

FOOD THAT REALLY SCHMECKS



# FOOD THAT REALLY SCHMECKS

MENNONITE COUNTRY COOKING

AS PREPARED BY

MY MENNONITE FRIEND BEVVY MARTIN,

MY MOTHER AND OTHER FINE COOKS



EDNA STAEBLER

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## CONTENTS



About the Author	vii
Foreword by <i>Wayson Choy</i>	ix
Preface	xiii
Introduction by <i>Rose Murray</i>	xvii
Those Mouth-Watering Mennonite Meals	1
The Twin Cities with Schmecks Appeal	9
Some Drinks, Wines and Punches	13
Soups	23
Meats, Fowl and Fish	35
Vegetables	75
Salads	99
Sweets and Sours	113
Brunches, Lunches, Suppers and Leftovers	131
Baking with Yeast	151
Biscuits, Muffins, Quick Breads and Fat Cakes	173
Cookies	191
A Cake in the House	217
Pies and Tarts	241
Desserts	269
Candy	295
A Variety of Things	305
And Finally	315
Measurement Conversion Table	317
Index	319

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in 1906, Edna Staebler, award-winning literary journalist and author of twenty-one books, lived in Mennonite country north of Waterloo, Ontario. Her first book, *Cape Breton Harbour* (1972), documented the people and history of this small fishing village; her last, *Must Write: Edna Staebler's Diaries*, was edited by Christl Verduyn and published by Wilfrid Laurier University Press. Her Schmecks series of cookbooks became outstanding bestsellers, including *More Food That Really Schmecks* and *Schmecks Appeal*.

A recipient of the Order of Canada, Edna won the Toronto Culinary Guild's Silver Ladle Award in 1991, and she was the first winner of Cuisine Canada's Lifetime Achievement Award (which is to be known as "The Edna" in perpetuity). Edna established a writer-in-residence program at the Kitchener Public Library and the Edna Staebler Award for Creative Non-Fiction, a national award presented annually to encourage first- or second-time published authors. This award is administered by Wilfrid Laurier University.

Edna died on September 12, 2006, in her 101st year, after participating in the judging of her award.

## FOREWORD



Wayson Choy

### A Living Document for Living Well, or How to Taste Life in the Olden Ways

What a pleasure to know that Edna Staebler's *Food That Really Schmecks* will continue to be an inspiration to both cooks and readers alike. The author is not a professional chef with foreign credentials in search of the exact ingredients for some exotic fare, but a singular writer who, in the 1960s, recorded over seven hundred Mennonite recipes from the Kitchener-Waterloo County district. The work still sets the highest standard among community-centred cookbooks.

In fact, this unusual volume is not only a cook's reference work but also a reader's delight. For Edna Staebler ended up with much more than a collection of homespun recipes with tagalong bits of information. Busy cooks who love reading and thoughtful readers who rarely go near a stove, like me, have all felt that "something more" resonates beyond these pages. Perhaps a clue is found in the lingering delight she leaves us, for example, in the way she interweaves anecdotes and frank, matter-of-fact commentary about the recipes. On the preparation of asparagus, she says,

"You probably know more about preparing asparagus than I do."

Doesn't matter that your answer might be yes: you read on because her narrative voice is compelling.

"But I do want to tell you: never throw away the water your asparagus was cooked in."

And we read on, knowing that one can open the book anywhere and “hear” that trusted voice giving frank instructions, often freely noting details that read like the sauce of an untold story: To begin the particulars for making Bevv’s Butternut Squares, the author pulls us aside:

“Have you seen any butternuts lately? When we were kids Daddy used to take us into the country, stop our Briscoe at the side of a bush and we’d wander around till we came to a butternut tree with sticky green nuts lying under it. At home we’d spread the nuts on papers in the attic till they became hard and dry, then Daddy would open them for us with a hammer.”

One almost hears the hammer cracking down.

I like to think that “something more” in her work has to do essentially with the same storytelling force that animates these genres we only think about in literary terms: short stories, novels, biographies, even creative non-fiction; those works with dramatic characters involved with living their lives in plotted landscapes. Books that have a beginning, a middle and an end. Cookbooks and recipe collections would be excused from such literary intentions.

Yet I wonder if *Food That Really Schmecks* isn’t worthy of some kind of literary notice.

Certainly characters (personalities) occupy this cookbook. Edna Staebler can’t help herself. She observes the living, takes part in their community lives; and if the central stage or arena is the kitchen, devoid of any major plot line, who is to say that her recipe book does not signal a special genre that has escaped the academic criteria of a classic work of literature. For here in these pages are characters we glimpse among those seven hundred recipes: they tenderly exist in a world that Edna Staebler has recreated and rendered timeless. Here Wende Machtetki, “the darling bride,” still sits in her Provident Mennonite bookstore and tells us about her favourite cake recipe:

“I don’t call it carrot cake because people don’t want to even taste it then. I call it Wednesday cake or whatever day of the week I baked it on.”

