

Rebecca Haden Writes about Food



Rebecca Haden



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Writing about Food without a foodie blog.



I'm not a foodie blogger, but I've blogged for enough people over enough years that I have some posts about food hanging around.

They include recipes. I hope you enjoy them.

How to Read an Old Cookbook

When you read a modern cookbook, you might just read it from cover to cover, like a novel. There is apparently a lot of fantasy cooking going on, in fact, where people read cookbooks and buy kitchen gear but don't actually cook. I have no quarrels with that. It's not so different from reading travel books instead of traveling.

You can also look things up because you're going to cook them, and then cook them.

But an old cookbook must be approached differently. I have here the *Better Homes and Gardens Meat Cook Book* from 1965. It will serve as a good example of the best method. Photo technology in the 1960s was completely different, so the food was probably not as revolting as it looks in pictures. I don't know what to say about all the parsley.





Imagine serving this dish to your friends and family. Imagine their expressions of polite disbelief. Imagine explaining that they are Ham Croquettes as you pass the gravy boat. Hmmm...



First, you have to admire the period photos or illustrations. This particular book is part of the era of sickening meat photography and is an all-meat cookbook, so it is not appetizing, but you can still appreciate it.

The lamb chop in lacy panties is a marvel, as are the charts showing all the different cuts of meat a person might choose. They ate so many parts of animals in those days, and so many different animals! The charts are dizzying. They also apparently put decorations on their meats, where nowadays we might only decorate desserts. Little caps of fruit with toothpicks and aspic cutouts and things abound. Vegetables were used decoratively, and things were made in the shape of rings and then filled with something. I do not know a single soul who does this nowadays, but perhaps we should.

Then you want to look for the exotic uses of language.

This book, for example, includes "pork treats to bring compliments." I don't think any modern cookbook could use the phrase "pork treats." If such a phrase were used at all, I think it would have to be about pet food. The section headed "When he brings home game, cook it right" is another period piece. It is however followed by a picture of a man in a housewifely striped apron, captioned, "While guests watch, Dad carves meat..." I guess the sight of a man preparing food, even to the extent of carving up meat that a woman has cooked, would be thrilling enough to entertain guests.

The names of the foods are evocative, too. I want to serve "Filets Buckaroo," don't you? Except that they are beef wrapped around a candied pickle, so of course I don't really. But "Lazy Friday Casserole" with fourteen ingredients sounds appealing if not lazy, and I'd like to invite someone in for Pepperpot Soup.

These books sometimes also have quaint housekeeping advice. The old *Betty Crocker Cookbook* from the 1950s advises the housewife to lie down on the kitchen floor for a few minutes when she is tired from her labors. We rarely do enough housework nowadays to get tired, which may explain why the idea of lying down on the kitchen floor sounds so ... dirty. At least in my kitchen.

The meat cookbook has little advice of this kind, though it does assure us that "every cut and kind of meat contains the same high-quality protein." It goes on to show us some cuts of meat that are undoubtedly high enough in saturated fat that protein is irrelevant to their nutritional profile, but they didn't worry about those things in the 1960s. People probably didn't even have lipid profiles in those days.

Once you have steeped yourself in the history, then you can look for intriguing and unusual recipes.

Frankly, it was all pretty unusual for me. I eat the following cuts of meat: chicken or turkey breast, lean ham, lean beef steak, ground turkey or lean ground beef, and fish. That's it.

This cookbook offers chops and shoulder and tongue and kidney and riblets and loin and all sorts of things which sound, as one of the girls at last night's party put it, "anatomical."

Intriguing? Hmm. Here's one:

"Squaw Corn

"Cube one 12-oz can luncheon meat; brown the cubes in a little hot fat.

"Combine three slightly beaten eggs, one 1-pound can golden cream-style corn, 1/4 teaspoon salt and dash pepper; add to meat. Cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, just till the eggs are set. Serve immediately, sprinkled with chopped chives."

I'm guessing that we are talking about <u>Spam</u> here.

When I was a child, "squaw" was a racist term for a Native American woman, and it is not a word that I would ever say. I figure it is now so entirely meaningless that it no longer matters if we use it, but I apologize on behalf of the book if not.

Or perhaps this one:

"Pigs in Blankets

"Pat out refrigerated biscuits lengthwise. Roll each around a canned <u>Vienna sausage</u>; fasten with toothpick... Bake at 425 degrees about 12 to 15 minutes. Spoon creamed peas over and serve as main course."

