

Chicken Pie For Breakfast

For discreet people with discerning propensities, I highly recommend the chicken pie for Thanksgiving breakfast. The refinement being more and more ignored as the crowding years elapse, those metamorphoses known as progress, I had a chance not long ago to tilt with one of these patent, machine-made chicken pies of commerce, pasted on a foil platter and the cover welded on with the Bessemer process, and I thought of the good chicken pies that molded my character.

Somebody ought to do something to perpetuate the architectural lines of a real chicken pie. What bothered me the most was the comment heard about its money-making successor around the companionable board, "Umm, these really aren't bad at all, are they?"

As a matter of outspoken truth, they were pretty bad. This goes to show.

A chicken pie should not be a quick-stick slap-together, intended to appeal because it is easy, convenient, reasonably priced, and can be brought to a boil and served straightaway. A chicken pie should be esteemed. It should be aloof off from with respect, viewed as a work of art, prompting love, detail, time, and care, and if people are really after speed, simplicity, and convenience, let them steam - hot dog.

I hesitate to insist that a chicken pie should have chicken in it. The evidence is against me, and too many people know better. You can step into any emporium of profit and find chicken pies waiting to be bought up, all labeled so you can be sure, and hardly any chicken in them at all.

It would be interesting to know the miles of a four-pound bird in a modern, hygienic pie factory. The system must be a lot like the routine Bie Michaelson had for hiring a cook at the Railroad Hotel. When the applicants came for an interview Bie would take them into his office one at a time and say, "How many servings can you get from a ten-pound roast of bull beef?" The man who came up with the largest number was hired.

In my opinion, unpopular though it may be, chicken pies should be made on the basis of how many chickens you can get into each, not on how many pies you can get from a chicken. This would probably bankrupt our pie economy, but it would produce fewer and better pies.

Best results are had from three hens. You parboil about half of them and get them so the

meat falls off when you extricate them from the pot. There's a lot of meat on them, and a good deal better than we are taught by modern dietitians who stress the young and tender.

I realize the big trouble is the fat. Everybody can give you forty-seven reasons why the old-fashioned kitchen range is evil, but it did have the general sense of being continuous. You could hit the cover occasionally and insert a couple of fresh sticks of hard wood, and while the old hens parboiled all afternoon you didn't have that down-cellar clickety-click of the gas meter, or the mad-demonic whirr of geometrically progressing kilowatts making you a bankrupt.

By Thanksgiving time the deer was fat. The deer was a really good chicken pie for breakfast you had to arise in the dark. Society has largely given this up as a barbaric custom. Anybody who stumbled out of bed to do a handful of chores before breakfast had no illusions about the late riser's orange juice and dry toast. Too bad that so many millions of comfortable, prosperous, ease-bedecayed people are unable to relate how it smells when you come in from the milking on the kitchen aglow with the olfactory evidence of chicken pie.

Now, there's another thing. I know all about the better things which have rendered late into the limbo of lost causes. But the plain, and supportable, truth is that late makes pie crust. You have to know how to use it, and the direction you're heading. In a world made better by vegetable oils, this is a rash remark. Everybody knows better. But the kind of chicken pie I'm talking about was made with lard, by somebody who knew how, and you can talk all night and never convince me.

The potatoes and carrots and onions and so on which are added to the chicken, plus the three old hens, call for a vessel of chicken pie in a tin-foil bite-size rassy. The setting pan in milk, also extracted some time since, was just right. Being extensive in the circumference, it created a structural problem which was solved by inserting an iron mug in the center, to support the crust.

This was standard procedure in rabbit, chicken, and other meat pies baked when acreage counted. Then you laid her up, ingredients equitably and judiciously disposed and the adequacy of the chicken meat being above suspicion. The crust, drawn to a thin delight, was, because of its fragile nature, wrapped several times around the rolling pin, and the master builder would skillfully unwind it so it fell into place intact. You couldn't pick that crust up and flop it down. And into the oven it would go before daybreak on Thanksgiving morning, ere the ruby rays of the rising sun had gilded the peak of the barn.