Staebler is a born storyteller, deceptively weaving into her no-nonsense attitude towards the ingredients of recipes an unconscious reflection on the decency of people. I doubt if she was aware that she was using recipes as her decoy to attract us into her understanding of those

deeper values she is devoted to, and which she witnessed in action in the now historic kitchens of family and friends. Here and there she illustrates the active trust bestowed upon the other, the loyalty not to betray intimate tales, the generosity to share what has been treasured, and the warmest affection even for the imperfect.

Having said how much this work seems a piece of literature to me, I remarked at her one hundredth birthday party before her overflowing crowd of admirers, what would have transformed Canadian cookery—*if only*.

“If only Edna had lived in Vancouver,” I said, “and visited the Chinatown kitchens of immigrant families like the Choys in the 1960s, and if only she had written down those Old China recipes that were passed along for generations to my mother and my two favourite aunts, Mary and Freda—none of you today would be without soy sauce or a seasoned wok in your kitchen. And all of you would be using chopsticks at Sunday dinner.”

But Edna never had the chance to visit Chinatown.

I envy any community that has been so gently and faithfully recorded by a writer like Edna Staebler. She intended only to share the gift of good cooking with us; instead, she transcended her purpose through her own astute character and innate talent, and left us to acquaint ourselves again and again with a breathing, living world.



# Those Mouth-Watering Mennonite Meals



One of the joys of my life is to visit my Old Order Mennonite friends, the Martins, in their sprawling fieldstone farmhouse near the Conestoga River in Waterloo County. Their large old-fashioned kitchen, warmed by a big black cookstove, always has a homely fragrance of wonderful things to eat. Sometimes there is an apple smell, sometimes an aroma of rivel soup, roasting meat, baking cinnamon buns or spicy botzelbaum pie.

Bevy, the plump little lady of the house, is always busy schnitzing (cutting up apples for drying), canning or cooking. With the wings of her soft brown hair smoothly parted under her organdie prayer cap she wears a plain navy-blue dress with a skirt almost down to her ankles. She greets me with a smile and a handshake: “Of course you’ll stay for supper,” she says as she hangs up my coat on a nail. “You know we feel real bad if you come for a visit and don’t make out a meal.”

I readily accept, always and often.

The food Bevy cooks has such mouth-watering savour that no one can resist it. Like all Mennonite cooking it is plain but divinely flavoured and different from any other. You don’t have to belong to the Mennonite faith to enjoy it: everyone who has grown up in Waterloo County is devoted to sour-cream salads and the richness of Dutch apple pie. Visitors and newcomers beg for recipes that have passed from generation to generation of Mennonite housewives without being printed in a cookbook. Everyone who tastes schnitz und knepp, crusty golden pahnhaas and luscious shoo-fly pie wants to know how to prepare them.

David's eyes have a teasing twinkle, "If she eats with us for a week she'd be wonderful fat."

"Like Aunt Hannah," says Amsey.

"Shame on youse," Bevy chides, "she ain't got the frame to sit that broad."

"I'd certainly lose my waistline if I ate much of your wonderful cooking."

David grins and pats his well-rounded belly, "I'm glad our people ain't so stylish that they care about getting fat. We chust eat ourselves till we're full."

Bevy has told me, "Our Mennonite and old-time Waterloo County language is kind of like it but still not the same yet as the Pennsylvawnie Deutsch they talk in Pennsylvania."

Originally a Rhineland dialect that was transplanted to America in 1683, Pennsylvania Dutch speech has developed in its own delightful way, liberally borrowing English words or slightly "deutschifying" them and creating new words for modern ideas or inventions. (For example: the German word for railway is *Eisenbahn*, the Waterloo County word is *rigglevake*.)

Because it is a spoken dialect there are no rules for writing it. I have tried to spell Bevy's words as they sound to me.



BISCUITS, MUFFINS, QUICK BREADS  
AND FAT CAKES



# Cookies



Bevy bakes batches of cookies every week, she puts them on her table three times a day, and whenever Lyddie and Amsey have a hungry feeling between meals they reach into her cookie jars and help themselves to a plump ginger cookie or a handful of pfeffernusse. Almost half of Bevy's little black book is made up of cookie recipes: most of them use oatmeal or molasses, spices, or raisins; the rest are plain sugar cookies, kisses or squares.

