

ARKANSAUCE

The Journal of Arkansas Foodways

Issue 2, 2012



University of Arkansas students enjoy a meal in their dormitory, ca. 1910. From the holdings of the Special Collections Department, University of Arkansas Libraries

ARKANSAUCE

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It's Breakfast Time

Welcome to the Second Issue of *Arkansauce*!

By Tom Dillard

Special Collections Department Head

Welcome to the second issue of *Arkansauce: The Journal of Arkansas Foodways*. Our state has a fascinating food history stretching way back into the French colonial period. The current Arkansas food scene is growing more diverse with each passing day, as people discover new restaurants, new recipes, and new chefs here in the Natural State. *Arkansauce* has just begun to scratch the surface of the age old story of how people in Arkansas have fed themselves and others.

Response to the first issue was phenomenal, with 900 people requesting to be put on the mailing list. For the time being we are able to keep *Arkansauce* free of a subscription fee, but I am not sure how long we can continue to absorb the costs. No tax revenue is used in producing *Arkansauce*. I invite your gifts to help defray the costs of designing, printing, and distributing *Arkansauce*.

I am grateful to Nathania Sawyer who is the perfect person to guest edit this issue of *Arkansauce*. She is both a professional editor and a foodie and the results show brilliantly in this issue.

Founding *Arkansauce*, along with Tim Nutt and Diane Worrell, has been a highlight of my professional life. While it might not be as much fun as savoring an Arkansas tomato or finishing off a bottle of Weiderkehr wine, reading about food and food history is a pleasurable experience. And, it reminds us that just like our ancestors, we have access to locally produced fare which is fresh, nutritious, and tasty.

I will miss working on *Arkansauce*. I will be retiring at the end of January 2012. I hope you will continue your interest in this magazine, and please keep your eyes open for topics and writers who can continue to tell the story of how Arkansans fed themselves. Now, settle down with a nice cup of coffee and enjoy *Arkansauce*. And, let us hear from you.



Tom Dillard, photograph by Valerie Robertson

Letter to the Editor

I recently visited Little Rock while my mother attended a meeting there. On the last night of our stay, we decided to have dinner at a “uniquely Arkansas restaurant.”

We ended up picking Whole Hog Café. We assumed that barbeque in Arkansas would be pretty good, but had no expectations of what we would find. Suffice it to say, we were ecstatically surprised! We ordered our meal and took a seat in the laid-back, casual atmosphere, perusing the first issue of *Arkansauce* magazine.

We are from New Mexico, which has its own unique and delicious foods, e.g., green chile cheeseburgers (and fries!), Frito pies, Indian tacos, Pueblo oven bread, and fry bread among others. And yes, we also have good landmark BBQ places that my family likes to visit. I have also had the opportunity to try BBQ in other states, but was really unimpressed, finding the meats and sauces I sampled there to not be above anything that I couldn't get in good ol' New Mexico. In fact, I wondered what all the fuss was about “Southern BBQ.” After my trip to Arkansas I can definitely say that I have had truly great BBQ!

My mother and I were impressed by just the sight of our plates laden with coleslaw, potato salad, and smoked sausage—hers with pulled pork. The meats were cooked to excellence—neither greasy nor dry, just full of flavor. We had six choices of BBQ sauces at the table. I tried three of them, my favorite being a spicy version. It was “just-right” hot, and had me blowing my nose. Coming from a New Mexico girl, I can tell you that is a true compliment! My mother and I left completely satisfied and amazed at the great meal we had just shared. Moreover, I was convinced that I had just had the best BBQ I have ever tried.

The experience of world-class, delicious BBQ wasn't the only food-related souvenir I took with me; we also had the copy of *Arkansauce* that is so enjoyable to read. Tying memories and experiences with food in your state is a wonderful idea that *anyone, anywhere* can appreciate. Especially when it is as carefully and sincerely presented as *Arkansauce* so evidently is. Keep up the good work! I can't wait until I get my copy of the next issue, and I look forward to my next visit to Arkansas.

Michaella Gorospe
Santo Domingo Pueblo, NM
June 2, 2011

Bringing Out Our Best

By Nathania Sawyer, Guest Editor

First, a confession: I am a cookbook junkie. I read them on planes, in bed, in the bathtub, and just about any other time that I can sneak a recipe fix. And, I pore over recipes the way a clotheshorse pores over the latest looks from the runway—knowing that I probably won't try the more daring ones, but loving the idea that I could.

This obsession started when I was around eleven years old, when my mother gave me my first cookbook—*The Kids in the Kitchen Cookbook* by Lois Levine. The inscription reads, "To my darling daughter, in hopes it starts her on the way to being the best 'Smyth cook.'"

