock off these additional items going in and out of the several ovens, always on time: Dutch apple, rhubarb-strawberry, lemon meringue and chocolate cream pies; whipped cream layer, white and chocolate sponge cakes; braided raisin, Anadama and the best-ever rye breads; dinner and sweet rolls, biscuits and tops for chicken pie, lemon and chocolate cake pudding, custards and Bavarian creams, blueberry muffins (8 dozen) and cream puffs. I listened when I heard it said that this was not a particularly heavy schedule.

If you're not out of breath, I was. What a delight, though, to see all this going on before my very eyes, and to see the cook really enjoying herself. Thinking back on it, I get a bit shame-faced because I've wondered how I would take to cooking if'n I had to regularly. Now I see it can be done by a gracious professional, with enthusiasm.

When I saw the chocolate cake pudding being mixed right in the pan it was to be baked in, it reminded me of two rather similar cakes I used to make:

WHACKY CAKE

In an ungreased, unfloured 8x8x2 pan measure and mix:

1 ½ cup of flour	1 teaspoon baking soda
1 cup of sugar	¼ c. cocoa
¾ tsp. salt	

Stir in: 1 teaspoon vanilla	⅓ cup salad oil
1 tablespoon vinegar	1 cup cold water

Bake in a 350-degree oven about 20 minutes.

CHOCOLATE UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

Sift together: 1 cup flour	¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt	2 teaspoons baking powder

Add: ½ cup milk	2 tablespoons melted butter
1 teaspoon vanilla	½ cup chopped nuts (optional)

Put batter in pan (not buttered or floured).

Mix well, sprinkle on top of batter:

½ cup white sugar	3 teaspoons cocoa
½ cup brown sugar	

Pour over all 1 cup cold water.

Bake 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Turn upside down on large plate. Or, do as Margo does, leave cake in pan and serve by scoopful upside down.

While sitting there on that bakery stage, it came over me that another person I once met and enjoyed would have been my perfect stool mate, Lillian Gilbreth. You'll remember her *Cheaper by the Dozen* role, but I think of her as a pioneer, along with her husband Frank, in time-motion studies. Can't you picture the two of us – her with her trusty stop-watch, me with busy pencil in hand!

~ September 19, 1978 ~

You've heard some folks who are well traveled or well read or very successful, or all three. Well, here's a pet recipe that fits into all these categories.

BASIC SWEET DOUGH

2 pkg. or cakes of yeast	½ c. sugar (less for dinner rolls)
1 tsp. sugar	1 tsp. salt
1 c. lukewarm water	3 eggs, beaten
1 c. milk	7 c. flour, approximately
6 T. shortening	

Dissolve yeast and the tsp. sugar in lukewarm water. Scald milk; add shortening, sugar and salt; cool to lukewarm. Add 2 c. flour, mix into smooth batter. Add yeast mixture and beaten eggs; beat well. Add remaining flour, or enough to make a soft dough. Knead lightly and place in greased bowl. Cover and set in warm place to rise until doubled, about 2 hours. When light, punch down and shape as desired.

(Note: this makes a fit roll without the eggs, for you non-egg users. Just not quite so delicate.)

SWEDISH TEA RING

Using a third, or a fourth, of the above basic dough, roll it into an oblong about ⅓ inch thick. Brush with melted butter, sprinkle on brown or white sugar, some cinnamon, as many raisins or nuts as your little heart desires. Roll as for jelly roll, place in a circle on a large shallow greased pan; press ends together to complete the circle, using a little water to help. With scissors cut 1-inch slices almost through, not quite. Turn each slice partly on its side to show the different layers in the roll. Pretty. Cover and let rise until light; this doesn't take too long. Brush with 1 egg yolk beaten with 2 T. cold milk. Bake at 350 degrees about 30 minutes.

Ice tops while still warm with plain icing: add 4 tsp. warm milk or water to 1 c. sifted confectioners' sugar to make a smooth, fairly thick paste. Add ¼ tsp. vanilla. Water makes a more transparent icing than milk, equally tasty.

Last Thursday this dough went in assorted shapes to the Sanbornton town hall as part of the 20 dozen rolls I got to do for the N.H. Fire Chiefs' supper. The ecology class from the University of Connecticut enjoyed more of the same over the weekend, before and after field tripping in the Lakes Region and further north.

This coming Sunday, Sept. 24, basic dough is scheduled to appear as a pig-in-the-blanket at the Lane Tavern to help welcome our minister who is new to Sanbornton, Kay Kennard. She will start greeting and meeting right after she finishes the morning service which starts at 10:30 a.m., in the Congregational Church.

Traveling further south now, lest you forget, the Swedish Tea Ring will be among the goodies you can have with a cup o' this very Friday, Sept. 22, morning from 9:00 in downtown Tilton when you go to the Tilton-Northfield Garden Club's annual sale.

One year, a while back, I decided to keep track of the amount of flour I used between the Monday after Labor Day and the early June commencement day, baking for my medium-sized family and others. Three hundred and fifty pounds! I reckon the 'others' did run up the tally. And, I don't plan to keep another.

September 26, 1978

I kind of doubt that many of you have spent much time lately wondering when and where your town fire department was organized. Well, I've just learned that the Sanbornton Fire Department was organized at the home of Chief George S. Currier on Jan. 3, 1951. For some reason, I reckoned it had been here forever.

Then, in September of 1962 the N.H. Association of Fire Chiefs first met with the SFD – over a meatloaf supper. And, what do you know, it has remained a meatloaf supper each year. The rest of the menu has remained stable too: baked home-grown potatoes (still furnished and grown by our very first Chief), corn on the cob (furnished by the lucky ones the coons ignored), sliced tomatoes, rolls and homemade pies.