My sister Norm has a kitchen drawer full of clippings and handwritten recipes. Almost every time I go to her house she seems to be taking a pan of cookies from the oven. She says, "Oh, kid, try one of these, they're a new kind." But we don't stop at one.

As soon as my cookie jar is empty I make a new batch and seldom the same kind twice, except at Christmas when I always bake those that Mother and Daddy made when I was a little girl. One day in the week before Christmas, Mother would cut up dates, nuts, cherries and candied peel; we'd have an early supper, clear the big square kitchen table and, from recipes of her grandmother's, Mother would measure out the ingredients, put them into her big blue bowl while Daddy would mix them together. Mother said she needed his muscles to do all the stirring. When Mother thought the consistency was right, Daddy would roll out the dough. Mother would shape the cookies with fancy cutters, and decorate them with red and green sugar or nuts. If I was quiet and good I was allowed to put the currant buttons and eyes on the gingerbread men and to taste the first cookies that came from the oven, before they sent me happy and dreaming to bed.



## Christmas Cookies

When I was young, unconfident, and eager for praise, I'd bake dozens and dozens of cookies at Christmas, all pretty, fussy little things, nine or ten different kinds—then I'd invite friends in to eat and admire them.

## New Orleans Jumbles

These look like little Christmas wreaths—with a good flavour.

<b>1 cup shortening</b>	<b>3 cups flour</b>
<b>1 cup sugar</b>	<b>1 egg</b>
<b>Grated rind of 1 orange and</b>	
<b>1 lemon, or ¼ pound mixed,</b>	
<b>finely chopped peel</b>	

Cream shortening, add sugar and grated rind—or chopped peel. Work the flour into the mixture, break the egg into the dough and work it in thoroughly—sometimes I seem to need 2 eggs. Dredge a board with sugar and on it roll small pieces of dough, as in shaping small bread sticks. Join the ends to make rings about 1½ inches in diameter. Bake on a greased tin in a 375-degree oven until firm—but not coloured.

When they were cold I'd ice them with a soft butter white icing (see page 235), to which I'd add a very, very little bit of green colouring; then I'd sprinkle them with those tiny multicoloured round candy trimmings to make them look like wreaths.

If you don't want to make an impression you can shape the dough into thin rolls, keep it in the fridge for several hours, cut it into thin slices and bake till firm.

## Chocolate Macaroons

Tasty. Mine are sometimes tough—but always good to eat.

<b>2 egg whites</b>	<b>½ teaspoon vanilla</b>
<b>1 cup sugar</b>	<b>1½ cups shredded coconut</b>
<b>½ teaspoon salt</b>	<b>1½ squares unsweetened</b>
	<b>chocolate, melted</b>

Beat the egg whites until stiff, then fold in the sugar, salt and vanilla and beat till they form peaks. Work in the coconut and melted chocolate. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased, floured baking sheet and bake in a 275-degree oven for about 20 minutes.

## Oatmeal Drop Cookies

	CRISP	MY FAVOURITE	CHEWY	BEVVY'S BEST
shortening	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup	1 cup	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard	1 cup bacon fat
brown sugar	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups	2 cups	1 cup	1 cup
eggs		2, beaten		
vanilla or rum		1 tsp		1 tsp
sour milk or buttermilk (or water)	6 tbsp	5 tsp	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water	2 tbsp warm water
salt	1 tsp	1 tsp	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp	pinch
rolled oats	3 cups	3 cups	2 cups	3 cups
raisins		1 cup	1 cup	
walnuts		1 cup		
flour	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups	2 cups	1 cup	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
soda	$\frac{3}{4}$ tsp	1 tsp	1 tsp	1 tsp
cinnamon		1 tsp		

Blend the shortening and sugar; add vanilla, (eggs), milk or water, salt; mix in the rolled oats, (cinnamon), raisins, (walnuts), then the flour and soda sifted together. Drop teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheets, flattening each cookie with a fork (you don't want them thick). Bake at 350 degrees until lightly browned—8 to 10 minutes. Don't pile them in layers in your cookie jar until they are completely cold or they'll lose their crispness.

## Rolled Oatmeal Cookies with Filling

	TRILBY'S	LOVINA'S	MOTHER'S	BEVVY'S
	<i>With filling baked in:</i>		<i>Filling after baking:</i>	
shortening	1 cup	1 cup	1 cup	1 cup
sugar	1 cup white	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown	1 cup brown	1 cup brown
flour	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups	2 cups	2 cups	3 cups (almost)
soda	1 tsp	1 tsp	1 tsp	3 tsp baking powder
salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp
rolled oats	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups	3 cups	2 cups	2 cups
milk or water	1 cup sweet milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet milk

Cream shortening and sugar together. Sift dry ingredients together and stir them into the creamed mixture along with the rolled oats and milk or water. Chill if the dough is too sticky to roll. Roll out to  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch thickness. For Trilby's and Lovina's cookies use a cutter about 3 inches in diameter; put a

teaspoon of the filling on one side, fold the other side over and pinch the filling into the cookie; place on a greased cookie sheet and bake at 350 degrees till golden brown. For Mother's and Bevy's use a small cutter and bake on greased cookie sheets at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes. When baked and cooled, put them together in pairs with date filling between—when you are ready to serve them, or they'll become limp.