There are normal things: roast turkey, pot roast, grilled steak. But I really liked the Cotto Tree, a bouquet of olives wrapped into flower buds of salami, arranged in a topiary form with lettuce. Somewhat scary, actually.

If you decide to make Squaw Corn, let me know how it turns out.



Bah, humbug."

My son is an adventuresome cook. He is adventuresome in the sense of making difficult things, and also in the sense of particularly liking odd recipes. If it is cooked on a plank or a skewer, includes weird ingredients, or requires a lot of tools to prepare, he is on it. This boy has actually made the <u>Coke Cake</u>.

So yesterday, along with spaghetti and hot bread, he decided to make Hot Gingered Cider and Hello Dollies. The cider is a *Better Homes and Gardens* recipe. Here it is:

liter ginger ale
 c apple cider
 c mulling spices
 T lemon juice
 piece fresh ginger, peeled and sliced.
 Combine all ingredients and heat through.

This is really quite good, and not too sweet.

Hello Dollies are called <u>Magic Cookie Bars</u> by the Eagle Brand company, but around here, where you meet them at every potluck, they are called Hello Dollies. They are not made as a normal cookie is. You take a hammer to a sleeve of graham crackers and put the crumbs into a pan, pour condensed milk over them, and then layer on various goodies such as chocolate and nuts, depending on the variation you have chosen to make. You then bake the unlikely-looking stuff. They are very easy to make and turn out a nice rich, gooey treat.

My son also had the inspiration to teach his dad the expression "Bah, Humbug!"

My husband has spent more than half his life in the U.S. so you might think that he must therefore already know about "Bah, humbug," but you would be wrong there. My husband's ability to ignore his adopted country rivals that of the Brits in India in the time of the Raj.

My son thought it would be funny to get his dad to say "Bah, Humbug!" in response to "Merry Christmas." I discouraged this. But then he was telling us that his American friends are asking him whether he has finished his Christmas shopping, done his decorating, and so on.

He could of course draw himself up and say, "I am Buddhist" in a chilly voice. Instead, he smiles sweetly and says, "My wife does that."

The other day one of his friends responded to this with, "Has your wife thrown you out yet?"

So we suggested that when people ask about his holiday preparations, he can say, "Christmas! Bah, Humbug!"

It shuts people right up.

How to Have a Tapas Party

We had a tapas party with sangria.

The sangria was very good, and I have been asked to share the recipe, so here it is:

> 1 bottle Robert Mondavi Cabernet Sauvignon 1 oz Grand Marnier juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon

8 oz ginger ale

1 orange and 1 apple, diced Put all these things into a glass pitcher and let them hang around together and grow acquainted for a few hours.

My first thought was that it would be spoiling good wine to do this, but actually it was refreshing and lovely, so go right ahead. Then you slice a baguette and toast it, put out some Port Salut and Gruyere cheese, a few grapes, and some sesame crispbread.



At this point you need someone to come over and do all the rest of work while you hang out with your friends and family drinking sangria and laughing.

If this is not an option, then mix some cream cheese with feta and garlic, add some toasted almonds to fresh pesto, and whip up a little olive tapenade with green olives, kalamari olives, and roasted red peppers. If you have previously made some Spanish cakes, as I had, you will find that there is plenty to eat, and everyone will love it.

Does it appear to you that the tapas party had some French and Italian overtones? I cannot argue. In fact, I think it very likely that future versions of this party at my house will include French cakes rather than Spanish ones, because the Spanish ones were okay, but if you are going to eat butter and sugar, you might as well get French cakes.

While these things took place, the guys hung out in the living room watching football. This gave our household an unfortunate air of segregation, but I am being honest with you, so I will admit it.



How to Get Ready for Back to School

See the boys and girls heading for the school bus with happy shining faces, their clothes neat and pressed, their supplies packed neatly in their backpacks, balanced lunches tucked into their brand-new lunchboxes, shoes smartly tied and homework completed.

Or see the gaggle of messy shouting kids tumble out too late to catch the bus, fighting over the front seat, dribbling homework and permission slips across the pavement as they go, while mom with her coat shoved on over pajamas digs for enough coins to cover lunch money and yells at everyone to get in the car.

School starts for most people in our area sometime in the next couple of weeks. Back to school is exciting, but it can also be stressful. Organizing ahead of time can help.

