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*Ottawa Outlook, nee North Hero News and World Review …. ……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.*

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 (16th year of publication.)

**An Olde Cookbook**

There is not much either of us needs or wants atChristmas times, so presents are kept to a bare minimum and we just try to do a few little things for each other. One such this past Christmas was a treasured old cookbook which, when referred to, would promptly fall apart all over the kitchen floor[[1]](#footnote-1)[1]. Binding tape, Scotch tape, glue pot, clamps and vise to the rescue. Winding up, re-adhering the cover, we noticed the original price of our treasure, … thirty-five cents! Thirty-five cents, … unbelievable. It was Lucille’s Mother’s and, fortunately for Ken, in English.

 Well, … we couldn’t get that 35 cents out of our mind. Suppose this is a mindset of the old penny postcard generation. Remember them? What a bargain. Hard to write an epistle, but people were ingenious in not wasting a bit of space. Postcards went hand in hand with the old telegram which charged by the word as I remember. These two could have been the harbinger of today’s ‘Texters’. ex: Man reporting by telegram that he had totaled his new truck did not say *“He wrecked it*”. No, … just used one word, … *“Erected”*. Ah, the English language, flexible, interpretive and devious. What are we trying to say here? Well, … think of the man who rushed into his Doctors office and exclaimed, “ *Doc, I’ve broken my arm in two places!”.* His doctor looked him in the eye and calmly said, *“Well, …you ought to stay out of those places.”* But we digress, back to Elizabeth II, Abe Lincoln and penny thoughts. It would appear that the penny itself will shortly follow the penny postcard into oblivion, leaving us oldsters alone with their penny thoughts: like returning pop bottles at two cents a piece and spending it all at the penny candy counter.

 When grocery shopping today we sometimes are guilty of comparing the occasions to those in the dim past. Boy oh boy, we’d a considerable brood, no credit cards and had to appoint an older member of the brood to guard against non-list items being sneaked into the shopping cart. Then there was the mental gymnastics involved in keeping an estimated running total so the bill wouldn’t be more than the cash in pocket. A full bag of groceries for us in those days averaged about $5.00 . Weekly shopping, … say 7 bags and about $35-40 dollars. Today? Out of a few things, … off to the market , maybe half a bag full, $35, and pull out the VISA. Maybe one of these days we will revert to old times. Tell ourselves we can only spend $50 today and see how we do. (Would definitely have to give the fresh scallops a wide berth.) One unrelated thought here before we leave ‘vintage’ shopping. We used to do grocery shopping at two stores depending on their weekly flyers, A & P and Stop & Shop. Matt, child #6, had trouble keeping them apart. So, whenever we grocery shopped, it was always *“Off to the Stop & P’*.

 Do we wish for a return to the Olde Days? As the song *“Memories”* asks, *“Would we? Could we?”*  The answer truthfully is no. We are happy and content in our lifestyle and looking forward to 2013.

 Lucille & Ken.

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\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Information from ESET NOD32 Antivirus, version of virus signature database 6674 (20111201) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

The message was checked by ESET NOD32 Antivirus.

<http://www.eset.com>

1. [1] The Art of French Cooking, Fernande Garvin. 181 pages of delicious recipes, including two of our favorites: Beef Bourguignon an Beef “En Daube”. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)