The Women's Auxiliary of the SFD was founded in late fall, 1969. So that next September, the ladies got into the act and took over the annual supper. It wasn't until 1974 that the wives or best girls of the Fire Chiefs got included, and Ladies Night now comes with entertainment after the usual meatloaf and business meeting.

When I heard the auxiliary was soliciting 17 different meatloaves this year, you can surely guess what crossed my mind. Right, a recipe for each one, and that's what I requested. But that didn't get me very far. It seems very few of our worthy cooks use a specific recipe. I have not given up, however, and have conducted my own survey and trials. Isn't it lucky my lab assistant is so fond of meatloaf. And to think I'd forgotten this strong liking until my surveying came about recently. I'll share two of his new favorites:

MEATLOAF BECHAMEL

Mix together, then bake in greased pan at 350 degrees:

- 1 lb. raw meat, ground fine
- 1 whole egg, plus the additional yolk of 2
- 1 c. of thick cold béchamel sauce

BECHAMEL SAUCE (makes about a quart)

Cut up 1 small onion, carrot and 1 celery rib. Sauté in ½ c. butter until onion is clear. Add ½ c. flour, stir for 4 or 5 minutes. Whisk in 4 c. warmed milk, bring to a boil. Add salt and pepper to taste, some nutmeg, parsley, thyme and a bay leaf. Simmer about 30 minutes, then strain. Use, store or freeze. (Freezing in ice cube trays makes for convenience, handy for vegetables, too.)

APPLE MEATLOAF for 8 plus (thanks to Janet Shirley)

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 2 T. prepared mustard | 3 eggs |
| 1 large onion, minced | 2 c. chopped apple |
| 3 T. horseradish | 1 ½ c. bread crumbs |
| ¾ c. catsup | 2 tsp. salt |
| 2 ½ lb. ground meat | pepper to taste |

Combine all ingredients, mix thoroughly. Pack into greased loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour and 15 minutes. (This may be frozen before or after baking.)

Too bad no way has been devised for those great Chiefs to sample each of the 17 meatloaves and vote on the favorite!

🌿 *October 3, 1978* 🌿

You've heard about going bananas. Most of us have been there, and returned safely.

Now, let me tell you a trip that is more fun, and rewarding: go apples. It's that wonderful time of the year, and so beautiful around the countryside. Have the thrill again of that first bite of your first hand-picked beauty!

Sometimes you may need a new idea or three for using this sometimes luxury product. It's luxury when you want it and don't have it, you can't afford it, or it is altogether unavailable. This does happen in many parts of the world. But, right here and now, lucky you can get a stockpile of apples with little effort. Try some in this:

CURRIED CHICKEN WITH APPLE SLICES

Marinate 2 small broiler-fryers, cut up in 1 c. French dressing mixed with ¼ tsp. curry powder.
Sauté gently for seven or eight minutes 5 c. apple slices in ¼ c. butter or margarine.

Combine and sprinkle on top of apples:

2 T. sugar	1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. cinnamon	1 tsp. grated lemon rind

Drain chicken, bake or broil until tender. Meanwhile, in ¼ c. oil, sauté: ½ lb. mushrooms, halved; 1 large green pepper, cut up;
1 large onion, sliced.

Combine the drained vegetables with the chicken, surround with mounds of the hot apple slices. Spoon Curry Sauce over all, serve piping hot.

CURRY SAUCE

Blend 4 T. flour and 2 tsp. curry powder (to taste) into 4 T. melted butter. Cook a bit, then add 3 c. good chicken broth. Cook until thickened.

Legends concerning the apple are abundant. It is said that one place the apple was native, dating back into the B.C.s, was in the mountainous districts of northwest India.

Little did we know, a few years ago, that the apple stemmed from the very region we were enjoying on holiday. We were in Simla, a hill station about 200 miles north of Delhi. This is a town that was built mostly for the British to escape the heat during the summer months in India, and it remains refreshing.

Houses are in rows, straight up the side of the big hills – the roof of the block below just about level with the floor of those above. There are very few streets, so you walk, carrying whatever you have to tote.

We stayed in the Y.W.C.A, which is almost on the top level with the view you've always wanted. About the only thing higher up were the droves of monkeys, which had free run of the town. Chicken wire over the windows kept them from interiors of homes of those who did, as well as did not, worship them.

The cordial Y director thoughtfully directed us one day, just this time of year, to the regional Harvest Festival. It was great to experience a 4-H-like fair so far from home, and to see the considerable effort going into apple culture in Himachal.

Among the varieties displayed were the Red Delicious, Golden Delicious, Starking, Rich-a-red, Yellow Newton and King of Pippins. Naturally, we shipped a box to our home in Poona. It didn't seem to matter that we were about a thousand miles from home, and it cost our wad!

❧ *October 10, 1978* ❧

It's time to begin to start to get ready to go spend an evening next week with the extension group in Tilton, commonly known as "The Happy Wanderers." We're going to cook, eat, talk and maybe even think India. Here's one of the dishes I'll prepare, a hearty vegetable curry.

If you don't have a helping hand, or an electric wonder, then you will have time while chopping away to realize that hired help is cheaper in some parts of the world than others.

