

# 1981

## *JANUARY*

Moroccan Chicken (Tajine)  
Preserved Lemon  
No Crust Cheesecake  
Cary's English Cheese Soup  
Dumpling-Topped Tomatoes

## *FEBRUARY*

Tourtieres: Ken, Bob, and Joyal  
Rice and Cheese Croquettes  
Egg and Ham Croquettes  
Date Pinwheels  
Pineapple Cookies  
Buttermilk Treasure Bars

## *MARCH*

Oyster Stew for Wally  
Jessie's Fish Chowder  
Irish Stew  
Bubble and Squeak  
Colcannon  
Irish Soda Breads #1, #2, and #3  
Bread Pudding Deluxe  
Double Boiler Bread Pudding  
Lemon Chiffon Pudding  
Coconut Snow Pudding  
Fool

## *APRIL*

Boiled Parsnips  
Parsnip Fritters  
Duchess Parsnips  
Delmonico Parsnips  
Ostrich  
Vijfschaft (Brown Beans with Sausage)  
Indian Pudding  
Coquilles St. Jacques

## *MAY*

Krauter Butter  
Stuffed Fillets of Cod Turban  
Rhubarb and Ginger Compote  
Rhubarb Brown Betty  
Curry à la Nadeau  
Margo's Rye Bread

## *JUNE*

Ron's Chili (Vegetarian or Beef)  
Mushrooms: Stuffed, Turnover, Casserole  
Mushrooms in Grape Leaves  
Pressure Cooked Baked Beans  
Brown Bread  
Lettuce: Braised, Creamed, Wilted, Stuffed  
Cream of Lettuce Soup

## *JULY*

English Raisin Muffins  
Betty's English Muffins  
Lobster (or Shrimp or Crab) Appetizers  
Ratatouille Provencale  
Ratatouille Nicoise

## *AUGUST*

Zucchini Frittata  
Poor Richard's Quiche  
Marinated Brussels Sprouts  
Stuffed Sausage  
Impossible Apple Pie

## *SEPTEMBER*

Chicken Rice Casserole  
Hazel's Oatmeal Bread  
Hummous  
Mørbrad med Aebler og Svedsker  
Agurkesalat  
Clara's Apple Brownies

*OCTOBER*

**Anne's Chicken Kiev with Lemon Butter  
Sauce**  
**Meringue Velvet, Frozen**  
**Sicilian Cassata**  
**Impossible Ratatouille Pie**  
**Impossible Cheeseburger Pie**  
**Impossible Tuna Pie**

*NOVEMBER*

**Bob Guay's Tourtiere**  
**Missouri Mix**  
**Brownies (made with Missouri Mix)**

**Pastry Mix**  
**White Sauce Mix**  
**Cabbage Bundles**  
**Rice Stuffed Cabbage Rolls**  
**Jeannette's Sauerbraten**

*DECEMBER*

**Bourbon Marinade**  
**Eve's Chocolate Syrup**  
**Butterscotch Sauce**  
**Down-South White Cake**  
**Butterscotch Icing**  
**Southern Fried Chicken and Gravy**  
**Valerie's Steak and Kidney Pudding**

❧ *January 6, 1981* ❧

It was delightful hearing from an old neighborhood group, a fun lovin' one, down Connecticut way, and to learn that they had varied their usual potluck New Year's Eve supper a bit. The gathering started early evening, the weather hampered no one. It was cold, and the warm-ups upon arrival cheered a fellar.

The host and hostess were an active part of the party, producing some interesting but simple hors d'oeuvres. There was no hustle and bustle in the kitchen. In fact, little if any odors were floating out of the cooking quarters.

'Fore too long into the evening, the two leaders called attention and made an announcement. Instead of cooking the dinner, they were sharing this activity with all, and had divided the group into teams. Now this is one of the smartest things they did – dividing into teams ahead of time, to start and begin. You see, they knew their guests well, and knew where the cooking talent lay. Therefore, they could balance the good with the bad.

This same twosome opened a closet door and produced large brown paper bags with a team number on each. Inside the bags were the makings of a dish to be prepared for dinner, right then and there. There was a bit of a problem, besides the confusion possibilities. Nothing in the bags was marked, including assorted cans without labels, condiments or staples. Utensils, pots and pans, casseroles, etc., were revealed but not specified.

The spirited teams went to it, and after considerable consulting among the mates and elaborate teamwork, they enjoyed their creations before the Stroke Of. The evening was declared successful.

Since thinking on all this, I've been wondering what I might put into just such a brown bag as was given out, just for kicks. It jolly well could have been these ingredients to make a very tasty and glamorous dish of something you might like to try on purpose: Moroccan Chicken.

#### ***MOROCCAN CHICKEN or TAJINE***

1/3 c. olive oil	freshly ground pepper to taste
1 large onion, thinly sliced	1/8 tsp. saffron
1 clove garlic, minced	1 chicken (2-3 lb.) cut up
1 T. fresh parsley, chopped	1/2 lemon, cut in wedges
1 T. fresh coriander, chopped	1/3 c. green stuffed olives
(or, 1/2 tsp. crushed dried)	

Heat oil in heavy pan; stir in onion and seasonings; add chicken pieces and stir to coat with onion mixture. Cover and simmer, turning occasionally, an hour or so, or until chicken is tender.

Remove chicken to warm serving dish, heat lemon and olives in remaining sauce, pour over chicken and serve. (Note: this dish is more authentic if made with "preserved lemon" made by the following recipe.)

#### ***PRESERVED LEMON***

8 lemons	fresh lemon juice
coarse salt (Kosher, sea or other uniodized salt)	

Quarter lemons vertically from top to within 1/2 inch of bottom. Sprinkle salt on exposed flesh and reshape fruit. Place 1 T. salt on bottom of 1 qt. canning jar. Begin packing in lemons, pushing them down to release juices and make room for remaining lemons, adding more salt between the layers. Add extra lemon juice to cover. Screw on cap to seal tightly.

Let stand in warm area for at least 30 days, turning jar upside down each day to distribute salt and juice. If a lacy growth similar to a "mother" appears, remove with a wooden spoon.

To use (as in Moroccan Chicken), rinse lemons under running water. Preserved lemons will keep up to one year if covered with salt and lemon juice. That is, if you don't use them.

*❧ January 13, 1981 ❧*

Anniversary time remains a good time to recall. And, right now, I'm recalling the first day I set foot in New Hampshire. It was one of those perfect August-in-New Hampshire days, and I was on my way to the shores of Lake Winnisquam to meet the proposed future in-laws. That was the custom in the "good ol' days," some of you will remember and others will have heard tell.

I had arrived in Boston that morning early on a night train from New York City. I was still asleep when the train pulled into South Station. As a matter of fact, I was on the wrong train. Lucky for me it was an earlier one than the one I should have been on. New York had been an exciting city to me!

A friend of the family met the train and me with the news that Henry had had an impacted wisdom tooth removed and the unintended infection that had set in was causing him difficulty. The chap I'd expected to see was at home saving his strength to drive us up-country that same day. And this is what we did, though I must say he didn't look very excited to see me. Miserable is more what he looked, but I knew that swollen, black-and-blue jaw was not at all comfortable.

There were no interstate highways at that time, so it was 3B north all the way. It was a beautiful drive to me, even through the somewhat dreary cities on that run. The hills of New Hampshire were mountains to me. Then, just as we were driving over the bridge in Tilton, I spotted the post office looming in front of us. It came over me like a flash that one of my college buddies had moved to New Hampshire and, though I didn't have her address, her town sounded kind of like this very one. Or, was it Gilton. When I requested a pause in the trip, my driver said there was no such town as Gilton. There was Tilton and there was Gilford.

This same driver was getting a bit tired I'm sure, and he knew we were getting close to the barn. I didn't. But, thank goodness, he kindly waited while I went into the post office to inquire if they'd ever heard of a Marion Payne in Tilton.

Well, said the unhurried postmaster at the window, just so happens at the moment that her dad is on the golf course, about hole five by now, and Marion is at the front desk of the plant office. That's just over the tracks, and to the left.

Over 43 years later, here's a recent and dandy Crustless Cheesecake recipe from this same treasured friend who now lives in Cincinnati.

### ***NO CRUST CHEESECAKE***

2 (8 oz.) pkg. cream cheese	$\frac{2}{3}$ c. sugar
3 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. almond extract

Mix thoroughly. Pour into buttered 9-inch glass pie pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes.

For topping, mix:	3 T. sugar
1 c. commercial sour cream	1 tsp. vanilla

Cool first batter 15 minutes. When removed from oven it is puffed up, browned and cracked, then it settles forming a well. Pour topping into well and return to oven for 5 minutes. Cool, chill and serve.

*❧ January 20, 1981 ❧*

This past Sunday from 4 until 8 in the evening was party time for much of Sanbornton at the Steele Hill Resort, one of the high points in town. Ralph and William Cutillo saw fit to be neighborly for the fifth year in a row to invite the whole Sanbornton "check list" (voting residents) to join them for an open house. It was a terrific success as far as the over 500 guests were concerned. I was among those there to observe, listen and indulge.

Yesterday I wondered strong enough about the congenial host-group that I took another run around the corner to the top of the hill to see how they were surviving "the day after." It's a good report. They were pleased with the whole affair, and glad they had done it, in spite of being very tired today. Of course, it had only taken the best part of two weeks to get ready for this occasion!

Naturally, since I don't know of another town round about that experiences such an inclusive fun gathering, some folks are bound to be interested in the offerings on that beautiful and lengthy buffet table that never ran low. Garden tossed salad with choice of dressing, pasta salad as well as delicious three bean salad; deluxe deviled eggs; a large flat of boned, cold salmon garnished fancy with blue gelatin cubes and partitions and a healthy piping of well-seasoned mashed potatoes around the edge; crusty whole wheat rolls and Boston brown bread in handmade, baked dough baskets, patty shells for the nearby seafood Newburg; hot sliced turkey, baked beans, assorted quiches, beef and mushrooms in sauce, tasty meatballs, and a towering steamship round of beef that was sliced to suit the individual taste. Desserts baked on the premises and coffee were handy in an adjoining room. A pink and white castle and a chocolate colored grand piano, both made of cake batter, as well as some ice molds, live gold fish (swimming in glass bowls), and many fresh flowers added to the décor.

Drinks and hors d'oeuvres were served downstairs in the cheerful pool room. Assorted cheeses were real tasty. The scooped out watermelon attractively refilled with fresh fruit and the decorative fresh pineapples and numerous fresh fruit garnishes dispelled any wintry thoughts. Didn't hear a single complaint about the finger lickin' enjoyed along with the chicken wings in barbecue sauce.

Congratulations were in order for the whole staff of the Steele Hill Resort. I was glad to meet the capable chef, Cary White, for the first time. And, I snatched the opportunity to ask him to share one of his favorite recipes with others in the Lakes Region. He doesn't bake three steamship rounds every week, but he does prepare or supervise three regular meals every day at the Inn for the public. It was plain to see that he had some choice soups to offer, so here's his English Cheese Soup.

### ***CARY'S ENGLISH CHEESE SOUP***

1 gal. good chicken stock                      1 c. milk  
2 large carrots, peeled, diced in 1/4-inch cubes  
roux\* made with 1 c. butter or margarine and 3/4 c. flour  
1 lb. orange-colored cheddar cheese, shredded  
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce                      salt and pepper to taste

Cook diced carrots in hot stock until just barely tender. Add milk and heat all to a gentle boil. Add enough roux to make broth and milk slightly thickened, it may take all of it. Turn off heat, stir in cheese and Worcestershire. Check seasonings.

\*(Note: a roux is made by heating the shortening until bubbly, then adding flour and cooking until a smooth paste is developed.)

*✧ January 20, 1981 ✧*

**HOSTAGES FREE – U.S. REJOICES**

(AP) A plane carrying the 52 American hostages, freedom bound after 444 days of captivity in Iran, took off today from Tehran's Mehrabad Airport, the official Iranian news agency Pars and a policeman and the airport reported. [...]

☞ *January 27, 1981* ☞

## **52 PROUD AMERICANS THANK NATION, EIGHT WHO DIED**

WEST POINT, N.Y. (AP) – The 52 former hostages of Iran opened their first news conference today by paying respect to the eight servicemen who died in last April's failed rescue attempt.

"They put their lives on the line," said Bruce Laingen, the *charge d'affaires* of the U.S. Embassy in Tehran when it was seized by Iranian militants on Nov. 4, 1979. Laingen acted as moderator for the news conference, the first the former hostages have held since they were freed on Jan. 20.

Laingen told the reporters they were facing 52 "proud, free and happy Americans" and said their families had demonstrated, during the hostages' 444 days of captivity, "nobility and courage." Laingen praised the eight who died in the rescue attempt for "their readiness to put their lives on the line because they wanted us to be free."

He said the hostages "need time to reflect a bit in terms of policy questions," and he said all the freed Americans "want to reach out with thanks to all our countrymen." He said the former hostages "have been humbled by what we have seen of the magnificence of the support" they received. And, paraphrasing Winston Churchill, he said, "Never has so small a group owed so much to so many." [...]

❧ *January 27, 1981* ❧

For nearly three years now, most every Tuesday has brought forth at least one recipe that I treasure. Why Tuesday? Well, I'll tell you.

I once had a fun lovin' sister name o' Ed. She was the one who claimed she could put out a distant light by shooting a watermelon seed out of the corner of her mouth. She also planted a fine idea in our family's memory: "Tuesday is a good day!" I'm confident she did quite a few thoughtful and right things on Tuesdays, on purpose to promote her saying. Just as I picked Tuesdays for this article, and frequently do special things I enjoy doing on this particular day.

It seems logical to think of this same Ed looking down on us especially of late, with an "I told you so" grin. Just see what happened last Tuesday, and the grand celebration all over our nation today, another Tuesday. And, there is little doubt that each of our returnees is anxious to get home and have at least one favorite dish to eat. It doesn't take 444 days in captivity to get hungry for something you don't have. It can come over you just being away from the source a short time. Preparing those desires is as satisfying to the producer as to the consumer.

Well, aren't we lucky to know that we have fifty-two new Tuesdays coming up this year. One apiece for each special wish we undoubtedly will hear about as time goes on.

I'm starting today with two things I remember sister Ed always requested when she came back home on a visit: Great Northern beans boiled with ham hock, and broad egg noodles cooked in canned tomatoes. Mom might even have done these Dumpling-Topped Tomatoes for this daughter who always remembered flowers to her on the daughter's birthday. Interesting enough to me, that birthday just happened to be last Friday, right in the middle of Tuesdays.

***DUMPLING-TOPPED TOMATOES (serves 4-6)***

1 (28 oz.) can tomatoes	1 T. snipped fresh parsley,
1 T. sugar	or 1 tsp. dry
1 T. flour	½ tsp. salt
2 T. butter	pepper to taste
1 T. chopped onion	sprinkle of dry basil and garlic

Mix all together, bring to a boil and cook 10 minutes.

**Dumplings:** Mix 1 c. prepared biscuit mix with 1 tsp. dried parsley and about 6 T. milk or enough to moisten or cut 2 T. butter into 1 c. flour mixed with ½ tsp. salt, 2 tsp. baking powder and 1 tsp. dried parsley; moisten with ½ - ½ c. milk.

Drop dumplings by T. in top of hot tomato mixture. Cook 10 minutes. Sprinkle with ¼ c. shredded Parmesan or cheddar cheese, cover pan and cook another 10 minute, or until dumplings are done.

Help Tuesdays out, if you get half a chance.

February 3, 1981

It was exactly one year ago this week that we Americans were thanking our Canadian neighbors for their help in getting six of us out of Iran. And, it was then that I shared three very special, and very personal French-Canadian pork pie recipes. As individual bakers of this most debated recipe, each family still votes for its own Kay or Aline or Glory version. To me, each of these remains a winner.

Shortly after these gems appeared in the *Citizen*, I chanced to meet up with one of Sanbornton Square's good cooks. She was good to let me know that she had seen and read the **Tourtière** article and recipes. But, frankly, she added, that wasn't the way to do it at all. She had married into a French-Canadian family, and they really knew how to make this irresistible treat. It is always available to that anticipating family and friends at holiday time, especially.

All rightee, Anne, I was quick to speak up, let me have your version and I'll share it with the rest of the world. Seemed a fair way to me. Oh no, she couldn't do that. It was a family secret!

Now, I've worked more than usual this past year with the one who made this comment, I want to say commenter, and I still haven't seen that particular secret recipe. Never you mind. During the recent holidays we were delighted to receive three surprises: three pork pies, made and presented by three unknown-to-each-other men. Each pie was delicious and slightly different. Again we could not pick a real favorite one. Of course, you know we had them one at a time since they freeze so well. It was mighty easy to be ready for the next one up. Yes, the fellows were pleased to share their ideas.

**Ken** (of B.K. and Sons Upholstering) says for ten pork pies, have ten pounds each pork and beef ground together, then cook-up partially. Sauté 2 c. chopped onions and 2 c. chopped celery in a bit of shortening. Peel, cook and mash 8 good-sized potatoes. Mix this all together, then add some salt, pepper, Bell's poultry seasoning, ground cinnamon and cloves to taste. (Right here is the tricky part!) Let cool. Put into 9-inch pie crusts, made with Crisco, top with crusts each of which is marked with a slashed initial (for gift giving). Pie may be frozen, or baked at 350 degrees about 45 minutes, or until heated through and crust is lightly browned. If pie is baked while still frozen, allow at least an extra half hour to cook through.

**Bob** (of Guay's Halfway Market) kept his directions to a minimum by saying he used 2 parts of pork to 1 part beef, ground, using about 1 ¾ pounds meat per pie. He grinds the beef first, then combines the pork for a second grinding. The meat goes into a pot with as much chopped onion as desired, salt and pepper to taste, cook all together until juices form and the meat browns up a bit. Add some ground cloves and cinnamon to taste. (There you go!) Cool. If much liquid or juice has formed, add some bread crumbs to firm up. Put into slightly "rich" pie crust made with Crisco, top with pricked crust. Bake at 425 until crust is golden brown, doesn't take too long, about 20 minutes.

And now, here's a treasured Joyal family recipe that dates back two hundred years or more. Chick (of Amoco used-oil fame) shared one of these pies with us; he had several on order from his brother, Rolland (of Kona Farms, Moultonboro). Chick was duly proud of this brother, a retired chef of over 40 years, who made over 100 Joyal pork pies for last Christmas.

#### **JOYAL'S TOURTIERE (9-inch pie, serves 8)**

2 lbs. pork ground, not too lean	
1 lb. beef ground	1 lb. potato, peeled
1 small onion, chopped	½ tsp. ground allspice (or to taste)
12 oz. water	¼ tsp. ground cloves (or to taste)
salt and pepper to taste	pie crusts

In heavy iron skillet or Dutch oven, mix pork, beef and onion, heat over medium high heat, stirring, until it starts to brown. Add water, salt and pepper. Cook for 15 minutes, reduce heat and simmer for one hour (low heat).

Boil potatoes until they mash smoothly. Add potatoes and seasonings to the meat, stirring until they are dissolved. Let cool.

Fill pie shell, made with lard, cover with second shell, brush top with milk. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes until golden brown. Cool, refrigerated, and reheat before serving. These freeze very well.

(signed, Rolland B. Joyal, Sr.)

Well, Anne?

❧ *February 10, 1981* ❧

It's so easy for me to remember what fun I had years ago watching and listening to pianist and comedian Victor Borge perform on vaudeville stage. He was always a great drawing card and very popular in the Midwest U.S. where I was growing up, as well as in other parts of the country.

I don't think his popularity waned a bit with his followers when television made its appearance. I especially like the part of his routine when he asked the audience to name two or three musical notes, any two or three, for him to create a lively tune. These improvisations were very delightful to me, a piano drop-out. There were little or big musical additions to the two or three theme notes, but those sounds were louder and stood out as predominant. And, he seemed to have such a good time creating, including many asides and comments as he went.

I get that Borge feeling just about every time I go to the refrigerator after a big holiday or entertaining weekend, a series of dinner parties or a big cooking class or three. Reach in, pull out two or three must-go items, then start the creating for family enjoyment. The world of casserole cookery is wide open. And, then there's the hash theme to consider. But, still more fun is the croquette clan. I've heard tell that croquettes are hash that has made the social register. Proper seasoning determines its duration on the registry, and the sauce used in and on it may have a lot to do with its address!