*I don't need years
of therapy to understand
my obsessions with food.
I know that I grew up in
a food-oriented culture.*

Forty years later, I used an online create-a-cookbook service to compile my collection of go-to recipes. The resulting cookbook is titled *No One Has Died Yet*. It contains a weird mix of appetizer and brunch recipes that I use for parties, combined with what is best described as Southern comfort food—recipes passed down from my family and extended family of friends.

I don't need years of therapy to understand my obsessions with food. I know that I grew up in a food-



Nathania Sawyer with her cookbook, photograph by Paul Sawyer

oriented culture. When someone died in the Tull community (in Grant County), the ladies moved with military precision to alert everyone and make arrangements for which end of the community was feeding the family on which days leading up to the funeral. Everyone's casserole dishes had masking tape on the bottom with the owner's name, and the one-room grocery store became the hub for reclaiming the dishes.

Our annual "all-day singing and dinner on the ground" meant weeks of planning and days of cooking as everyone wanted to put forth their

best efforts and prize dishes. Old Folks Singing has continued uninterrupted for more than 125 years. The older residents tell stories about how the planting schedule was determined to ensure the arrival of new potatoes and green beans in time for the singing. While doing research for the 125th anniversary, I learned that serving dinner literally on the ground ended when a sow and her piglets wandered into the churchyard and ran through the line of food that was spread out on quilts, finally crashing into a five-layer coconut cake! That's when the men started

Old Folks Singing has continued uninterrupted for more than 125 years. The older residents tell stories about how the planting schedule was determined to ensure the arrival of new potatoes and green beans in time for the singing.

setting up a line of pews facing each other to form a serving trough.

Old Folks Singing includes a time-honored, Southern female rite of passage—taking on the responsibility for making a treasured family recipe when one of the family cooks becomes too feeble to continue making it each year. I remember the year that my best friend became the “keeper of the lemon fluff pie”—we had to bake multiple practice pies before she was ready to make her first public appearance with Mawmaw Crowson’s prized pie in hand.

My parents are true children of the Depression. They vividly

remember what it was like not to have enough to eat. For them, sharing food represents the highest form of care and concern, and I learned long ago that my husband and I would never make it out of their house without a bag of leftovers, a carton of eggs, a tub of fresh fruit and vegetables...or a side of beef.

So, is it any wonder that my first instinct when I hear of a death, birth, illness, graduation, promotion, potluck, or party is to reach for a pan?

In the inaugural issue of *Arkansauce*, guest editor Rex Nelson undertook the daunting challenge of defining “Arkansas cuisine”—not an easy task given the diversity of geography and culture in our state. This issue focuses more on how we use food to help define our sense of community—the food experiences that have become such focal points in our lives.

If you look around, you’ll see that food factors into everything from dinner on the ground (where groups come together to share what they have in a communal setting), to specific-food festivals (where groups come together to celebrate a food that is a point of pride for their community), to cultural-food festivals (where groups come together to celebrate and share their cultural heritage). All of these events center on the idea of

bringing out our best—sharing with those we care about and the world at large the foods we care about the most.

On a smaller scale, lobbying for local hamburgers, proselytizing for poke salad, and immortalizing an iconic doughnut also provide insights into how we use food to define ourselves. Forget about political views and party preference—the next time you’re in a large group of people, throw out one of these topics for debate: sugar in cornbread vs. no sugar in cornbread, flat dumplings vs. drop dumplings, baked banana pudding vs. unbaked banana pudding, or mashed potatoes vs. whipped potatoes. Just be prepared to jump in before people come to blows.

In the meantime, you can find me somewhere around the Dewey Decimal 641.5 section of the library, looking with interest at the recipe for saucisson chaud with steamed kale even though I’m planning on going home and making biscuit-topped chicken pie.

Guest editor Nathania Sawyer is the associate head for special projects with the Butler Center for Arkansas Studies at the Central Arkansas Library System in Little Rock. She also serves as senior editor for the Encyclopedia of Arkansas History & Culture.