CHOU-CHOU-BATH for 6 to 8

2 green peppers	1 T. yellow split peas
2 medium onions	½ tsp. caraway seeds
1 small eggplant	⅛ tsp. turmeric
1 c. green beans	¼ c. peanuts or cashews
1 large baking potato, scrubbed	1 tsp. curry powder
2 T. butter	dash: ginger, cinnamon, cloves
1 tsp. mustard seed	freshly ground black pepper
1 red pepper or 1 tsp. cayenne	salt to taste
2 T. shredded coconut	¾ c. rice steamed in
juice ½ lemon	1 ½ c. water, some salt

Unpeeled potato is cubed, as is unpeeled eggplant. The other vegetables are cut smaller. Mustard seed is browned in butter until it pops, then red pepper, yellow peas, caraway seeds, turmeric and curry powder are sautéed in same pan. Chopped nuts are stirred in and browned slightly. Vegetables are added starting with potatoes and string beans, then onion, green pepper and eggplant. Stirring, cook until vegetables are barely done. When ready to serve, add the steamed rice, coconut, lemon juice, and any spices you may have forgotten.

When those wandering homemakers gather at Betty Brown's to learn more about India, I will like telling them about another cooking demonstration I once enjoyed doing.

The YWCA in Poona, India, needed benefiting and asked me to produce an apple pie before a paying audience. I accepted their invite, on the condition that they up the admission price from one anna to one rupee. In terms of our money that meant from a few cents to a quarter, and that much was considerable for many Indians. After all, the object of the whole affair was to make money! They did, after allowing me to furnish all ingredients used for the cook-off to make me happy.

A real show that was. Most of the 50-some Indian women who came had never seen an apple pie, much less tasted one. But, they had heard all about this American goodie from traveling husbands and friends. They were curious and interested.

Regular ovens were almost nonexistent for most, but you could buy a portable tin one that fit over a burner. A double gas burner "stove" could be rented from the local gas company. To promote gas, I got this company to provide, set up and attend just such a unit for my demonstration.

Thinking this would likely be my only chance to share unknown fare, I baked up a storm and provided samples of assorted apple pies, and added chocolate cake as a bonus. Everything went real good, and the next day a special notice was blocked out right in the middle of the front page of the daily news: apple pie baked in Poona!

I got the gas company to follow me to the five additional demonstrations resulting from that flash. The gas attendant seemed to enjoy each one. As I recall, he became quite fond of apple pie.

☞ *October 17, 1978* ☞

Have you got your ticket in hand for the International Buffet scheduled for United Nations Day, Oct. 24, at the Gilford Middle High School? Get with it, this promises to be a great evening.

The League of Women Voters, with Lucile Allen as president, and the American Field Service Chapter for student exchange, with Barbara Carey as president, are joining forces this year to offer the Lakes Region an opportunity to become more world conscious than we might be without their efforts. Both groups are working on feeding the limited number of ticket holders – six dollars for adults, three dollars for students, all-inclusive, no tips or tax expected. The buffet will be served from 5:30 to 7:30 p.m.

The League has invited J. Malcolm Forbes of the Teachers' Center for Global Education at Harvard University to be their guest for dinner, and then at eight o'clock he will talk in the auditorium on pertinent international developments. The AFS is planning interim entertainment, and a display of items from various parts of the world.

The menu includes Moussaka, Indian Chicken Curry, Frikadeller, Pilaff, Salads, homemade Swedish Rye and French Breads, Apple and Squash Pie. Recipes will be available.

One dish I proposed at the planning of this menu was cabbage pudding, which my editor just loves. It will not be served at Gilford on Oct. 24th, but maybe you'd like to try it in the comforts of your own any day now. I'm giving this to you straight from our friend Svea's notes. She's retired now from the National Art Gallery in Stockholm, but we still enjoy hearing from her in southern Sweden. My interpretation of Svea's working will be in parentheses, so you should be able to figure this out with less trouble than I had.

KALPUDDING (Cabbage Pudding) for 6 to 8

½ dl. (deciliter) rice (½ c.) 2 eggs
2 dl. water (2 c.) ¾ dl. cream or milk (¾ c. milk)
2 dl. milk (2 c.) salt and pepper (1 ½ tsp. salt)
Force meat: 150 g. ox (1 lb. ground beef)
 75 g. calf (½ lb. ground veal)

Boil the rice in water and milk and let it be cold. Mix the force meat with rice, eggs and cream or milk. Spice, taste and test. Dilute extensive, the paste shall be incompact. (This means have enough liquid so it doesn't dry out.)

Boil the white cabbage in salt water until it has just softened. Not too much. Take it up and drain off excess water. Smear a fireproof mould. (Grease casserole.) Place cabbage and force meat mixture in layers in the mould. Dilute. (Here this means don't pack down.) Bake in moderate oven 1 ½ to 2 hours, or until cabbage is soft.

We use to eat it with potatoes and red whortleberry. We are very fond of potatoes and this jam in Sweden to meat. (Try lingonberry jam, or cranberry sauce if you don't have a whortleberry handy.)

Last week I gave you a genuine Indian vegetable curry recipe; and now we're paying a tribute to Sweden. It really is a tribute to the two foreign students attending Gilford High this year who will be the guests of the AFS next Tuesday. Make a point to speak friendly to Mohan Phansalkar from Poona, India (near Bombay), and to Kjell (pronounced "Shell") Andersson from Katrineholm, Sweden (near Stockholm). These chaps are living in the homes of Don and Barbara Carey and John and Joan Stevenson, respectively. These host families are to be congratulated and thanked for helping the rest of us share New Hampshire, and more, with our welcomed visitors.

By the way, if you need tickets, call Sally Rowe at 524-xxxx for help. Alvina Heine is over-all chairman for the evening, 524-xxxx.

☞ October 24, 1978 ☞

Have you got your *dhoti* or *lungi* ready to wear tonight? Well, the welcome mat is dusted off for the International Buffet at Gilford Middle-High School to celebrate United Nations Day. A Tibet hat might add color, too.

