

# ALLIED FOOD

(A Special Preface Written for this Volume and  
Inserted only after Strong Protest from the Editors)

AS soon as I heard of the proposed plan of this book I became positively frantic to cooperate in it. The idea of a cookery book which should contain *Allied Recipes* and *Allied Recipes* only, struck me at once as one of the finest ideas of the day.

For myself I have felt for sometime past that the time is gone, and gone for ever, when I can eat a German Pretzel or a Wiener Schnitzel.

It gives me nothing but remorse to remember that there were days when I tolerated, I may even say I enjoyed, Hungarian Goulasch. I could not eat it now. As for Bulgarian Boosh or Turkish Tch'kk the mere names of them make me ill.

For me, for the rest of my life, it must be Allied Food or no food at all. One may judge, therefore, with what delight I received the news of the patriotic enterprise of Miss Clergue and Mrs. Harrison. I at once telegraphed to them in the following words.

*"Am willing to place at your service without charge entire knowledge of cookery. Forty six years practical experience".*

To this telegram I received no reply. I am aware that there is, even in cooking circles, a certain amount of professional jealousy. It may be that I had overpassed the line of good taste in offering my *entire* knowledge. I should have only offered part of it.

I therefore resolved that instead of writing the whole book, as I had at first intended, I would content myself with sending to the editors, a certain number of selected recipes of a kind calculated to put the book in a class all by itself.

I sent, in all, fifty recipes. I regret to say that after looking over the pages of the book with the greatest care, and after looking also on the back of them, I do not find my recipes included in it. The obvious conclusion is that while this book was in the press my recipes were stolen out of it. This may have been done by a German spy. I hope so.

The various dishes that I had selected were of *so* distinctive a character and the art involved in their preparation so entirely *recherché* that it seems a pity that they should be altogether lost. They contained a certain *je ne sais quoi* which would have marked them out as emphatically the perquisite of the few. To say that they were dishes for a king is to understate the fact. There were certain of them which I should have liked to feed to the German Emperor.