Drink		<p>Bottled by Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of Helena</p>
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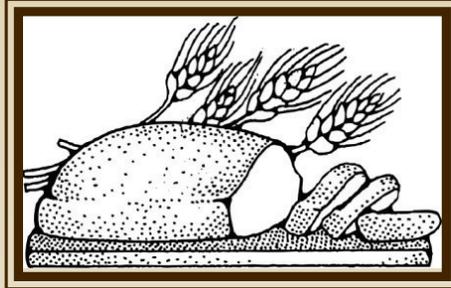
Arkansas Colonial Fare

By Morris S. Arnold

Colonial Arkansas Post did not have a very good reputation, even among some of its own residents. Commandant Balthazar de Villiers, who lived there and thus was in a position to know, pronounced it “le réduit le plus désagréable de l’univers”—the most disagreeable hole in the universe! Whatever the Post’s general merits, however, its denizens almost never lacked for sufficient food. Only once did a commandant report anything approaching a famine, and that was in the 1770s, when, according to a letter from the Post, the Quapaws were so thin that it was painful to look at them, and they were forced to resort to higher ground for roots to eat. But this was a unique circumstance. Colonial Arkansas was usually a land of plenty.

It will not come as a surprise that the military establishment of the Post usually had a baker in the garrison, since one could not expect French and Spanish soldiers to go without the staff of life. In fact, bread was one of the primary items of their daily ration. A description of the fort built in 1751 includes a bakehouse measuring sixteen by eighteen feet, covered with clapboards, together with a large mudded mortar oven with a six-foot inside diameter that was protected by a lean-to of bark. Flour, however, was sometimes difficult to come by. The first grist mill, so far as the record goes, was not built at the Post until around 1802, and flour had to be imported from Missouri or even brought from boats that hailed from the Ohio River region. Cattle and pigs were present in the little settlement by the 1740s at the latest.

The record shows that the residents of Arkansas made full use of



their resources. While the hospitality offered strangers in the early days of the Post was no doubt somewhat primitive, we are able to say certainly that by 1789 a visitor to the Post Commandant could expect to be regaled in rather high style. On a fine spring day in 1789, a “Kaintuck”

... the military establishment of the Post usually had a baker in the garrison, since one could not expect French and Spanish soldiers to go without the staff of life.

named John Halley, in the company of his patron, called at the Post, where Capt. Joseph Vallière received them with a great deal of kindness. At 7:30 A.M., the Commandant’s servants brought his guests what the French call a “café complet” and we call a continental breakfast: bread, butter, and coffee. At half past twelve on the same day, “dinner” came on. “We had a variety of Dishes out of Venison and a fine ham,” Mr. Halley writes with evident satisfaction, and “some Roast, fried stakes, some stued with wine, stued with earbs etc.” The boatman continued: “Our drink was wine and water. After we had eat very harty of the meats, the wa[i]ters cleaned of[f] the different dishes and

set on some fine oald cheese and butter with bottles of wine and glasses.”

Of course, most of the residents of Louisiana’s Poste aux Arkansas would not have had house slaves to attend their tables, as the captain did, and would not have served up the fancy fare that he, his family, and guests seem to have regularly enjoyed. The more ordinary people, for instance, relished cornbread, while the French upper classes found it particularly odious: French women sometimes vowed to desert Louisiana and return to Paris if “real” bread were not made available. Gru or sagamite seems to have been another favorite of Indians and hunters alike. This was a boiled corn mush seasoned with bears’ oil or buffalo tallow, often cooked with turkey or duck. Gru, Father du Poisson reveals, was frequently used as a bread substitute: “A spoonful of gru and a mouthful of meat go together.” Most people would not have had ham and beef, of course, as Vallière did, but meat of other kinds was usually plentiful, since the woods and prairies were alive with deer, bears, and buffalo. Buffalo ribs (“plats cotés”) were a favorite colonial Arkansas dish, especially those of a fat buffalo cow, a delicacy that gave Vache Grasse (fat cow) Prairie in northwest Arkansas its name. And the skies were thick, in season, with pheasants and ducks.