The thing about this pie was its suggestive power. It suggested Thanksgiving. It made you glad. It set the pace for the whole day. We had such pies often, but we never had one for breakfast except on Thanksgiving, and this made it different and notable. — By John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

Salt Rising Bread
At noon the day before you make bread, slice 2 medium-sized Irish potatoes into a quart jar, add 2 tablespoons white corn meal, 2 tablespoons sugar, and a small pinch of soda. Pour 2 cups of boiling water into jar, put on top but do not screw down.

Set away in a warm place until morning when there should be about an inch of foam and you will notice an odd odor. If there is no foam or odor, do not use it. The success of the salt rising bread depends upon the yeast.

Said, but do not boil 1 quart sweet milk, add 2 tablespoons sugar, a small pinch of soda and 1 cup of liquid drained from the jar containing yeast.

Add enough flour to make a batter and set in a warm place to rise until it doubles its bulk. Add salt, fat about the size of an egg, and 1 tablespoon of sugar. Knead 20 minutes. Make into loaves, place in greased pans and let rise 3 hours. Bake in a moderately hot oven (350° F.) until done.

Beaten Biscuit
In making beaten biscuit allow one teaspoon salt, a piece of lard the size of an egg and a teaspoon of milk to a quart

of flour, adding enough cold water to make a stiff dough; no other ingredients are permissible.

Make the dough much stiffer than for other breads, beat steadily half an hour by the clock. Cut with a biscuit cutter, making each biscuit not quite half an inch thick as they rise in baking. Do not let them touch in the pan and bake in a very hot oven until done. Delicious served with fried chicken.

Short'n Bread
4 cups flour
1 pound butter
1 cup light brown sugar

Sift flour and sugar, and add butter. Place on a floured surface and pat to ½-inch thickness. Cut into desired shapes and bake at 350° F. from 20 to 25 minutes.

Spoon Corn Bread
1 cup corn meal
2 eggs
3 cups milk
1 teaspoon soda if milk is sour

2 teaspoons baking powder if milk is sweet
1 tablespoon brown grease or butter (melted and added last)

Pour the batter in a well-greased baking dish and bake. Serve with a spoon.

Still Unsolved Murder Mystery
The boy was just home from school and wanted his tea, but the house was locked and there was no answer as he knocked and rang. Where was his mother? Again and again the fourteen-year-old rapped on the door, just in case he had the radio on and could hear still. Still there was no reply.

Mr. Ford had told the Scotland Yard that several times he had returned from work to find that his wife was not at home. She did not tell him where she had been. Probably those secret assignments were the key to the mystery. But nobody has ever found out where Mrs. Ford went.

It was believed by the local police that someone might be shielding the murderer. Up and

down the country inquiries were made and more men were interviewed. For a long time the police investigated a suggestion that the murderer might have been a man who made a practice of calling on housewives, posing as a man who had come to inspect the electrical equipment because of complaints about interference with television sets.

When the man obtained entry to a house, he made improper suggestions to women. It appeared that a man was found and was questioned but no charge was ever made.

Then yet another twist was given to this amazing murder mystery. It was stated that the police wanted to question a young girl who had vanished after having lived for a time with a man of handsome appearance who said that he was a salesman. People reported to the police that about the time of the murder they had seen a young girl walking about in a waiting for somebody, very close to the house where Mrs. Ford was murdered, but, again there were no tangible results.

Two years later, during August of 1956, detectives made another bid to unravel the mystery. They questioned a man in London for two hours, after it was found that he had been working in Coventry at the time of the murder.

But at the time of writing there had been no developments.

Food Faddists
Some of these food faddists recommend a daily eating of swiss cheese and luncheon. It has always been a puzzle why the swiss cheese has the holes in it, whereas it's the luncheon that needs the ventilation.

The bride was told by a well-meaning friend that her food would give her husband that daily umph. So she went in and ordered oysters.

"Large or small, ma'am?" "Really, I don't know, sir," she said. "They're for a man with a size 16½ collar."

She was probably the bride who worshipped her husband daily umph. So she went in and ordered oysters.

According to Don Ameche, the used to place burnt offerings before him three times a day.