Generally speaking, a croquette (from the French word *croquer*, meaning "to crunch") is a small preparation made into various shapes with a mixture of a selection of white or brown sauce, cracker or bread crumbs, eggs, seasonings, ground fowl, meat or seafood, grated cheese, chopped vegetables, cooked rice, pasta or nuts. The croquette mixture shapes better if chilled first. Then dip the cone-shaped, rounded or cutlet shapes in beaten egg and roll in fine bread or cracker or cereal crumbs. You may chill croquettes after shaping if desired. Usually they are fried quickly in deep hot fat, but they may also be pan broiled in a small amount of fat, or bake them in a moderately hot oven just to heat through and brown nicely.

***RICE AND CHEESE CROQUETTES***  
*(18 small balls, or fewer large ones)*

2 T. margarine or butter	½ - 1 c. grated sharp cheddar cheese
3 T. flour	1 T. minced parsley
½ - ¾ c. milk	¼ tsp. paprika
2 eggs, separated	salt and pepper to taste
2 c. cooked rice	1 c. fine dry bread or cracker crumbs

Melt shortening, add flour and cook a bit. Gradually add milk to make a thick white sauce, stirring constantly. Add egg yolks, well beaten. Cook two minutes longer, stirring. Add cooked rice, cheese and seasonings. Cool, then chill several hours. Form into 18 small balls (or, larger ones). Roll in crumbs, then in egg whites, slightly beaten, and in crumbs again. Fry in deep hot fat, about 375 degrees, until golden brown.

(Note: good served with heated condensed tomato soup, a good tomato sauce, mushroom or egg sauce.)

***EGG AND HAM CROQUETTES***

Scramble 8 eggs (I use less) in the usual way, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper. When eggs just begin to set, stir in 1 c. (plus) finely chopped or ground cooked ham, 1 T. grated onion, 1 T. finely chopped parsley, and 1 T. chopped green pepper. Mix well. Cool and refrigerate until quite cold. Shape into croquettes. Roll in beaten seasoned egg, then in fine bread crumbs; again in beaten egg and fine bread crumbs. Chill well. (Note: up to this point, may be done day ahead.)

When ready to serve, place a few croquettes at a time in hot, deep fat (375-390 degrees) and fry until delicately browned. Drain on absorbent paper and serve on a heated platter. Garnish with parsley or watercress, or something decorative. Serve with a side dish of tomato, mushroom or cream sauce. A mustard sauce is good, too.)

(Note: any kind of leftover cooked fish, meat, game or vegetables may be prepared in this manner. You might like to try baking them on a greased cookie sheet at 400 degrees for no more than 30 minutes – don't want them to dry out, so cover loosely with a piece of foil.)

I was happy to get a timely phone call the other day from that good cook up Moultonboro way saying he had used those odd bits and pieces of chicken skin they'd resurrected from the defrosting freezer by grinding them and including same in croquettes. Just mix up some minced leftover turkey meat, the chicken skins, some white sauce, eggs, a bit of chopped onion, green pepper and celery. Shape up and cook. Thoughtful of Rolland to share his innovation with the rest of us.

What a way to do your own thing!

## February 17, 1981

It was in last week's *Trumpeter* that a bold headline caught my eye: "Rocking chair marathon at Peabody Home." The residents of the Peabody Nursing Home in Franklin will be rocking and rolling on February 19 to do their thing for the American Heart Association. This is part of a nationwide program promoted by the American Heart Care Association, of which the Peabody Home is a member.

Then I got to that part where it said, "Would you like to join the residents by rocking with them?" Well, I said to me, yes, I would. Some of you may recall that early last summer I considered myself quite a rocking chair enthusiast. That was after the run to the cousin houseparty down in Red Boiling Springs, Tenn. There I got real practiced up on that long hotel porch lined with rocking chairs, mostly filled with cousins.

When a brainstorm hits, sometimes you need to exert a bit of caution. So, I proceeded to approach my best friend, who was handy, to see if he would sponsor me in this adventure. And, to see if he would help get my own rocking chair in the line-up. Yes, to both questions. I added that I thought the going rate was a donation of one dollar an hour that I managed to hold in there, payable to the Heart Association.

I've learned that there is a schedule for this coming Thursday at the Peabody Home. On your mark and go at 9:30 a.m. Then, and this is the part I liked, there's a lunch break from 11:30 to 12:30! Up and at it until 3:30 p.m., or any part thereof. It's barely possible that there will be a cookie treat at some point. I've heard about the good cookies the Sanbornton Square choirs had last spring when they serenaded the Peabody Home folks. And recently, I've just learned, some of the residents there who missed cooking a great deal have organized a satisfying activity that is a "cooking in the kitchen afternoon." The goodies made at these sessions are sold from the hospitality cart which is circulated one morning a week by two faithful volunteers, Nan Smart and Libby Roberts. Here are two of the favorite cookies offered.

### ***DATE PINWHEELS (makes about 5 dozen)***

3 c. dates, chopped	2 c. brown sugar
1 c. white sugar	3 eggs, beaten
1 c. water	4 c. sifted flour
½ c. chopped nuts	½ tsp. salt
1 c. shortening	1 tsp. baking powder

Combine dates, white sugar and water. Cook until thick. Add nuts, and cool. Cover and chill 3 hours. Divide into 2 parts.

Cream shortening, add brown sugar gradually. Add eggs and mix well. Then add dry ingredients. Cover and chill 3 hours. Divide into 2 parts. Roll each into a rectangle about ¼ inch thick. Spread half of filling on top of each and roll as for a jelly roll. Wrap in wax paper, put in freezer overnight.

Slice not too thin, put on greased cookie sheet. Bake about 12 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from pan, cool on rack.

### ***PINEAPPLE COOKIES (makes about 5 dozen)***

1 c. shortening (use ½ butter)	1 tsp. soda
1 ½ c. sugar	½ tsp. salt
1 egg	¼ tsp. nutmeg
1 (8 ¾ oz.) can crushed pineapple with juice	
3 ½ c. sifted flour	½ c. chopped nuts

Mix shortening, sugar and egg thoroughly. Stir in the pineapple with juice. Mix dry ingredients together, then blend into above mixture. Add nuts. Chill dough at least 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Drop rounded teaspoonfuls of dough about 2 inches apart on lightly greased baking sheet. Bake 8 to 10 minutes. Cool on rack.

Back to the Rockathon. Got to hurry. It's only the day after tomorrow. I understand there will likely be some town notables bearing their chairs to the contest, maybe even some famous characters. They will have no trouble at all signing up their sponsors. If you are not in the race, and aren't already a sponsor two or three times, feel free to try me. I'm planning to take that lunch break serious and get my strength up!

February 24, 1981

Some of you are bound to be wondering how I made out at the Heart Association rock-a-thon down in Franklin at the Peabody Home last Thursday. Well, I started out at the beginning, took that lunch break and wouldn't have missed the finish line for anything. I had a marvelous time the whole day, all five hours of rockin' as well as the hour break. It was easy to enjoy each of the changing of the guards. Once we almost ran out of rocking chairs, but never participants.

There were two very special Rockers, both residents of the home, who were in their places before the gun went off first thing, and they went all the way to the non-bitter end. Ruth Reid of lovely voice, Mary Dixon and I may have to organize the Sisters of the Ol' Rockin' Chair. There are a number of others who are eligible to join, particularly Martha Perthel and Betty Bolduc who helped us by knowing lots of the words of the songs offered by competent visiting pianists and guitarist. Martha even did an impromptu dance when she couldn't sit any longer, and this rendition prompted a spectator to add a bonus to the Heart Fund!

Hear tell that each of the rockers and rollers were presented a red carnation the next day at dinner. They deserve that. I vote hats off to the entire staff and all the residents. Each contributed to the warmth and spirit of the occasion. I bequeath the recipe I promised, the one that got general approval at the rock-a-thon.

### **BUTTERMILK TREASURE BARS**

½ c. brown sugar (packed)	½ tsp. baking powder
½ c. white sugar	1 tsp. baking soda
½ c. shortening, margarine is good	4 T. buttermilk powder
2 eggs, beaten	¾ c. water
1 tsp. vanilla	1 c. chopped nuts
2 c. flour	1 c. sliced maraschino cherries
½ tsp. salt	1 c. semi-sweet chocolate bits

Cream sugars and shortening. Add eggs and vanilla. Sift together dry ingredients, add to creamed mixture alternately with water. Don't overbeat. Stir in nuts, cherries and chocolate bits. Spread in greased jelly roll pan (15x10x1). Bake 30 minutes at 325 degrees.

While hot frost with:

½ c. melted margarine	½ tsp. vanilla
2 c. confectioners' sugar	2 T. milk

Mix all together and spread on baked cake. Cut into bars before frosting hardens. (Note: try 1 c. buttermilk or sour milk if no powdered buttermilk is handy. Then, don't use water mentioned in recipe.)

Mary Dixon, in particular, wanted this recipe to share with her attentive family. And, I'd like to share a bit about Mary Dixon with you. Some years ago Mary was in a very bad accident which left her without the use of her arms and hands. An operation on the right elbow did help, but the left arm has been in a hampering sling. So she has to have help to do whatever you do with arms and hands. This handicap has not dampened the cheerful attitude of this remarkable person. She's outgoing, peppy, interested, pretty and fun to be with.

It wasn't until the day after the rock-a-thon when I called one of my generous sponsors to thank her for the needed support that I learned Mary Dixon is well loved by the second graders and others in the Franklin elementary school because of her volunteer work with them two mornings a week. Mary invited me to see her room during our lunch break last Thursday and with great pride she pointed out one whole wall taped with notes "from her children." I thought she meant notes from her grandchildren, who also care. No siree, these were mostly notes from those second graders wishing her speedy recovery and great get-well messages.

Mary was all set a month ago to have that left elbow rebuilt. But, the operation had to be postponed. Be of cheer. She was admitted to the hospital just this past Sunday, and surgery was scheduled. I'm thinkin' positive!

Again, let me say there are some days that it really does pay to get out of the kitchen.

☞ *March 3, 1981* ☞

Last week my cooking cohort in Storrs, Conn., sent me a *Willimantic Chronicle* front-page picture and write-up about our mutual friend and our former neighbor, Wallace Moreland. Wally became 80 the day before ‘George’ and it must have seemed most natural to the near 200 friends who dropped in to his party at his home that day to share his hospitality and his relating.

Back in the early 1920s Wally was a poultry major at the Connecticut Agricultural College, now the University of Connecticut, and a star quarterback from his freshman year on. His public relating started right here when he began writing football news for several papers, papers as far away as Boston and New York. He must have needed the money from this as well as from his part-time job caponizing chickens. You see, he and his best gal, Jessie, decided to tie the knot early in his college career. I think they feared parental objections, so they ran off and I’ll venture it was tough sledding at times. It was most interesting to me that later on there was a fancy wedding, family sponsored, and I never could decide which of the two dates was the right one for an anniversary. Maybe both were occasions to party. They did celebrate their 50<sup>th</sup> happily, and that was before my special pal Jessie had to Go On three years ago.

Jessie and I used to have the best times together. A fun person. The perfect mate for a genuine public relations man, and an enjoyed mother of four. We met after the Morelands had retired from Rutgers University and were asked to come to the University of Connecticut. Wally was to be assistant to the University president and relate again. They came to Storrs just about one year before we arrived. It was a great stroke of luck that we built houses just a hop apart, right handy. Their friendliness and attention, along with that of others in that great community, made our stay in Storrs ten-plus of the choice years in our lives.

How I used to laugh at the grocery shopping safaris Jessie and I would take. I don’t believe there was ever one time we went when she didn’t try to stock up on oysters. She’d freeze up a supply to have when the R’s ran out and they weren’t in season. That Wally had to have his oyster stew. I have never known anyone who required any one food as much as that oyster stew lover. Wally makes it for himself now, but here’s Jessie’s easy way of doing it.

***OYSTER STEW FOR WALLY (serves 2 or 3)***

½ pt. oysters	1 tsp. salt (Kosher)
3 c. milk	fresh ground pepper
4 T. butter	

Scald milk in top of double boiler, over boiling water – beads will form around the edge. Add oysters, butter and seasonings. Cover and cook for 3 to 5 minutes, to heat oysters through. Serve with Pilot crackers.

And, runner up is this chowder:

***JESSIE’S FISH CHOWDER (serves 4)***

2 lbs. filet haddock	⅛ lb. salt pork, 1 ½ inch cubes
4 medium onions, diced	2 c. milk
2 large potatoes, diced	salt, pepper

Cover fish with water, bring to a boil, remove fish. Put onions in fish water, cook 15 minutes. Add potatoes, cook until done.

While this is going on, have diced salt pork rendering in skillet – it’s this fat you want for seasoning.

To the onion and potatoes add the milk and salt pork fat, a little salt and pepper. Add the fish last, otherwise the fish will be too broken up and mushy. Heat thoroughly, but do not allow to boil.

Serve with New England common crackers. Pass the salt pork “scraps” on the side.

❧ *March 10, 1981* ❧

Well, here we are caught right in the middle of St. David's Day, the leek-loving Welsh saint, and St. Patrick's Day, the Irish saint of shamrock fame. Plenty of time to get an Irish treat ready for next Tuesday, and Welsh something could easily be retroactive to March 1. Corned beef and cabbage is so timely. But, maybe you have not done an Irish Stew for a while.

***IRISH STEW for 6***

2 ½ - 3 lbs. stewing lamb, cubed	
6 potatoes, cubed	freshly ground pepper
4 large onions, sliced	1 ½ c. chicken broth or bouillon
2 T. finely chopped parsley	1 ½ T. butter, softened
1 tsp. crumbled thyme	2 T. flour
1 tsp. salt	2 T. chopped parsley for garnish

In a buttered casserole, arrange a layer of ⅓ of the potatoes, cover with a layer of lamb, then a layer of onions, season with the herbs, salt and pepper. Repeat to form 3 layers. Add the broth, cover the casserole and cook in a 350-degree oven for about 1 ½ hours, or until lamb is tender. Combine the flour and butter, add some hot broth from the casserole, then add all to casserole. Continue cooking a few minutes to thicken the juices. Garnish with parsley.

If your crew just happens to be ready for a lamb roast, a leg or shoulder would be choice. Then, thrill them with either a Bubble and Squeak or a Colcannon. Both of these are popular in Ireland, but not at the same meal since contents are similar. End result quite different.

I, personally, don't always bother to explain an unusual title of a dish in advance, except to say wait and see. If you find an interested ear handy, try to add a bit of history if you get a chance. This "Bubble and Squeak" title has been used well over a century. And a similar recipe with some salted beef added appeared in a 16<sup>th</sup> century cookbook. The bubbling and squeaking in the skillet as it cooks is said to be the sounds of witches and ghosts trying to escape from the fiery heat!

***BUBBLE AND SQUEAK for 4***

3 T. butter or bacon fat	2 c. shredded cabbage, boiled 15 min.
1 small onion, chopped fine	1 c. mashed potatoes

Heat butter in heavy skillet, add onions and fry for 5 minutes, or until softened. Add drained cabbage and stir over low heat for 2 or 3 minutes. Fold in mashed potatoes until well blended with the cabbage and stir over low heat.

Press mixture onto surface of the skillet to form a large pancake. Cook about 5 minutes, or until underside is browned. Turn and brown on second side. Serve piping hot.

***COLCANNON***

1 lb. potatoes	½ lb. cooked kale or cabbage
1 onion, minced	1 tsp. salt, pepper to taste
3 T. milk	1 T. butter

Cook potatoes whole in their skins (steam if possible). Cook the onion in the milk with the salt and pepper over a gentle heat, tightly covered. When the potatoes are cooked, peel them and press through a ricer (or, used mashed potatoes). Add to the milk and onion. Mash cabbage or chop fine, mix with the potatoes. Stir well, beating up with a fork over a good heat until the Colcannon is very hot, then add the butter. Serve very hot, and pass the butter for each diner to add more as desired.

☞ *March 17, 1981* ☞

It's been quite fun lingering over the Irish cooking. And, today is the perfect one to carry on with the sampling of Irish Soda Bread.

After reviewing a number of recipes, each from a different source, and trying out four of them, I have reached a few conclusions. The Irish are like the rest of the world in cooking to suit the individual taste with many variations in their recipes. In general, Irish Soda Bread is a so-called quick bread which gets its name from the baking soda used with buttermilk, sour milk or yogurt as the leavening agent. Although some recipes use egg, others do not. It is sweetened with sugar, honey or raisins and currants. Although some recipes use none of these. Frequently it is flavored with caraway seeds, but not always. Baking Enricher may be substituted for a small part of the flour.

Sometimes this treat is called Irish Raisin Bread. In which case I certainly would throw in the raisins, and not count on strong imaginations among the takers.

The ingredients common to all the aforementioned are flour, leavening agent, salt, buttermilk. Another thing common to the assorted shapes this bread takes, is the gashing on top. One gash, two, X-shaped, or initials, they do appear before baking. They say this allows the dough to rise while baking without cracking. A tricky way to jump the gun!

The assembly is quick, the results gratifying. My trial runs were each so well received that I couldn't get a distinctive vocal vote for a favorite. Heard mumbles that I might have to do the whole thing over again, trying some new varieties!

#### ***IRISH SODA BREAD #1***

2 T. honey	1 ½ tsp. baking powder
3 T. water	1 tsp. baking soda
½ to ¾ c. raisins	1 T. caraway seeds
3 c. whole wheat pastry flour	1 T. grated orange or lemon rind
1 tsp. salt	1 to 1 ½ c. buttermilk

Mix honey and water, soak raisins in this for at least an hour. Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Sift flour with salt, baking powder and soda. Add caraway and peel, add raisins and soaking liquid and toss lightly until well mixed. Stir in enough buttermilk to make a light, moist dough. Mix well.

Put in a well greased, with bottom floured, 9 x 5 inch bread pan, shaping loaf with a spatula. Cut a gash about ½ inch deep lengthwise down the center of the loaf. Let sit for 10 minutes, then bake for about 40 minutes.

Test for doneness with a straw. No dough should stick to straw when inserted into loaf. Turn out of pan, cool on rack.

#### ***IRISH SODA BREAD #2 for 6 loaves***

12 c. all-purpose flour	1 ½ tsp. baking soda
9 tsp. baking powder	6 c. buttermilk (approximately)
4 ½ tsp. salt	

Mix dry ingredients, add enough buttermilk to make a soft dough. Knead three minutes. Divide into 6, shape each into a round loaf, put on greased sheets, gash a cross on top of each. Bake at 350 to 375 degrees about 40 minutes, or til done.

#### ***IRISH SODA BREAD #3( one large loaf)***

4 c. sifted all-purpose flour	¼ c. butter or margarine
¼ c. granulated sugar	1 ½ c. raisins
1 tsp. salt	1 to 1 ½ c. buttermilk
1 tsp. baking powder	1 egg, unbeaten

1 tsp. baking soda  
1 T. caraway seeds

1 egg yolk, or cream

Sift together the first five dry ingredients, then add caraway. Cut in butter until mixture appears like coarse corn meal. Stir in raisins. Stir in egg and enough buttermilk to moisten the flour mixture. Turn dough onto lightly floured surface, knead until smooth. Shape into a ball and place in well-greased 2 qt. casserole. With a sharp knife make a cross-shaped gash on top, ½ inch deep. Brush with slightly beaten yolk or cream. Bake 1 hour and 20 minutes in preheated 350-degree oven. Straw or cake tester should come out clean when inserted in center. Cool in dish 10 minutes, then turn out on rack to finish cooling.

❧ *March 24, 1981* ❧

If Fannie Farmer were still among us, she would have been 124 years old yesterday. When she was nearing forty, her famous cookbook appeared on the market. It is still famous, and still very useful. Here for the first time exact measurements were given in all recipes. Revolutionary! Small wonder that during its first fifty years it survived many printings to total nearly two and a half million copies. And that was just through the year 1945.

Next best to meeting this particular person was to have the opportunity to visit with one of her Boston Cooking School pupils, Gladys Gibbs Chase. I certainly did enjoy chatting with this charming 94 year old, looking like a picture, now living at the Golden View Health Care Center up Meredith way, formerly of Brookline, Massachusetts. Her reputation as an unusually fine cook is staunchly upheld by more than members of her family, I'm told by an admiring daughter-in-law.

Gladys has done a very clever thing. She started jotting down her many original cooking ideas, and in 1940 printed her first small but handy cookbook, *Thoughts for Food*. In the foreword of this gem, she says that her insatiable curiosity and interest in cookery led her to the kitchen where she endlessly questioned their cook as to the how's and why's. And then, to have Miss Farmer as her personal teacher remained an inspiration throughout the many years she enjoyed her fascinating hobby, serving unusual foods in an unusual way. Although she, too, had a cook most of those years, she ably directed traffic for countless guests.

