

(Continued from Page 177)

moderate heat 15-16 minutes. Keep
casserole bubbling—or else! Don't be
tempted to peer under the lid while the
dumplings are in the pot. It's fatal. Gets
nowhere—but fast. Serve the dumplings
on top of the fricassee. And serve
them right off. Dumplings hate to wait.
If they do wait, you'll hate the dumplings.

combination you'll admire. This is
tomatoes filled with corn (off the cob, and
don't kid me) and baked, and if you go and
get the basil don't come complaining to
that Mrs. Biddle's corn and tomatoes
are better than yours. So what? She used
basil, and if you do it, too, nobody can
beat you. Believe me, it's basil for tomatoes
any time.

**BAKED TOMATOES
FILLED WITH CORN**

Cut off the tops of 6 or 8 medium-sized
tomatoes. Scoop out the centers carefully,
leaving a good wall. Sprinkle insides with
pepper and brush with melted
butter or margarine. Now dust the insides
with fresh or ground sweet basil. But
don't tell anybody, keep this a secret.
Put until tender 2 packages frozen cut
corn or 3 cups fresh corn off the cob, and
finely chopped green pepper, in a
quantity of boiling salted water.
(Don't oversalt.) Drain and add ½ cup

tablespoons cooked
corn and about 3
tablespoons butter
and margarine. Sea-
son well and heap in
the cups. Bake in
moderate oven,
until the to-
matoes are soft
and not falling to
pieces. When you
remember to pepper
than most. A
sugar in the
is cooked in
just too.

see it. You
that this is
normal meal.
tag ends of
leaves and
of spun-
surround
right freezer
You are
split those
blueberry
and lather

good country butter and get blue-
berries on your chin and somewhat on
your nose, but who cares about that? You
get on plenty of sliced peaches on
cream. And you've got a whole
work on too. Cookies there are,
to be passed once and whisked
maybe show up another day, when
and stale. And if anybody
to keep a sour-cream cookie, may

all the year. Used to be
pail of fresh-picked blueberries
fifty cents, peddled by small fry
and them from blueberry patches
and showed up at the back
supper time, or just in time to
ance to whip up a batch of muf-

with strawberries. A milk
and wild strawberries, redder
at lips by courtesy of the
and more fragrant of sun and
meadow grasses than any
ever hid itself under a stop-

may be ripe and in season.
ones are always on hand.
have to see that the price
is here.

This I shall do, one of these days. You
watch for it.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

Cream ¼ cup shortening with ¼ cup
sugar well and to a smoothness. Add 1
well-beaten egg and mix. Don't beat. Mix.
Sift 2 cups flour with 3 teaspoons baking
powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Measure 1
cup milk. Add the dry ingredients alter-
nately with the milk. Again, never beat.
Just stir enough to get things together.
Add 1 cup blueberries and fold them in as
if you were handling grandma's best china.
The batter shouldn't look smooth, but
rather rough. (Dredge the berries with a
little of the flour before you add them.
Keeps them from huddling together down
at the bottom of the muffin pans.) Bake in
greased muffin tins in an oven at 400° F.
for twenty minutes. Serve as hot as you
can and provide plenty of butter or mar-
garine to eat them with.

It's a peach of a thing. I remember
walking home from church at noon on hot
and cloudless Sundays, through the park and
down the long tree-shaded street and into the
garden path that led to coolness and calm, as
befits a Sunday in the country. In a couple
of hours there would be dinner. Supper time
came in the evening, and the word "lunch-
eon" wasn't just the word for the midday
meal. It was dinner and no nonsense about it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Water Color

By Mary Atwater Taylor

Bushes and reeds and water cress
Darken the shallow pool,
The uncurled ferns along the bank
Blow wet and green and cool.

Over the mirrored surface
On shimmering steel-blue wings,
Hovers a droning dragonfly;
Above, a catbird sings.

The lucent sliding water—
With silken undertone—
Laps gently as it polishes
Each silver-lichened stone.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**Out in the back
kitchen.** Most old
houses had what was
known as the back or
summer kitchen, and
it was the coolest
room in the house.
At least ours was, and
I guess that went for
most.

Well, in the big ice
cooler there'd be an
ice-cream can of the
custard cream that
was to become the
most looked-forward-
to treat of the day—
ice cream. While some
husky arm got out
the ice and pounded
it fine with a wooden
mallet, the last taste
of flavoring would be
added to the cream,
then the packing in
ice and salt, and
then the turn-taking

freezing began. When it was done the one who
had done the most turning got the dasher.
Others got small dishes to tide them over;
then the lovely contents of that freezer were
packed away to ripen and enrich until the
hour!

Your receipt is here. I am setting down
a receipt for such an ice cream here. You
may make it with a rich boiled custard with
plenty of cream added, or with cream alone,
and which was the smoother when the freez-
ing was done I do not know. I do know that
whatever the flavor, it was the most delicious
dish I have tasted on this earth. Or is it
that memory makes it so?

FRESH-PEACH ICE CREAM
(for two quarts)

Scald 1 pint heavy cream and 1 pint thin
cream. Add ¾ cup sugar and a pinch of
salt. Cool.

Crush 1 package frozen sliced peaches.
Or crush enough fresh peaches to make
2 cupfuls. Sweeten to taste. Add these
to the cream, and flavor with ½ teaspoon
almond extract and 1½ teaspoons vani-
lina. Pour into a 2-quart freezer. Put in
the dasher and cover. Put the can in the
ice box.



...when she
grows up, will
your little
girl have
lovely legs?



no girl can
have lovely
straight legs
like these
without
strong bones



Cocomalt gives
your child
extra calcium
so vital for
strong bones