## Date Filling

<b>2 cups cut-up dates</b>	<b>2 tablespoons lemon or orange juice (optional)</b>
<b>½ cup sugar, brown or white</b>	<b>1 teaspoon vanilla</b>
<b>½ cup water</b>	

Cook together slowly, stirring until thick—about 5 minutes. This keeps well in the fridge.

## Scotties

These are hard at first but good eating for a long time.

<b>1¾ cups flour</b>	<b>½ cup chopped nuts</b>
<b>¼ teaspoon salt</b>	<b>1¾ cups rolled oats</b>
<b>2 teaspoons baking powder</b>	<b>½ cup shortening</b>
<b>½ teaspoon cinnamon</b>	<b>1 cup sugar</b>
<b>¼ teaspoon nutmeg</b>	<b>1 egg, beaten</b>
<b>¼ teaspoon cloves</b>	<b>2 tablespoons milk</b>
<b>1 cupful sliced dates</b>	

Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder and spices; add the dates, nuts and oatmeal; mix well. Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually, then the egg. Work in the dry ingredients with the milk (you may need a bit more milk). Drop by teaspoonfuls two inches apart on a well-greased baking sheet and bake in a 400-degree oven for almost 10 minutes.

## Brown Oat Cookies

A bit crumbly—with richness.

<b>¾ cup shortening</b>	<b>1½ cups rolled oats</b>
<b>1 cup white sugar</b>	<b>¾ cup coconut</b>
<b>½ cup brown sugar</b>	<b>¾ teaspoon soda</b>
<b>1 egg, beaten</b>	<b>1 teaspoon baking powder</b>
<b>1½ cups all-purpose flour</b>	<b>1 teaspoon salt</b>

Blend shortening and sugar, then beat in the egg. Work in the dry ingredients with your fingers, if necessary. Break into small pieces, press with a fork on

a greased baking sheet. Bake at 350 degrees till pale gold. You may put in a few nuts, if you like, or put one on top. If the dough is too dry work in a teaspoon or two of water.

## Butter Meal Cookies

This is one of my standbys; I make them whenever I have chicken fat on hand—no other shortening gives them quite the delicacy.

<b>½ cup chicken fat</b>	<b>2 cups flour</b>
<b>1 heaping cup brown sugar</b>	<b>2 cups quick rolled oats</b>
<b>2 teaspoons vanilla (almost)</b>	<b>A good pinch of salt</b>
<b>¼ cup boiling water, to which you have added:</b>	
<b>1 scant teaspoon soda</b>	

Blend the fat with the sugar; add the vanilla, boiling water and soda. Mix in well the flour, oats and salt. Drop in spoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet and pat out as thin as possible, using your hand or a fork dipped in flour. Bake in a 350-degree oven till golden brown—just a few minutes.

## Oatmeal Caramel Cookies

Quick and easy: the first recipe I pasted in my book when I was married. Delicious.

<b>½ cup melted butter</b>	<b>2 cups rolled oats</b>
<b>1 cup brown sugar</b>	<b>½ teaspoon baking powder</b>
<b>1 teaspoon vanilla</b>	

Mix all together and press down in a greased, floured cookie tin with sides (they're really just crumbs at this stage). Bake in a 400-degree oven and they'll all melt together till they're golden and the smell is divine—just a few minutes (watch them carefully). As soon as you take them from the oven cut them in squares and remove them from the pan while they're hot. They'll be crisp and scrummy. Their thickness depends on the size of your pan—they're good ½ an inch thick, better and more of them if they are thinner.

A VARIETY OF THINGS





# A Variety of Things



## *Sausages, Cheeses, Soap and Home Remedies*

### Sausages

Bevy's little book has recipes for summervascht, schwadamahga sausages, liverwurst, and headcheese, but you and I can't have them unless we butcher a pig or a cow. Or buy them at the Kitchener Market.

