

When I Learned to Make Biscuits
By Missy Cox Jones
Comanche, TX

My Mother was sick in bed one time when I was a little girl. My Daddy built me a little stool, about 3 or 4 inches tall, so that I could see the top of the kitchen cabinet, and he taught me to make biscuits. Then, I could have biscuits ready when he came in for dinner from working in the fields.

My Mother had an oblong wooden bread tray that she made her biscuits in. Daddy showed me how to make a bed of flour in the bottom of the tray. He would put in salt and baking powder, using his fingers to mix in a little bit of flour.

Then he put in sour milk, probably buttermilk and picked up the flour, salt and baking powder and a little more flour as he needed it. You know, until it was feeling the right consistency to put on the bread board and roll out the biscuits.

(Sometimes, I would take the bread tray to Mama's bed for her to look at the dough and see if it looked right.)

Then he showed me how to sprinkle some flour on the wooden bread board, put the biscuit dough on it, sprinkle a little more flour on the dough and pat it out or usually roll it with Mama's wooden rolling pin, that he had floured. He would also flour the little biscuit cutter and cut out the biscuits. If you didn't flour those good, the dough would stick to your hands, the rolling pin and the biscuit cutter.

I would have the oven hot and ready, and have some lard in my skillet that was sitting on the stove, on the stove "eye". I'd take a biscuit, dip it in the hot lard, turn it over and put the skillet of biscuits in the oven.

My biscuits were good and they were pretty, tall and browned just right You had to know just how hot to have the oven. Too hot and the biscuits would burn and bake too fast.

I loved being able to do this for my Daddy. I was probably 7 or 8 years old.