 Get back on schedule. People sleep best on a regular schedule, and it can take as much as three weeks to change your sleep schedule. That means the late nights and slow mornings of summer should stop now. Tempt the kids out of bed with a special breakfast for a day or two, till they start to get the habit, and be prepared to stand firm in the face of complaints.

- Establish a launch pad. Every home needs a basket, bowl, or drawer where EVERYONE puts lunch money, house keys, permission slips, homework, and everything else required for getting out the door in the morning. Add a marker board or paint a chalkboard wall for messages.
- **Do things ahead.** If you're a stay at home mom, having the kids in school may give you more freedom to get things done. Working parents may be giving up household help and getting busier. Either way, you'll be glad to have some meals in the freezer. Put this dish together, freeze it, and then you can put it into the refrigerator on Sunday night and bake it when you get home from work on Monday.

Baked Spaghetti With Chicken

- 1 pkg. thin spaghetti ½ tsp. butter
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 green pepper
- 1 onion
- 1 can chicken broth
- 1 small box Velveeta
- 2 chicken breasts
- Boil chicken, cut into cubes. Saute pepper and onion in ½ teaspoon butter. Add mushroom and chicken soupl Boil spaghetti as directed on package. Add cheese and broth. Stir to good consistency. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

This dish is from Cathy, Executive Assistant in Springdale, AR, and a UBH Associate since 2004.

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How to Make Fudge

Fudge

- 2/3 c. half and half
- 1/3 c. light corn syrup
- 2 c. sugar (or less)
- 2 oz unsweetened chocolate
- 4 T butter
- 1 t. vanilla or peppermint

Combine cream, syrup, and sugar in saucepan. Cook, stirring, till sugar dissolves. Stir in chocolate till melted.

Bring to boil, then cook to 238 degrees without stirring. Remove from heat and cool to 100 degrees without touching. Stir in butter and vanilla.

Beat till it loses its sheen, or your arm falls off. Pour into buttered pan and let cool slightly. Score. Cool completely before cutting. Autumn, season of mists and mellow fruitfulness. Well, not quite. It is still warm. The geese are flying west -- I don't know quite why. Are they practicing for when it's time to head south? Having a last fling before winter? I don't know. It's not yet really fall, but summer is mercifully past.

You can't wear white any more, but you can make candy. All summer, it has been too humid to succeed, unless you cheat and use things like marshmallow creme or condensed milk, which of course we would never do. The recipe at left makes the best possible chocolate fudge. Perhaps you do not like chocolate fudge. If that is the case, you may prefer this one:

Opera Fudge

2 c. sugar
1/2 t. salt
3/4 c. heavy cream
1/2 c milk
1 T corn syrup
1 T butter
1 t vanilla
Follow the same
directions.

Opera fudge is also known, in my family, as Bertha's Candy, because Bertha made it every Christmas. She had three daughters, who did the beating with wooden spoons. They made big shirt boxes full for everyone they knew. Having done this all through their girlhoods, they naturally never wanted to make it again And for years after Bertha's death, no one did. People tried, but without success. No one remembered exactly how to make it. So people just reminisced about Bertha's wonderful candy.

Last year, I typed her ingredients into Google and tried all the recipes that came up until I found the one my mother said tasted like Bertha's candy, and this is it.

My favorite story about the origins of fudge is that girls made it in the dorms at Vassar over spirit lamps. If they had just come from class in supersaturation and crystallization of substances, it could be true. But I question it, because no way did they have candy thermometers.

How to Eat in Rome



I was fortunate enough to travel to Rome with Google last fall. If you are ever invited to Google Camp, you should go, even if it's not in Rome. They are terrific hosts.

The food was very simple. Good quality ingredients simply prepared, with very little in the way of sauces.

Most meals began with platters of sliced meats and cheeses and vegetables. Sometimes there were little meatballs, or olives, or balls of fresh mozzarella with tomatoes. Melon or sauteed mushrooms might also be offered at this point. We ate these things and thought we'd had quite a good dinner, but then the waiters would come along with plates of pasta or pizza. The pasta was well cooked and had just a little sauce, either tomato or butter and vegetable, sometimes a bit of bacon or something, but not the hearty red meat and cream sauces we have here.

Again, this seemed like plenty of food, and we felt a bit surprised when the waiters came along with more plates.

The next thing would generally be a piece of meat: beef, fish, or chicken with a bit of sauce which was again mostly vegetable and very light.

