

## *Biscuits and Bacon*

*by J. D. Moss*

My grandparents lived in a small two-bedroom house in Belton, Texas and it was my favorite place to be when I was a kid. It was in a neighborhood full of other kids to play with and my grandmother seemed to always play host to a gang of energy filled boys and girls that seemed to gravitate to her yard. I think my grandmother loved the attention if we stayed out of the house, and back then, no self-respecting child wanted to be inside. We played games that only required imagination and energy - both of which we all had in abundance.

My grandparents' home had a large back yard with a few fruit trees. A large front yard with a carport that had an outside wall filled with sweet honeysuckle vines - an instant sweet snack whenever we wanted one. As with all homes designated as the neighborhood playground, my grandmother provided plenty of water, lemonade, and fresh-baked cookies.

I loved the sweets she provided, however, there was a special treat she did not share with the visiting neighbors, it was one she reserved for her family and it consisted of leftovers from that morning's breakfast - Biscuits and bacon. I remember watching her slice open a biscuit she had made from scratch that morning, spreading mustard on both sides and layering it with leftover bacon she had sitting on a plate on top of the stove. I loved this snack and was always grateful that she and my granddad had gotten too full to eat everything she had cooked.

I look back and think how simple things seemed then. Today I would not eat any kind of meat that had been left on a stove over four hours. (The time the health department says is safe to eat meat at room temperature before it becomes dangerously infected with bacteria.) Sharing a spot on the stove with these leftovers, was a big can of grease my grandmother used for cooking. When she made fatty foods like bacon, she would pour the grease in this can for future cooking needs. If she made eggs in the morning she would scoop out some of this grease into her frying pan and cook away, I can't be sure, but there is a good possibility that some of that grease had been around since the end of World War II.

I find it strange that now I only eat biscuits covered in jelly, honey, or tomato gravy. I almost never eat bacon, stay away from foods that haven't been properly refrigerated, and only use fresh oil to cook with. My eating habits have shifted, but I still smile at the memory of biscuits and bacon as a snack.

The recipe, to the best of my knowledge, is how my grandmother cooked them. If you have leftovers – refrigerate – or not.

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what makes  
it great!

## THE BISCUITS

2 Cups flour

2 teaspoons baking powder

4 Tablespoons butter or  
shortening. (Cold)

1/2 teaspoon salt

3/4 Cup of milk

## THE BACON

6-12 Bacon slices. (Cooked)

## Biscuits from Scratch

Combine the flour, baking powder and salt in a large bowl and mix the dry ingredients until well blended. Next, add the butter (or shortening) until the mixture looks like coarse crumbs.

Gradually add the milk, stirring until a soft dough is formed. Be careful not to overwork the dough or your biscuits will come out like stones.

Place the dough on a floured cutting board and lightly shape the dough into a 1/2-inch-thick piece. You can cut this with a 2-inch biscuit cutter or a similar size cup or drinking glass. (My grandmother used a glass) Place the biscuits close together (about a 1/2 inch apart) on an ungreased baking sheet. When the biscuits bake up against each other it helps keep them flakey on the outside and fluffy on the inside. Brush the top of the biscuits with butter. The baking sheet should then be placed in a preheated oven at 400 degrees for 12-15 minutes or until the tops are golden brown.

Makes 12 biscuits.

Place one or two slices of bacon with a lot of mustard.

Photo by J.D. Moss