### Summer Sausage

This is my favourite, on bread and butter or with potatoes. I'll give you its ingredients:

<b>66 pounds of beef,</b>	<b>½ pound pepper</b>
<b>ground very fine</b>	<b>½ pound saltpetre</b>
<b>33 pounds sidemeat</b>	<b>3 pounds sugar</b>
<b>4 pounds salt</b>	

Mix well; stuff solidly into long, firm cotton bags the size of a lady's stocking. Hang where they won't freeze for a few days, then smoke with maple smoke.

### Cheeses

Unfortunately you'll no longer be able to buy schmierkase at Kitchener's market. The last black-bonnetted Mennonite woman who made it has told me she can't get the buttermilk curd that is needed to produce its rich creamy smoothness.

Bevy tells me the cheeses she makes must have whole, fresh, unpasteurized milk. And where can you get that unless you have your own cow? You can still buy kochkase at the Kitchener Market, and in local groceterias they have

some in tins imported from Germany. I'll give you Bevy's recipes in case you know a friendly cow owner who can supply you with milk.

## Easter Cheese

The Mennonites make this delicate, custard-like cheese at Easter for a special treat, to be eaten with fresh maple syrup.

<b>4 cups fresh sweet milk</b>	<b>1 teaspoon salt</b>
<b>4 eggs</b>	<b>1 teaspoon sugar</b>
<b>2 cups buttermilk or sour milk that isn't very sour</b>	

Scald the sweet milk but don't boil it. Beat the eggs till almost frothy; add the buttermilk, salt and sugar, and beat again; then pour the mixture into the hot sweet milk. Cover and let stand for about 10 minutes, then stir slowly until it separates. Remove the solid part from the liquid by draining through a colander. Put it into a bowl to set—it will be soft, but solid enough to cut. It is lovely.

## Schmierkase (Spready Cheese)

The name of this cheese isn't attractive but the cheese itself is delicate and delicious; spread on homebaked fresh bread with apple butter, or spooned into a dish with maple syrup poured over it and served with slightly warm doughnuts, it's fit for a king—but what king would ever be lucky enough to get schmierkase?

Bevy says on the same day that you make butter you pour boiling water over the buttermilk and let it stand till the water makes the buttermilk curdle and the curds sink to the bottom of the bowl or kettle. Pour off the liquid and add cold water. Pour that off and strain the curd into muslin bags. Put a string around the top of the bag and suspend it from a broom handle over a bowl to let it drip through the night. Next morning put it in a dish—it will be kind of lumpy at first; work it with a spoon till it's fine, add salt and sweet cream till it's the consistency of soft ice cream or whipped cream. It has a slightly sour taste that is complemented deliciously by the maple syrup or apple butter.

## Cottage Cheese

Try this and you'll be surprised how much milk is needed to make a bit of cheese.

Let skim milk get sour—the more milk you have, the better. Put your pail of milk on the stove—preferably an old-fashioned iron woodstove that has a

section that is always warm but never hot. Keep turning the pail so the warmth of the stove is distributed evenly. When the milk becomes thick put your hands through it and keep working it to make sure the consistency is right. (If you use your hands the milk can't become too hot or your hands and arms wouldn't stand it—that's the best way to test it.) When the consistency seems right—something a natural-born cheesemaker knows instinctively—you strain it through a cloth till all the liquid has dripped out. And that's it—cottage cheese.

I had a Yorkshire landlady once who made it every Friday when she also baked bread; all any of us boarders ever wanted for supper on Friday night was still-warm buttered bread and fresh cottage cheese with plenty of salt and freshly milled pepper sprinkled over it.

## Schweitzer (Swiss) Cheese

A mild firm cheese that Bevy makes often.

<b>1 pail fresh milk, unskimmed</b>	<b>1 tablespoon rennet</b>
<b>2 pails skim milk</b>	<b>Cheese colouring to give yellow tint</b>

Heat the milk to 85 degrees, put in colour and rennet and stir well. Let stand half an hour; then cut and stir with hands and heat to hand temperature. Skim off whey as fast as it gathers, till it is nearly all off. Salt it and keep it moving so it will not settle in a lump. Get into a cheese press as quickly as convenient.

## Limburger Cheese

The rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

<b>1 pail fresh whole milk</b>	<b>1¾ dessert spoons rennet</b>
<b>1 pail skim milk</b>	<b>½ teaspoon cheese colouring</b>

Heat milk to 110 or 112 degrees; take from fire, add rennet and colouring, stirring well. Let stand about 20 minutes, stirring slowly once in a while. When cheese is rubbery take off whey and put the cheese in a box. Let stand for 4 hours, then turn upside down till next morning. Rub with salt on 3 mornings, then wrap in cloth and put away to ripen. As it ages it will soften and develop the strong aroma and delicate flavour for which it is notorious.