Some of the Aussies and Americans complained about the small sizes of the plates initially, but we would have five or eight small plates brought to us in the course of a meal.

The meat would be served with potatoes or risotto and several vegetables. There was also always bread, very delicious but made with white flour most of the time.

We had sparkling and still water and a couple of wines on the table usually, and I think that about half the meals ended in <u>tiramisu</u>. Either it was an amazing coincidence or this is a very popular dessert in Italy.

We had puff pastry with fruit and cream a couple of times, but generally tiramisu.

Next came espresso. Cappucinno is strictly for breakfast in Italy, cafe Americano can be had with a little argument, and tea is served in miniscule quantities in the hotel at breakfast and otherwise forget it.

On one occasion, we had to leave without espresso because we were running late for a tour, and the innkeeper was very upset. He stood in the restaurant calling to us with an alarmed expression, "Espresso! Espresso!?" as though we had left our wallets behind.

All in all, it was wholesome and delicious, good fuel for our hours of walking.



How to Prepare for Holiday Parties

For the purposes of holiday planning, there are really only two kinds of parties: the kind where you need to bring something, and the kind where you don't.

For the kind where you don't have to bring anything, "be prepared" mostly means having an outfit that can be dressed up by chandelier earrings and smoky eyes (or, if you're male, a snazzier tie), and remembering to put said earrings, tie, and/or eye makeup in your briefcase when you go to work.

For the kind where you have to bring something, you can sometimes get away with a bottle of wine or a bag of salad. When you can't, let chocolate come to the rescue.

You need two things: a bunch of tiny cakes in the freezer, and some <u>ganache</u>. Melt chocolate and cream together in fairly equal parts to make the ganache (experiment a little -- different kinds of chocolate will give you different textures of ganache.



Tiny Chocolate Cakes

2/3 c. chocolate chips or chopped chocolate 2 T butter 1/2 c sugar 1 egg 2/3 c flour

Melt the chocolate. Stir in the butter, sugar, and then the egg and the flour. Drop spoonsful into miniature muffin tins or tart shells. Bake at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes.

Put these in the freezer.

When the party comes up, you can use the ganache in three ways, in ascending order of fanciness and time consumption:

- Liquid: while the ganache is still liquid, dip the tops of the little cakes into it, and let them dry to a shiny finish. You can easily take these to work with you, in a box clearly labeled "Receipts 2003-2005" so no one eats them.
- Soft: chill the ganache to the consistency of icing and pipe a puff onto each little cake.
- Firm: chill the ganache till it's solid (depending on the chocolate you use, this could be overnight -- you can reduce the amount of cream to half if you like) and use a melon baller or a pair of spoons to make truffles from the ganache. Set one on top of each cake -- moisten the bottom with a bit of water to encourage it to stay on.

For real fanciness, you can do all three of these things -- a shiny chocolate coat on the tiny cake, a puff of semi-firm ganache, and then set a tiny truffle into that ganache.

How to Make Pastry

Last weekend I made allumettes, matchsticks of homemade puff pastry filled with gruyere cheese and anchovies (okay, anchovy paste, because I was unable to find any anchovies in my local grocery). This was the first lesson in the Cordon Bleu textbook on patisserie.

Puff pastry is to pie crust what lace is to plain knitting. Plain knitting organizes yarn into a sheet of fabric and pie crust organizes flour and butter into a sheet of pastry. With lace and puff pastry, you add air.

It's easy to organize yarn or flour. Even butter is amenable to organization, though of course cheaters use shortening. Organizing air, however, requires some physics.

My youngest kid spent three weeks at a medieval physics camp, where his team got points for style on their trebuchet. He later confided, "We could have done it without the physics."

Puff pastry and lace are both like that. You don't have to know about the physics. You do the stuff you're told, and the physics takes place whether you know about it or believe it or not. Like God. You start your puff pastry like pie crust, and then roll it into a cross and envelop butter in its arms, and then you do a bunch of chilling and turning and rolling, and if you are precise enough -- or you know the physics -- it begins after a while to separate into paper thin layers of pastry, which you must wrestle into submission as you roll and turn.

When you bake it, if you're precise enough, it puffs up. The air that you have built into in asserts itself and you have this amazing thing.

Anyway, the allumettes were delectable. They didn't look like matchsticks, probably because the temperatures were imprecise. They tasted so much better than any puff pastry you can buy, though, that their oval shapes were excusable.

I fed them to the guys at my house with wine and they ate them with initial trepidation which turned to amazement.