This Couldn't Happen... But Did!
DONKEY LIFT—A Paris, France, shoe store, trying to get a donkey into the shop for publicity purposes, ran into difficulties. The donkey of the establishment wouldn't let "Cora," the burro, walk up the two flights of shiny stairs to the presentation room.

It was decided to hold Cora at the foot of the stairs. With tied legs and blindfold, the donkey donkey afforded spectators much amusement, but didn't get very far—the rope broke. Luckily, the animal survived the one-foot fall, and eventually reached her destination.

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POSTER GIRL—Four-year-old Marlene Olsen straightens out the tongue of her toy dog during a photographing session. Marlene is the 1957 United States March of Dimes Poster Girl. A polo victim since 1955, Marlene will be seen on the posters beginning Jan. 1, 1957.

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TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT—This official birthday picture of Sir Winston Churchill, who was 82 on Nov. 30, shows him in his home in London with his wife. Photographers reported that the former Prime Minister was his usual critical self as he examined the large number of prints taken and ordered all but the one above scrapped.

In Britain, women as well as men were being questioned. Nine women, some holding shopping baskets, were lined up at Coventry police headquarters for an identity parade. While they waited patiently in a queue, a Coventry housewife came into the police courtyard. She had told the police that she had seen a woman "hovering about" near the murder house. But when the housewife faced the identity parade, she was unable to identify any of the women as the one she had seen.

The police continued to question people up and down the country. A detective went to Blackpool to interview a man. After the interview the detective said that the man had "volunteered some information," but whatever that was it did not bear fruit.

Five months before Mrs. Ford was murdered, Superintendent Walter Groom retired from the Coventry City C.I.D. About a fortnight after the murder, when the police did not seem to be getting anywhere, ex-Superintendent Groom was called in by a newspaper to see whether he could suggest anything to forward inquiries.

His statements after he had been on the job for a little while were certainly enlightening. He said that the Coventry police had found out these things concerning Mrs. Ford. She was house-proud and careful about her appearance. She dressed very elaborately to attend some of the old time dancing club festivities and was known as "The Duchess."

Until a few months before she was murdered she was a member of the Townswomen's Guild. She had two sons: the elder son, a sixteen-year-old, was apprenticed to a barber; the younger son was the one who tried to enter the house on that fatal day. Mrs. Ford looked after her family well and was the foster-mother to an eight-year-old girl.

About two months before she was murdered, Mrs. Ford, who was slimly built and so short-sighted that she could not see without her spectacles, stopped attending the meetings of the guild. She returned her foster-child to a children's home and started going out to some unknown afternoon destination.

She was out at least three afternoons a week.

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THE FARM FRONT

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HE'S THE CHAMP OF CHAMPS—A 985-pound roan Shorthorn steer was judged the Grand Champion steer at the International Livestock Exhibition.

Gourmet in France have been complaining that this poor season for truffles, those delicacies which grow under the soil and are located by their strong smell by dogs or pigs. These curious fungi—some no larger than walnuts, others four or five times as big—taste something like mushrooms, but are much dearer to buy. Though some may be found only just under the surface of the ground, most grow four or more inches down. Big truffles are sometimes found as deep as two feet.

The world's finest truffles come from Périgord, near Bordeaux, and their distinctive flavor is greatly appreciated by gourmets. Pigs there are specially trained to hunt for the truffles, digging them up with their snouts.

Lulu, a French pig which was the way John did his work years in the forests of Gascony hunting truffles, was so good at the job that her owner insured her for \$10,000.

Her amazing snout "divined" the delicacies at great speed and she used, he said, "to bark like a dog when she found them."

Truffles were once valued so highly in Italy that the areas where they grew were guarded day and night against poachers. These men would sometimes send their retriever dogs through the guards to dig up the covered fungi, the dogs being trained to bring only large truffles with the best mark value.

It is under beech trees that truffles are mostly likely to grow. Epping Forest was once famous for its truffles, but now has none. Most of Britain's truffles are now found in the districts of Hampshire, Dorset and Wiltshire on chalky soils, but those available in restaurants are usually imported from France.