Requests for recipes were so numerous it was expedient for Gladys to prepare and print two more books: *Food Flashes* and *Canapes to Cordials*. These also included some helpful household hints. Her grandchildren will likely be eternally grateful for the work and fun she had to preserve this record as the way grama did it.

Even though those books are out of print now, family-owned ones are treasured all the more. I've selected these wonderful puddings to share, just as the author wrote them.

#### ***BREAD PUDDING DELUXE***

This recipe should be in every home for it is outstanding. Put 1 cup of brown sugar in your greased casserole. Place on top three buttered slices of bread cut in cubes. Mix 2 eggs and 2 cups of milk and a little salt, and pour over mixture not disturbing the sugar. Cook at 350 degrees in a pan of hot water for about an hour. When completed you have your sauce with your pudding (the melted brown sugar). It's most delicious.

(Raisins may be added to this for a touch of interest.)

#### ***DOUBLE BOILER BREAD PUDDING***

Put in top of boiler 1 cup brown sugar, 3 slices of buttered bread cut in cubes, then combine: 3 eggs beaten, 2 cups milk, 1 tsp. vanilla, dash of salt. Add milk to eggs, stir in vanilla and salt and pour over bread and sugar. DO NOT STIR. Cover and cook over the water for one hour or until a custard is formed. The brown sugar in bottom is your sauce... This packs a surprise.

#### ***LEMON CHIFFON PUDDING***

5 tbsp. flour, 1 c. sugar, 3 T. butter, rind ½ lemon, ¼ cup lemon juice, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Mix flour, sugar and cut in butter, add lemon rind and juice, then egg yolks, well beaten. Add milk and fold in egg whites beaten stiffly. Pour into casserole (buttered), set in pan of water and bake in oven 350 degrees for 1 hour. (This pudding separates in two layers, custard below and cake on top.)

#### ***COCONUT SNOW PUDDING***

1 tbsp. gelatin, ¼ c. cold water, 1 c. boiling water, 1 cup sugar, salt, 1 ½ tsp. vanilla, ¾ c. coconut, 2 egg whites, beaten stiff.

Soak gelatin in cold water, add hot water when dissolved, add sugar, salt and vanilla. Chill until syrupy, beat until

fluffy, fold in coconut and egg whites. Chill.

**Sauce:** 2 egg yolks, 3 tbsp. lemon juice, sugar, salt, in top of double boiler, beat with egg beater while cooking over hot water for 5 minutes. Remove from fire and add rind. Chill and add cream.

(Note: unsweetened applesauce may be substituted for the coconut, making it Apple Snow.)

❧ *March 31, 1981* ❧

Squared off this week to take a good look at an all-important word of great significance right now: 'fool.' You will realize, when you give it a little thought, that that word concerns most of us full-grown citizens. And, it is used quite often. It came in plain and clear three times in a half-hour TV show I chanced to see on Sunday night. That's often! It might just prove foolish to watch that program again.

Perhaps none of us has had the chance to be the jester, the old-time court-type fool, who was supposed to be entertaining. It may be, we have a different approach today by calling it "a good conversationalist," or even "a fun after-dinner speaker," someone to fill a vacant seat at the dinner table, or one to fill a slot in the program.

However, most of us have had the chance to consider ourselves a fool of some sort. We've felt foolish on occasion, or been made to feel foolish. It's possible that our oar went in to make someone else experience this feeling, innocently or on purpose. Apologies must come in handy here! Most of us have fooled around, or wasted time, or tried to divert attention.

Many an ol' saying includes the word 'fool,' or relates to it. We've all used those to bring home a point, sometimes pointing to ourselves. We've heard of idiots, sap-suckers, simpletons, dumb doe-does, boneheads, asses, blockheads, silly bumpkins, morons, numbskulls, etc. I can actually remember that stool in the corner of the small town grade school room with a fool's cap on it. It too, was used.

Some of us have fooled the public, and the authorities. Some have been caught. Others have been punished. And then there are those who find it necessary to bring charges to the public eye for accused actions considered damaging for appearance when this is related in print. Some sue for considerable amounts, some win the suit, and some do not. Their state-wide status remains. Few of us are fool-proof.

Let's forget a few things, and remember that long ago and likely far away, that the word 'fool' was used as a term of endearment. Well, here's a FOOL to enjoy, and old-timey recipe that goes well with any meal.

### ***FOOL***

Sweetened fruit puree is mixed with whipped cream, in the proportion of two to one, or one to one. Chill thoroughly.

The fruit may be fresh, such as, raspberries, strawberries, blueberries, peaches, etc. Or, the fruit may be cooked, such as, applesauce, rhubarb, dried fruit, berries, etc.

A little grated lemon rind or almond extract is interesting. Topped with crushed macaroons or served with ladyfingers is good.

*April 7, 1981*

I had a silly notion that I could pass right over parsnips this year without serious mention. I cannot. "There's Nothing Like a Dame" remains a thoroughly fun ditty, but someone might have to come up with the theme that there's nothing like a parsnip, fresh dug from your garden after a good winter's sleep in the ground. Need some work on that title!

Start the season with plain **boiled parsnips**, flavored with some butter, salt and pepper. Just take some peeled or scraped washed parsnips, cut them up, use just enough water to keep them from sticking to the pan while boiling. This may take 10 minutes, or less, depending on freshness and tenderness. Drain off any excess liquid (mighty good for soup), add seasonings, mash and serve piping hot. There are those connoisseurs who claim this becomes a most acceptable April feast when served with chunks of corn bread, some sautéed ham or sausage, homemade jelly, a big piece of mince pie and plenty of coffee.

For variety try Parsnip Fritters, Duchess Parsnips, or Delmonico Parsnips.

### ***PARSNIP FRITTERS***

3 c. cooked, mashed parsnips	salt and pepper
1 egg, plus 1 egg yolk	nutmeg and thyme
1 T. finely chopped onion	¼ to ½ c. flour
1 T. green pepper	fat for frying
1 T. parsley	

Mix all together except fat. Heat fat, a shallow amount; drop mixture by tablespoons to brown, turn to brown second side. Keep hot to serve.

### ***DUCHESS PARSNIPS***

3 c. cooked, mashed parsnips	1 large onion, chopped fine
2 T. butter	1 T. butter
½ c. sour cream	1 egg plus 2 egg yolks
salt and pepper to taste	1 T. snipped parsley

Beat eggs into the buttered parsnips thoroughly. Add sour cream (or, regular cream), seasonings, the onion which has been sautéed in the 1 T. butter, and the parsley. Pile in small mounds on a lightly greased baking sheet, or put into greased casserole, bake in a 400-degree oven to brown delicately.

### ***DELMONICO PARSNIPS***

Melt 3 T. butter or margarine, blend in 3 T. flour, salt and pepper to taste, then gradually add 1 c. milk, stirring until creamy, boiling and thick. Have ready ½ c. grated cheese, 3 sliced hard-boiled eggs, 4 c. cooked sliced parsnips.

Arrange layers in well-greased casserole: parsnips, eggs, cheese, sauce. Top with ½ c. buttered crumbs and bake in 350-degree oven until heated through and nicely browned on top.

A new-to-me recipe came from a Connecticut cooking cohort just in time to try for April Fool's, or any time you might feel daring. She claims this recipe came from Canada, but, seems to me that's a bit far north to look for the needed critter.

### ***OSTRICH***

1 ostrich, 60 to 100 lbs.	4 qt. claret
5 lb. carrots	1 qt. vinegar
6 lb. onions	¼ lb. juniper berries
¼ lb. whole black peppercorns	3 bunches parsley
30 cloves	24 bay leaves
3 whole garlics, crushed	12 whole allspice
2 qt. amontillado sherry	2 lb. brown sugar

1 pt. good brandy

Clean ostrich and put it into a tub. Slice carrots and onions. Mix together all other ingredients and add to carrots and onions and pour over the ostrich. Put the bird in a cool place, cover tightly for 4 to 5 days, then dress and put in a pan with about 6 qt. water. Place in a baker's oven – not too hot – basting occasionally on all sides with the marinade. Add the marinade and cook for 4 to 6 hours, until it is nice and brown.

Take the gravy, skim and strain it and add 2 to 4 lb. currant jelly or pounded almonds, a little grated fresh horseradish, 4 lb. glazed cherries, a little grated orange peel and the pulp of 12 oranges, cut in dice. Salt and pepper, if desired. Boil 15 to 20 minutes. Serve sauce separately.

Just one more newsy note. Did you see what I saw in Big Banana? Dandelion greens. Sure shades of Spring!

*April 14, 1981*

You've heard about giving things up for Lent. Well, I had figured I'd give up that adult education cooking class this year. But, it didn't work out that way. So we're off and running, full tilt. Jumped right into an International Stew last week. Tried Russian, American, African and Siamese varieties. Beef, mussels, chicken, pork and many uses of parsnips were involved.

Since there wasn't time to do everything in class, want to add here the recipe for a wonderful kind of peasant-like Dutch bean stew called *Vijfschaft*, which means 'five kinds.' It's called this because it is made out of five different fruits and vegetables: beans, carrots, onions, apples and potatoes. I may be accused of a misnomer felony because I throw the whole thing off by adding parsnips when available for part of the carrots.

***VIJFSCHAFT (Brown Beans with Sausage) for 6***

½ lb. kidney or pinto beans  
2 lbs. carrots, peeled and sliced (use ½ parsnips if available)  
4 onions, sliced  
2 green (firm) apples, peeled, cored, cut into wedges  
2 lb. potatoes, peeled and sliced  
1 tsp. salt, pepper                      4 T. butter  
1 T. cornstarch dissolved              ½ lb. bacon, cooked crisp and drained  
    in 1 T. water                              1 lb. smoked sausage or frankfurters

Soak the beans overnight in water to more than cover. Drain the beans and put into a heavy casserole or pan, large enough to hold all the vegetables. Cover the beans with water and bring to a boil. Lower heat, cover and cook one hour, until quite done. Add the carrot and parsnips if handy, onions and apples; simmer 15 minutes. Add the potatoes and seasonings, continue cooking about 15 or 20 minutes, until potatoes are tender. Stir in the cornstarch mixture to thicken the sauce; stir in butter.

Heat sausage in separate pan, may use a bit of water, cut it into pieces to put on top of bean casserole along with the bacon. Serve piping hot.

It was a dish very similar to this that greeted me and my four traveling friends after a long day's drive from Liège, Belgium, across the big dyke to the city of Leeuwarden in northern Holland. My special friends were our threesome, ages from 9 to 17, and our congenial 18-year-old nephew who had joined us for the whole summer gadding on the Continent.

Our tour director was still in Liège, earning the livin' researching fossil plants by invite to the University of Liège. Henry had read about this particular town and wanted his family to visit it. Leeuwarden was the first town, as I recall it, which had enough faith (and, financial status) in the little-known place called America to make a substantial loan to help the new settlers get established.

Late afternoon that eventful day, we drove into this out-of-the-way spot. There was one hotel. I braved it, and upon inquiry learned that every room was taken. There was a convention in town. A Dutch convention. Well attended.

The hotel manager, who spoke beautiful English, volunteered to call a nearby hostel, kind of a rooming house, I guess you'd call it. Yes, just enough room for the five of us. Just barely, we made a full house. It was a winner. One room and a stairway wide, with a small restaurant on the ground floor, our two bedrooms on third and fourth. First and second floors were in between. Bathroom on ground floor. A most friendly lady owned and ran this to help support her young family. The only English she knew was what she'd learned from the juke box in her little café. But, then, we didn't know that much Dutch! Although, I have long considered myself very proficient in grunting and pointing. We got along just fine.

The hospitality we experienced, those snow-white ironed embroidered linens (crocheted inserts in sheets), that hearty bean stew, and the welcomed though dated "popular" American selections on the box made us mighty glad we had come. It was a wonderful evening, a most comfortable rest.

The next morning before heading on leisurely, our hostess fixed a fine hearty breakfast for us. As a special treat she had gone to the market and had a beautiful large orange for each of the children. I figured there went much of her profit.

What did I have to share with her? The one thing I had that I thought would thrill her was the last of a carton of cigarettes, all I owned. It did. A big hug and kiss, much smiling and waving.

~ April 21, 1981 ~

I was considering offering 10 guesses where I was and what I was doing exactly 10 years ago today. Don't think I will, though, because not too many would need that many guesses. Likely, first you'd guess I was cooking. Right. Next, for a cause. Right. Yes, away from home.

Well, we were living in Cambridgeshire, England, for a few months while Henry researched his fossil plant studies in the numerous and fine libraries there. I got involved in some cooking projects at the Country Centre, located in back of the Cambridgeshire Hall, just a nice walk from our apartment. The Country Centre is the place to go night or day for all sorts of adult education courses, such as weaving, upholstering, flower arranging, photography, embroidery, painting, carving, cooking, etc. Staffed by very well trained and devoted persons, it seemed like a haven to me when I discovered it. It still does.

This location behind the country building was a temporary one. The buildings being used were recycled Quonset huts, which for some years had been too crowded for comfort and growth. The authorities had found and bought a beautiful old mansion and estate on the outskirts of the city to be adapted and fixed up for this continuing education project. The familiar cry of more funds had gone up, and many of the classes were taking it upon themselves to dream up ways to raise money.

Not wanting to get caught short, I volunteered to do a big cooking demonstration for the cause. Providing, something, of course. I wanted two of their qualified home economists I'd grown quite fond of to be my assistants. Jane and Stephanie were delighted, and added so much to the fun as well as to the production.

This had to be something showy, smooth, speedy, and samples for all on deck. Lucky for me I have at hand the mimeographed brochure we handed out that eventful April 22, 1971, at 7:30 p.m. Front page:

IN AID OF THE HOWES CLOSE BUILDING FUND  
RECIPES USED AT THE INTERNATIONAL  
COOKERY DEMONSTRATION  
given by  
LIBBY ANDREWS OF CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.  
and JANE BYENON AND STEPHANIE BALDWIN  
of the  
COUNTRY CENTRE.

And, here's what we did: Kreatopita (Greek Meat Pie), Chicken Enchiladas (Mexican), Mexican Rice, Nachos (A Mexican Appetizer), Chop Chai (Korean Meat and Vegetables with Clear Vermicelli), Shia Jen Chao Ching-Chay (Chinese Sautéed Shrimp with Vegetables), Tabbooli (Lebanese Cracked Wheat Salad), and two versions of our American Indian Pudding.

We did it all, using numerous stoves and a sizeable demonstration table with overhead mirror. Working on a raised platform in front of the interested audience made it possible for each of the over 150 there to see and follow the action. They really had to pay attention, things moved fast. They certainly were most gracious when they received complete samplings all around!

Here's the favorite New England Indian Pudding recipe that has been handed down in our family. I'll venture it's still making it in Cambridge, England.

**INDIAN PUDDING**

3 T. cornmeal	1 qt. (4 c.) milk
3 T. tapioca	pinch of salt
½ c. molasses	1 tsp. ground ginger
½ c. sugar	1 tsp. ground cinnamon

Mix all together in baking dish or casserole. Bake in a slow oven, 250 to 300 degrees, for about 2 hours, stirring occasionally. Don't have oven too hot, pudding will separate. Cool a bit, serve with whipped cream or ice cream.

I never figured out what the fun night cost, didn't want to. That's the only way to Benefit! No one else seemed to mind, either. Everyone had a grand time, including me. As it turned out, I'm pretty sure the International Cookery was the most exciting and lucrative fund raising event the Country Centre had that run. Howes Close was open for business the next year when we returned to town.

I must remind me to get that special, generous editor of mine a rose for this Thursday. April 23<sup>rd</sup> is St. George's Day – Wear a Rose for England Day. If they can do it over there, we can do it here!

*April 28, 1981*

There are those who wonder, even out loud, how in the world does a person get involved in cooking up a big demonstration so far away from home as England – to say nothing of India! Didn't seem very hard to me. It just happened, I reckon.

Now, all I did was to go to a cooking show one eventful evening at the Country Centre in Cambridge, England. I wanted to see how they did it over there, since I had been carrying on a cooking class myself for the University League in Storrs, Conn. Here was my chance to brush shoulders with interested cooks in a new territory.

The fine demonstration I first saw was all about fancy French dishes. Coquilles St. Jacques and Coq au Vin were being especially popular at that time. If one can muster up the scallops, this Coquilles is worth a try.

### *COQUILLES ST. JACQUES*

1 ½ lb. scallops	juice of 1 lemon
½ cup each of white wine and water	pinch of thyme
7 T. butter	salt and pepper to taste
2 sprigs parsley	3 T. flour
1 small onion, sliced	3 large egg yolks
1 bay leaf	1 cup heavy cream
1 lb. mushrooms, chopped	grated cheese, Swiss or parmesan
⅓ cup water	buttered bread crumbs

Combine the wine, water, 2 T. butter, parsley, onion and bay leaf and bring to a boil. Add the scallops and simmer for 4 or 5 minutes, or until they are tender. Remove them from the pan, cut into small cubes; strain and reserve broth.

Melt 2 T. butter, sauté the mushrooms gently a minute or two. Add the ⅓ cup water, lemon juice, thyme, salt and pepper and cook for 5 minutes. Drain the mushrooms, saving the juice.

Melt the remaining 3 T. butter, stir in the flour, then gradually add the reserved scallop broth and mushroom liquid to make a smooth sauce. Add the scallops and check seasonings. Cool a bit.

Beat the egg yolks with the cream, slowly stir in the scallop mixture. Place over hot, not boiling water and continue cooking until sauce is smooth and thick. Don't neglect the stirring. Add the mushrooms. Fill individual shells or ramekins with the hot mixture, sprinkle with some cheese of your choice and an equal amount of fine buttered bread crumbs. Place under the broiler to brown nicely. Serve bubbling hot, garnished with a pretty piece of parsley and a small wedge of onion.

I was an unknown paying guest at this beginning venture to the Centre. I did enjoy the show, but what a disappointment when I saw what happened at the conclusion. The audience didn't get to sample a single thing. Not one bite. You see, in all my classes I have produced the class members taste test everything. There they sold the completed dishes to be carried home for a price to cover the production. Not a bad idea, but not to my liking. And, by the end of class, I think I remember being ready for a snack. Too bad, how sad.

After the very well trained home economist took her bows for a super performance, I dared to go up to her and ask why she hadn't used a rubber spatula to clean out all those sauces in the various pots and pans she'd used. She had left so much for the dishpan. She hesitated long enough for me to ask her if she even had a rubber spatula. Why, yes, as she reached into the drawer of the demonstration table. Out came a heat-bent plastic deal. Teacher was on her toes, and smart enough to say to me, "Well, why don't you get me one then."

Next morning I was up and at it. I'd already spotted this handy implement in a department store downtown. Bought two. Remember the ol' saying: if one is good, two is better. Took them both out to the Country Centre.

Thereby hangs the spatula. Only now on any return visits, I travel with narrow ones in tow because those are near impossible to find over there. Sometimes I feel a bit like the famed Johnny Appleseed, only I'm leaving a trail of narrow rubber spatulas behind.

~ May 5, 1981 ~

A trip to Washington, D.C., has always been exciting to me. Last week was no exception. Nothing like a leisurely walk around the White House on a sunny Sunday afternoon. And, even though Spring came a bit early this year, the tulips held up for good viewing. Never have the azaleas been more showy. These reached their peak right before our eyes the few days we had there.

While the scientists gathered for their annual Academy meetings, us “girls” and other guests enjoyed some well-planned activities away from the Constitution Avenue premises. A visit to nearby Alexandria was like a step back into history. A real good fashion show was done for our group. Shown were some of the costumes worn during the town’s formative years, all the way to the questionables worn under those voluminous long skirts. The tour guides were extremely well versed, and most cordial.

I think I liked the morning spent in the National Arboretum even better than the fun run to Virginia. There, for the world to see, was the breathtaking azalea show. Hillsides were covered with every color azaleas come in, flanked and interspersed with flowering dogwoods in full bloom. And, I got right inspired basking in the National Herb Garden, completed just a year ago. Here, in nearly two acres, is a beautifully laid out series of gardens planned and supported in conjunction with the Herb Society of America. Thousands of herbs could have been planted here, but the decision was to select plants that have shown particular significance in human life.

