

Epitaph for a dead waiter – God finally caught his eye.

George S. Kayfman.

#### OLD RECIPES FROM DAYS GONE BY

One of my earliest memories is of the smell of cooking. It pervaded all over the house.

I was five when we moved into a newly built house. It had a huge black range which became the hub of the house. Mam cooked over a coal fire which burnt continuously. At the side of it was a large oven which always had something inside cooking.

My two brothers and I had to walk one mile to school, return home for lunch, walk back to school then home again - a total of four miles each day. It was fun at our ages. It was during the war so there were no school meals and food was in short supply.

I loved coming home. I always hugged Mam then sat down at the table where a hot meal was put in front of me. Monday was the weekly wash, which was an all day affair. We always had panackelty for lunch. It was made with left over meat from Sunday, an onion, potatoes and any available vegetables added. They were put in alternating layers in a casserole dish, then in the oven, and the cooking took care of itself. It was delicious, but to this day I still don't know where the name came from.

There is also a similar dish called Pan Haggerty, which is cooked in a frying pan over the fire. All you need are potatoes, onions, cheese also suitable dripping or lard (there was no cooking oil in those days).

Slice the onions and potatoes, grate the cheese, and then place in heated oil in the pan, finishing with a layer of potatoes. Season with salt and pepper, cover and fry gently until vegetables are cooked, for about 20 minutes. Remove lid and place under a hot grill to brown.

These were my two favourite meals, as they always tasted differently depending on what meat and vegetables were added together in the pan.

Stella Rutherford