Last week, in this same school, the Adult Education Foreign and Gourmet Cooking Class did some tasty relating ahead of schedule. Jayhee Smith came to share a whole evening of Korean cooking, and it was just great. Sam had helped her get recipes together and copied from the home front. It was an appreciative audience that followed her production, and then sampled all four main dishes with satisfaction.

I called for a vote to select their favorite dish of the evening, so we could let you have a chance to try it. Do you know, I caught some of the team trying to vote twice! It was difficult to pinpoint one favorite, but in the end Chop Chay came out way ahead. Here it is as Jayhee presented it:

CHOP CHAY

Like many Korean dishes, Chop Chay can be eaten as a main course or served as a side dish. The following recipe should feed four as a main course or six as a side dish. In Korea, it would customarily be served accompanied by plain boiled (Oriental) rice, instructions for preparing which are included with the recipe for Porkum Pub.

1 pound of beef (no hamburger and no bones – sandwich steaks are good)	3 scallions
1 (8 oz.) can of sliced mushrooms	soy sauce
2 large carrots	sugar
3 medium size onions	sesame seed oil
3 individual roots of garlic	sesame seeds
1 (8 oz.) pkg. bean threads (Saifun)	Accent (monosodium glutamate)
1 (10 oz.) pkg. frozen leaf spinach	black pepper

Drain the mushrooms and place them in a large frypan. (The juice will not be used in this recipe, but you may wish to retain it for other cooking.) Slice the carrots as for canning and then cut each slice into five or six slivers and put in the pan. Dice the scallions into half-inch lengths and put them in the pan. Mash the individual roots of garlic and add to the pan. Cut the beef into very small pieces, not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ " x $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 1", and add to the pan.

Remove the bean threads from the package and put them in a large pot of boiling water. Stir while they are boiling to separate them. Then put them in a "screen-bowl" (Susan – see Chay Hee for particulars) and rinse with cold water.

Remove the spinach from the package and put it into a pot of boiling water for ten minutes. Then rinse the spinach with cold water. Handling the spinach as one mass, wring the water from it by hand.

Place the "loaded" pan on the stove at medium high heat. (Electric pans and Teflon pans are completely acceptable.) Put four T. of sesame seed oil in the pan with the other ingredients. Cook for 15 minutes, stirring constantly. Then separate and stir in the spinach and bean threads and cook until these last two ingredients are thoroughly warmed. At this point add and stir in:

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar	1 T. mashed sesame seeds
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. soy sauce	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. Accent

Serve to your guests in bowls (as a side dish) or on dinner plates (as a main course).

☞ *October 31, 1978* ☞

Boo to you, too!

Two years ago at this time, we were living in Aarhus, Denmark; second to Copenhagen in size. It was Halloween time, and the Danes didn't know about this. That far from home I do believe the nostalgic memories gained significance, so I took it upon myself to share some of this fun and set out to find a big orange pumpkin to make a genuine jack-o-lantern. Search as I did, nary a one did I find, large or small. I did locate one large item shaped like a pumpkin, but colored like a green striped zucchini – I couldn't lift it and I didn't have a wheelbarrow handy. Besides, it cost about \$17. I left that prize right there in the market, and went directly to the suitcase with goodies and found the beautiful large paper napkins I'd brought along with full blown brilliant orange jack-o-lantern, grinning away.

There was another reason for wanting to share the goblin joy. We'd just received the happy news that Henry's retina operation was declared successful, and I was in a fine mood to produce a real treat for the University Hospital ophthalmological group which had done such a marvelous "trick" for us. They liked the tale that went with the pumpkin decorations, but more than that, they really enjoyed the Toffee Squares delivered for the staff coffee on the 31st. I'll add, several other treats followed until the patient was turned over to the home carer.

TOFFEE SQUARES

1 c. butter or margarine	2 c. flour
1 c. brown sugar (medium packed)	1 tsp. vanilla
1 large egg yolk, or 1 small egg	1/8 tsp. salt

Cream butter or margarine (or, half and half), add rest of ingredients, mix well. Spread in greased 8- or 9-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees 25 to 30 minutes, til done.

While still warm, top with 8 to 12 oz. German chocolate (semi-sweet chocolate is good, too), melted. Sprinkle top with chopped nuts. Before the chocolate on top is completely cool, cut the toffee into squares for serving, and hopefully storing.

Not wanting to get caught short in 1978, I am delighted to report that I was allowed to buy that 102-pound orange squash that looks like a pumpkin. Bob Beaulieu grew it in Tilton and donated it to the Winnisquam Regional High School Country Fair, held a few Saturdays ago. As of last night's cooking class, this gorgeous Show King Squash went home in assorted pieces as my treat to this appreciative bunch of folks.

❧ *November 7, 1978* ❧

It isn't every day that you set out to buy a piece of whale steak and get to see a run-away eel all at one swoop. This really did happen to me in that tremendous underground market in downtown Stockholm. Fresh whale was in season this particular day, and although it was relatively expensive, I felt compelled to try it.

They had it at my favorite fish stall, where they also had a large tank of water housing numerous active eels. These I could resist, but it was fascinating to watch those Swedes select the very one they desired. It wasn't necessary to understand the language. The pointing and grunting were sufficient. I watched the attendant reach in the tank and lift out the selected slippery item. When all of a sudden it got away, and off it wriggled across that busy market floor – amid much screeching and scampering. When the attendant did catch it, he cuddled and patted it as you might a kitten – a bit of a show-off, to the delight of his audience.

The whale meat looked a lot like a good lean beef steak. We liked it cut into sticks, breaded and sautéed in butter. I wanted some more last night to go on the Scandinavian buffet I did for my last cooking class this go.

Since I couldn't locate any right handy, I got Cap'n Bob to order me a whole salmon, and settled for Cold Poached Salmon. If you get in the mood for something fancy, as well as delicious, try this.