The Specialty Gardens included these ten separate sections: Dioscorides’ Garden (a 60 A.D. Greek physician, father of pharmacology), Dye Garden, Early American Garden, Herbs Around the World, Plants in Medicine, Culinary Garden, Industrial Garden (sources of fuel, oil, pesticides, fibers, etc.), Fragrance, Oriental and Beverage Gardens. Naturally, herb teas and herb-flavored sandwiches were served by the pool in the bricked reception area. It may have been Krauter Butter used on those tasty sandwiches.

#### ***KRAUTER BUTTER***

2 T. minced parsley	2 T. chopped onion
1 T. dried tarragon, crushed	½ c. sweet butter (unsalted)
½ tsp. chopped chives, or more	1 T. lemon juice
½ tsp. chervil, minced	salt and pepper to taste

Blend all together. Shape into roll about 1 inch in diameter. Wrap and refrigerate. Best kept in the freezer, then it is easily sliced as needed for bread, to top a steak done to perfection, or crisp done vegetables.

You guessed it. A stop at one of our favorite nurseries en route home from the airport just about filled the car with plants, including a number of absolutely necessary herbs. There’s now work to be done, a plenty. Think I’ll reward that deserving and weary gardener with a favorite tonight.

#### ***STUFFED FILLETS OF COD TURBAN***

6 fillets of cod, haddock or sole	
salt and pepper	¼ c. lemon juice
Mix: ½ c. margarine, melted	salt and pepper
2 tsp. chives, minced	1 T. tarragon, minced
1 T. parsley, minced	1 T. celery leaves, minced
3 c. soft bread crumbs	1 tsp. sage (optional)

Sprinkle fillets of fish with salt and pepper, spread on lemon juice. Spread the bread stuffing over the surface of the fish fillets; roll the fillets from the small end into a tight roll and skewer with toothpicks. Place each turban in a greased muffin tin, open side up; brush with some melted margarine. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 20 to 30 minutes, or until fish flakes. Serve piping hot. Nice garnished with watercress and pimento.

~ May 12, 1981 ~

I don't claim to be an expert on herbs, but I have friends who are. They are so willing to be helpful. Thought it would be good to share a few tidbits from one expert in Storrs, Conn. Here are a few of her folklore items that just might help you.

Herbs have been in common use since the beginning of man. The early housewife raised them for the use in cologne, soap, tooth powders, dyes, decoration, protection and cooking. The doctor grew ingredients to cure such ails as 'cold stomache,' 'goute,' 'feeble braine,' 'falling sickness' and magical aids. Herbs were also used for strewing in churches, sick chambers, homes, jails and streets. They were helpful in masking unpleasant odors long before the washing machine was thought up. They were also considered disinfectant.

Take parsley, for instance. 'Tis said, "babies are found in beds of parsley." Mothers of daughters don't like to see parsley flourish because it means spinsterhood! A pregnant woman has better luck planting seed than anyone else! (Hearken my English muffin makers.) When in love, don't cut parsley.

Sow on Good Friday and avert the devil. Never transplant parsley because the fairies are angered and ill luck will befall. English gardeners will tell you never to transplant as it will bring misfortune to everyone in your house. You may steal parsley, but never accept it as a gift. Only an honest man can grow parsley.

"The slow and patchy germination of parsley seed is explained by the fact that after sowing, the seed goes nine times down to the devil and back before coming up. He likes it so much that he keeps some of it!

"Parsley is eaten to prevent inebriation. Taken after a meal, it will remove odors of garlic and onions. Crushed seeds are good for the hair and will kill head and body lice! If seed is sprinkled over the head three nights a year it will cure baldness. It is a good remedy for dog-bite and loose teeth. Strewn indoors it will keep out flies and insects."

I have not taken all of this advice to heart. But, I do enjoy plenty of parsley in the garden. Plant enough so you can bring in a pot or three next Fall to keep you supplied during the winter. Those very plants can be put back into the garden in the Spring to do you noble before flowering and until the new plants come along. Both the curly and broad leaf parsley do well here in our territory.

Enough about parsley. What I really want to get on with is rhubarb, one of the most useful and easiest to grow herbs. No garden should be without it. Having survived another New England winter, it has gotten ready all of a sudden and in a hurry to be plucked for that awaited Spring treat. While it is so plentiful and tender, take time to put some away in the freezer. All you need to do is wash, dry and cut up those leafstalks, put into a plastic bag or container, seal, freeze. To use, just go right at it as though it were fresh; cooks just as well.

For many, plain stewed rhubarb lightly sweetened is hard to beat. But, here are a couple of ideas you may want to try with some of that bumper crop, if you haven't already.

#### ***RHUBARB AND GINGER COMPOTE***

1 c. sugar	1 T. grated orange rind
2 lb. rhubarb, cut up	½ tsp. grated nutmeg
1 c. gin	½ tsp. ground ginger
1 or 2 T. candied ginger, finely chopped	

Combine the sugar, rhubarb, gin, orange rind and spices and simmer for 20 minutes or so, until rhubarb is tender but still in pieces. With a slotted spoon, place rhubarb in serving dish. Return the cooking liquid to the boil and boil until reduced to about half. Pour this liquid over rhubarb, stir gently, put candied ginger on top. Chill before serving.

#### ***RHUBARB BROWN BETTY***

2 c. bread crumbs	1 tsp. cinnamon,
¼ c. butter, melted	or ¼ tsp. grated nutmeg
2 c. cooked rhubarb	1 tsp. grated lemon rind
½ c. brown sugar, or white (may use less)	

Mix crumbs and butter. Cover bottom of buttered casserole with crumbs and spread over half the rhubarb mixed with the sugar, rind and spice. Repeat, cover with some reserved crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees about 40 minutes, or until bubbly. Cover with a piece of foil if crumbs brown too fast. Pass the cream.

☞ *May 19, 1981* ☞

In my book, now is the second greatest gettin' and givin' season of the year. Mother's Day starts it off. I remain grateful those thoughty ones remember my annual hanging plant and the near touching sentiments calling me 'mudder.' Then, there are graduations, christenings, proms, class reunions to get to, birthdays, vacations and an important Father's Day when you can give him all those items which you didn't get! Summer begins officially this same day this year. But, Mother Nature has already been giving us one of her best shows this spring. Count yourself among the lucky ones if you are not getting more black fly bites than your share.

I've always considered myself among the lucky ones on the receiving end. Not regarding the bites, although the black flies really don't like me and my musk oil as well as they do other donors I know. What I mean are the numerous surprises that come my way, and from many directions. Just take my pantry shelf, for instance. There is a recent addition of two pounds real coffee from Colombia, two kinds of mussels in oil wagged home from Peru, besides some pig ears and hog maws and white hominy from Connecticut, dried herbs from Paris, a can of l' Authentique Cassoulet de Castelnaudary, British Virgin Islands native seasonings, saffron and paprika from Spain, fresh maple syrup from Sanbornton, gumbo file and stone-ground cornmeal from down south, Ro-Tel canned tomatoes with green chilies and hot pepper suckers from Houston, assorted and unusual dried mixes from no telling where. Spotted those peeled mung beans that I've wondered how I ever lived without!

My most recent treasured present, received graciously, is not used in the kitchen area after its display period on the big fireplace mantel is over. However, it may relate indirectly, with proper care and attention. It weighs 1 kg. and is attractively packaged in plastic with a picture of a wide-mouth hippopotamus carrying a bird on its head. It is called Zoo Poo, "exotic all natural fertilizer. Donated by your friends of the animal kingdom for healthier plants and bigger blooms. Makes all plants grow better. Be the first on your block to get some. Exclusively available at the Zootique Gift Shop in the Visitor Services Center, the Buffalo Zoo."

It is worth noting that on the back side of this package is a 50 cent off coupon for your next visit to the Metro Toronto Zoo, from which this product comes. "Fun at the Zoo ... but useful too."

Recipes come my way from all over too. I treasure these, as well as those folks who bother to share. Here's one that was given to me nearly 30 years ago by a prominent scientist who was a visitor in our home more than once. Her parents had been missionaries in Siam, where she grew up. They were well acquainted with the king, as I recall. They were allowed to cook in his kitchen with fuel furnished, and often made this family favorite, a Siamese stew.

#### *CURRY a-la-NADEAU (Siamese Stew)*

3 lbs. lean pork, cut into bite-size cubes      bacon or oil  
4 large onions, sliced thin      1 green pepper, cut up  
peel of 3 oranges, 1 lemon, 2 limes, shaved thin and chopped  
3 T. curry powder (to taste)      ½ to 1 cup shredded coconut  
salt and pepper to taste      some lemon and lime juice  
1 T. Worcestershire sauce      4 cups milk  
1 lb. rice, cooked and kept warm, fluffed

Brown up pork in small amount of fat or oil. Remove and keep warm. In same fat, add more if needed, sauté onions until soft. Add green pepper and citrus rind. Cook a bit, then add curry powder, salt and pepper and Worcestershire sauce, then coconut and some lemon and lime juice. Bring to a simmer, and cook for a few minutes. Return pork to pot, gradually add milk, adjust seasonings, simmer but do not boil until meat is done. Serve over hot rice.

(Note: side dishes of relishes are very important to this dish. Some suggestions: radishes, green onions, jam or chutney, sliced hard boiled eggs, sliced peeled oranges are a 'must'; pickles, cucumbers, roasted peanuts are important, etc.)

I thought for the world that I had lost this hand-written sheet of recipe. Seems to me I hunted for much too long through bags and boxes of clipped recipes, notebooks, in drawers, flipped many a book page, and finally found it. Was I ever tickled to see that spotted and slightly yellowed sheet I could remember so well. Where was it? Right there in my beautiful dovetail cherry recipe box No. 1 son had made for me. Folded neatly, it was filed under meats!

☞ *May 26, 1981* ☞

Seems like we have opened the summer visitors' season. Just waved so long to seven satisfied guests, one of whom was son No. 2. He was the organizer of this particular tour for a group of his friends from New Jersey, Texas and Pennsylvania. For some time now, I've known that he was a born social director in his spare time. This weekend was no exception. He has such obvious confidence in my cooking ability that I tend to put myself out. Frequent success has not hampered his rating at all.

Saturday night the menu went: small serving split pea soup (Hank's second favorite), baked young turkey with dressing, mushroom casserole, pea pods (barely cooked), caponata (cold Italian vegetable salad), fresh strawberry shortcake. Sunday morning it was juice, scrambled eggs and good bacon enhanced with Swedish tea ring and those English muffins.

Sunday midday it was a sandwich makers do, picnic buffet. Cheese salad, sliced turkey and ham, peanut butter and jelly were offered with assorted accompaniments and three kinds of homemade bread: country crust white, rye and oatmeal. Fresh fruit and Toll House cookies were handy and sufficient. Sunday dinner came late after a busy and beautiful afternoon. Done ahead were the cheese ball with crackers, Greek meatballs in tomato sauce, rice pilaf, pickled beets, along with quickly cooked Romano beans from last year's garden, and for some it was scalloped rhubarb with vanilla ice cream.

Monday morning came early as a few were headed for a boat ride on that big and pretty lake. Folks got their strength up with a bit of green gage plum and blue raspberries or juice as desired, blueberry muffins with that special sausage, eggs to order. Late lunch before the farewells featured Hank's favorite soup, cream cheese and leek soup with ham. This was topped with blueberry or rhubarb pie.

There's method in my madness telling you all about production. In the first place it might be an idea or two for your planning, or it might even make you hungry if you're not. It might even make you want to give up guests and/or cooking, though I hope not that. But, it does help me keep track of what I've done this Memorial Day weekend so I won't repeat myself for this same or related group when they come over again.

Thinking the whole thing over, while thanking Henry for his usual breakfast fixin' and daughter for desserts, I am tickled at the one thing I thought was my greatest contribution for this whole bash – the rye bread. The reason for that is easy. It was the best I've ever made. Right here and now I want to give credit where credit is due. That is to one Margo Thomas.

Over two-and-a-half years ago Margo allowed me to observe a full hilt of her baking for the Thomas restaurant, The Windmill. She made her rye bread, in quantity, as well as much else that day, and most every day. Since that time she and her chef husband, Duane, have retired. But Margo is still baking up a storm, just for her own family. Well, there are quite a few others who know the way to that kitchen door, too.

When I asked Margo to do an evening of baking for my cooking class early this month, she accommodated nobly by doing that rye bread she had created, crusty water rolls, croissants, Danish pastries, as well as decorative éclairs and cream puffs. Need I say that the class did not suffer that particular period for samples! It is also important, the close attention paid certainly must have left more know-how on baking with each cook there.

### ***MARGO'S RYE BREAD (1 large loaf)***

Put on to boil, stirring constantly until thick:

1 c. water	2 T. cornmeal
2 tsp. salt	1 T. caraway seed
1 T. sugar	

Add: 2 T. shortening      1 T. molasses (optional)

Cool until lukewarm.

Dissolve 1 pkg. yeast in  $\frac{3}{4}$  c. warm water. Add and mix in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  c. flour. Cover and let rise until double, making a sponge.

Add: the cooled cornmeal mixture

1 c. rye flour

1 c. flour, or more as needed

Mix well. Knead on floured board lightly. (Dough is rather soft.) Put in greased bowl, turn dough over so top is greased. Cover. Let rise in warm place until doubled. Punch down, let rise again for 10 or 15 minutes.

Shape into loaf as desired. Put on greased cookie sheet which has been sprinkled with cornmeal. Slit top with sharp knife, cover and let rise for 10 to 15 minutes. Brush top with "wash" made by mixing 1 egg white with 1 T. water and a dash of salt. Sprinkle some caraway seed on top. Brush again with wash to help caraway seed stick on top of loaf.

Bake in preheated hot oven (400 degrees) containing a pan of real hot water. (This makes it crusty.) Bake for 20 to 25 minutes, then brush with egg "wash" again. (May want to reduce oven a bit.) Continue baking for another 20 minutes or so, until bread tests done. (Thump it on the bottom to see if it sounds hollow.) Cool on rack.

Thanks, Margo Thomas, for sharing and for showing us how to do better than we did!

❧ June 2, 1981 ❧

Here is a very special recipe, one that Ron Forster did with my cooking class a couple of weeks ago. This vegetarian version won the vote as class favorite over the other two chilies presented that eventful evening: beef and seafood. Pinto and red kidney beans, as well as some real hot sauce, were handy on the side.

**RON'S VEGETARIAN CHILI (makes about 3 qts.)**

3 carrots, grated	1 c. Budweiser beer
1 c. corn	4 c. tomato sauce
9 radishes, sliced	6 T. chili powder
2 green peppers, chopped	3 T. paprika
3 stalks celery with tops, chopped	2 T. maple syrup
1 onion, chopped	3 tsp. salt
¼ to ½ c. oil	3 tsp. ground cumin
3 scallions, chopped	1 tsp. marjoram
1 c. eggplant, peeled and chopped	1 tsp. red pepper
¼ lb. mushrooms, sliced	<b>or</b> 3 jalapeno peppers
10 cloves garlic, finely chopped	
1 c. snow from top Mt. Washington <b>or</b> ¼ c. water	

In the oil, sauté the carrots, corn, radishes, green pepper, celery and onion. Add the mushrooms, scallions and eggplant. Add tomato sauce, beer, snow or water and seasonings. Simmer for 2 ½ hours. Refrigerate 24 hours to mellow before reheating.

**Ron's beef chili** recipe is made in this same way substituting 3 pounds diced or coarsely ground lean beef for the vegetables. This recipe was created when Ron was invited to compete for two years running during the World's Championship Chili Cookoff put on by the International Chili Society in Tropic, Calif. He was the first to add that he did not win the prize, but he certainly had a good time and much publicity doing his thing among the chili-making experts and the celebrity judges.

At the present time, Ron and his brother, Ed Forster, are very busy restoring the River Bend Mill on Memorial Drive in Franklin. *The Trumpeter's* new home opened here last winter, and office spaces are coming to life. The big project going on right now is the plan for creating a very special restaurant along the riverside in the historic mill. These brothers had a popular dining place in southern New Hampshire before coming to the Lakes Region. I'm certainly not alone in hoping their dreams and drawings become reality before too long.

Last week it came over me that Ron's chili was what I needed to prepare as my part for the visiting firemen and their guests who were due at the Sanbornton school last Thursday for their annual dinner. My schedule was pretty busy, so I had to get up early and really push to get the chili makings browned up and put together in the crock pot so it could barely simmer while I was off and running most of the day. I finally made it on the road, with little time to spare, headed for an important meeting. When all of a sudden, I remembered I had forgotten to put the chili powder in the pot!

Naturally, there was only one thing to do. Do it.

Back en route again, I got to laughing out loud all to my lonesome. The thought of chili without any chili powder! It reminded me of "Look what they've done to my song, Ma!" Only, in this case it became "Look what I've done to your chili, Ron!" I did notice some folks looking question marks as they drove past. But, on the other hand, I've never noticed more drivers smiling back at me.

🌿 June 9, 1981 🌿

It wasn't just the recent request for a good marinated mushroom recipe that got me to thinking on this marvelous food. It was dwelling on the tale I heard as a statement of fact straight from the very soon-to-be groom's mouth. He told me his bride-to-be had stuffed and frozen 30 pounds of mushrooms for their wedding reception! That's a lot of mushrooms. There are any number of stuffings for mushrooms, but in our household the favorite is one containing some of that good Guay sausage.

### ***STUFFED MUSHROOMS***

1 lb. large mushrooms, cleaned and stemmed	
stems, chopped	1 beaten egg
¾ lb. pork sausage	2 T. chicken bouillon or sherry
¼ c. chopped onion	salt and pepper to taste
½ c. seasoned bread crumbs	flaked almonds

Cook sausage, chopped stems and onions in skillet until sausage is lightly browned and onion is tender. Drain off any excess fat. Cool a bit, then stir in bread crumbs, egg, bouillon or sherry, and seasonings. Fill mushroom caps, mounding up slightly, put some slivered almonds on top. Place, filled side up, in shallow greased baking dish. Add warm water or white wine to cover bottom of dish. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes, or until mushrooms are tender. I prefer them served hot, but not bad cold.

Just in case you don't have two cases of mushrooms or so handy, or even a big reception coming up, here's a tasty item to serve those mushroom lovers you want to please. In fact, I find that I can get plum happy when I see these handsome three pound baskets of edible fungi appear on special at Big Banana.

### ***MUSHROOM TURNOVER for about 2 dozen***

Crust:	1 c. butter
1 ½ c. flour	½ c. sour cream, to moisten

Filling: 2 T. parsley, finely chopped  
1 lb. mushrooms, finely chopped  
2 T. shallots or onion, finely chopped  
⅔ c. evaporated milk      ½ tsp. salt, pepper

Glaze: 1 egg yolk      2 tsp. water

Cut butter into flour, add sour cream to make easy to roll crust. Refrigerate crust, well covered or in plastic, for about 8 hours or overnight.

Heat the filling mixture, simmer for 15-20 minutes, or until thickened and creamy. Check for seasonings. Cool.

Either roll out dough and cut with 3 ½ inch cutter or roll individual pieces out into circles. Put 1 T. filling on half, moisten edges with water, turn uncovered half over the filling, making a half-moon pie, seal edges by pressing with fingers or a fork. Prick tops. Put on very lightly greased baking sheet, brush with glaze, bake at 350 degrees about 25 minutes, or until filling is heated through and top is lightly browned. (Note: these little pies, or make them big for luncheon, freeze well before baking. Just freeze them solid, uncovered on cookie sheet. Store in plastic bags. Do not glaze until ready to bake. Allow a little more time if baked frozen.)

You know, and I know, that 'mushroom' is a non-technical and rather vague term used by most people for edible fungi. This is enough to know for many of us who do not choose to go further into the study of the Basidiomycetes and related groups for identification details. But, should you find a nice patch of mushrooms growing wild, just be sure you know the right ones to pluck. There are those which have been tried, tested and proven edible. That "biting the dust" was not just an old saying in the early days of mushroom sampling. Those early days were long before the 17<sup>th</sup> century written records told of this divine and mysterious food, described as coming from nowhere, sneaking up from the underground.

☞ June 16, 1981 ☞

All this mushroom thinking I've been doing lately, reminds me of one of the most interesting walks Henry and I have ever taken. And, we've taken a few, in various parts of the world. It was about this time of year, or a bit later, over in the middle part of Vermont while we were visiting a botanist friend and his family. This professor friend was a world authority on fungi. (You'll remember we agreed mushroom is a loose term for edible fungi.) He knew all that was to be known at that time about fungi, and a few other things in his own versatile way. He had planned a walk through their woods before lunchtime. It had been an especially perfect stretch of weather that year to produce the kinds of mushrooms they delighted in. And, we were to share this joy.