Next up, financiers.

More Pastry

I've been continuing with my journey through the Cordon Bleu course on Patisserie, but it hasn't been worth writing about, as recent lessons have just been a matter of mixing stuff up and baking it.

Most elaborate pastries are made of ordinary things like butter, eggs, sugar, flour, nuts, and perhaps some fruit or chocolate. I get amazed by the great range of effects you can get with such simple stuff, but my son pointed out, justly, "Everything's amazing if you really think about it. We're actually eating sunlight," and of course that's true.

Still, I doubt that most of us, if we were standing in a reasonably well appointed kitchen and someone handed us a lemon, would invent a Gateau Pacifique.

It should not, then, be a surprise that classic pastries have good stories behind them. Florentines, the lacy nut cookies with a coating of chocolate on the bottom, were developed as a gift from the Sun King to the Medici of Florence. You can imagine that the royal bakers spent a lot of time trying out different combinations of nuts and that the addition of candied orange peel was a brilliant stroke that came from much experimentation. Fast forward to the 19th century, when Parisian bankers and brokers would drop into the famous bakery on Rue St Denis for a quick bite. Florentines clearly wouldn't do, since the guys couldn't be licking chocolate off their fingers in the Bourse or leaving buttery fingerprints on their files.

Reducing the butter -- but browning it to bring out the flavor -and adding egg whites to make a dry texture led to the Financier, a delicately delicious tea cake shaped like a gold bar.

This week's lesson is the macaron, modeled after monks' belly buttons. This is currently a trendy treat, but it has been popular at least in France since it was introduced at the wedding of Catherine de Medici to Henri II in 1533-- and it had been enjoyed in Italy for centuries before that. It was not until the early 20th century that Chef Desfontaines had the idea of putting two of the little biscuits together with a ganache filling, perhaps inspiring the Oreo.

I bet most macaron fans are blissfully unaware of the connection with monastic navels.



Wine and Chocolate



We often think of pairing wine and cheese for a party, but you can kick it up a notch with a wine and chocolate party. For a girls' night out or a couples' evening, the wine and chocolate party is new, luxurious -- and simple to carry off. Here are a few pointers for a successful wine and chocolate party:

- Display wines and chocolates in order from the lightest to the darkest.
- Numbered cards or labels for wines and chocolates allow easy discussion later.
- Pair sweeter wines with sweeter chocolates to avoid taste conflict. In general, the wine should be sweeter than the chocolate it is paired with.
- Consider including filled chocolates, spiced chocolates, and other variations on the theme.

- A plate of water crackers will help refresh palates between tastings. A small knife or two on the tables lets guests slice off a bit of chocolate, or you can cut chocolates into small pieces ahead of time.
- Set out paper and pencils for note-taking. Serious winetasters like a <u>flavor wheel</u> to help organize their thoughts, and there's <u>one for chocolate</u>, too.
- Taste wines by swirling a bit in the glass to release the aroma, and then sipping. A breath while tasting the wine will allow the fullest appreciation of the flavors.
- Taste chocolate by allowing a bit to melt on the tongue.
- Have an object or conclusion for the tastings. Score pairings, vote for favorites, or have everyone suggest new pairings of wines and chocolates
- Once the serious tasting part of the evening is finished, encourage guests to enjoy a bit more of their favorites with conversation.



What to Take to a Potluck

Chocolate Meringue Pie

baked 9" pie shell
 1/2 c. sugar, divided
 T cornstarch
 oz. good quality chocolate
 1/2 c. milk
 eggs, separated
 t. vanilla
 T sugar



Whisk 1/4 c. sugar, cornstarch, chocolate, and milk together in the top of a double boiler over boiling water, stirring constantly till mixture is thickened. Cover and cook 5 mins, stirring occasionally. Beat egg yolks and remaining sugar together. Stir a little of the hot chocolate mixture into the egg mixture, and then stir the egg mixture into the chocolate mixture in the double boiler (this keeps the heat from cooking the eggs and making stringy bits in your custard). Stir for two more minutes and then remove from heat. Cool slightly, stir in vanilla, and pour into pie shell.

Beat egg whites to stiff peaks and then very gradually beat in 6 T sugar. Spread some meringue all the way to the edge of the pie, and then mound remaining meringue onto pie and create swirls. Bake at 300 degrees for 15 minutes or until peaks of swirls are nicely browned.