COLD POACHED SALMON

First of all, you have to locate a whole salmon seven to nine pounds. Have it cleaned and scaled, some leave the head on; certainly the tail. Before purchasing the dead fish, you must find something big enough to cook it in: a proper steamer with rack; an elongated wash boiler (that's for me); a sizeable roaster; you can cut the fish, alas, and put it back together after cooking.

Wrap the fish in several layers of damp cheesecloth or old damask. If you don't have a rack to place the fish on, use a plank of the same size under the fish. This makes for easy removal after cooking. Put the fish in the kettle with white wine bouillon to almost cover. Bring the liquid to a boil, reduce the heat, and simmer the fish gently for eight minutes per pound, or until it flakes easily when tested with a fork. Remove from the kettle, drain and discard the cloth. Remove the skin from one side of the fish, carefully turn over onto serving platter; remove remaining skin. Coat the fish with a goodly layer of sauce, chill. Cover with a layer of aspic. Decorate as desired with assorted vegetables. Another coat of aspic may be added, to keep decoration from drying out. Garnish fancy.

White Wine Court Bouillon

In a large kettle, combine 1 quart each of dry white wine and water, 2 small carrots, and 2 medium onions, thinly sliced, 6 peppercorns, ½ bay leaf, 2 cloves, 2 tsp. salt, sprig of thyme. Bring to a rapid boil, then simmer it for 25 to 30 minutes. Rub through a sieve.

Aspic Glaze

Soak 1 T. unflavored gelatin in 1 c. fish or chicken stock. Dissolve it over hot water, then add to 1 ½ c. clarified stock. Check seasonings. Chill until it thickens somewhat, then spoon it over the fish.

To make a **covering sauce** (goes on chilled fish before the aspic), substitute 1 c. cold sour cream for 1 c. stock after dissolving the gelatin. Chill this before adding the aspic. Then add decorations.

Green Mayonnaise To Serve With Cold Salmon

Chop, blanch for 2 minutes and drain: 2 T. each parsley; tarragon, fennel or dill; chives; spinach or cucumber; water cress. Run through sieve and combine with 1 c. stiff mayonnaise.

When I first tried this whole fish adventure, I didn't own a large wash boiler. Friend Hildegarde did, and she gladly lent it to me. I reckon I borrowed it once too often; she gave it to me. Wish she were on deck to know it is back in action again, although I figure she's looking down with approval.

~ November 14, 1978 ~

Perhaps you knew, but I didn't until recently that there are nine foreign students living in New England this year as part of the Experiment in International Living.

They are gathering this weekend in Gilford for four days of sharing with high school students in the Lakes Region area. And each will bring along to this convention a student member of his or her host family. There will be guests in 18 Gilford homes, with assorted programs and entertainment planned by co-chairpersons Debbie Fountain and Kjell Andersson and their committee. The EIL office in Brattleboro, Vt., will be represented at certain specific meetings with these students.

A wind-up international potluck is being held Sunday for them, and for the families from near and far who are being so generous with their efforts to relate for all of us. Our nine Away visitors come from Sweden, Denmark, Venezuela, Mexico and Italy. It didn't take long for me to get permission to make Chicken Enchiladas for the finale feed. This recipe has traveled from Old to New Mexico to Sanbornton.

CHICKEN ENCHILADAS

Cover a 3-4 lb. chicken with water, add a carrot, some celery and onion, salt and pepper; simmer until tender. Save the broth. Shred the chicken while warm into three or four inch strips.

Enchilada Sauce

In 3 T. chicken fat (or butter or oil) sauté 1 onion, chopped; 1 garlic clove, crushed; 1 tsp. cumin seed, ground. Blend in 3 T. flour, then add 3-4 c. chicken stock (or use chicken bouillon and 1 can chicken consommé). Add about 4 T. good chili powder, adjust this and salt and possibly more cumin to taste. The sauce should be quite hot to taste because when other makings are added, the taste is less strong. Enchilada sauces should not be too thick, but about the consistency of light cream or a thin gravy.

To put Enchilada together: Soften tortillas one at a time by dipping quickly in hot fat. (Fresh tortillas are available in the dairy department of some of our local markets; or, look for fresh-frozen ones in freezer; or, canned as last choice.) Drain the wilted tortillas on brown paper.

Inside each tortilla – down the middle – spread some of the shredded chicken, some chopped onion, some grated cheese (cheddar is good), top with about 1 T. of the enchilada sauce. Roll up and place in casserole, with open flap on bottom so it doesn't unroll. When you have the desired number of tortillas rolled, or the casserole is filled, pour remaining sauce over all, and top with any leftover onion or chicken then top with additional grated cheese. Bake at 350 to 400 degrees until heated thoroughly, from 20 to 30 minutes.

Nearly always when these enchiladas appear at our house, you will find this favorite Guacamole nearby:

JOE ANN'S GUACAMOLE

1 large ripe avocado, mashed (about 1 c.)	
1 scallion, chopped fine	2 T. olive oil
1 clove garlic, minced	1 T. chili sauce
½ tsp. hot pepper sauce	salt to taste
3 T. lemon juice	freshly ground pepper

Blend all together, cover and chill. To use as a salad pile it on lettuce, top with tomatoes, crisp croutons, and a sprinkle of Parmesan cheese. Equally good as a dip.

~ November 21, 1978 ~

Just 30 years ago this time of year we had a houseguest for over a week who was a prominent professor of botany and director of the Botanical Garden in Sweden.

He was glad to be in a home instead of a hotel while on an extended tour in the U.S. We enjoyed him. Two years later, he reciprocated happily by housing Henry while he did some research at the fine museum just across the street from the director's Garden home.