Big baskets in hand, we headed out. Boy, what fun. I didn't touch a single one of the many visible mushrooms unless told to. But, I sure was goggle-eyed. The damp, lush, almost tropical feeling got through to tell us this was the day for mushroom gathering. To know all that assortment of color, shapes and sizes spelled safe eating under this authoritative hand made all the difference in the world.

Back to home base in time to carefully wash and sort the gems we'd just picked from the moist woods, still smelling so good, we had time to really be ready to sample before starvation set in. This was a feast to never forget, or to ever expect again.

I remain thankful, after this many years ago experience, that today we can get beautifully grown commercial mushrooms all year round. Most big markets carry at least one kind, varying in price, but usually affordable for most of us. Have you tried this Mushroom Casserole lately? It pleased my group. I used it as a vegetable, but it's real good for brunch, or lunch with a pleasing green salad.

### ***MUSHROOM CASSEROLE***

6 or 7 slices bread, crusts removed, buttered, cubed  
1 lb. mushrooms, cleaned, sliced  
1 (10  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz.) can cream of mushroom soup, undiluted  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  c. mayonnaise                       $\frac{1}{4}$  c. chopped celery  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  c. chopped onion, or a bit more      2 T. butter

Put half of the bread cubes in a buttered casserole. Sauté mushrooms, onions and celery in butter; remove from heat and add mayonnaise, mix well. Put half on cubes of bread.

Repeat layers of bread and mushrooms. Pour soup over top. (May be refrigerated at this point until baking time.)  
Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until heated through.

And if you still have a mushroom-hungry one around, and can pick, buy, beg or steal some fresh young grape leaves that are just now ready to be plucked, you might just like this Mushroom in Grape Leaves idea.

### ***MUSHROOMS IN GRAPE LEAVES***

1 lb. medium size mushrooms              salt and pepper  
grape leaves to layer                      3 or 4 cloves garlic  
olive oil

If using fresh grape leaves, first blanch them in boiling salted water. If using bottled leaves (available at supermarket), rinse well. Drain leaves well.

Arrange leaves in bottom of baking dish, make a layer several leaves thick. Pour a thin film of olive oil over the leaves, top layer with cleaned, whole mushrooms. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, throw in peeled garlic cloves, dribble on a bit more olive oil (to taste). Cover mushrooms with another layer of grape leaves.

Cover dish. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes, or until mushrooms are tender.

Some prefer to remove top layer of leaves before serving. Then, there are those who enjoy eating them. (Note:

blanched, well dried fresh young grape leaves keep well frozen if well wrapped before storing.)

🌿 June 23, 1981 🌿

The social season is upon us. It opens this week in Sanbornton with two very traditional happenings. On Wednesday evening, tomorrow, the Moulton Band has its first concert for the year in the Square bandstand, starting at 8 o'clock. There aren't many of these good country bands around anymore.

To enhance the evening the Congregational Church right next door is offering a ham and bean supper with homemade bread and pies on deck. Of course, Cindy is doing 'her' beans. One sitting is planned, starting at six o'clock. For your continued comfort, consider bringing your own chair to use while absorbing the music after supper.

If it were possible to put the beans end-to-end that Cindy has baked for innumerable town and church affairs annually, you'd sure have a long beany trail. It would make a more interesting picture to line up the wide assortment of enthusiastic bean eaters, some of whom have trouble getting enough of this particular item, so they say.

***PRESSURE COOKED BAKED BEANS***

*by Lucinda Patterson*

2 lbs. dried beans (1 qt.), soaked overnight

Parboil with liquid to cover, until skins crack. Reserve liquid.

In pressure cooker, mix beans with:

1 tsp. salt	
½ c. molasses	1 tsp. dry mustard
½ c. sugar	salt pork as desired
enough reserved bean liquid to cover beans	

Cook at 15 lbs. pressure for 40 to 45 minutes. Reduce pressure quickly. (Note: these beans freeze well. To serve, thaw them and heat in a shallow pan in 300-degree oven.)

It's easy to remember those suppers we always had Catharine's steamed Brown Bread to go with these beans. Just in case you don't have that recipe and be in the mood, here it is.

***BROWN BREAD by Catharine Currier***

2 c. cornmeal	2 tsp. soda
1 c. graham or rye flour	2 c. milk
1 tsp. salt	1 c. molasses
1 c. white flour	1 c. hot water

Mix dry ingredients; gradually add combined milk and molasses. Add hot water. Fill greased 1 lb. coffee cans two-thirds full. Cover with 3 layers of waxed paper, tied in place. Place on rack in deep kettle, with water half way up the cans. Cover kettle, and steam for 3 hours, replacing water in kettle as necessary.

(Note: steaming time may be reduced by using a pressure cooker. Using 2 qt. water in cooker, steam with petcock open for 20 minutes. Close petcock, raise pressure to 1 lb. and hold for 25 minutes.)

A cup of raisins may be added to bread batter before baking if desired.

Now, let's mush on to the next great event. It's time the following evening, this Thursday, to get a head start on that annual Strawberry Festival at the Chapel on the north side of town, near Exit 22 on Interstate 93. A full and genuine turkey dinner is being offered from 5:30 p.m., on for two full sittings. Baked turkey with all the trimmings, topped with fresh strawberry shortcake sounds mighty good.

I checked with Barbara Gardner about possible varieties in stuffings, only to learn the Baptist Church women putting on the supper get together and make the complete batch of dressing for the numerous birds. Then, the birds are baked by selected experienced individuals, all with the same dressing. The shortcakes are made on the spot at the vestry. So, they are served warm straight from the oven. This is the way it has been done for longer than Barbara can, or cares to,

remember.

What a way to join in the social opening for 1981. Two easily afforded nights out for the cook, with little thought of feeding the mob during the awake hours preceding and following the Strawberry Festival and the Ham-Bean supper!

❧ June 30, 1981 ❧

There are lots of things many of us take for granted in this basically comfortable life we lead. Folks who stay on the right side of the road, regular mail deliveries, free press and water and air, shirts to go around, etc., and a chicken in almost every pot are among the ordinary luxuries. I come now to defend one of the most common items befronting us today: lettuce. Or, should I say, besieging us.

It wasn't too long ago that this vegetable was not on the grocer's shelf during the winter months. But, today it is a year-round commodity. Of course, there are times you can't afford to do more than look at it. It's available, regardless of price, and we tend to forget that that takes some doing.

Then, when those seed packets appear in the Spring from out of nowhere, us home gardeners cannot resist dreaming about that fresh, tender, quick-growing greenery. Naturally, we pick up at least three kinds of lettuce. Head, leaf and colorful should do it. It doesn't come fast enough, but then all of a sudden we are swamped with more than we can handle in that salad by the tub. No, never have I wished for rabbits, but I do try going into my act and create new ways to use and enjoy this ancient delicacy.

Have you had *braised lettuce* lately? All you have to do is scald the lettuce briefly in boiling stock, bouillon or water, drain. Use about 1½ lb. for 4 takers. Put lettuce in a buttered baking dish, dot generously with butter, sprinkle on a bit of lemon juice, salt, pepper, and a touch of sugar; cover with good chicken broth or bouillon, bake in 350 degree oven until lettuce is tender and liquid is mostly absorbed. Sprinkle with minced chervil or parsley, serve piping hot.

Then, there is *creamed lettuce*. Clean a pound or so of tender lettuce, cook for 5 or 6 minutes in small amount of chicken stock or water; drain well, put in buttered casserole. Scald 1 cup cream, heavy is best, with 1 bay leaf, 1 clove, ½ cup chopped onion and ¼ cup chopped parsley. Remove bay leaf and clove, pour hot cream mixture over 2 well-beaten egg yolks, beating well. (Remember that if you do not choose to use egg yolks to thicken, just mix 2 or 3 T. butter with equal amount of flour and pour on the hot cream.) Pour over prepared lettuce, seasoned to taste with salt, pepper and a bit of nutmeg if desired. Top with 3 tablespoons of bread crumbs. Bake at 350 for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve with either grated Parmesan cheese or sliced hardboiled eggs or both.

Let me suggest right here, if you're yearning for a nice *cream of lettuce soup*, just add more chicken stock or bouillon to make this creamed lettuce, which you might blend into the consistency you like soup.

And, if you want to get fancy and go to no end of trouble, mix up a *stuffing* of ground ham, chicken or veal with chopped sautéed mushrooms and a thick sauce to put inside each leaf of a young, blanched *head* of choice *lettuce*. Tie up the individual heads, bake gently in a covered buttered casserole containing enough liquid to prevent scorching. In addition to being fit to eat, this makes an exciting garnish for baked ham or other meat.

But, if I had my druthers, I'd druther have a generous wilted salad every meal possible during this lush leaf lettuce season.

### **WILTED LETTUCE**

Fry until crisp: 4 or 5 pieces bacon. Remove from pan, drain, break or cut into small pieces. In same fry pan, heat 2 T. bacon drippings. Add and sauté chopped green tops of 4 green onions.

Add: 1 tsp. sugar                      ¼ c. white vinegar  
salt and pepper to taste      ¼ c. water

Pour the dressing while boiling hot over:  
mixture of shredded leaf lettuce, about ¾ lb.  
sliced white part of 4 green onions

Put bacon bits on top. Serve at once from a warm bowl onto individual warm bowls.

~ July 7, 1981 ~

Here we go! Headed down the road on the home stretch. Headed for the annual Sanbornton Historical Society Market Day this coming Saturday in Sanbornton Square. Many fun doings are planned during the day in addition to numerous craftsmen demonstrating their talents on the Tavern grounds, beautiful handmade items for sale, home-baked goodies in the Country Kitchen, hearty slips and plants awaiting to add glamour to your garden or home, an active Petticoat Lane with things you can't live without, a selection of fine framed prints for gifts or personal enjoyment, an early afternoon auction, and other attractions.

It is also pretty obvious that no one need go away hungry this particular day. Eating possibilities start at 9 a.m. when the warm English muffins are offered for consumption on the spot, with butter, homemade jams, coffee or tea on the side. By 12 noon the luncheon should be ready for takers. It sounds mighty good to me, featuring homemade everything: chili (both vegetarian and with meat), salad, cornbread, carrot cake, and a surprise or two. Grilled hotdogs and drinks will be available, too.

At 5:30 in the afternoon that skilled and experienced barbecue crew will be ready to offer what might be the best chicken you've ever put in your mouth. At a very modest price, this delicacy will be served with rice pilaf, salad, Cindy's beans (vegetarian also on deck), homemade French bread, relishes, strawberry shortcake, and coffee or punch. After this, it is time to relax and to be glad you made it.

No need to offer three guesses where I will concentrate my efforts. It will be for the first two hours of the morning, 9 'til 11. This is actually one hour before the Lane Tavern opens for business at 10, and time to get your strength up. I am polishing my English muffin makin' crown then with that wonderful little-mother group backing up all the way.

For a change from my favorite and usual muffin recipe that appeared in *Yankee* magazine this June, here are two other tried and tested ones that you may like to have for variety. Give them a try, and your audience a treat.

#### ***ENGLISH RAISIN MUFFINS (makes 10)***

1 pkg. dry yeast	¼ c. oil
1 c. warm water	½ c. raisins
1 tsp. sugar	3 c. unbleached white flour
1 tsp. salt	cornmeal
2 T. honey	

In a large bowl, dissolve the yeast in warm water with the sugar. Add the salt, honey, oil, raisins and flour; stir until smooth. Turn out onto floured surface, knead until satiny. Roll out dough, cut into 3 ½-inch circles. Put on cookie sheet which is sprinkled with cornmeal. Sprinkle some cornmeal over muffins; cover and let rise in warm place for about 1 hour.

Heat to medium hot a griddle covered with cornmeal, put muffins on griddle (or, an electric skillet) and cook 7 to 10 minutes on each side. Make sure the muffins don't scorch. Cool on a rack.

#### ***BETTY'S ENGLISH MUFFINS***

Dissolve 1 pkg. yeast in 2 T. lukewarm to hot water

Mix and add to above:	2 tsp. sugar
1 c. real warm water	1 tsp. salt
½ c. scalded milk, cooled	2 c. flour

Let this sponge rise until it collapses in bowl.

Beat in: 2 c. flour                      3 T. softened butter

Cover, and let rise until doubled.

On floured board, pat out to desired thickness, between ¼ to ½ inch, cut into circles for muffins. Put on cookie sheet covered with cornmeal, let rise a bit. Bake 8 to 10 minutes per side on medium hot grill, griddle, or electric skillet covered with cornmeal.

Perhaps you'll be interested in hearing that I've been receiving many words from long lost friends and perfect strangers from as far away as Idaho, California, Florida, and Texas telling me how well homemade English muffins are going over in these territories. This makes me so glad that I may broaden my realm beyond the Lakes Region!

~ July 14, 1981 ~

Dear Friend, off to Peace Corps duties,

Have to let you know right off that I sure did miss you at Market Day last Saturday. The whole thing seemed most successful to me. You would have had just as much fun as ever working before and during to see it through.

Numerous visitors certainly appeared to enjoy themselves while marketing actively. The weather was perfect. Two days before we had Jamaica-like heat, but a noisy thunderstorm cleared the air and left. It was plenty warm to hasten my dough raising, and comfortable enough to get into my English muffin makin' act with enthusiasm.

Never before at this annual demonstration has there been such a large, steady audience, as eager or interested a one either. Of course, there were repeat customers on deck for a hot muffin, provided by our willing and experienced crew. But, many folks who had come from some distance said they had heard about this event through Boston television or had read about it in the cooking department of the June *Yankee* magazine. I'm sure some came out of curiosity so see if all the English muffin makin' was for real, as well as to enjoy a fun day in the country.

Even though you never got as worked up about making these muffins as I did and have, I did want you to know that my fervor has been fanned by many a new-found fan. I can still preach that if I can do it, you can!

In the middle of my informal mixing and cutting show, three strange ladies from Massachusetts came up and put an interesting question to me. They had wondered strong enough while reading that *Yankee* article to make them get on the road and come to Market Day to find out if we were the Andrews family related to Anders Engelbrekston. I believe they said he was a distant relation of theirs. They were three sisters in a family which had purchased the Engelbrekston home in the early 1900s.

I was pleased to say "yes." They were speaking of our Swedish grandpa, on Dad Andrews' side. Grandpa had changed his young family's name to "Andrews" in the hope it would make it easier for his children growing up in a non-Swedish community. We learned a lot in a limited time, and I'm sure more details will clear as time goes on. In the meantime, the girls left us a fine large photograph of Grandpa Engelbrekston. This is the only good picture we've ever seen of him. Even his descendants living in southern Sweden whom we met when we visited the family homestead a few years ago don't have such a good picture.

Well, Avis, in spite of not having all the debris cleaned up and put away from Saturday's activities, I've got to stop all this chit-chat and get out to that garden. The sugar snap peas and the edible pea pods are crying for attention. It remains a fact, you can't goof off and freeze up or weed at the same time. Some days you have to pay attention to business.

Wishing you were here, knowing how much you love those tender raw peas. I could guarantee you a choice lunch: either a tasty wilted salad with both snap peas and/or pea pods, or a grilled bacon and cheese sandwich loaded with sautéed onion and fresh pea pods or snap pea bits, served on homemade English muffin, natcherly!

Your ever lovin' pea pod pickin' friend,

Lib

🌿 July 21, 1981 🌿

It's been a long time since I stood right there and said clearly that I would take ten of those pound-and-a-quarters please. Seeing lobster on "special" last week, and having our family gathered for the weekend, was enough to make up my mind that the time had come. Do it!

Once the decision is made, forget the overall damage and start enjoying the anticipated treat just as soon as you leave the check-out. The fun starts immediately when your group learns you have been so wise as to come home wagging those wiggly bundles. The vote was unanimous, baked stuffed, one apiece. Boil the extras to have handy for those who need just one more bite. And to think we didn't encourage this particular appetite when the kids were little. In fact, I believe we tried to discourage it. That was way back when those crustaceans were forty-nine cents a pound.

If there had been a good bit more of that deluxe meat left after the eager eaters got through, here is what I would have like to have made and served as a lingering memory. Of course, there's always canned shrimp or crab to make this same tasty bit.

***LOBSTER APPETIZERS (or Shrimp or Crab)***  
***Makes about 4 dozen***

¼ lb. Velveeta cheese      ⅛ lb. unsalted butter  
10-12 oz. cooked or canned lobster, shredded (or other seafood)  
1 loaf (1 ½ lb.) thin-sliced bread, crusts removed

Drain lobster (or other seafood) thoroughly. Roll each slice of bread very thin with a rolling pin. Melt cheese and butter in top of double boiler over boiling water; add seafood. Spread one rounded tsp. of this filling on each slice of bread; roll up like a jelly roll. Cut in half. At this point these may be covered with plastic film and frozen for future reference, or refrigerated overnight.

At serving time, place rolls on greased pan, brush tops lightly with melted butter. Bake in 425-degree oven 15 to 20 minutes, or until piping hot and nicely tanned.

(Note: the rolls may be left whole, wrapped in foil, heated and served as a nice luncheon treat. Or heat the wrapped goodies over a low charcoal fire for a first course to make a simple barbecue deluxe.)

(Reminder: if your caring folks should happen to call you long distance at the moment you're rolling that bread real thin, don't tell 'em. That's my advice. Unless you are real anxious to see them.)

Can you remember the first time you came face to face with a lobster? I can. It was rather a frightening experience. Certainly an educational one. I was being treated by my prospective husband to my first lobster dinner at a very popular restaurant in Lynn, Massachusetts. Reckon he figured nothing like jumping in the deep end to learn to swim. It might have been smarter to have practiced me at a less fancy place.

Well, while waiting for the hostess to seat us in what turned out to be the middle of a large room, I was kind of taken aback with all that crackin' sound filling the air. And then, I saw just about everyone in view holding a nutcracker, cracking away at those big claws. I suppose I thought the beasts came shucked. Once seated, I couldn't keep my eyes off all the casual and messy activity. I did wonder if anyone would tell by looking at me that I was fresh out of the Midwest and had no notion how to approach the job ahead.

It was when the waitress asked me how I would have it that I almost made my biggest boo-boo. I didn't know that lobsters came medium, rare, burned or well-done. Small, medium or large I assumed. Right there my faithful companion took over and I tried from then on that day to appear nonchalant. Then, and then only, it became obvious that no one surrounding us was paying me a bit of attention since each was intent on personal pursuit.

🌿 July 28, 1981 🌿

The other day when our fire chief was working around the fire station in Sanbornton Square, some strangers in an out-of-state car pulled up and inquired of him, "Where's Lib's restaurant?"

They had been reading about all that cooking going on in these parts, and wanted to try some of it. The inquiry didn't exactly surprise the chief, but he must have wondered for a minute if there was something he didn't know. He told those folks he didn't think I'd gone that far. And, I haven't. Although I've joked about actually running just such an establishment, without an identifying name.

Too bad those hungry wayfarers aren't stopped at that same spot late afternoon this coming Saturday. They could be easily pointed up the road a piece to the town hall. That's the building with the new 'police' sign on it. The church, next door, is hosting their annual sale and supper before the evening's band concert. The sale will provide shopping opportunities. And, the menu planned is enough to make foreign as well as local appetites whet up.

This country buffet will include beef bourguignon, curried chicken salad, two kinds of Cindy's beans, rice pilaf, congealed and tossed salads, ratatouille, homemade breads and pies. The reasonable price is all-inclusive, including beverage and gratuity.

Just in case you get inspired to make some ratatouille, here are some similar ideas. I will note that there are those who prefer to omit the eggplant. You can do this dish entirely on the top of the stove, or over the campfire. Or, you may wish to partially prepare it ahead and put it in a casserole to finish cooking in a 350-degree oven. Any way you do it, or whatever you call it, remember to add a sprig of fresh thyme, or a pinch of dried, and a generous bit of snipped parsley.

#### ***RATATOUILLE PROVENCALE for 8***

Put in a heavy skillet: ½ c. olive oil

Saute until golden:            2 cloves garlic, chopped  
1 large onion, sliced        2 or 3 green peppers, slices

Combine in layers with:  
3 c. zucchini slices        3 c. peeled, diced eggplant  
salt and pepper            2 c. peeled tomatoes, sliced

Sprinkle top with some of the olive oil. Cover and simmer over low heat about 35 or 40 minutes. Uncover and continue to heat a bit longer to reduce the amount of liquid. Serve hot or cold.