Sixty years ago the cellar of one famous London restaurant regularly housed some and imported truffles valued at \$150,000.

The explanation for these differences is to be found in the phenomenon of radiation. The loss of heat by the mercury or spirit in the bulb of a thermometer to colder objects within line of sight may, under certain conditions, be considerable. The reverse is also true, and the recording liquid will take on heat radiated from warmer objects.

These objects need not be close at hand. Also, on clear nights a thermometer openly exposed to the sky will lose heat by radiation and so register much colder than a thermometer in a shelter. Readings from such an openly exposed thermometer may be representative of the temperature of short vegetation on the ground but will not correctly indicate the temperature of the higher air surrounding animals.

A householder cannot be expected to keep his thermometer in a louvered box. However, exposed thermometers will give reasonably accurate performance if certain precautions are taken. Never face a thermometer directly towards the window of a warm room nor towards an expanse of sky. The former location will cause it to register high, the latter low. The instrument is best suspended an inch or two from the north wall which has a background of trees or other buildings.

The bandaged and haggard-looking husband was asking the Court for a separation order. "My wife's been throwing things at me ever since we married," he said. "I don't feel safe."

"Yet only now, after twenty years, you seek the Court's protection," said the magistrate, sceptically.

"Well, sir, her aim's getting better!" the man explained.

"HEY, WATCH IT, BUDDY"—A steer in a Canadian feeding yard gives forth a rumbling bellow, unwilling to accept its fate with resignation. These fine, beefy specimens of livestock, dehorned to prevent injuries, await delivery to farmers and breeders who fatten them for market.

BRITISH VIEW OF ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS—This cartoon which appeared in the London Daily Express on Nov. 28 expresses an English view of current U.S.-British relations. The drawing depicts Soviet Communist Party leader Nikita Khrushchev saying to President Eisenhower, "You see now you can understand what it means to have satellite trouble."

WHY THE DIFFERENCE in temperature registered by outside household thermometers? Next-door neighbors often find five different readings by five different thermometers. Are the thermometers at fault or does the cause lie elsewhere?

Trials at the Beaveridge Experimental Farm, Alberta, during winter months have shown several degrees difference between the readings of accurate thermometers set only a few paces apart. Dr. G. C. Carder reports that one thermometer was placed

in a louvered box, technically known as a Stevenson screen; another on a north wall of an insulated building. Both were four feet above ground level. Although these thermometers were known to vary less than a degree under identical conditions they came within this accuracy only 35 per cent of the nights when exposed as described. On 45 per cent of the nights they showed a difference of two degrees or more; on 21 per cent a difference of three degrees or more and on 3 per cent a difference of over five degrees. The greatest difference was 7 degrees F. and occurred on a calm, clear night.

Plant workers may consider correct identification of weeds a trivial matter but there is a definite practical application. Certainly some of the confusion as to what weeds are controllable, and to what extent control measures can be applied can be attributed in part to misidentification. An early report from the United States claimed that field bindweed could be controlled readily by a 4-D, and that it was found that the bindweed controlled was one of the annual species. An introduced plant, halimolobos, poisonous to livestock, now occupies some four million acres in the western States and this abundance may well be due to the fact it is at first confused with Russian Thistle and had become well established before being recognized as a serious menace.

An exact knowledge of the life history, the series of changes through which a plant passes in the course of its development, is essential to successful control. The life histories of most of the important weeds in Canada are under investigation, the northward march of information is now available on germination behavior. An important part of weed investigation is to ascertain whether different species occur in Canada.

From reconnaissance surveys embracing all weeds encountered, a remarkable amount of information on distribution has been compiled. More intensive surveys are carried out to answer specific problems such as the milkweed survey during World War II, as a source of floss and rubber, ragweed surveys to establish where hay fever sufferers might expect relief, surveys for barberry and buckhorn, intermediate hosts for cereal rusts.

Such studies and other related basic studies will in time serve to improve the efficiency of control methods. However, due to the recent origin of these investigations it will be some years before weed workers will have compiled as valuable a mass of information as that available in the fields of plant pathology or entomology.

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