Barely prior to this time, our gracious visitor and the botany professor at the museum had been involved in a prolonged lawsuit over a personal-professional matter.

Scientists do not always agree; sometimes, like other people, their disagreements are strong. They, too, suffer. This trial was featured in Swedish newspapers outside Stockholm, too, and was unfortunately reflected in the lives of the other staff members at the museum.

Although it was 15 years later that we returned to live in Stockholm for several months, we visited the retired Garden Professor as well as the Museum Professor who was in the process of changing positions. There still remained in the museum staff virtually two "camps" – they didn't all even speak to each other. But every one of them had been most helpful and friendly to us A's.

What better time to try to bury the hatchet than inviting one and all to an American Thanksgiving dinner at noon when they took their hour break.

We did it, and the response was inspiring for me to whomp up my best. The one person who did not come helped get the stage set by arranging for a large table, and by bringing in her own silver and dishes.

There was no kitchen or dining area in the department, so it really was a push to get the meal spread at 12 sharp. That particular taxi ride from our apartment to the museum was voted the safest, most careful one we had in Sweden. The driver spoke fine English, but he could smell even better, and see what was inside the boxes and bundles he helped with.

It was a wonderful occasion, most gratifying. It didn't matter that undressed bird had cost \$1.25 a pound – at that time they were about 49 cents dressed in the U.S. Several of those folks had never had turkey, although today it is much more popular there. They liked everything especially the Season Pudding as our English grandma used to do it.

SEASON PUDDING for 12

Make enough poultry stuffing for the turkey, plus about 6 c. extra for the pudding. Everybody for himself, but here's the way we like it:

Cook about 4 large sliced onions in water more than enough to barely cover for a long time, until onions are very soft and chop into a mush easily. Put these onions into a bowl containing 6 to 8 c. bread cubes or dressing mix (I use the cornbread variety when available), chop all together with ¼ c. margarine or butter and enough hot onion liquid to make a very moist stuffing mixture. Add two eggs, poultry seasoning, salt and pepper to taste.

Now add ¾ pound good sausage, spread in a 13- by 9-inch greased pan. Bake at 400 degrees until sausage is done and the edges are crispy brown.

This may be served as a first course, cut in squares. Pass the gravy.

A surprising treat came to us when our Thanksgiving guests turned the tables and invited us to a traditional Swedish Christmas supper. They made all the arrangements, did all the preparations, decorated the hall, brought the cheer. The "hall" was a large room used by the Nobel Prize committee earlier in the year, located in the Royal Academy buildings. That was the year Martin Luther King received the Peace Prize!

~ November 28, 1978 ~

Have you had your chimneys cleaned lately? That's easier today than to get your shoes shined!

When we had our annual check recently, it reminded me of the first time I met with a real genuine chimney sweep.

It was on that eventful morning when I was rushing to meet my noon deadline for the Stockholm Museum Thanksgiving feed. I had just put two full, liquidy squash pies on top of the small flat top stove so I could put them in the waiting hot oven beneath, when the doorbell rang loud and clear.

Plenty cheerful Swedish sounds could be detected, and then a bouncy, grinning black thing appeared at the kitchen door near my readied pies. I knew right off when I saw the identifying brushes and sooty coating all over that I was in for it. "It" was a he, and he was saying something and pointing to the flue opening right over the stove!

My woe and whoa sounds, and much head holding, got through to that eager beaver long enough for me to move the pies and cover a few things quickly. He thought this a great joke it seemed to me; then up he hopped on top of the stove and went into his act with much cheerful shouting down the chimney to a buddy below.

We sublet quarters on the third floor of a four-floor apartment building, tall floors – 22 stone steps up that circular stairway between each floor; no elevator, so I knew the number well from the steady ups and downs. I also knew what soot was up above had to come down. But it all happened so fast that my baking wasn't held up long at all. I was just puling the delicate, firm, baked pies from the oven when the doorbell rang louder and longer. No, not this, thought I. But, there he was, more cheerful than ever and acting like he needed to get on the stove again.

What a tease; he had come back and motioned to his buddy now in our hall to see what those things were that smelled so good. Squash Pie (made with imported canned pumpkin that day) made a proper bow, and the show got on the road.

MA'S SQUASH PIE (one 9-inch pie)

1 c. squash, sieved or canned	½ tsp. nutmeg
1 large egg	1 T. flour
¾ c. sugar	1 tsp. cinnamon
⅛ tsp. salt	½ c. whole milk
1 c. cream, or evaporated milk	

Mix all together. Put in unbaked pie shell. Wrap edge with a wet strip of cloth. (Remove cloth after baking.)

Bake 10 minutes at 400 degrees, then lower heat to 325 degrees and bake until filling is firm, 30-45 minutes.

Later that day we learned that by law all chimneys in the city (and maybe elsewhere in Sweden) had to be cleaned every six months. No doubt, there were regular schedules for these visits, but no one had alerted us visitors. I reckon we were lucky to be at home, as I'm glad not to have missed that excitement.

And we took time after the second appearance to whip downstairs to see the "headman" in his stovepipe hat and tails, directing activities and likely making appointments to be seen by the forthcoming bride on her way to her wedding. Good luck, you know!

❧ *December 5, 1978* ❧

Seems like there is a season for just about everything. Hunting season, blueberry season, black fly season, hatching season, mud season, and now 'tis the season to be jolly. This present one could just as well be called the cooking season. And for those of us who really like to cook, it is jolly.