#### ***RATATOUILLE NICOISE for 6***

½ c. olive oil                    3 T. flour  
2 or more cloves garlic, chopped    2 green peppers, cut in strips  
1 large onion, sliced            4 or 5 ripe tomatoes, peeled and sliced  
2 medium zucchini, sliced        salt and pepper  
1 eggplant, peeled and cubed       1 or 2 T. capers

Add garlic and onion to heated oil, cook until transparent.

Combine squash and eggplant with flour, add this and green peppers to the onion, cover and cook slowly about half an hour. Add the tomatoes and simmer, uncovered, until the mixture is thick. Season with salt and pepper. Add the capers during the last 15 minutes of cooking. Serve hot or cold.

(Note: an interesting touch is added if sliced ripe olives are used to garnish.)

## ❧ August 4, 1981 ❧

This year the League of New Hampshire Craftsmen celebrates its 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary. The annual fair this very week, all week, is bound to have many special features up and above the usual spectacular exhibitions and demonstrations. In recent years it has been held at Sunapee State Park. It is so large and so attractive it is hard to believe there are so many talented and qualified craftsmen in the Granite State. Each one who is a part of this show is juried for excellence and quality.

I can remember the time, way back yonder and when, the League's annual show was small enough to travel from place to place, all over the state. This gave different sections of the state a chance to become better acquainted with New Hampshire's early and encouraging interest in the crafts people and their products. Many of the crafts persons traveled to the show each year. We have felt very fortunate to have been able to attend most of these shows. We are especially grateful to have met and known quite a few of the artists personally.

It's remained fun to recall the many visits we had with that great etcher, Frederick Robbins. Can't help chuckling when we remember him as night watchman for the crafts show those years, and others, it was at the Gunstock recreation area. Freddie, or Fritz as some called him, always seemed to make a point of having his under shorts show beneath his sports shorts or lederhosen. Never without a smile, he was a very popular person at any show or at his charming New Hampton home. Yes, he did prefer to haul his water from the brook.

Who could ever forget Joe Tucker of Boscawen fame? Joe's magic personality went just right with his beautiful ironwork productions. This will be the second year he might get together with Fritz to smile down their blessings.

We've kept a copy of the article in the August, 1955 New Hampshire Profiles promoting the 22<sup>nd</sup> annual Craftsmen's Fair at the Belknap Recreation Area in Gilford and one of the craftsmen. It tells the story of the greatest cabinet-maker we ever hope to know, Alexandro de la Cruz of Canterbury. Such a wonderful tale of the foresighted help and appreciation he received from various organizations, individuals, and the then League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts in the early forties. It was at a Belknap show that we saw what we think was his first exhibit. Dad Andrews never forgave himself for not buying that Governor Winthrop desk we saw for sale at that show. Turns out it was the first piece Alexandro completed after coming to this country as a refugee from Spain. He has kept that very desk for himself, as it wasn't long before he was self-supporting and had to fill his own orders rather than League ones.

For years Dad would go over just to look at that desk, and especially to chat with one of his favorite persons. In turn, today we welcome Alexandro to come see the curly maple lowboy he made with old wood. We stay proud of this beautiful piece which came our way at the time of the display of 'that' desk a while back.

We are pleased that each of our threesome has a fine sense of appreciation for Alexandro and his work, as well as for other hand done items. Each has at least one piece of his work, and they try to see him whenever they can.

It seems real good that once again, and for the first time in a while, this same group has gathered round to make what was once our annual safari to the crafts fair. Always with picnic lunch. I'll add that a brief ganging up has resulted in a dandy list of goody suggestions of things that grama used to make. I'm aiming at crisp fried chicken and fried peach pies like she did them, even though I may never come up to snuff!

This also becomes my opportunity to produce something new to the picnickers: Zucchini Frittata. This recipe came to me by way of New Jersey, complete with samples. It was good hot or cold, or rewarmd.

### **ZUCCHINI FRITTATA**

4 small to medium green zucchini, roughly pared and sliced 1/8 to 1/16 inch thick, set aside  
3 small to medium onions, chopped fine  
8 oz. package cream cheese, softened  
6 medium size eggs, beaten

Mash onions into cream cheese until mixed. Mix in eggs with cream cheese and onions (no lumps allowed).

Add: 1 1/2 tsp. crushed oregano

1 T. corn oil	1/8 tsp. pepper, freshly ground
1/4 tsp. salt	2/3 c. Parmesan cheese, grated

Mix well, then add zucchini.

Oil a 10- or 12-inch deep pie dish, sprinkle completely with Italian seasoned bread crumbs. Pour mixture in and spread zucchini evenly in mixture. Sprinkle top with more seasoned bread crumbs. Bake at 375 degrees about 45 minutes or more, until bottom is nicely browned and custard is set.

You can be sure we won't miss that new wood engraving being shown by our friend Herbert Waters from Campton. Hear tell it is among the special winners of the juried selection shown in the upstairs hall of the Sunapee ski lodge. He's also on the top of our list of current wood engravers, a devoted artist.

~ August 11, 1981 ~

That run to Sunapee State Park to attend the League of New Hampshire Craftsmen Fair would have been worthwhile if only to have viewed the Living with Crafts Exhibit, to say nothing of the numerous other attractions. What a good show! And to think we're living right in the midst of all this great talent found and displayed in League shops throughout our state.

Seeing such beautiful craft items gets a fellow in the mood to take another pleasure cruise to the Currier Gallery of Art down in Manchester. There, until September 7<sup>th</sup> this year, you will see a national all-media crafts exhibition sponsored jointly by the Currier and the League. It is hard to believe that so many striking hand-made works of art could have been gathered from over 200 top-flight craftsmen throughout our country. I felt for those three judges who had to make all the decisions to pull the show together.

We were so glad to be able to attend the opening of this "American Crafts 81" at the Currier Gallery in June. It certainly made you feel proud of the large number of exhibitors selected from the New Hampshire entrees. Among these were two of our favorites: Sanbornton's own basket-maker Martha Wetherbee, and Sanbornville's prize-winning weaver, Penny Dooker. And it was especially thrilling to see a young chap from Berlin, New Hampshire, name o' Lawrence Bickford, step up to receive the Best of Show Award and the Recognition Award for Wood for the cherry and walnut desk he created. The photograph of this desk graces the handsome exhibition catalogue. And it views just as pretty as its picture.

To make the evening so completely fun was being invited to a potluck dinner at the home of the exhibiting craftsmen before show time. It was at this spread that it became very obvious by looking upon and tasting the assortment of dishes that the ability of those 55 or 70 so persons present went beyond welding, weaving, carving, painting, etc. I still don't have the recipe for that unique pumpkin pie I sampled, but here's a marvelous portable creation that a friend is sharing. "Portable" I say because if this is made well in advance and refrigerated, the liquid is mostly absorbed by the bread. So, no sloshy. If baked ahead of time, wrap it in foil and heat again for serving.

***POOR RICHARD'S QUICHE***  
*(for 3 to 7, depending on hunger)*

Grease well a 9x12-inch baking pan or casserole. Into it put a layer of bread slices, trimmed of crusts (5 to 6).

Fry up  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 lb. cut up bacon until crisp. Drain. Put on layer of bread. Cover bacon with about  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. grated sharp cheddar cheese.

Sauté one good-sized onion, chopped, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  green pepper, sliced, in a bit of bacon fat. Put on top of cheese layer.

Drain  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 c. tomatoes, mix in  $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp. baking soda, put in on top of onion and green pepper. (Omit all tomato seeds possible.)

On top of tomatoes, put a second layer of trimmed slices of bread. Dribble 2 T. bacon fat (use what onion cooked in) on top of bread.

Beat up: 4 large eggs             $\frac{1}{3}$  c. cream  
      3 c. milk                        pepper to taste, go light on salt

Pour egg mixture over layers in pan, let it set all day (refrigerated), or, cook immediately if you're in a hurry.

Use a 350-degree oven, cover dish for first  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, then uncover for about another  $\frac{1}{2}$ , until things look firm and done.

(Note: for a little variety, throw in a layer of sautéed mushrooms. Or, a layer of well-drained, chopped frozen spinach. Find your niche between the layers of bread.)

Now, toss up a light salad, or pull out those marinated carrots. Call a good friend to come quick. Don't forget that ripening pineapple and peaches in the centerpiece.

~ August 18, 1981 ~

Last week during some of the hottest days we've had, quite a number of passers-by asked me how my summer had been. This shook me up a bit. That is, until one of those early fall-like days sneaks in, as it has. Then, the message comes through loud and clear. Summer does pass. Let's don't hurry it, though.

This year has seemed to me like a crazy mixed up growing season. Many of our mums have bloomed early enough to be slightly on their way out already. Also, last week, it seemed premature to be able to cut our first brussels sprouts of the year. They were delicious. Plentiful enough to try this recipe for Marinated Brussels Sprouts the Engles had told me about. Guests and family liked this very much, especially accompanied by fresh ripe garden tomato wedges.

### **MARINATED BRUSSELS SPROUTS**

1 pkg. (10 oz.) or 2 c. fresh brussels sprouts  
½ c. Italian salad dressing                      2-3 T. chopped parsley  
½ tsp. dried dillweed,                              1 clove garlic, crushed  
    **or** 1 tsp. chopped fresh dill

Cook sprouts in minimum amount of water until almost done, not quite. Drain. Mix remaining ingredients, pour over warm sprouts, mix well. Refrigerate a few hours or a few days before serving.

While looking back on last week, I must mention an interesting telephone call that came in. I answered the ring, a mature male voice said to me that he was holding a copy of *Yankee* magazine in his hand and looking at my picture, and, after traveling 500 miles he wanted an English muffin. Now, put that way, I couldn't blame a feller for that, considering he'd never had a homemade one. A few minutes later, after leaning we had some near mutual acquaintances and that he and his family were on vacation in cottages on Lake Winnisquam, Sanbornton side, abutting the one Henry grew up in, I invited him and his interested group up to the farm for an English muffin making demonstration later in the week. After all, I was booked to supply some muffins to the church in the Square for sale at their auction last Saturday.

What I knew right off, and did not mention in the call, was that I would have things ready for each comer to start from scratch to make muffins and do his own thing. How else to learn? And, that had seemed a part of the call. What I didn't know was that instead of four innocent pupils, eight related ones appeared. Two other enthusiasts had been included, so they were ten. Five pairs made it simpler, and no one seemed to mind the togetherness. We went all the way, complete with sampling as the muffins came hot off the skillet. It was a fun time, and I'm hoping to hear someday that folks are smelling hot English muffins in parts of Washington, D.C., New Jersey, Rhode Island, and E. Aurora, New York.

As a bonus, think I'll send along to those once-beginners who were here another idea or two for topping for these muffin gems. Slices of Stuffed Sausage would be delicious on English muffin halves, topped with a slice of good cheddar and warmed to almost melt the cheese. Or, top toasted muffin halves with thin sliced smoked link sausage, a thin slice of tomato, then a slice of Swiss cheese before broiling to melt the cheese and heat the rest of the treat.

### **STUFFED SAUSAGE**

2 lb. good bulk sausage (you know where!), patted into a ½ inch thick rectangle

Mix together, spread over sausage:      2 c. diced raw apples  
    2 small onions, chopped                      2 c. soft bread crumbs

Roll like a jelly roll, tuck in edges. Put seam side on down side, bake at 350 degrees on a rack in pan for about 45 minutes, or until done.

(Note: this makes company dinner fare, as well as a brunch delight, or luncheon specialty. Just try it with those marinated brussels sprouts, and an ear of garden fresh corn, if that's on your list.)

P.S. If any of you need to brush up on your muffin making ability, just see us girls at the Altrusa booth at the Gilford Old Home Day festivities in Gilford, natcherly, on Saturday, August 29<sup>th</sup>. Hope to have samples there, too.

~ August 25, 1981 ~

I've just received a copy of a note directed at me which pleased me very much. It reads, "Please tell the English Muffin Queen of New England that her realm has been expanded to Northwest, Pennsylvania. I've just made a batch of her muffins, and they are far superior to any that I have made before." It's mighty good to hear from this thoughtful person. She has joined similar rooters from assorted places as far away as Texas and Oregon. I might just try for the national crown!

But then, on the other hand, there are things other than English muffins. And along this line, I must admit to a not so joyous note from another out of state stranger. She worded her dilemma so well that I will quote. "I feel I must write to ask you how a very simple recipe, Mile-High Strawberry Pie," assuming correctly that it was a recipe I'd offered in print, "could possibly create such a disaster? It was to be the perfect dessert solution for this week's guests. After spending a great deal for strawberries, I proceeded. I used a large bowl as suggested, but had the greatest kitchen mess, upon beating, that I've had in 30 years. The mixture went everywhere: counters, entire sink, of course, windowsill, curtains (newly laundered), on my good jersey, etc." The newly laundered part hit hard. The sad tale goes on to say there was only enough filling left to make part of one pie, not the two I'd promised. And, worse still, by the time that one got to the freezer, all the pink goo had hardened on the counters, sink, curtains, etc. Then, "How did I go wrong?"

After laughing about two days, I told me that this was a serious matter. First of all, I hastened to the drawing board and followed that same recipe from the printed page. It worked just fine, made two good-sized pies. I covered my large and powerful loaded mixer with a towel, and started the motor gently before going into high gear. The starting mixture is quite liquid, and it looks like an impossible combination to ever shape up. When the pies got to the freezer, right then and there I wrote this disappointed cook a serious reply.

I may have to write again and suggest this Impossible Apple Pie as a safe bonus. That is, if you don't fill the pie pan too full of juicy fruit so the oven stays clean.

### ***IMPOSSIBLE APPLE PIE***

peeled sliced apples	1 beaten egg
1 c. (or less) plus 1 T. sugar	1 c. flour
1 tsp. cinnamon	½ c. chopped nuts
¾ c. margarine	pinch salt

Fill a 9-inch pie pan two-thirds full of the sliced apples. Combine the T. sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle over the apples. Melt the margarine, add to it the cup of sugar, egg, flour, nuts and salt. Blend well, pour over the apples, spreading to cover. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes.

Result: a top and bottom crust with filling inside!!! Impossible? Try it. Top with ice cream or Cool Whip.

(Note: the apples I used were not as tart as I wanted, so I combined three cut up large firm and tart green plums with the sliced apples. Tasty.)

Sure do wish I'd made me a note on the donor of this recipe as I usually do. Then I could thank someone for sharing the perfect dessert I had for company last Sunday.

❧ *September 1, 1981* ❧

It was while cleaning that beautiful fresh cut broccoli that the same old memory came over me. Undoubtedly that was one of my most embarrassing moments.

We were newlyweds, and so were two of our dinner guests. The other near-bride was one whose arrival in town had been preceded by many glowing tales. She was a much-traveled city gal. I felt like a country bumpkin by comparison before we ever met. Actually, she turned out to be a most decent sort. We still keep in touch.

But this particular day I was making a serious effort to impress her particularly. So, it was a pretty ambitious dinner I produced I'm sure. The one thing I can still remember that was served was the bright green fresh broccoli spears, cooked just right and buttered generously. I just happened to look up just as 'she' started in on the broccoli. And there, nestled very obvious, was a big fat green worm. Well cooked, of course. Woe upon me!

'She' spotted it too. I, quick like, wanted to remove the beast. In fact, it would have satisfied me at that moment to throw out the whole dang plate and everything on it. But no. 'She' acted real pleased to see the worm, cooked just like she used to enjoy them when she was a youngster way off and gone to the other side of the world with her missionary parents.

She daintily picked that worm out of the broccoli and chewed it a bit more than necessary. Savored it kind of like a steak. I guess that's one way to break the ice and spare your hostess!

The broccoli I was readying the other day was to use, without worms, in a family favorite Chicken Rice Casserole.

#### ***CHICKEN RICE CASSEROLE for 6 or 7***

Cook a 3 to 4 lb. stewing hen (chicken) in sufficient cold water to cover, adding some salt and pepper, a rib of celery, a small onion and a carrot. Discard vegetables when stewing is completed. When chicken is tender, remove from broth to cool. Remove bones and skin from chicken meat.

Boil 1 to 1 ½ c. long grain (I use Uncle Ben's) rice as directed on package. When done and while still hot, toss with 3 T. butter or clear chicken fat. Spread rice over the bottom of a large flat glass baking dish or casserole.

On top of the bed of seasoned rice, arrange a layer of nearly cooked frozen or fresh broccoli spears. On top of that arrange the cooked and boned chicken. Over all pour the following sauce:

Add 4 or 5 T. flour to 3 c. of that good chicken broth, cook and stir over low heat until thickened. Add ½ lb. grated cheddar cheese (more or less to suit taste), stir until cheese melts.

Top assembled casserole with crushed potato chips and a generous sprinkle of paprika. Bake at 325 degrees about 45 minutes, or until heated through and bubbly.

I continue to find it interesting that many people, places, foods and things remind one of special and specific other people, places, foods and things.

This casserole, for instance, is never put together or served without remembering the time it impressed a Nobel Prize winner, Arthur Holly Compton, then chancellor of Washington University in St. Louis. It pleased him so much that he wanted his sister who liked to cook to have this recipe. That, in itself, pleased me. But I've never received a more gracious and satisfied cook-to-cook letter to say brother judged well.

🌀 *September 8, 1981* 🌀

Long before going off for that thrilling run to the Isle of Shoals this past weekend with the New Hampshire Audubon society, I knew I'd have to make some bread to refresh the Tilton-Northfield Garden Club following their program today on "More Nutrition Through Whole Grains." Donna Smith is leaving her Windfall Natural Foods Store up in Meredith long enough to share some of her know-how with the rest of us.

***HAZEL'S OATMEAL BREAD***

*(Makes two large and one small loaf)*

Combine in mixing bowl:

2 ½ c. warm water	1 c. quick oats
4 T. sugar	4 ½ T. salad oil
4 T. molasses	1 ½ tsp. salt

After dissolving, add:	2 pkgs. yeast
1 tsp. sugar	¼ c. warm water

Stir in:	1 T. wheat germ
1 T. bran	6 c. unbleached flour

Add more flour (about 1 cup as needed to be able to knead dough well).

Place in large greased bowl, turning so dough is greased on top. Cover and let rise until doubled. Shape into three loaves, put in well greased pans, let rise again until nearly doubled.

Bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 to 45 minutes, or until done. Remember, bread is done when it sounds hollow when thumped on bottom of loaf.

While I'm at it, decided to give the girls a sample of Hummous with thin slices of this bread. Some real fresh garden cucumber slices will be handy, too.

***HUMMOUS (Chick-Pea Dip)***

2 c. cooked or canned chick peas	¼ c. lemon juice
¼ c. liquid drained from peas	2 tsp. crushed garlic
1 ¼ tsp. salt	2 T. olive oil
3 T. tahini (sesame seed paste)	2 T. parsley

Blend all together thoroughly. Refrigerate to keep. Good with assorted raw vegetables.

*☞ September 15, 1981 ☞*

It surely has been a busy time around our town of Sanbornton lately. Among other things, the Fire Chiefs' Association of New Hampshire had its annual night out for the ladies, dining and entertaining in the church hall on Thursday. That same hall was the scene on Saturday for the Belknap County Pomona Grange yearly dinner and inspection. In between on Friday there was a special event at Lane Tavern down the hill. The Colonial Dinner there was meant to be fancy and tasty for the fifty guests attending.

There was another Colonial Dinner at the Lane Tavern just five years ago to celebrate our nation's bicentennial. The menu for that dinner included salmon mousse, stuffed glazed game hen, Thomas Jefferson rice, green peas with mint, corn meal biscuits and blueberry muffins, scalloped rhubarb and/or maple gingerbread with maple frosting.

Colonial Dinner II was more or less a celebration planned by the Sanbornton Historical Society to enjoy the completion of the restoration of the first floor of their Tavern. It was especially good to see so many repeat customers. Several of those were recalling menu number 1, and here's what they may remember for another five years: hot vichyssoise with choice of six kinds of "homade" breads (baked in small loaves), baked stuffed pork tenderloin in sour cream sauce, duchess potatoes, green beans amandine, marinated vegetables and wedged herbed tomatoes, squash pie with cheese and/or Irish whiskey pie topped with whipped cream. A chilled white wine went nicely with the dinner, and plenty of coffee or tea came with the pies. The dressed up Tavern made a just right setting.

A cherished Danish friend, now gone to meet her Maker, gave me her recipe years ago for the stuffed pork tenderloin and for the cucumbers in vinegar served last Friday. It would have pleased her no end to have seen how folks did enjoy. Things seemed so right that she must have been smiling down on us!

