

NOVEMBER

25-27

BAGUIO TOSSED SALAD FESTIVAL*Baguio, Philippines*

Citizens of Baguio, located on Luzon Island in the northern Philippines, will gather to watch the largest and doubtless the heaviest salad ever to be tossed (this year's is expected to weigh in at three tons), by volunteers standing around a mammoth bowl. The festival is part of an effort to promote the local produce industry, which has been weakened by cheaper imports. For roughly 36 cents, visitors can get two servings with their choice of dressing. Information: 63/74/444 7180.

NOVEMBER

26-27

LES FESTIVOLAILLES*St-Sever, France*

St-Sever, in the Aquitaine region, is considered the French capital of volailles—free-range chickens and game birds—and during the last weekend in November, residents honor their poultry by preparing special dishes using it. Sample some of the town's famous avians—capon, turkey, fattened hen, guinea fowl, and quail—and then stroll over to a reenactment of a medieval chicken market. Information: 33/5/58 76 34 64.

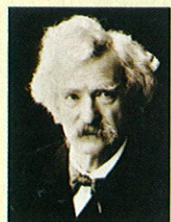
NOVEMBER

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Birthday:

MARK TWAIN*1835, Florida, Missouri*

Twain's autobiographical works reveal a predilection for fine Southern living—especially eating. In his essay "Memories of Food on an American Farm" (1907), he characterized the idea that a Northerner could make decent corn bread as "a gross superstition." He did, however, give the North some credit in *A Tramp Abroad* (1880), an account of his travels in Europe, in which he included Philadelphia terrapin soup and Boston baked beans as two of the dishes he intended to devour upon his return to America.



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the turkey emerged from the oven as dry as balsa, so long as it arrived at the table surrounded by a bevy of cinnamon- and clove-spiked peaches. She rhapsodized about how a peach, savored in the fall, evoked the sweet heat of summer. And she promised me a day-after sandwich of turkey salad, capped with peach relish.

Looking back, I realize that Blair was trying to convert me to her people's ways. But she need not have worked so hard. That afternoon, in her mother's kitchen, I spied the object of Blair's affection: a jar of peaches that were spiced, pickled, and packed by Cherokee Products Company of Had-dock, Georgia. I was already a Cherokee devotee, having spent my teenage summers on a platform perched above its packing line. (If a can of peaches

got stuck in the track, it was my job to free it with a sharp whack from a long stick.)

In that moment, our interstate squabbles ceased; I knew her people were my people. Seven years of bliss have followed. But somewhere along the way, our beloved Cherokee closed. For a while we resorted to hoarding jars of the good stuff. But last summer Blair and I decided to take matters—and a box of summer peaches—into our own hands. Using a recipe from the Junior League of DeKalb County (Georgia!) as inspiration, we put up six quarts and six pints. The next day, just to be sure they met Cherokee standards, we opened a pint and spooned the peaches and syrup over vanilla ice cream. Here's hoping the rest of our bounty makes it 'til November 24. —John T. Edge

Where London Gets the Bird

For pulling off Thanksgiving dinner in London, start here



WHEN I MOVED to London, one of the worries foremost in my mind was whether I could find a butcher who sold turkeys for Thanksgiving dinner. I didn't worry long. Every American I asked had the same response: "Lidgates."

C. Lidgate, a posh little butcher shop in business since 1850, is located a stone's throw from Notting Hill, on Holland Park Avenue in west London. Sylvia Lidgate, daughter-in-law of owner David Lidgate, told me that the shop has

been selling turkeys during the month of November since the 1960s and that its American clientele increases exponentially in the weeks leading up to Thanksgiving.

The store's front window, framed by a mid-19th-century façade, contains a spectacular display of delicacies that lure you inside to gape further at cases chock-full of baby stiltons and blocks of Keen's Cheddar, Irish chutneys and tangy pickles, Cornish pasties, and nearly a dozen kinds of meat pie.

Behind the counter, butchers

wearing chocolate brown aprons and flat-topped straw hats serve customers who have often waited in a queue stretching down the block. The butchers are so good-humored that they sometimes appear to be on the brink of forming a quartet and breaking into song.

When I went to the shop last November, there was a banner advertising free-range, organically fed, KellyBronze turkeys raised by Paul Kelly in Essex. A sign announced a demonstration of American pumpkin pie making, and another sign offered several stuffings, including thyme and almond, and country pork sausage.

I bought a KellyBronze turkey to prepare for my family and a few compatriots. I can easily say that I had never eaten better. The skin had a perfectly crisp and golden finish, the nut-flavored dark meat reached the pinnacle of succulence, and the white meat truly melted in my mouth. I miss the United States, but it did occur to me that the Pilgrims might never have left had they had a Lidgates in their neighborhood. (For information on Lidgates, see *THE PANTRY*, page 107.) —Jenny McPhee

Lidgates (above)—the place to buy turkey, among other things, in London.