

From Aunt Olivia's Kitchen

Trick or Treat

by Lydia Lovell



Preheat oven to 425°. In a large bowl, mash margarine into the warm pumpkin; beat in sugar, salt, spices and the yolks of eggs. Stir in hot milk. Beat egg whites to a stiff froth; add and mix well. Pour mixture into pie plates lined with pastry and place in oven. After 10 minutes reduce heat to 375°; bake another 30 minutes; test with knife-blade half-way between edge and center. Middle two inches will still seem uncooked when rest of pie is done. Center will solidify as pies cool. Makes four pies; recipe may be halved.

Aunt Olivia used a small pumpkin to prepare **Pumpkin Pudding**.

2 C. pumpkin meat	2 T. sugar
¼ C. margarine	½ T. brandy
Pinch of salt	1 T. white wine
2 eggs, whipped	¼ t. cinnamon

Cut pared and seeded pumpkin into small pieces and stew in very little water until tender. Press in a fine-meshed sieve until quite dry. Turn into pan, add butter, salt, and mash thoroughly. Set aside to cool. Whisk eggs until thick; add to cooled pumpkin. Add rest of ingredients and turn into a shallow pudding pan. Bake at 400° until only the center is still runny, about 30 minutes. When cool, serve with whipped cream or vanilla ice cream.

To make **Pumpkin Preserve**, Aunt Olivia pared and seeded a small pumpkin, then sliced it ½" thick. She sprinkled the layered slices with sugar and let them stand overnight. Next day the pumpkin slices and juice were weighed and an equal quantity of sugar were added along with two thinly sliced lemons and an inch-long ginger root, sliced thinly. After bringing the combination to a boil, she simmered the mixture, uncovered, until syrup was thick and pumpkin tender, then poured it into sterilized jars and sealed. Pumpkin preserve is delicious as a relish for pork or fowl.

At Halloween parties, revelers hide their true identities until, at the witching hour, masks are whisked aside. Just as each disguise has hidden (with more or less success) its wearer's true identity, so it is with Lydia Lovell.

Neither witch nor ghost is Lydia. Not spooks nor goblins are Aunt Olivia and Uncle Henry. Still, none of them is real. All are, like supernatural beings emerging from fairy mounds on All Saints' Eve, figments of imagination. As such, they arrived, full-grown and well-equipped with the old family homestead, brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews, and all the trappings of life at the turn of the century. They brought you entertainment, nostalgia... and if you followed directions carefully... treats from Aunt Olivia's kitchen. Tricks, if there were any, were of the sort to save you time, effort, and money... to make cooking easier and pleasanter... to make meals more nutritious and better-tasting.

As the party draws to a close, the moment for unmasking arrives. No longer will Lydia Lovell describe how Aunt Olivia satisfies Uncle Henry's appetite. The masquerade is over. To those who guessed Lydia's true identity, thank you. I'm glad you recognized me. To those who never suspected, forgive the pretense. It was never intended, when it started, to last such a long time but one thing led to another. Thank you all for your loyal readership.

I doff my mask. Bon appetit.

Andrea Leonard

beliefs were displaced by the teachings of the Church. In Rome, between 603 and 610, Pope Boniface IV changed the heathen temple called the Pantheon to a Christian Church, dedicated to the honor of all martyrs and, in 834, the Church changed New Year's Day from May 1 to Nov. 1, which became a major feast day of the Church. But the pagan superstitions of the holiday's eve moved with the change from spring to fall.

In recent decades, belief that supernatural beings emerge from fairy mounds, that witches, elves, trolls, demons, and "little people" perform miracles for good or evil has declined. All Saints' Eve, or All Hallows' Eve in English usage, has become Halloween, a night of frolicking among our own "little people," our children, and they emerge masked and costumed, carrying jack-o'-lanterns and booty sacks, to knock at doors for tribute in exchange for freedom from "tricks."

Adults, too, participate in autumnal festivities: a bunch of Indian corn adorns our door, a pumpkin sits on our gatepost. As Halloween approaches, we stock up with apples for treats and package corn candy in plastic wrap to pass out to small fry looking for loot.

Next day? Time, now, to turn decorative pumpkins into pies. No sense letting them rot. Aunt Olivia's finest pies were those she started from scratch. She knew that pumpkin thickens in the same way corn meal does, so she made her **Pumpkin Pie** filling sloshy.

Divide a medium-sized pumpkin in eight or 10 sections. Scrape out the seeds and soft parts, but do not pare. In a Dutch oven, put pumpkin in a colander and add just enough boiling water to steam the vegetable. Cover and steam 45 minutes until soft. Scrape meat from rind and press through the colander or mash in a food mill.

4 C. pumpkin meat	1 T. ground ginger
¾ C. margarine	2 T. cinnamon
2 C. brown sugar	8 eggs, separated
1 t. salt	1 qt. milk, scalded

All Hallows' Eve

by Andrea Leonard

Scrabbling on the porch, whispers in the night, Thunder of the knocker; no one takes a fright. Underneath the doorlight six-year-old eyes Smile up at Grampa through their disguise.

Warlocks and witches, black cats and brooms, Pumpkins and cornshocks, masks and costumes, Masquerade parties, ghosts at the door... Trick-or-treat threats earn treats galore.

Halloween hold-ups under harvest moon, Spirit of Beelzebub pervades the room. Pirates and highwaymen, as in days of yore, Spare us our lives if we add to their store.

Fun for the children, fun for us, too; Happy to see them and try to "Guess who?" Ready with goodies at sounding of the bell, Welcome each hobgoblin and wish them all well.