***MØRBRAD MED AEBLER OG SVEDSKER***

***(Pork Tenderloin with Apples and Prunes)***

2 pork tenderloins	2 T. butter (or more)
salt and pepper	1 c. cream
peeled apple slices	1 c. thick sour cream
cooked prunes, pitted	broth

Cut tenderloins half-through lengthwise, open and pound flat. Lightly salt and pepper both open halves. Cover one tenderloin with apple slices, then cut prunes. Brush melted butter on the other open half, place this over the other half with fruit so that the tapered ends of the tenderloins are opposite. Tie securely with light string.

Fry in butter until nicely browned all over, add a bit of broth and the creams, cook slowly one hour. Cover if needed to keep meat moist.

Remove meat to heated platter, keep hot while making sauce. Add 2 T. flour mixed to a paste with some cool broth to the meat stock, cook over low heat stirring constantly until gravy is smooth and thickened.

(Note: if no pork tenderloins are handy, roll the apples and prunes into a seasoned buttered flattened boned pork roast. Or, stuff a pocketed thick pork chop and proceed.)

***AGURKESALAT (Sliced Cucumber in Vinegar)***

1 c. white vinegar	1/3 c. sugar
1 tsp. salt	pepper

Prepare this several hours ahead of serving. It should be served chilled. This may be used the second day.

The icing on the cake last week for quite a number of lucky ones may have been the fun gathering at Steele Hill Resort to surprise Mitsi and Dusty Nielsen on their 25<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary, so well planned and done by their children. A full buffet table towered by a perfectly done steamship round of beef never fails to thrill a merry and hungry group.

Almost forgot there was a tomorrow. Want to remind you folks down Tilton way, and other directions, there will be hot coffee "with" this coming Friday morning from 9 'til 11 for those of a mind. The "with" will be all "homade," including

English muffins, natcherly. The Tilton-Northfield Garden Club is having its annual Christmas-Craft Sale at the Tilton Congregational Church. That's next to Bob Beaulieu's Market, and across the street from Bryant-Lawrence Hardware store. That's all centrally located in downtown Tilton.

*September 22, 1981*

Well, John of Wallington, anytime someone takes time out of his anticipated New Hampshire vacation to locate the English muffin makin' queen, it's high time he gets thanked. That's what I'm doing right now.

In a way it was too bad when you called that I was on my way out the door to share muffin making and sampling with the ladies over at the Gilford Community Church. That congenial and interested group would have welcomed you to join them if you could have made it. But, since that was not possible what with your holiday schedule being full that day, wasn't it lucky you had another offer to have an English muffin and other treats at the Tilton-Northfield Garden Club coffee the following morning? I really didn't expect to see you there either. But, you fooled me.

I knew right off that it was you approaching the kitchen area where I was stationed. That big grin, and then the warm bear hug sure gave the girls seated around the coffee tables something to enjoy over and above their edible refreshments! It was good to meet your friendly and cooperative wife, Marian, too. She handled that new Polaroid real well. I was glad those very first snaps taken with that 40<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary present your children gave you came out so well. I was glad you left one with me.

I truly believe you like those muffins, and that homemade plum jam that was handy. You said you ate four when I passed more warm ones. But I never keep track. There were lots of good things to eat on that serving table. Among the offerings were apple brownies which were delicious. Here's the recipe given to me by an active gardener and club officer.

#### ***CLARA'S APPLE BROWNIES***

1 egg	1 tsp. cinnamon
½ c. oil	½ tsp. salt
1 c. sugar	½ tsp. baking soda
1 c. flour	1 tsp. baking powder
3 medium apples, peeled and diced	

Mix egg, oil and sugar until creamy. Add sifted dry ingredients, mix well. Stir in prepared apples. Put mixture into greased 9x9-inch pan.

Bake in 350-degree oven for 40 to 50 minutes, or until it tests done (an inserted straw or toothpick comes out clean).

It was nice you got some of your crafty Christmas shopping done at the gathering Friday. It was even nicer, and most thoughtful, for the garden club to have that generous donation you volunteered. This all helped us have what may be the most successful fair ever.

☞ *September 29, 1981* ☞

Are you looking for it too? September, that is. Just one more day of it left to decide what's next. Will it be the green or the ripe tomatoes, the fully ripe grapes, those blemished butternut squash that won't keep as well as the numerous perfect ones, some shell beans that are waiting, perhaps the last of the cukes and zucchinis, basil that needs rescuing, apples or pears? Reckon many a gardener is ready for that first frost. Especially since he has those potatoes dug and the onions hung to dry a bit. Lucky we have a few things like broccoli, carrots, brussels sprouts and leeks that will hold off a while.

When I think back on this month's busy calendar, I can be grateful for several things, including survival, even with a successful feeling on a number of occasions. But, the big event that will remain special fun to think on was that Labor Day weekend on Appledore Island with the Audubon group.

This was my first trip to the Isles of Shoals, and it was my first big trip to bird watch. I do hope it was not my last for both counts. Although there has been a write-up about this very trip from several spots in the Lakes Region, there has been no extensive comment on the food served during these three days, except that it was excellent. That it was. But, you can know good and well that I think you'd like to know a bit more. Menus, for instance. Who knows, you might get an idea or three yourself.

Saturday night, it was a fine boiled lobster dinner, complete with corn on the cob, baked potato, a beautiful serve-yourself tossed green salad with choice of dressings, and chilled watermelon slices.

Sunday Brunch could have lasted a fellar all day if need be. It wasn't though. I can remember fruit juices, mushroom quiche, scrambled eggs with ham bits, French toast with warmed maple syrup, oatmeal, fresh fruit salad in watermelon basket, homemade caramel rolls with raisins, and an unlimited supply of coffee, tea or milk.

It quickly became natural for me to wonder in this type of meal was regular, or just offered for the assorted gathering this particular weekend. I spoke friendly to the already friendly staff in the kitchen to see if I could glance at their menu slate. Purely out of interest on my part!

They were glad to share. Although the head chef for the Marine Laboratory's summer program had already gone back home to Cornell University's campus to get ready for the fall session in Ithaca, his assistant remained in charge of the kitchen for the fall groups coming to the island. Let me just mention a few of the things on his roster: pigs in blanket, tacos bar with refried beans, chili with cornbread, beef kabobs, turkey dinner with all the trimmings; topped with pecan pie, stir-fry pork, lasagna, curried chicken, Stroganoff, spinach-ricotta pie, etc.

I'll soon send along the glamorous Anne's Chicken Kiev, Sanbornton, with Lemon Sauce, to the University of New Hampshire Program Director, just to see if we can encourage a continuing gourmet glamour bit on the Isles of Shoals. I'll offer the recipe next week! With Anne's permission, which I have.

❧ *October 6, 1981* ❧

Here's the promised recipe for Anne's Chicken Kiev, Sanbornton. This was served recently in Sanbornton Square to the active Tilton-Northfield Woman's Club. They have full steam up for their annual Outgrown Shop starting next Monday, October 12. This most popular bargain sale of clothing will be held in the Northfield town hall, doors opening at nine in the morning. Any items anyone has to put into the sale should be brought to this same hall through Thursday of this week for "check-in."

***ANNE'S CHICKEN KIEV***

skinned, boned, split chicken breasts	salt and pepper
butter	flour
dried tarragon	olive oil

Pound breasts to flatten evenly. Place a piece of butter (sized according to meat) in center of each piece of chicken. Sprinkle with a pinch of dried tarragon. Sprinkle sparingly with salt and pepper.

Fold meat over butter and roll, keeping sides in. (This makes a fairly neat little package.) Dredge rolls in flour that has been lightly seasoned with salt and pepper.

Brown lightly (until golden) in a mixture of half butter and half olive oil.

Place in a baking dish in a single layer. (Note: at this stage, the chicken bundles may be refrigerated overnight, or they may be frozen for later use.) Bake at 350 degrees until done, about 25 minutes. (Baking time depends on how well chicken was browned, or how chilled it is.)

Serve with lemon-butter sauce (optional).

***LEMON BUTTER SAUCE***

2 T. fresh lemon juice	3 T. dry white French vermouth
salt and white pepper	
½ c. chilled butter, cut into 12 fingertip-sized pieces	

Boil the lemon juice, vermouth and ¼ tsp. salt slowly in a saucepan until liquid is reduced to 1 T. Then, a piece at a time, start beating in the chilled butter, adding another piece or two just as the previous pieces have almost melted. The sauce should look ivory-colored rather than like melted butter. Season to taste.

This sauce is tricky to keep, so serve right away.

Before wishing you happy my birthday, let me tell you that something wonderful happened to me right in downtown Sanbornton last Sunday afternoon. I thought we were going to a called meeting of the Historical Society at the Lane Tavern. It was "called" all right! To surprise me with birthday song, merriment, food and good wishes. I was completely surprised, and really thrilled to have this happening to me. The jolly crowd present obviously enjoyed themselves about as much as I did. In know already that I will get goosebumps every time I think on this occasion for months to come. I want to thank each and every one who joined in and helped to make number 29 so memorable. I feel sorry for those who couldn't make it. Sure glad I could.

Happy my birthday, and yours, too!

☞ *October 13, 1981* ☞

Lately I've been reminded of a fine old saying a well-traveled friend told me many years ago. I'm sure he made this up, but it is a good piece of advice. And, it did help me.

I was all in a stew about clothing to take along on our first extended trip abroad. Henry, as breadwinner, was to spend the whole summer researching at the University of Liège in Liège, Belgium. Natchery, our threesome and I didn't want him to get lonesome, so we went along. It's easy to remember this was the year the World's Fair was in Brussels. It was a remarkably wonderful fair.

My job that summer was to cover as much of the continent as possible during those three-plus months to enlighten our own three plus an accompanying, compatible and fun-lovin' nephew, who was in the right age bracket. The four of them ranged from 9 to 18 years. They were just the right combination for a completely wonderful summer. And, they remain good friends today!

We knew before we left home that there would be special people to meet, things to do, and I thought I was justified in worrying about the right clothes to have along. Remember, this was a good while before the blue-jeans-go-anywhere era. And I didn't want folks to get tired of seeing us in the same ol' thing. It really did seem to matter.

The advice from our fine feathered friend? "Lib, don't change clothes, change towns!"

Now, the reason this has been sticking in my head lately is that I've had a number of "do's" that needed some fancy dessert treatment at the end of a not-dull meal. So, I decided to use the same glamorous one all the way. Don't change desserts, I told me. Change crowds!

***MERINGUE VELVET, FROZEN***  
***For a Crowd (Makes 3 to 4 Quarts)***

1 c. candied fruit, chopped  
½ c. maraschino cherry juice, or cherry liqueur (I used Kirsch)  
1 ⅔ c. sugar                    ½ c. water  
6 egg whites, stiffly beaten  
1 ¾ c. chopped toasted nuts (almonds, hazelnuts, pistachios)  
4 c. heavy cream, whipped

Marinate fruit in cherry juice or liqueur for 30 minutes or overnight.

Combine sugar and water in pan, cook until syrup reaches the softball stage (about 236 degrees). Add hot syrup in thin stream to beaten egg whites. Beat until mixture forms stiff peaks. Cool.

Add nuts and fruit to egg whites. Blend in whipped cream. Freeze plain or in fancy molds, or in combination with other things. As, for instance, in Sicilian Cassata.

***SICILIAN CASSATA***

Line a mold with pistachio ice cream, freeze.

Line this with orange sherbet, freeze.

Fill center with Meringue Velvet, freeze.

(Note: you can do your own thing with this Meringue Velvet. Layer it between sponge cake layers and raspberry sherbet. Put it in a graham cracker pie crust, garnished with some softened dried apricot bits. Or, scoop it out like ice cream and top with a tasty sauce.)

☞ *October 20, 1981* ☞

When we got the word that our friends the Whittingtons from Cambridge, England, would be able to have lunch last week with us while they were on a brief holiday in New England, we were mighty pleased. The best part of a day is better than no time at all.

Here was a couple returning from several months of special treatment, near red carpet-style, while lecturing and visiting in Australia. They had plenty of time to get ready to view the royal wedding procession from the Royal Society's special viewing spot. And twice this past summer they had occasions to shake hands with the Queen. Once in London at the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration of the British Museum of Natural History when a new hall was opened and the trustees and wives were presented. Instructions for this affair included a request that the trustees and guests mingle discreetly with the distinguished visitors.

Then, two days after this gathering, the Queen and Prince Philip were in Cambridge to open Robinson College, and our friends were invited to a Garden Party the press gave. This time the meeting was more intimate, and it was all very exciting.

It was just like having a favorite family coming home to see these folks again. I knew that ahead, so planned a simple luncheon of rice-broccoli-chicken casserole, sliced tomatoes in sweet-sour dressing, and frozen cassata. Well, now, I did take the opportunity since there was an audience handy to try a new recipe which just happened my way: Impossible Ratatouille Pie. This really was well-received, and will undoubtedly be being heard in Cambridge shortly.

### ***IMPOSSIBLE RATATOUILLE PIE***

1 c. chopped zucchini	½ c. green pepper
1 c. pared eggplant	½ c. tomato
¼ c. onion	1 clove garlic, crushed

Sauté these in ¼ c. margarine or butter for 3 to 5 minutes, or until tender crisp. Add:

½ tsp. basil	¾ tsp. salt
½ tsp. thyme	pepper to taste

Put in lightly greased 10-inch pie plate. Cover with:

1 c. shredded Monterey Jack cheese

Beat together until smooth and pour over the vegetables and cheese:

1 ¼ c. milk	¾ c. buttermilk baking mix (Bisquick)
¼ c. dairy sour cream	3 eggs

Bake in oven pre-heated to 400 degrees for 35 minutes, or until custard is set. Let stand 5 minutes before cutting.

It was very close to ten years ago that there was a very memorable happening in our lives, too. These same Whittingtons invited us to Guest Night at Sidney Sussex College. This was not a frequent thing, especially to include women. Henry had been to many a dinner or banquet at the college, without me along. This time dinner at the high table was to be a real treat. We got all decked out, walked from the hotel to the college, joined the relatively small group in the library for sherry, then on to the great dining hall. Guests and faculty were seated on the platform overlooking the long rows of dressed-up students. I was seated between two professors who did not have guests with them; they were well prepared to keep up the conversation. The first course came. It was the first fresh asparagus I'd seen that Spring, cooked to perfection with a lovely sauce. I took a dainty amount, and was not finished with that when I noticed that my two companions had eaten their not-dainty servings right down. They surely must have talked to me with their mouths full, but I didn't notice as I was loving that asparagus so much. Right then I decided I would like some more of that, so I asked our waiter be called back.

Woe be unto me! That was the absolute wrong thing to do. Once that beautiful asparagus left after the first serving, it was gone forever. Although I didn't know it then, no one, but no one, ever asks for a second helping. Henry told me confidentially that I may have set the whole college back a hundred years.

Well, that didn't seem to bother me a lot. In fact, I do believe I enjoyed the whole mistake. Last week we sure had another good laugh over the unusual Guest Night. It was right comforting to learn that the setback was not severe!

☞ *October 27, 1981* ☞

Remember how those numerous assorted jokes swept their way right across our country? Reckon they still do, but we're not around the "club" so much as we used to be. There were those about the littlest knight. Can't seem to remember any details there, perhaps on purpose. There are some things you like to forget. Then those knock-knock ones that even the kids got taken with. The cornier those were, the better.

Well, some recipes are just like that. In a wave they flow from coast to coast, and in between. Think on the German chocolate cake when first heard of, cake mixes dolled up with assorted pudding mixes, that layered shredded lettuce and frozen pea salad refrigerated overnight, cheese cakes by the dozen, etc. Now it's jam made with jello and fruit or green tomatoes, and the "impossible" pies.

Since I've been receiving all kinds of good ideas from many directions on those "impossible" pies, it seems right to share two very recent versions and then let them go at that for a while. These come highly recommended, and they might be a handy item for you.

### ***IMPOSSIBLE CHEESEBURGER PIE***

1 lb. ground beef	¾ c. Bisquick baking mix
1 ½ c. chopped onion	3 eggs
½ tsp. salt	2 tomatoes, sliced
1 ½ c. milk	1 c. shredded cheddar cheese

Heat oven to 400 degrees. Grease 10x1½-inch pie plate.

Brown beef and onion in small amount of shortening; drain. Add salt and pepper. Spread in pie plate.

Beat milk, baking mix and eggs until smooth. Pour over meat and onions; bake 25 minutes. Top with tomatoes, sprinkle with cheese.

Bake for 5 to 8 minutes, or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Cool 5 minutes before serving.

### ***IMPOSSIBLE TUNA PIE***

1 (6 ½ oz.) can tuna, drained	2 c. milk
1 c. shredded processed American cheese	1 c. Bisquick
1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, cubed	4 eggs
¼ c. sliced green onions	½ tsp. salt
1 (2 oz.) jar chopped pimiento, drained	dash nutmeg

Heat oven to 400 degrees. Grease 10x1½-inch pie plate.

Mix tuna, cheeses, onions, pimiento in plate. Beat remaining ingredients well, pour over tuna, etc.

Bake until knife inserted in center comes out clean, about 35 to 40 minutes. Cool 5 minutes before serving.

(Note: my good friend Margaret from Connecticut who sent this recipe says she's dited it up a bit for her bridge club, a lunching group, by doubling most everything but the salt and adding: 6 oz. drained canned mushrooms, 2 cans (4 ½ oz.) tiny shrimp, and 6 oz. can crabmeat. I'm wondering if they ever got to the cards!

❧ *November 3, 1981* ❧

As some of you know, there's been quite a bit of discussion round and about as to who makes the best, perhaps the only holiday meat pie, or Tourtiere. Grandma's abilities are frequently mentioned. Degree of temperatures of many of these certainties varies, but friendliness has prevailed.

The opportunity for a trial run of four such goodies loomed in the just concluded adult education cooking class in Gilford. That was the class I said I wouldn't do, remember. But, I wouldn't have missed it for anything! It seemed the perfect group to get to judge fitness in such a contest. Several of whom seemed quite knowledgeable on the subject.

Four Tourtieres were presented for taste and tell. Each one a work unto itself, three the first sitting by three different artists. The fourth showed a week later. None of the three cooks were members of the class, so the test remained rather unbiased and somewhat frank. In general, it was a most successful venture, a filling one. Although no one pie was voted the overwhelming favorite, the ones with all or mostly pork were on top.

There was the one Joyal made with half pork and half beef with some onion, water and potato, seasoned with allspice and cloves. Anne came through with an all pork beauty made with onion and potatoes, seasoned with allspice and cinnamon. And, Bob Guay generously prepared the tasty filling for two big treats: one with two parts beef to one part pork, the other with two parts pork to one part beef. Here's his recipe, worked out especially to share.

### ***BOB GUAY'S TOURTIERE***

2 lb. ground pork, plus 1 lb. ground beef  
    **or** 2 lb. ground beef, plus 1 lb. ground pork  
1 medium onion, minced      1 to 1 ½ tsp. ground cinnamon  
½ tsp. pepper                      1 tsp. ground cloves  
1 tsp. salt                              dry bread crumbs

Cook up meat and onion in heavy pan over very low fire until meat is crumbly but not dry. Stir in seasonings to mix and heat thoroughly. Remove from stove and stir in just enough dry bread crumbs to take up any excess fat, stir well. Taste and adjust seasonings while mixture is hot. Cool to spread in unbaked pie crust, top with second crust, pierced to allow steam to escape. Brush top with milk.

Bake at 425 degrees for 15 or 20 minutes, or until crust is cooked and pie is heated through.

(Note: meat mixture may be prepared ahead and refrigerated until needed. In which case, warm mixture a bit to make it easy to spread in crust to finish the pie. The pie may be frozen before or after baking; heat to serve.)

Keep in mind that the fillings for any of these pies (though like a rose may appear by any other name) make handy sandwich or hors d'oeuvre spreads, or very acceptable patties for breakfast, marvelous stuffing for fowl or game, or just served plain without crust as meat for lunch or dinner. It's all up to the individual cook now to get just the right spice and meat content for the all important boarder, or boarders.

Sure glad we got that settled! Got to mush on to more holiday fare tomorrow night over at the Gale Memorial Library auditorium in Laconia.