A recent phone call helped us A's get a jump on the Ho-ho-ho feasting. Son number one and his seven-year-old son were coming from Tennessee to be back on the farm for a few days. They both come in hungry, so my instant planning was followed by turn-on-the-fires action. You see, I learned this lad had told his father that he thought his Gramma made better hamburgers than the big M. That's just about the biggest compliment a fellar can offer!

You can rest assured that I am not serving hamburgers at the moment. I simply can't chance a disillusionment. But I am going strong on barbecued pork tenderloins, the favorite bacon-lettuce-tomato, delmonico steaks, and Sunday we had the all-time choice: rare rolled rib roast with pan-browned potatoes, and oodles of Yorkshire Pudding. It was hard to know when you'd had enough.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

¾ c. flour	2 eggs
1 tsp. salt	1 c. milk
4 T. beef drippings (rendered suet is good)	

Add eggs and milk to flour and salt, beating thoroughly. (A blender is good for this.) Let stand refrigerated for 1 hour, or more, then pour into pan with hot drippings. Bake 25-30 minutes at 450 degrees. Serve immediately.

This is also a good time of year to afford a bit of sentiment. And that is how the vegetable to go with this dinner was selected. A few Septembers ago, I had our threesome on a delightful nine-day tour of northern England and southern Scotland. It was a rather small group of folks from all over the world, all on holiday and ready for enjoyment.

I learned later in the trip that some of these folks had had fear and trepidation about three children on deck. Well, we left Kings' Cross station about noon, and before that afternoon was over my charges were eating out of the palms of the tour director's hands and his passengers'. Naturally, I was proud.

Thinking back on it, I don't recall a specific time when our kids behaved better. They didn't even moan at one more cathedral, and when they enjoyed tea regularly and ate all their vegetables I felt like I really had something to write home about. There was one vegetable called Suedes served at a lovely little Scottish inn. I was requested to get that recipe, and we've been having it ever since. It is so easy, and so good, you may like to try it.

All you do is take two pans. In one you boil as many carrots as desired until they are tender; drain them (save the small amount of water used for gravy or soup), mash them well with a bit of salt and pepper and a generous amount of butter or margarine. In the second pan, follow suit with yellow turnip, or rutabagas (called **Suedes** in Scotland). Just before serving time, casually mix the two hot yellows.

When we got back home that year and were joined by Henry who had been wage earning on the continent we tried Suedes on him. I knew the battle was won when he, too, liked this dish. You see, he really didn't like carrots much, and had always declared turnips fit for cattle!

❧ December 12, 1978 ❧

You've heard tell that you can't have your cake and eat it, too. Well, I'm not so sure about that. I think I'm experiencing that very thing right now.

For six days I got to plan and produce the best eating I could for our family twosome from Tennessee. Each day I allowed me a fresh and different approach to that dinner table, serving from six to more regularly. There is no way for me to avoid having plenty, therefore, there is no way for me not to have leftovers. Now comes my fun: a series of Must Go dinners. Got to get that refrigerator cleaned out, items must go! This is my cake, waiting to be eaten.

The first creation was a long-promised steamed steak and kidney pudding to celebrate a finished manuscript. Of course, it was handy that I just happened to have a fresh beef kidney and surrounding suet in the box; ground the suet for the crust, sautéed the kidney with onions and added generous bits of that rib roast remnants, plus some mushrooms and broth brewed from the bones, and I won hurrahs before the finish line.

Sometimes, I have to admit, I deliberately overdo it a bit. Half a ham is more glamorous and perhaps more tasty than a slice. Besides, I needed some handsome cubes for a main course soup – that ham, cream cheese and leek soup many of you have tried since it was featured last summer.

Then, when those melt-in-the-mouth delmonico steaks were getting the barbecued touch, I requested a few marinated pork tenderloins be done at the same time, only longer. I needed something unusual to take to the Belknap Mill members' Christmas open house – sliced thin those tenderloins were well received on home-made toast rounds. Also, in making Chinese egg rolls, there is nothing that adds more than bits of that tasty pork.

Get out the blender and incorporate all the vegetable remnants into the broth made from the beef bones and trimmings; the bare ham bone adds a touch to that pot. Good soup may become better if you throw in some of the tomato and leek purées you froze up last fall.

There is one thing I like to have on hand this time of year, Ed's Chinese Fruit Cake. Although it is not a Must Go, it certainly adds a nice finale to most any meal you come up with.

ED'S CHINESE FRUIT CAKE

½ c. flour in a paper bag	
1 lb. pitted dates, cut in thirds	1 lb. candied cherries
2 slices candied pineapple, cut up	1 lb. large pecan halves

Shake fruit in flour to coat it well.

Make a batter of:	1 ½ tsp. baking powder
4 beaten eggs	¼ tsp. salt
1 c. sugar	1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
1 c. sifted flour	½ tsp. almond flavoring

Pour batter over fruit, using hands to mix. Pour into 1 large or 2 small loaf pans which have been greased and lined with greased brown paper.

Put a pan of hot water in the oven, heat oven to 250 degrees. Bake the cake for 2 hours or until lightly brown.

There has never been any problem giving this fruit cake away as a very deluxe gift, nor have I had any difficulty getting takers for a real Must Go dinner. There are those who are on the permanent let-me-know-when list; some have even voiced their decisions that Must Go is better than many first goes.

❧ *December 19, 1978* ❧

You don't have to look very far of late to see something beautiful – the lovely decorations the local merchants are sharing with all, the dreamy faces looking at those toys, the accommodating snow that has turned our countryside into fairyland.

Well, the other night I saw another special sight. It was at the annual cookie bake-and-bring, complete with recipe, over at the Smith farm in the Bay. More than 20 Sanbornton Extension Homemakers had brought their wares to laden that table and to create a gorgeous display. It was fun to delve into, also. And to know that a goodly amount of this show was headed for the State School to add to their Christmas.