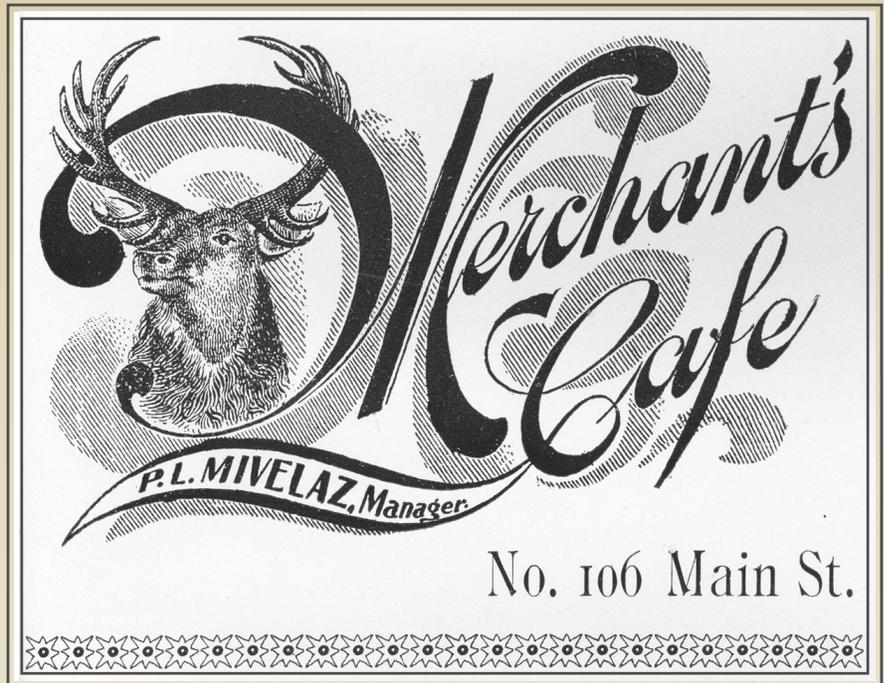
Then, too, wild grapes, mulberries, and plums were free for the taking if one were not among the fortunate few of the Arkansans who by the end of the eighteenth century had an orchard. Eggs were not altogether lacking, even absent a barnyard. Father du Poisson reports in 1727 on turtle-egg omelettes that he found most satisfactory. The ingenuity and creativity of the residents of the Post who could not afford

imported wines produced drinks in a surprising variety. "Sang," perhaps the fruit punch that the Spanish call sangria, was apparently well known at the Post. Eggnog was also a favorite: Mr. Halley relates that one day in 1789, "the boys went out in a canough among the willow bushes and brought in about a peck of ingeon hens [cranes] and black birds eggs, 275 in number, out of which we had some fine egg nog." An Arkansas delicacy enjoyed by all the classes and much in demand in New Orleans and even Madrid was salted buffalo tongues. The Indians of lower Louisiana counted alligator tail a great delicacy, though these beasts rarely ventured as far north as Arkansas Post. Perhaps this was just as well. A Mons. de Pages reported that when he visited Natchitoches in 1767, "the foul odor of the urine and excrement of the alligators infects the air [and] our biscuit was poisoned by it to the point that while eating it we thought we were chewing rotten and infected bread."

There were a number of cabarets and cantinas (bars) in Arkansas Post over the years—where, in addition to rum and brandy, luxury goods such as coffee, sugar, and probably chocolate were available. Perhaps other food could be had there, though no taverns or inns find any mention in travelers' accounts or other records.

Arkansas colonial fare was thus surprisingly varied and widely available. It was in fact this general plenty in the New World that lured many Europeans to the remote Louisiana country.

Morris S. Arnold serves as Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit. He also has a passion for Arkansas history and is the author of Colonial Arkansas, 1686-1804.



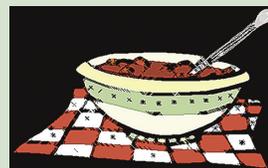
Merchant's Café Advertisement, Little Rock, 1901, from *Little Rock-Hot Springs Blue Book*, Little Rock: Blue Book Publishing Company, 1901

Call for Menu Donations

As a part of its foodways initiative, Special Collections is seeking to build a collection of Arkansas menus. While we are especially seeking older menus, recent ones will be welcomed too. We are looking for:

- Restaurant menus
- Menus for special events
- Menus for family meals, such as descriptions of meals in handwritten letters

If you wish to donate a menu, please mail it to or contact Timothy G. Nutt, Assistant Department Head and Manuscripts Librarian, University of Arkansas Libraries, Special Collections Department, 365 N. McIlroy Avenue, Fayetteville, AR 72701, phone: 479-575-8443, e-mail: timn@uark.edu.



All-Day Singing with Dinner on the Ground

By Jimmy Jeffress



2010 dinner on the ground at Old Folks Singing in Tull, photograph by Nathania Sawyer

I grew up in rural southeast Arkansas during the 1950s and 1960s. Life moved at a very slow pace, and for many, it revolved around school, church, family, and “all-day singings and dinner on the ground” events. Most rural churches had homecomings on a set week every year that involved all-day singings where dinner was served out-of-doors, simply because the modern fellowship hall had not yet evolved.

My family attended such homecoming events almost every week. On Sunday mornings, we would pile into the family car and ride to the homecoming that was being held that day. Usually, we traveled down dusty gravel roads to a homecoming held at a church with a name

like “Little New Hope Baptist Church.” We would sing out of the “new books” (usually shape-note books*). There was always the same core cadre of folks in attendance—folks who loved to sing, who loved gospel music, and who would often drive many miles to attend a “singing.” They, along with the local church community and their visiting extended families, made up the crowd.

