ATS OFF to the Puritans! They gave us witchcraft, blue laws, and many other things we would be willing to do without; but along with everything else, they left us a rich legacy for which we must be eternally grateful—nothing less than the Boston Baked Bean.

For the Boston Baked Bean is as old as Thanksgiving—far older than the Boston Tea Party—and even a little older than Boston itself. Whether it actually originated in Boston or Salem, who can say? Be that as it may it rapidly spread—up into Maine (then a part of Massachusetts) and throughout other parts of New England. So Boston Baked Beans might perhaps more truly be termed "New England Baked Beans," for the dish is distinctly a New England tradition.

It had its origin in the days when the Puritan wended his way, a Bible under one arm and a blunderbuss under the other, to the little log church for services that endured virtually all day Sunday. It was a direct result of the Puritan's stern observance of the most rigid Sabbath laws ever known on this side of the Atlantic.

The Sabbath in those days began at sundown Saturday night and continued until sundown Sunday night. During that period no labor of any kind could be performed—and he who was not in church would probably spend the next day in the stocks.

During the bitter cold Sundays of winter virtually the only fire in a Puritan village was that maintained by the sexton in his house near the church. In the church itself there was neither fire nor fireplace. The Puritans, each carrying his little footstove of tin under a wooden frame, would stop at the sexton's house and fill the tray of his footstove with glowing hard wood coals. By setting his feet on the stove and wrapping himself in blankets, he was able to get through the services without freezing to death.

Cooking on the Sabbath was completely outlawed. Hence the necessity for an appetizing and highly nourishing food that could be prepared before the beginning of the Sabbath and that would remain good through-
out the day. The Boston Baked Bean, with its topping of crisp pork, was the result—to be accompanied some years later by its equally famous partner, Boston Brown Bread.

**Unique** among foods, the Boston Baked Bean is not only extremely tasteful and highly nourishing, but it possesses additional virtue in being good either hot or cold, when first baked or when warmed over—and some enthusiasts even claim that it grows better and better the longer it is kept and more times it is warmed over.

**Thus**, the Puritan housewife of bygone years baked her beans all day Saturday, served them fresh for the Saturday night meal—the beginning of Sabbath—warmed over for Sunday breakfast, and warm or cold, depending on the heat-holding qualities of her stone oven, for Sunday's noonday lunch, provided she did not, like many of her neighbors, consider it necessary to fast from breakfast until sundown on Sunday.

Of all the Puritan influences—good, bad or indifferent—which are popularly supposed to have fastened themselves on New England, the New England Baked Bean is unquestionably the most lasting and widespread in its effects on other parts of the country. It is still eaten every Saturday night and Sunday morning by thousands of families in and around Boston, other parts of New England, and "way down east" in Maine, the custom being probably one of the oldest in this country that is observed regularly by so many people so many times a year. All its religious significance was lost many years ago, of course, but the New England Baked Bean is, and always has been, sufficiently appetizing to hold popular favor in its own right.

The number of followers of that ancient custom, as a weekly event, is dwindling steadily, even though the number of those who delight in the New England Baked Bean as a meal for frequent intervals, is increasing as steadily all over the world. As recently as the beginning of this century, however, there were few families along the Maine and Massachusetts seaboards that would even think of sitting down to the Saturday night...
or Sunday morning meal without the family bean pot occupying the place of honor on the table, flanked by a steaming cylinder of brown bread.

The beans were soaked all night Friday and baked slowly all day Saturday. In the fall, winter, and spring, that offered no problem, but with the coming of the hot summer months, when the kerosene stove replaced the coal range, it became a matter of serious concern. Hence, the introduction of another custom, which also grew to great age, and was still in vogue as recently as thirty years ago. That was the public baking of the family beans.

Each housewife soaked her beans all Friday night and prepared them, according to her individual formula, in the bean pot Saturday morning.

Shortly after daylight that morning, children would be seen converging from all directions on the local bake-shop, each carrying a bean pot carefully-wrapped in a colored napkin, or perhaps a clean apron. With chalk the baker wrote on each pot the name of its owner, slipped it in his big oven and, when the oven was filled, closed it for the day.

At night, shortly before the hour of the 6 o'clock meal—which was supper, be it understood, and not dinner—the transporters of beans would reappear, each with a napkin and a dime, the latter being the baker's toll for the use of his oven.