I decided to do hazelnut bars for this occasion, as I was pretty sure no one else would bring those. I was right, they stood alone; they were distinctively ugly as cookies go, but very tasty. The dough is brownish from the ground roasted hazelnuts and cinnamon in it; it is cooked over hot water, then put on wafer paper to dry out two hours before a slow bake.

Yes, I did say wafer paper, which you can't hardly get any more. The chap who introduced me to this is the greatest pastry chef one could hope to meet, and it was by accident that we met. While on a benefit house tour in Connecticut, one extra-nice kitchen was being shown by the owner.

She commented, in passing, that her father, who was a retired pastry chef from one of my pet restaurants in St. Louis, wondered what in the world she needed a six-burner cook stove for. I coveted that six-burner set-up immediately, but my thinkin' popped back in a hurry to that part about a retired pastry chef, and he lived there, too.

About three months and a number of rehearsals later, Bill Bergmann did the most fabulous cookie-cook-off ever for my cooking class sponsored by the University of Connecticut League. That was exactly five years ago, and ever since that eventful presentation 14 of his most unusual cookie recipes have traveled with me.

I'm not sure Bill would be thanking me for the demand that has come his way, and I was unable to thank him for the wafer paper he could no longer get from his supplier. He had several packages for his own family use; it's reminiscent of typewriter paper only edible, of course. I think it was used mostly under fondant and macaroons.

Not to be thwarted, I sent a friend in Chicago to one of the best-known baker's supply houses there. No wafer paper there, either, but suggested she try the church supply place that furnished the Christmas wafer for the large Polish community in the mid-west, and elsewhere. So this is what I received: two boxes of Oplateks, a thin wafer pressed in oblong irons and on it in relief is the Nativity scene. Now, you know good and well I couldn't bring myself to bake a cookie on that!

Don't feel bad about having no wafer paper. Instead, try this number one winner on your family: Almond Crescents.

ALMOND CRESCENTS

1 lb. butter	1 tsp. salt
2 c. sugar	1 T. vanilla extract
½ lb. blanched, ground almonds	½ tsp. almond extract
4 c. sifted flour	candy red hots

Soften butter, add sugar gradually, work in well (with hands, if necessary). Add almonds, work in well. Add flour, salt and flavorings. Pinch off small balls and roll in palms of hands. Shape into small crescents, place on greased baking sheet, press flat, decorate with 3 red hots.

Bake at 350 degrees for about 15 minutes, or til barely done and very light brown, sometimes called tan. Cool on racks, then dust with powdered sugar. Store in tight tins.

Just so you don't fret for me, I must tell you that I'm well supplied with wafer paper. A thoughtful Dutch friend was back home last year and brought me four packages of huishoud-ouwel straight from Holland!

❧ *December 26, 1978* ❧

It's always hard to really face up to the fact that Christmas is over! The memory can and does linger for a while, though. The New Year is almost upon us.

Naturally, I'm presuming you all know that on New Year's Day you must eat black-eyed peas to bring you what you're longing for. Just soak them overnight in water which more than covers them, then boil them with a hunk of salt pork, in water which covers them, until they are done, but not mushy. When served with a generous slice of sweet, raw onion and some good cornbread, they make your day.

We delight in joining our Greek friends to celebrate the New Year their way. It's so good that I find myself making Kreatopita (Greek Meat Pie) on illegitimate days, too. On those days, however, I omit the ritual, and it is comforting not to have to worry how many teeth might be affected by that hard coin you do or do not win.

KREATOPITA or GREEK MEAT PIE a la Tula

To make meat mixture:

1 ½ lb. chopped or ground beef	¼ lb. butter
1 large onion, grated	¼ lb. grated cheese

Brown meat and onion in butter. Add grated cheese. When cool, add a cupful of cheese filling, below.

To make cheese filling:

3 c. milk, scalded	½ c. feta cheese
½ c. farina	¼ c. grated Parmesan cheese
	4-5 beaten eggs

Gradually add farina to hot milk, stirring constantly. Cook until thickened. Cool, stirring several times. Add feta cheese, grated cheese and beaten eggs. Mix well. Dill or thyme may be added for flavor.

To make pita: 1 lb. philo (or filo) leaves (look in frozen foods)

¼ lb. butter (or more), melted

Butter a baking pan approximately 15 x 11 x 2. Place two phila in pan, drizzle or brush on butter; repeat this with two or four more phila, lapping sheets over edges of the pan so that they may be folded over to hold the meat mixture in. Put in all of the meat mixture. On top of this layer place four or six more phila, brushing with butter between every two. Add cheese filling. At this point, take a coin (quarter is good) and wrap it in saran or plastic wrap, place it in the cheese filling. Fold the extended sheets of philo dough over the cheese filling, then top all with the remaining phila, buttering between every two. Cut through the top making four strips, then drizzle on some more butter. Long ago you forgot calories!

Bake in a 375-degree oven for about 30 to 40 minutes, or until golden brown. This may be prepared a day ahead and refrigerated until baking time; it freezes well. Without thawing, bake at a lower temperature and a bit longer.

This is a traditional Greek pita, served on New Year's Day. When it is served, the head of the house turns the pita around three times – indicating the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The first piece is cut for St. Basil, the second for the head of the family, third for the mother, fourth for the oldest child, etc. The person finding the coin in his serving is said to be the one who will have good luck throughout the year.

I must go back to my source and find out who eats St. Basil's piece! But, I can tell you that this same source is a firm believer in this tradition. Tula got the coin in her serving one year, and before the year was out had married her delightful dinner partner. Their wonderful family has made followers out of a number of folks.

Greetings to you and yours!