## Belle's Soap

In the cupboard under my kitchen sink I keep a tin into which I pour all the bacon fat or any meat dripping I don't want to use. When the can is filled I give

it to my neighbour who uses it to make soap that is gentle, yet powerful enough to remove spots that have resisted other soaps and detergents.

**5½ cups fat**

**11 cups water**

**3 cups cold water**

**½ can Gillette's lye**

**2 tablespoons powdered borax**

**1 cup detergent**

Boil the grease in the 11 cups of water; let stand until grease hardens, then skim off grease. Melt the grease in an enamel saucepan until lukewarm. In another enamel pan slowly empty the ½-can of lye into the 3 cups of cold water; add powdered borax and stir occasionally until dissolved. When the lye mixture is lukewarm pour slowly, carefully, into lukewarm grease and add the detergent. Stir thoroughly for 10 minutes. Pour into a glass or enamel pan. Keep in a warm place for 2 days and then cut into cakes. Let the soap ripen for a month before using it.

## Bevy's Lotion for Chapped Hands

**5 cents' worth quince seed**

**1 pint boiling water**

**10 cents' worth glycerine**

**10 cents' worth rosewater**

Scald quince seed with boiling water, let stand on back of stove for 24 hours but don't let it simmer. Keep it hot. Add glycerine and rosewater when it is cold.



## Home Remedies for Things That Might Ail You

Even at eighty-seven my mother considers sickness an affront; she has no patience with it at all. When we were young she fed us so well and took such good care of us that we had no reason or right to be sick. If we complained she would say, "There's nothing wrong with you, march off to school and forget about it." And we did; we got no children's diseases but measles.

## Hot Lemonade

If any of us had a sniffle Mother gave us hot lemonade and sent us to bed.

**1 cup boiling water**

**2 tablespoons honey**

**Juice of 1 lemon**

Heat the water in a pan, spoon in the honey, add the lemon juice and heat the mixture but don't let it boil. Pour the lemonade into a mug, get into bed and drink it steaming hot and strong enough to screw up your face.

## Honey

Daddy always said honey was good for us. He said honey and horseradish would ward off a cold.

## Raw Onions

To our genteel teenage disgust, Daddy used to slice raw Spanish onions, sprinkle them with brown sugar, cover them with cider vinegar, then a few hours later eat them on slices of buttered bread while he tried to persuade us to do likewise. He would say, “If you eat onions like this you will never be sick.” We took our chances.

## Mustard Plaster

If a cold ever got down into our chests Mother went after it with a mustard plaster. She would mix equal parts of mustard and flour with enough warm water to make a paste, then she’d spread it on a cloth, cover it with another cloth and slap it on an ailing chest, covered by a bath towel. She’d leave it there for about fifteen minutes—till the skin showed signs of redness.

## For Minor Burns or Scalds

A wet tea bag held on the burned spot will take out the sting and might keep it from blistering.

## Bevvy’s Remedies for a Cold

A drink of hot sage tea with honey to sweeten it.

A mixture of one-third turpentine and two-thirds goose grease heated to blood warmth and rubbed on the chest for a cold or cough. “And how the children giggle when you rub it on,” Bevvy says. Cover the chest with flannel.

## Cough Mixture

This sure-cure is in a local I.O.D.E. cookbook.

**1 pint Jamaica rum**

**3 ounces glycerine**

**Juice of a lemon**

**1 pound rock candy**

There are no directions for making or taking it.



## More Remedies

When Mother and Daddy were in the United States on their honeymoon they bought *The Every Day Cook Book* by Miss E. Neil, published in 1884. Mother says she didn't find it very useful—despite the following suggestions:

### FOR LEANNESS

First restore digestion, take plenty of sleep, drink all the water the stomach will bear in the morning on rising, take moderate exercise in the open air, eat oatmeal, cracked wheat, graham mush, baked sweet apples, roasted and broiled beef, cultivate jolly people and bathe daily.

### FOR ASTHMA

Sufferers from asthma should get a muskrat skin and wear it over their lungs with the fur side next to the body. It will bring certain relief.

### FOR FEVER AND AGUE

Four ounces galangal-root in a quart of gin, steeped in a warm place; take often.

### TO RESTORE FROM STROKE OF LIGHTNING

Shower with cold water for two hours; if the patient does not show signs of life, put salt in the water and continue to shower for an hour longer.

### FOR CONSTIPATION

One or two figs eaten fastly.

### DIARRHOEA

For any form of diarrhoea that, by excessive action, demands a speedy correction, the most efficacious remedy that can be employed in all ages and conditions of childhood is the tincture of kino, of which from ten to thirty drops, mixed with a little sugar and water in a spoon, are to be given every two or three hours till the undue action has been checked.