The local folks usually sat in the back of the church, or moved outside to sit in folding chairs in order to visit with one another while the “professional” singers sang from the new shape-note songbooks. As the noon hour approached, the local women would quietly begin to assemble lunch on the permanent tables that had been built years ago under-

neath the mighty oak trees that stood in the rear of the churchyard. The ladies brought lunch from home to share with everyone. They had spent the entire week planning and preparing for the homecoming meal, much as they would plan a holiday meal for their families at Thanksgiving or Christmas. Some had fancy picnic baskets, others used cardboard boxes imprinted with names like Pall Mall Cigarettes, Clorox, or Aunt Jemima, but all were laden with the most heavenly dishes that could be imagined.

Inside, someone would be recognized for “a few words of instructions before we break for lunch.” He would make a few remarks, inform everyone where the outside restrooms were located, thank the visit-

ing singers for coming, and welcome the visitors and relatives who had returned for the day. He would then “ask the blessing on the food,” and all would adjourn to the outside tables for the repast.

And what a repast it was!

I get nostalgic thinking of those “groaning boards.” Though each lady had prepared her specialty items, there were staples common to every basket. For example, each basket always contained a baked ham and everyone would have a pan of fried chicken. There was usually a pot roast with gravy, a huge pot of chicken and dumplings, and a dishpan of chicken and dressing.

After many years of attending these events, I knew the better cooks and those who prepared food to my liking. I quickly learned to compliment the ladies whose cooking I liked, as it paid off in many ways.

There was every type of vegetable known to man—black-eyed peas, crowder peas, purple-hull peas, lima beans, speckled beans (I have no idea what the real name for these beans is, but there were always speckled beans), fried okra, fresh creamed corn, and snapped green beans. In the summer there were always fresh tomatoes. They were the grandest of the vegetables! Sliced in great, thick slabs of wondrous joy, fresh tomatoes from South Arkansas were always present.

Depending on the time of the year, you might find wild game dishes. One community always held their homecoming the second week of October, right after the opening of squirrel season. The men of the church would work for two nights in advance of the homecoming, cooking up a communal squirrel mul-



Dinner on the ground at the St. James Baptist Church, ca. 1920, in Fayetteville, from the William S. Campbell Photograph Albums and Papers, MC 1427, Box 1, Folder 1, Special Collections Department, University of Arkansas Libraries

ligan for all to enjoy. I must admit I avoided that pot; it just didn't sound yummy to me, but for many, it was a "must-try" dish. At some locales, you might find a venison roast or a dish of wild turkey and dressing, and perhaps even duck gumbo.

There were homemade rolls and cornbread of every description—Mexican cornbread, cornbread muffins, and cracklin' cornbread.

To wash it all down, everyone brought sweet iced tea (this was in the days before healthy eating was practiced...there was no such thing as unsweetened iced tea). Each lady prepared a jug of tea and brought it in a glass gallon jar that once had held a commodity of some sort. You filled up a large plastic cup with ice from a chest, poured in the tea, and you were set for a feast.

The highlight of every lady's table was the dessert. Everyone baked at least one cake and at least two pies and, oh, the choices one had to make!

Did you opt for the three-layer

chocolate cake, the German chocolate cake, the yellow coconut cake with icing oozing down the side of the platter, or the pineapple upside-down cake? Would you take the pecan pie with the homemade crust, the coconut crème pie, the chocolate pie with homemade toasted meringue, or the cherry pie with filling oozing out of the top crust that you could just die to lick off your plate?

I could always depend on a certain cook who specialized in fried peach and apple pies. You've never lived until you have eaten one of her fried pies!

Choices, choices! What to do?

In the end, you tried to take a little bit of everything, knowing that it would be pointless to attempt to eat it all. As a lad, though, I thought it was my lot in life to try. And try I did.

When the meal was over, the trash was collected into huge barrels to be discarded. Everyone went back inside the church to make one

last attempt at singing. In most cases, it was a pointless endeavor, as most people were too full of the bounty of the table to do anything more than take a nap.

The singing would end and everyone would pack up and say goodbye. However, this one very happy young man was already thinking ahead to the following weekend and the next all-day singing and dinner-on-the-ground event.

Jimmy Jeffress of Crossett represents Senate District 24, which comprises Ashley, Bradley, Chicot and Drew counties and a portion of Desha County in the Arkansas General Assembly.

** [Editor's Note: Shape-note singing involves identifying tones on the musical scale by the shape of the note head instead of its position on the musical staff. Some of the other names used for this style of singing include Sacred Harp singing and Fa-So-La singing.]*

Name that Kitchen Gadget!