It was not until about the middle of the first decade of this century that a big grocery in Salem started a summer innovation by baking huge pots of beans on
Saturdays and selling them over the counter, still piping hot, for ten cents a quart. Here the idea gained instant popularity, and for some years afterward not only some of the big stores, but virtually every little neighborhood grocery as well, made a regular summer side line of baking beans every Saturday and selling them by the quart. Some of those little stores gained such a reputation for selling beans that were just right that people would come from surrounding towns to buy them.

In the meantime the fame of New England Baked Beans had spread throughout the country. Wherever a seaboard Massachusetts family had emigrated, the family bean pot had gone too. The result was the crockery stores in eastern Massachusetts became accustomed to receiving orders for bean pots to be shipped to all parts of the United States, as new enthusiasts became converted to the succulent food.

The baking of beans, however, at least in the true New England style, proved to be predicated on long residence in northern New England. Nobody else seemed able to quite catch the knack of producing them in the full complement of all their tasty virtues. Hence, while the popularity of New England Baked Beans continued to spread, complete gratification of the easily acquired appetite for them was difficult, and the public turned more and more to experimenting with canned beans in search of a brand that "tasted just right."

"Canned beans" had not been unknown. But for many, many years after their first introduction they were prepared in a manner quite different from that employed by the old New England housewife. It was at the start of the age of "quantity production," and in the desire for speed and mass production the aim seemed to be to cook the beans as quickly as possible, without
thought for the genuine New England method of really baking beans. Thus the raw beans, pork, and sauce were sealed airtight in tins, while still in a raw state, and cooked—or steamed—solely in high pressure steam retorts. It is not surprising that the results did not compare with the original dish. And in addition, another custom, quite foreign to the tastes of your real New Englander, had crept in—the packing of beans in tomato sauce, rather than the rich molasses or brown sugar sauce demanded by true New Englanders.

But finally the light dawned, and New England Oven Baked Beans may now be obtained in tins, prepared exactly as in the New England of many, many years ago, and so successfully that today probably more canned New England Oven Baked Beans are consumed than are baked by New England housewives themselves.

Real baking, in open bean pots—beans, pork, and sauce together—is the secret. And not until the beans are fully baked, for long hours in brick ovens, are they finally sealed in tins, which merely serve as convenient containers to preserve their freshness and original flavor until they can reach you in their original state, no matter where you may live.

Burnham & Morrill Company, in Portland, Maine, are preserving this old New England tradition in this way. As packers of Pure Food Products since shortly after the Civil War, they "know beans," how to bake them, and how to pack them. In rows and rows of genuine old fashioned brick ovens, B & M New England Oven Baked Beans are baked for you, in open pots, and not until they are ready to eat as the original New England dish, are they sealed in tins.
Quite unlike ordinary canned beans—instead, the real New England dish itself, in modern form only as to the package in which they reach you. Just open the tin, heat and serve, and you will know the true and original dish of Boston or New England Baked Beans just as your forefathers enjoyed them, yet with none of the laborious or time-consuming labor involved in preparing them.

**BAKED BEAN CROQUETTES**

**Press** the contents of one can of B & M Baked Beans through a sieve; add three tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup and one teaspoonful of horseradish. Shape into balls. Roll in soft, sifted bread crumbs, then in beaten egg (diluted with two tablespoonfuls of cold water) and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat about one minute.

**BROWN BREAD TOAST, VERMICELLI**

**Make** one cup white sauce and add one-eighth teaspoon pepper and whites of hard cooked eggs, cut in pieces. Pour over slices of toasted B & M Brown Bread, and sift the hard cooked egg yolks over the top.
If you would know this real old New England dish, then, ask your grocer for B & M New England Oven Baked Beans. If he cannot supply you, let us know, for we want to make it easy for you to enjoy this delicious dish—and to make it a regular feature of your menu, either as the regular “Saturday night supper” of old New England times, or a substantial and hearty meal for any day in the week.

And for the real New England combination, don’t forget the Brown Bread. B & M Brown Bread is also available for you in tins—rich loaves prepared with whole wheat flour, buttermilk, and delicious raisins, already to steam and slice, and serve with plenty of butter. Just ask for B & M New England Oven Baked Beans, and B & M Brown Bread with Raisins.

Write for free packet of “Down East” recipe cards, describing many tempting dishes which may be prepared from B & M Fish Flakes, Deep Sea Lobster, Clams, Paris Corn and other B & M Products. Ask your grocer for them.

Packed by
BURNHAM & MORRILL COMPANY
Portland, Maine