### THE QUININE CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS

Pulverize one pound of fresh quill-red Peruvian bark, and soak it in one pint of diluted alcohol. Strain and evaporate down to one-half pint. For the first and second days give a teaspoon every three hours. If too much is taken, headache will result, and in that case the doses should be diminished. On the third day give one-half a teaspoonful; on the fourth, reduce the dose to fifteen drops, then to ten, and then to five. Seven days, it is said, will cure average cases, though some require a whole month.



MEASUREMENT  
CONVERSION



<i>Imperial Volume Measure</i>	<i>Metric Equivalent</i>
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon	0.5 millilitres
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon	1 millilitre
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon	2 millilitres
1 teaspoon	5 millilitres
$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon	7 millilitres
1 tablespoon (3 teaspoons)	15 millilitres
2 tablespoons (1 fluid ounce)	30 millilitres
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup (4 tablespoons)	60 millilitres
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup	85 millilitres
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup (4 fluid ounces)	125 millilitres
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup	165 millilitres
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup (6 fluid ounces)	190 millilitres
1 cup (16 tablespoons)	240 millilitres
1 pint (2 cups)	500 millilitres
1 quart (4 cups)	1 litre (about)

<i>Imperial Weight Measure</i>	<i>Metric Equivalent</i>
$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce	15 grams
1 ounce	30 grams
2 ounces	60 grams
3 ounces	85 grams
$\frac{1}{4}$ pound (4 ounces)	115 grams
$\frac{1}{2}$ pound (8 ounces)	225 grams
$\frac{3}{4}$ pound (12 ounces)	340 grams
1 pound (16 ounces)	450 grams

*Degrees Fahrenheit*

200 degrees F

250 degrees F

275 degrees F

300 degrees F

325 degrees F

350 degrees F

375 degrees F

400 degrees F

425 degrees F

450 degrees F

*Degrees Celsius*

95 degrees C

120 degrees C

135 degrees C

150 degrees C

160 degrees C

175 degrees C

190 degrees C

205 degrees C

220 degrees C

230 degrees C



I N D E X



# Index



## A

- apfelstrudel, 274
- apple
  - butter (lotvarrick), 128
  - cake (eppel dunkes), 225
  - crab apples, pickled, 121
  - fritters, 177
  - halves, 68
  - and red cabbage salad, 108
  - sauce, 274
  - with sausages, 52
  - schnitz und knepp, 56
  - stuffed, 68
- apricot wine, 19
- asparagus, 79

## B

- bacon
  - and calves' liver, 47
  - in quiche lorraine, 134
  - with green beans, 78
  - omelette (schnitzel oiyakucha), 146
  - with spaghetti, 142
- BAKING WITH YEAST, 151–171
  - a warm place to let dough rise, 154
  - dampfnodel (dumplings), 171
  - fastnachts (doughnuts), 170
  - fingertip test for dough, 155
  - helpful things to know, 155
  - raised doughnuts, 170
- banana
  - cake, 224
  - cream pie, 262
  - fritters, 179
  - loaf, 182

- loaf, 182
- sponge, 281
- with winter fruit, 274

## beans

- anaemic canned beans, 79
- baked, 78
- Bevy's bohna supp, 26
- green beans with bacon, 78
- green beans with ham, 56
- lima beans, 79
- mustard beans, 119
- salad, 78

## beef

- see also Brunches, Lunches, Suppers
  - and Leftovers, 131–150
- beef tea, 17
- Bevy's alles tzsamma, 139
- Dutch beef pie, 45
- hamburgers with gravy, 45
- heart, stuffed, 39
- kraut wickel (cabbage rolls), 50
- liver in sour cream, 47
- meatballs, 58
  - loaf, 44
  - loaf, stuffed, 44
  - roll, 138
- mock duck, 43
- noodle soup, 31
- pot roast, Mother's, 41
  - with tomatoes, 42
- sauerbraten, 42
- steak, stuffed flank, 43
  - Swiss, 43
- stew, 45
- summer sausage, 307
- tongue, pickled, 46