Test your knowledge of kitchen gadgets from yesteryear by identifying the handy household tools in these photos, brought to you courtesy of Gaye Bland, director of the Rogers Historical Museum. These items were part of the museum's 2011 exhibition titled *What's Cookin'? Two Centuries of American Foodways*. No clue? Turn to page 21 for the answers.



Arkansas Hamburger Chain Reaction

By David Stricklin

One of my sisters, knowing of my love for the great American hamburger, once wrote me to tell of a visit to her favorite hamburger joint. She included the following description, “I just enjoyed my favorite place again today. Good old (and I do mean OLD) grill. Meat that starts out as a big, round wad of ground chuck that is flattened with a grease-encrusted spatula. And, they LISTEN when you tell them easy on the mustard. They even put it ON THE MEAT, not the bun, so the bun doesn’t get soggy.”

Her two points are important. One, for a really good hamburger, you need to get away from the factory model and find a place run by people who are likely to be there the next time you go. Two, you need people who will listen to you when you tell them how you want it prepared. These injunctions fit into my Unified Field Theory of Hamburger Excellence, which can be summarized in lay terms: The quality of a hamburger is found to be in inverse proportion to the quality of the sign outside the establishment producing and selling the hamburger. In other words, you won’t find a truly great hamburger at a place with a sign that costs more than your car—i.e., at a fast-food chain. You’re much more likely to find it at a down-home, mom-and-pop place—not necessarily, but often, in a small town. I have tested this theory in a number of time zones, and it has never failed me.

Some of my favorite Arkansas hamburger experiences have resulted from field tests of my theory. In my former place of residence, Batesville, I was a frequent and happy customer of Big Bob’s Sweden Crème, whose signature dish was Big Bob’s Belly Buster. I never had the nerve



Sign for Feltner's Whatta-Burger, Russellville, Arkansas, photograph by Tim Nutt

to order it, but I never failed to cast admiring glances at those who did. My other two favorites in Batesville were Tommy's Kingburger and Bigger Burgers. Modest signs, they all had, and no fear of old grills or the G-word (grease). I know it's not polite to use the word in mixed company, especially among people of an age—that would be mine—supposedly concerned about cholesterol and other grim subjects that blight the joy of those who love food. But there you have it. The search for excellence requires a finely honed commitment and the keenest courage.

I also favor Cotham's with its Hubcap burger, especially the one in Scott, though the one near the Capitol in Little Rock is great, too; also the Hop, and Arkansas Burger in Little Rock, with their stop-you-in-your tracks onion rings. They are virtue on a plate. I also love Feltner's Whatta-Burger in Russellville.

Dairyland Drive-in, located in the Prothro Junction sector of North

Little Rock, is the quintessential testing ground for my theory. It's got a modest sign. You sit out on tables in front of the place while trucks roar by on Arkansas Highway 161. It's everything fantastic and wonderful.

Next time you want a good hamburger, try out my theory. Look for a modest place. This is the tricky part of the theory because a modest sign often is a sign that's hard to notice. So you might need to ask around. When you get there, talk to the people. Tell them what you want. Prepare to be pleased. For one brief, golden moment, don't worry about the cholesterol. You'll get that anyway. But watch the signs and remember these words of advice: Burger lovers of Arkansas unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!

David Stricklin is the Head of the Butler Center for Arkansas Studies at the Central Arkansas Library System and a self-confessed condiment junkie.

A Tasty Tour of Arkansas Food Festivals

By Nathania Sawyer, Guest Editor

No matter where you live in Arkansas, you are just a car trip away from a reason to celebrate, and sample, some of the state’s finest food. The variety of things to sample staggers the mind—from peaches to pickles, and crawfish to (rac)coon.