❧ *November 10, 1981* ❧

Wasn't real sure last week that I'd make it what with three cooking demonstrations (with samples, natchery) and one show-and-tell about cooking away from the home front. But, sure enough, I did. And, looking back on it I can see why I ended up enjoying each occasion. These were four of the largest, most attentive, and responsive audiences I've had the chance to carry on with. It sure did make me glad the efforts were extended.

That gathering at the Laconia library was quite a surprise. Of course, if there hadn't been nearly a hundred folks in from the not-so-cold, there would have been more samples for each person. But, the share-and-share-alike attitude made it more fun for all. And, thanks to the generous help of the willing library staff, everybody got to go home with some dandy recipes in hand.

I had such a good time anticipating that Holiday Fare that I haven't quite gotten over it. So here are a couple or three handy helpers for those who like to get some things done ahead, or simply, to get ready to go at any time.

***MISSOURI MIX (use like Bisquick)***

9 c. sifted all-purpose flour                      4 tsp. salt  
1/3 c. double-acting baking powder (like Calumet)  
1 c. plus 2 T. nonfat milk solids (dried milk)  
1 3/4 c. vegetable shortening **or** 1 1/2 c. lard

Sift dry ingredients together until well mixed. Cut shortening into flour mixture until all particles of shortening are thoroughly coated and mixture resembles coarse cornmeal.

Use as you would Bisquick for biscuits, pancakes, etc., or in those Impossible Pies.

***BROWNIES made with Missouri Mix***

1 c. Missouri Mix                      2 eggs, beaten  
1/3 c. cocoa                              1 tsp. vanilla  
1 c. sugar                                1/2 c. chopped nuts  
Combine dry ingredients; add eggs, vanilla and nuts. Spread in greased 8x8x2-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees 30 minutes, or until done.

***PASTRY MIX***

Mix 6 1/3 c. sifted all-purpose flour and 1 T. salt. Divide 1 lb. Crisco (2 1/3 c.) into 2 equal parts.

Step 1, for tenderness: cut in first half of shortening lightly until as fine as meal.

Step 2, for flakiness: cut in remaining shortening until particles are size of large peas. Don't overmix.

To make a 2-crust pie, use 3 c. Pastry Mix, add 5 T. cold water (or just enough water) to make dough manageable. For a 1-crust pie, use 1 3/4 c. Pastry Mix and 3 T. cold water.

***WHITE SAUCE MIX (makes 5 cups)***

2 2/3 c. powdered milk                      1 1/2 c. flour  
1 c. butter or margarine                      3 tsp. salt

Blend ingredients with pastry blender or in the processor until they become the consistency of sand. Keep in a jar in the refrigerator.

To make 1 c. white sauce, add 1/2 c. mix to 1 c. water and cook while stirring until thickened. Happy mixing!

*🌿 November 17, 1981 🌿*

Do you ever hear little insinuations hovering around your ear? It's been a long time since we've had something or other, eh? Goodness, have you forgotten how to put together this or that?

Well, now it's gotten so serious that I'm ready to wade right into those cabbage bundles, the ones that have been neglected. Here's the relocated recipe, on a now yellowed card. Distinctive because it is written in pencil and folded once to fit in with the 3x5-inch ones. It's the one that Henry brought home from the Washington University cafeteria cook while he was yet a graduate student. An over 40-year-old writing that has not been aired for a while, and has not seen the stove territory for some time. Just seeing this particular item has sure brought forth some nostalgic memories.

### ***CABBAGE BUNDLES***

24 cabbage leaves, large	¼ c. (or more) chopped green pepper
4 c. ground cooked ham	salt, pepper
8 c. cooked rice	5 c. condensed tomato soup
1 aged yellow Daisy cheese (or cheddar), shredded	
4 eggs	2 c. water
½ c. (or more) chopped onion	

Cook the cabbage leaves in water until almost tender, drain well. Combine ham, rice, cheese, beaten eggs, onion, green pepper and seasoning to taste. Place a tablespoon of this mixture in the center of each cabbage leaf and wrap the leaf around it.

Place the Bundles in a shallow baking dish and pour over them the combined tomato soup and water. Bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees, for 30 minutes (or, until heated through).

And, if by any chance, you should want a little variety in life, try making cabbage bundles with ground beef (or part ground pork and/or veal), use uncooked rice, chopped onion and green pepper, salt and pepper to taste. Wrap these bundles loosely to give rice room to expand, top with a good tomato sauce, cover and bake about 1 ½ hours, or until done. Grated cheese inside the bundles, or sprinkled on top to melt before serving is entirely up to you.

If you want to go vegetarian all the way try these:

### ***RICE STUFFED CABBAGE ROLLS***

4 T. oil	4 c. cooked brown rice
1 minced onion	salt and pepper to taste
2-3 T. chopped green pepper	cabbage leaves, steamed until limp
2 T. chopped parsley	1-2 c. tomato sauce

Sauté onion in oil until soft, add green pepper and cook a bit longer. Add parsley, rice, and seasonings; mix well. Put about ¼ c. mixture on each cabbage leaf, roll leaf around rice, tucking in sides to make a neat bundle. Place seam side down in an oiled baking dish. Pour tomato sauce over all and bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

(Note: for an easy tomato sauce strain 1 large can Italian tomatoes, add a 6 oz. can of tomato puree, 1 T. grated onion, some salt and pepper, and about ½ tsp. sugar, to taste. Simmer this mixture for 15 to 20 minutes. Refrigerate or freeze any of this you don't need right off.)

Then, lest we forget, there is that left over turkey or roast. Dress it up in disguise as a Cabbage Bundle. After wilting those beautiful cabbage leaves, try stuffing them with a mixture of cut up cooked bird and some of the leftover dressing, dited up with some fresh parsley and herbs of your choice. A bit of garlic adds zest. And, if oysters are on your like-list, put a big one right in the middle of the bundle. It's fun if you don't tell, or forget to remember, and then be surprised all over.

Reckon now is the time to please a fellar!

~ November 24, 1981 ~

Once upon a time, back in my public relating days, I had a boss I was very fond of. He was a great young fellow, one who was good in his profession, and one who was fun to work with. He had a fine growing household, one which caused a normal accumulation of monthly bills. It wasn't always possible to meet all those incoming dues each month, so Ozzie told me how he managed this seeming problem. He said he put all the bills in a fish bowl, stirred them up, then closed his eyes and drew. Now, if by any chance the one he drew was from some person or company that had given him a bit of guff on previous delays, he drew again and threw that first one back for future reference. He took a limited number of turns at each drawing, admittedly.

For some time now, I've been pondering over this same technique for the assorted unfinished jobs and projects hanging over my head. I've even thought about making a list, posting it, then throwing a dart to pinpoint my next completion. But, I realized without too much effort, that the list was mighty long, and it would likely remain unfinished. The list itself would only add to the loose ends.

So, I've decided that this is just the right time of year to change direction of list making and get right on with that Thank Goodness one. Of course, this is a lot more pleasant job because in general it means recalling something pleasant that has already happened and you want to remember. Just take that International Dinner the Meredith Altrusa Club had last Tuesday as a starter.

Thank Goodness they invited me to join them. The dinner was delicious, the crowd was right, and the club projects are worthwhile and ones the whole town must be thankful for. Here's the menu: Summer Soup (Finland), Sauerbraten (Germany), Mexican Rice, European Carrots, Sourdough French Bread, Impossible Apple Pie.

Lucky you to be able to join me in thanks to the club president for her willingness to share her easy way of preparing that mighty tasty Sauerbraten she did for the occasion.

#### ***JEANNETTE'S SAUERBRATEN***

"Tips to good sauerbraten are elongated marinating (I do it for a week); adding some sugar to the marinade (to sweeten slightly); and to add an equal part of water to the marinade.

"I like to get a large piece of beef – I like some leftovers for later or for the freezer. I prefer some fat to my beef – chuck is excellent, or top or bottom round that is not too lean.

"For a 10-pound cut of beef I would use about 3 T. pickling spice to a cup of cider vinegar, 2-3 T. sugar and 1 cup of water. It is important to cover half of the meat so one may find it necessary to double and add to the above. The meat with the marinade is refrigerated for a week, turning every day or so.

"To cook the beef, pour all marinade off, keeping it for the gravy later. Start the beef at 375 degrees to brown, then lower the heat and cover, using salt and pepper to taste. I like it well done and allow an hour to two hours at a 250- to 275-degree oven. Remember the marinade has tenderized the beef, so don't worry about toughness.

"Now, it is gravy time! Remove the meat from the cooking pan. Strain the marinade, using about 1 cup, add to the drippings. A bit of water may be necessary to help develop the gravy base. Next, ginger snaps (ground like flour consistency) are used to thicken the gravy. Again, whether one uses a dozen snaps, more or less, will depend upon the flavor and thickness desired.

"If the stock in the cooking pan is very greasy, I make the gravy early, let it stand so that the grease can be removed easily. I often put the beef back into the gravy to allow it to warm for serving. The joy of this dish is that one can hardly do anything wrong."

Thanks Jeannette! I believe you would like to hear that I've just heard from that boss of mine and his family after about 20 years of silence. He's still being a successful fund-raiser, likely with fewer unpaid bills than when we were working together. They had seen that *Yankee* article you had copied for all those attending the International Dinner, and bothered to let me hear. I remain grateful that our paths had crossed. A speedy reply soon is on top of my to-do list!

❧ *December 1, 1981* ❧

It wasn't until I felt a squishy wet rug under foot the other day while standing in front of the sink getting the Thanksgiving dinner ready that I realized something was wrong. The gentle stream flowing across the kitchen floor made me realize for sure it wasn't the over-anxious dishwasher helper who'd sloshed over, or the excited dog visitor. Sure enough, the joint in the drainpipe right under the sink where I had just scrubbed the potatoes quietly decided to separate from the connecting pipe. What a soggy mess under that double sink!

Cardboard boxes, full and otherwise, sure do soak up a lot of water in a hurry. There had been a bit of time to do just this. Now, I'd been going to clean out that whole area for some time. But, this was a pretty sneaky way to make sure it did get done. Hardly a heaven-on-earth feeling I experienced cleaning this up.

I have a bit of theory this situation brought to mind. When the roll is called Up Yonder and a fellow doesn't quite make it, I've wondered what kind of job would be available to improve the slack enough to maybe make it a second time around – allowing there is a second chance. In my own case, I figure it'll be something that I like least to do right here and now: cleaning, with emphasis on dusting. Perhaps if I started immediately and tried to improve my mental outlook on the whole problem, I could manage a better approach and thereby improve my ability and preferences.

If I should win the go-ahead, and got to choose the job I wanted, I know that I would like being allowed to feed a bunch of enthusiastic eaters, such as those “turkeys” proved to be last week at the *Citizen*. I liked preparing for them, and found the remnants rewarding, to say nothing of those thoughty surprises. For that long trip think I'd better take along the Bourbon Marinade recipe used to barbecue those beef briskets, trusting all ingredients will be available.

#### ***BOURBON MARINADE***

Combine: ¼ c. each bourbon, soy sauce, Dijon mustard, minced scallion or onion, or packed light brown sugar  
dash Worcestershire sauce                      1 tsp. salt  
1 T. grated ginger root (optional)            pepper to taste

Double this as needed to cover meat half way. Marinate beef (chicken or pork) in refrigerator overnight, turning several times.

Barbecue over coals slowly and thoroughly, until done, basting with marinade with some oil added to increase smoke. Cook covered. To serve, slice thin across grain of the meat, and at an angle.

I won't forget that I mustn't get out of practice making English muffins, no matter what. This week will help that cause and keep things down to earth what with a baking session and sampling this coming Friday from 9:30 until 11 a.m. at the Peabody Home Christmas Sale down in Franklin. And again the next day, on December 5<sup>th</sup>, more English muffins at the annual Greens Sale by the Historical Society in their Lane Tavern in Sanbornton Square after 10 a.m. See you around!

❧ *December 8, 1981* ❧

Some folks simply won't allow themselves to become as fond of their pets as we do. Each time we have lost one of ours, it seems to hurt more. It did seem a bit ironic last week that on the very day I was mulling on the Roll Call, we found our missing cat. Bilbo, alias Buffy, alias B-Z, sometimes Fluffy Tail, who had been gone for four days, so we guessed he was in real trouble. Right. Seems a blood clot caused paralysis of the rear legs, and he couldn't quite make it home. He was mighty glad to be found, and you can be sure we were relieved though saddened when the doctor said there was nothing that could be done to help Buff.

Trying to console our crew, I recalled the statement we often heard from our once-upon-a-time cleaning girl. She declared our cats had their heavens right here on earth, and when she was gone and came back please, please let her be a cat at the Andrews'.

Yes, when our threesome was growing up I did have some help with that cleaning, the job I'm most likely to resist. Adele was with us for 25 years, a gem of the ocean who really enjoyed her work. She would get dressed up each workday as though she were stepping out, complete with hat and gloves. From her modest flat in north St. Louis to our house in the country it took her over an hour and a half on two streetcars and a bus. Her bundle contained a complete change of work clothes. After working for seven or eight hours, she'd bathe and change back into her traveling clothes and return home. On her salary of about \$8 a day, plus lunch and transportation costs, she supported herself and helped her widowed mother who lived with her. There were not many frills, certainly no pets. Perhaps that was part of the reason she enjoyed our assortment.

When we would trek from the Midwest to New Hampshire each summer for the summer, we brought the pets. One year besides the family we carted up one beautiful Spottie dog (used as a model for the kids), one mama cat and her five two-week-old babies. It was one of the best trips we made cross-country. Much time was needed to name all five of those kittens. So what if the one we named for Henry turned out to be the most prolific female we've had!

Adele didn't mind seeing that menagerie leave and head east. But, she was real glad to see us return home just in time to start school, bringing back only one of the five with mama and Spot. She accomplished her usual goal while we were away, a stem-to-stern cleaning of our house. It was shining and spotless. That is, until we unpacked the station wagon and a luggage rack after a hot three days on the road. It didn't matter that many a kneeling pad and bushels of cleaning cloths had been used, she'd be ready to go at it again next Monday. I can't think of the name of her favorite furniture polish, but I used to order it by the gallon. Sometimes I'd accuse her of drinking it!

One thing I do remember besides her dogged devotion to our family is the menu she had every single lunch she had in our home: two fried eggs, bread and butter, milk and a very large bowl of ice cream. If I just happened to have some chocolate or butterscotch sauce on hand, a generous serving would add variety to the usual. Here are two favorites.

#### ***EVE'S CHOCOLATE SYRUP***

3 c. sugar	2 c. hot water
1 – 1 ½ c. cocoa	1 tsp. vanilla
⅛ tsp. salt	1 bar (4 oz.) sweet German chocolate

Mix sugar, cocoa and salt. Add water, stirring. Place over heat and continue stirring until mixture boils. Add the cut up bar of chocolate. Reduce heat and simmer about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally to keep from sticking or scorching. For a thicker syrup, simmer 15 minutes or longer. Cool, then add vanilla. Refrigerate to store.

#### ***BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE***

2 c. brown sugar	½ c. light corn syrup
½ c. evaporated milk	1 ⅓ c. butter
pinch salt	1 tsp. vanilla

Combine all ingredients but vanilla in saucepan; bring to boil, cook rapidly for 3 minutes (about 220 degrees, or more for thicker sauce); cool to add vanilla. Serve hot or cold. Store in refrigerator.



❧ *December 22, 1981* ❧

I reckon this to be the partyingest time of year. A joyous time of the year. A time to forget to remember the calories.

It was at a fun dinner party the other night that I heard one of the guests telling about making one of those delicious carrot cakes. Instead of one large one, she had divided the batter and made two smaller ones. Going one step beyond her usual, she iced those cakes. I think she hid one, but the other one she cut right into. Needing some company, she called a good friend and neighbor to join her, sat herself down and ate a healthy piece – icing and all. It sounded like she had committed a crime, or had sinned noticeably. It had been years since she had eaten a piece of cake loaded with frosting!

Her good figure could have told that part of the tale. The neighbor had just lost 18 pounds, so no guilt there. And, all this chit-chat did for me was to make me decide it was high time to indulge in something I've been wanting for years: a piece or three of crisp *southern fried chicken* just like my Mom used to do it.

I don't know how Mom got so much flour to adhere to each piece of that plump chicken which she had salted and peppered. But I'm not averse to dipping into milk before the flouring to get a heavy coating. I can still picture her heating about an inch of lard in that great big black iron skillet. When it was good and hot (about 360 degrees, I'll guess), in went one floured piece at a time so the fat remained hot for browning. As each piece was browned just so, out it came and went into the waiting big iron Dutch oven. When this was nearly full, it was covered and put into a moderately hot (350 to 375 degrees) oven to cook the chicken thoroughly. The bony pieces like the necks and backs were also floured, browned and finished cooking in lowered heat in the skillet for serving. Mom always claimed the back was her favorite piece. I believe it actually was, although it may have taken some time to get preference.

Now for that rich *gravy*. The excess fat, properly called grease, was poured from the still hot fry pan and reserved for future use. About as much flour as there was remaining grease in the frying pan was stirred in, then gradually enough rich milk was added as needed to make a thick white gravy. The mashed potatoes were ready and hot.

In our family we were always allowed to pick what we wanted for our very own birthday dinners. I always picked fried chicken. Didn't bother with the gravy because I always had mashed sweet potatoes with marshmallows toasted on top. The second generation became partial to this selection, too. Especially while grama was around to add her special touch.

This fried chicken fame she could have claimed was undoubtedly a good part of the reason the numerous visiting preachers who came to town like to have Sunday dinner at our house. For years we didn't have a regular preacher at our church, but there was one who came pretty often. There must have been other places around in the same boat: not enough money to pay a full time preacher. Dinner may have been part of the pay.

Well, this one who came right often brought his wife and preschool-aged son, Henry J., one Sunday. All three of them came home with us. Although we didn't live very far from the church, it always took a bit of time to get home. My mother was the one who brought on that saying, "She was the last one out of the church." It must have been a long morning for that boy visitor; his dad was not short winded, either. But, we did make it home, and Mom went right into her act of frying that chicken. Things were moving right along, when all of a sudden Henry J. started to cry. Real loud, too. Now, Mom always said a child did not cry without reason. So she paused in her busy schedule and asked him just what was his trouble. Henry J. stopped crying long enough to look her square in the eye and say, "A piece of chicken will make me hush!"

Happy Hollandaise to you, too!

❧ *December 29, 1981* ❧

'Tis the season – to get with those resolutions. Plenty of time to make that list of good intentions. Mine tends to get a bit lengthy, and frequently lost in the shuffle. Some of us need to take a lesson from a dear member of our family who was one to keep her word, and loved for it. She made resolutions regularly, but very wise ones. She picked carefully. One choice one I can still remember is the one she quoted many times: no more card playing. She hated to play any kind of card games, and this was a quick way out.

This year there's a practical one to head my promises to me. I've heard some rumbling in the background to bring this on, so I must leave room for many check-offs beside that "More Steak and Kidney Pudding, Ma." Here's an original recipe that I received hand-writ from an English friend who served this to us one Sunday midday in her charming two-hundred-year-old cottage located in a quaint East Anglian village.

***VALERIE'S STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING***

2 c. plain flour	3 oz. ground suet
1 tsp. salt	water
2 tsp. baking powder	

Sieve flour, salt and baking powder together. Rub in suet. Mix with water to make a stiffish dough. Butter a pudding basin (a bowl), line with dough. Put in the meat and cover with dough. Stick dough "lid" to "walls" by dampening top of "walls" slightly.

I like to partially cook meat first:

2 lbs. stewing steak, cubed	flour, salt and pepper to taste
½ lb. kidney, cubed	onions
(ox or what you like)	water

Fry meat and kidneys rolled in flour, salt and pepper until brown. Add onions and water and cook, covered, for half an hour.

Cover the top of the completed pudding with foil and place in a large saucepan. Fill pan with water half way up pudding basin. Put a lid on saucepan and steam for 3 hours. (You may need to 'top up' with water for steaming.)

It may interest you to know that there was another guest at this memorable meal. She was the architect in charge of the numerous persons needed to keep the present Queen of England's properties in London in top condition. Our hostess, close friend of her visitor from London, is one of England's great etchers who is also popular in our country. Her husband, our host, is a talented water colorist.

Some of you lucky ones in the Lakes Region have a Valerie Thornton etching or three. They have been displayed in the Belknap Mill, downtown Laconia. By the way, don't miss the unusual and elegant show at the same Mill for the next two weeks.

Thought you'd like to know that I have made this very special English pudding with great success – for the right audience. I hasten to add, though, that this type of production did not win raves from any members of my usually cooperative cooking class!