Cool this pie away from drafts, and then pack it up (if you don't have a pie basket, put it into a box with newspapers around it) and set it very carefully on the floor of the car. If the car will be full of people, assign the most reliable person to hold the pie, guarding it with his or her life.

If you are single -- male or female -- you can expect marriage proposals once people taste this pie.



Sweetitude and Meatitude

As the government toys with new shapes for the food pyramid, my son has shared with me his idea for the two essential food groups: sweetitude and meatitude. He may have felt he needed to explain this to me because I fixed oatmeal for breakfast. Or perhaps it was that I had looked through a large collection of food magazines and was considering making a nice ricotta and beet tart for Thanksgiving. In any case, his system is simple and easy to learn: meatitude and sweetitude, in equal amounts.

At our house, at least, eating large pieces of flesh is a guy thing. Our males are all serious meat-eaters. My husband was watching the Discovery channel and saw a large tarantula, displayed in close detail. He immediately began telling me how to cook it, and how delicious it would be. He does eat plenty of rice and vegetables, but makes up for that by also eating bones and internal organs. My sons eat meat -- just slices of meat -- for after-school snacks. They make shopping lists that specify "meaty pieces of chicken."

I know that there are many male vegetarians and doubtless there are women who eat ribs, but I am still inclined to think of serious carnivorous behavior as most characteristic of young men. Something to do with the Warrior Spirit, perhaps. The meat market where I shop was opened in the first place because the owner had four sons. Meatitude also includes such things as frozen pizzas, corn dogs, and egg rolls. Even cheese can be included in the meatitude category, as long as it is not used as a substitute for meat. Sweetitude covers sugary cereals, sodas, ice cream, and candy. You don't find these things very often at my house. If we are going to have sweets, I feel, they should be worthwhile sweets. Fresh fruit tarts with frangipane, or crisp spicy cookies. Homemade only. I am not going to squander my occasional indulgences on things made of corn syrup and chemicals.

My sons do not agree.

Please feel free to adopt these food groups for your own. They will simplify your shopping enormously. Using the terms will add an air of seriousness to it. "Do we have enough sweetitude?" you can say, casting a practiced eye over your shopping basket. "I think we may have a preponderance of meatitude." Agreeing, your roommate adds a bag of M&Ms and a few boxes of snack cakes.

I say "roommate" because adults cannot thrive on sweetitude and meatitude. We have to eat beets and parsnips, and possibly even kale. Not to mention oat bran. If you are old enough to have a spouse and children, it is time to give in and embrace the food pyramid. Or whatever the government decides to replace it with.

How to Make Pizza while Camping

When you're car camping, there's no reason to forego <u>pizza</u> — or to drive back into town to get it. You can bake a good pizza over the fire.

You'll need a good flat pan. At Uncle Sam's, we have really big cast iron griddles that are perfect for this purpose, but you can also use a metal baking sheet if you're prepared to watch it closely so it won't burn. You should also have a lid; a wok lid is perfect. If you're making your own dough you can use a Dutch oven, too.

Grab a pre-made pizza crust from the grocery store. You can also get plastic pouches of pizza sauce, pepperoni, and traditional mozzarella and provolone cheeses, if you want a traditional pizza. We like <u>Kelty collapsible coolers</u> for this — you can drive it in, feast on pizza and cold drinks the first night, and then fold it up and get it out of your way for the rest of the trip.

Think outside the pizzeria box if you don't want to bother with a cooler. Hard cheeses like parmesan can be carried without refrigeration, and vegetables like bell peppers and mushrooms can tolerate being in a pack for a while.

A tiny can of chopped black olives and some fresh herbs makes a tasty pizza, too.

- More great combos:
- chopped roast chicken, marinated artichoke hearts, and olives
- bacon (cooked and crumbled), spinach, and tomato
- Canadian bacon, pineapple, and onion
- chicken, red onion, BBQ sauce
- zucchini, green peppers, mushrooms, and green onions
- If you're baking your pizza from scratch in a Dutch oven, bake the crust until it's fairly firm — maybe 10 minutes. If you use a pre-made crust, start at this point.
- Spread cheese and toppings on the crust and add the lid. You can put some coals on top of the lid to speed things up, but keep an eye on your pizza at this point. Your goal is to melt the cheese and not to burn the bottom of the pizza. Don't wander off and go fishing.

Once the cheese is melted and bubbly, your pizza is ready. Slide it off the pan and slice it up. Enjoy!

From Uncle Sam's

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