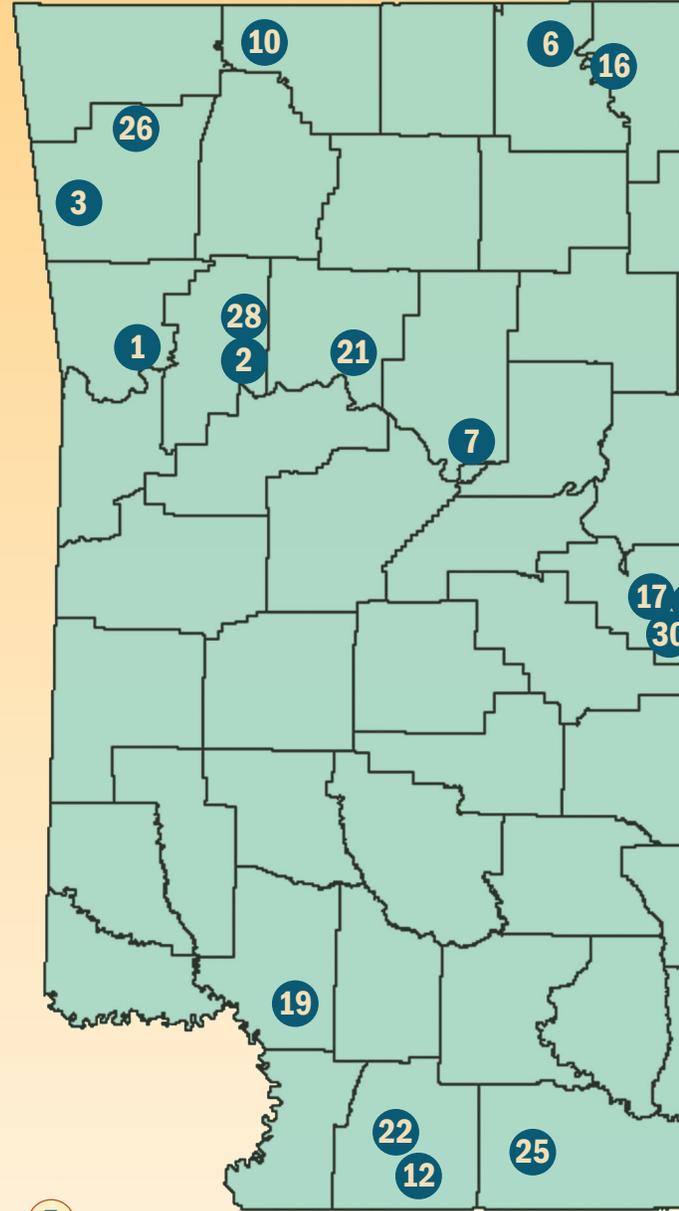
Many of the current food festivals celebrate prominent or once-prominent industries in the state—Picklefest harkens to a time when the Atkins Pickle Company was a major industry in Pope County. The Hope Watermelon Festival and the Bradley County Pink Tomato Festival provide bragging rights for local farmers. We have the Spinach Capital of the World and the World Championship Steak Cookoff.

Other festivals focus on cultural heritage. Events such as the Greek Food Festival, Jewish Food Festival, and Tontitown Grape Festival not only allow visitors to sample traditional foods but also provide opportunities to draw attention to the various cultural groups that settled in the state.

The Gillett Coon Supper, a fundraiser for local scholarships, has grown into one of the largest unofficial political events in Arkansas, and many aspiring candidates consider attending the supper (and dining on barbecued raccoon) a rite of passage.

Some of the events combine food with tongue-in-cheek fun—such as the Emerson PurpleHull Pea Festival and World Championship Rotary Tiller Race or the Great Arkansas Outhouse Race, which is held in conjunction with Bean Fest in Mountain View.

This map shows just a sampling of the ways Arkansans use food as a method to build communities and community spirit. Bon appétit, y’all.



Locations of Arkansas food festivals, graphic

1

Alma Spinach Festival
Alma (Crawford County)
www.almaspinachfestival.com
April

2

Altus Grape Fest
Altus (Franklin County)
<http://altusgrapefest.com/>
July

3

Arkansas Apple Festival
Lincoln (Washington County)
www.arkansasapplefestival.org
October

4

Arkansas Bean Fest and Championship Outhouse Races
Mountain View (Stone County)
http://www.ozarkgetaways.com/beanfest_outhouse.html
October

5

Arkansas Rice Festival
Weiner (Poinsett County)
www.arkansaricefestival.com
October