- with raisin sauce, 46
    - with vegetables, 40
  - beets, 80
    - boiled, buttered, 80
    - greens, 90
    - pickled, 119
    - and red cabbage salad, 116
    - spiced, 80
    - sweet and sour, 80
  - beverages. *See* Drinks, Wines and PUNCHES, 13–21
  - BISCUITS, MUFFINS, QUICK BREADS AND FAT CAKES, 173–189
    - afternoon tea cakes, 185
    - basic biscuits with variations, 184
    - cheese rolls, 187
    - crisp biscuits, 186
    - fruit rolls, 186
    - German buns, 188
    - lazy cakes, 189
    - tea biscuits, 185
  - bread (quick), 180
    - banana loaf, 182
    - bran bread (Bevy's), 181
    - currant soda bread, 181
    - date bread, 180
    - graham fruit bread, 182
    - johnny cake, 181
    - lemon bread, 183
    - molasses graham bread, 183
    - mustard hot bread, 182
    - orange bread, 183
  - bread (yeast), 153–161
    - basic white (Neil's Harbour), 156
    - butter milk or sour milk, 159
    - cheese, 158
    - cheese roll, 159
    - chunky cheese loaf, 164
    - cinnamon roll, 158
    - cornmeal, 164
    - cracked wheat, 165
    - dark bread variations, 160
    - fruit loaf, 158
    - fruit roll, 159
    - graham flour bread, 160
    - herb bread, 158
    - librarian's bread, 165
    - Neil's Harbour bread, 156
    - oatmeal bread, 160
    - onion bread, 158
    - onion roll, 159
    - orange-raisin bread, 160
    - porridge bread, 166
    - raisin bread, 157
    - rye bread, 161
    - sour milk or buttermilk bread, 159
    - spice bread, 158
    - stone-milled bread, 165
    - tomato-celery bread, 159
    - variations from basic white, 157
    - whole-wheat bread, 160
    - white bread, basic, 156
  - broccoli, 81
  - brussels sprouts, 81
  - BRUNCHES, LUNCHES, SUPPERS AND LEFTOVERS, 131–150
  - buns and rolls
    - butter horns, 170
    - cheese rolls, 187
    - Chelsea buns, 162
      - variations, 163
    - crescent rolls, 169
    - fruit kucha, 168
    - Germans buns, 188
    - hamburger buns, 162
    - hotdog buns, 162
    - kipfel, 169
    - kucha (basic dough), 167
    - lazy cakes, 189
    - pan rolls, 161
    - schnecka buns, 169
    - sticky buns, 162
    - turnovers, 169
    - variations for rolls, 163
    - variations in shape, 163
- C
- cabbage
    - Chinese cabbage, 81
    - coleslaw, 107
    - dampfekraut, 107
    - hot dog relish, 124
    - hot slaw, 107
    - kraut wickel (cabbage rolls), 50
    - and pineapple salad, 109
    - red cabbage and apple salad, 108
    - red cabbage and beet salad, 116
    - rolls, 50
    - sauerkraut, 88
      - cooking, 89
      - with pigs' knuckles, 51
      - with roast duck and goose, 62

## T

tarts, 266–267

- butter, 266
- coconut, 267
- lemon honey, 267
- maple syrup, 266
- sour cream, 267
- taffy, 266

tomatoes

- butter relish, 118
- canned tomato salad, 108
- Connie's quickie, 145
- Daddy's tomatoes, 108
- fried or grilled, 86
- green tomato pie, 247
  - mincemeat, 249
  - relish, 117
- juice, 17
- mould, 110
- with pot roast, 42
- quick and easy, 143
- soup, 31
- stewed, 86
- stuffed baked, 86
- winter tomatoes, 145

tongue, 40, 46

turkey, roast, 66

turnips

- in broth, 89
- mashed, 89

## V

veal, 38–41

- breaded cutlets, 40
- calves' liver and bacon, 47
- heart, stuffed, 39
- jellied, 39
- loaf, 44
- potpie, 38
- in sour cream, 47
- tongue, 40
- tzvivel schnitzel, 41
- wiener schnitzel, 40

VEGETABLES and vegetable sauces, 75–97

- see also Salads; Soups; soures;
- names of vegetables
- artichokes (Jerusalem), 81
- asparagus, 79
- see beans
- see beats
- broccoli, 81

brussels sprouts, 81

see cabbage

see carrots

see casseroles

cauliflower, 81

celery, 82

soup, 30

chard, 90

see corn

see cucumbers

eggplant, fried, 86

greens, cooked, 90

see Salads, 99–111

herbs with, 91

horseradish, hot and cold, 69

kale, 90

kohlrabi, 81

see onions

parsnips, 88

peas, 80

salsify, 82

sauces for vegetables, 96–97

brown sauce, 96

buttered crumbs, 97

cheese, 96

white, 96

see sauerkraut

see spinach

see squash

see tomatoes

turnips

in broth, 89

mashed, 89

vegetable soup, 31

zucchini, 87

## W

white bread, 156

see Baking with Yeast, 151–171

white sauce, 96

wiener schnitzel, 40

wieners

and buttons (dumplings), 54

kraut, 55

stuffed, 55

and vegetable casserole, 137

wines. See Drinks, Wines and Punches,

15–21

## Z

zucchini, 87