6

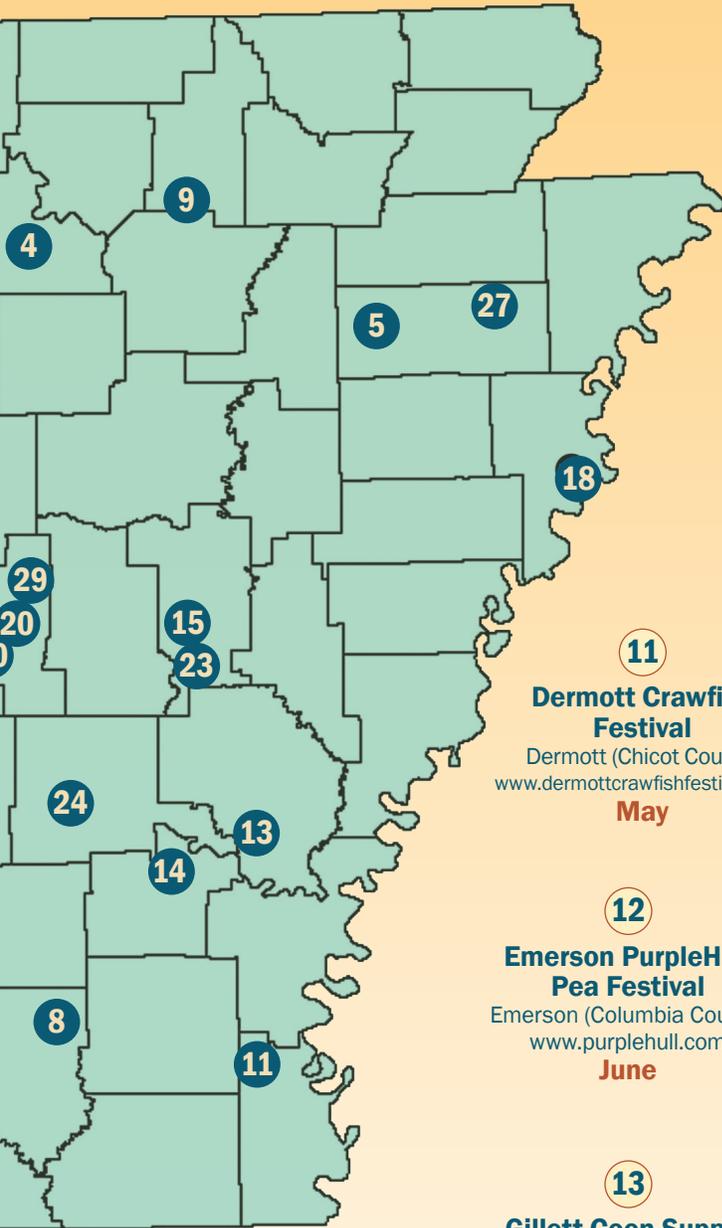
Arkansas State Championship Hillbilly Chili Cookoff
Bull Shoals (Marion County)
www.bullshoals.org
September

7

Atkins PickleFest Russellville (Pope County)
<http://www.thepickleclub.com/events/19th-annual-atkins-picklefest-ar/>
May

8

Bradley County Pink Tomato Festival
Warren (Bradley County)
<http://bradleypinktomato.com>
June



by Tim Nutt and Joy Caffrey.

9

Cave City Watermelon Festival
Cave City (Sharp County)
<http://cavecityarkansas.info/>
August

10

Chocolate Lovers Festival
Eureka Springs (Carroll County)
www.eurekachocfest.com
February

14

Grady Fish Fry
Grady (Lincoln County)
August

15

Grand Prairie Rice Festival
Hazen (Prairie County)
October

11

Dermott Crawfish Festival
Dermott (Chicot County)
www.dermottcrawfishfestival.com
May

12

Emerson PurpleHull Pea Festival
Emerson (Columbia County)
www.purplehull.com
June

13

Gillett Coon Supper
Gillett (Arkansas County)
January

16

Greater Cotter Trout Festival
Cotter Big Spring Park (Baxter County)
May

17

Greek Food Festival
Little Rock (Pulaski County)
www.greekfoodfest.com
June

18

Gumbo Fest Cook-off
West Memphis (Crittenden County)
http://www.wmcoc.com/chamber_information/gumbofest.htm
April

19

Hope Watermelon Festival
Hope (Hempstead County)
www.hopemelonfest.com
August

20

Jewish Food Festival
Little Rock (Pulaski County)
http://www.jewisharkansas.org/content/events/food_fest.asp
May

21

Johnson County Peach Festival
Clarksville (Johnson County)
<https://sites.google.com/site/johnsoncountypeachfestival/>
June

22

Magnolia Blossom Festival and World Championship Steak Cook-off
Magnolia (Columbia County)
www.blossomfestival.org
May

23

Slovak Oyster Supper
Slovak (Prairie County)
January

24

Smoke on the Water Arkansas Barbecue Challenge
Pine Bluff (Jefferson County)
www.smokeonthewaterbbq.com
September

25

South Arkansas Mayhaw Festival
El Dorado (Union County)
May

26

Tontitown Grape Festival
Tontitown (Washington County)
tontitowngrapefestival.com
August

27

Trumann Wild Duck Festival
Trumann (Poinsett County)
September

28

Wiederkehr Weinfest
Near Altus (Franklin County)
www.wiederkehrwines.com/fest.html
October

29

Wing Ding Festival
Jacksonville (Pulaski County)
<http://www.jacksonville-arkansas.com/community/wingding.aspx>
October

30

World Cheese Dip Championship
Little Rock (Pulaski County)
September

Applesauce:

Some Memories of Food on a Farm in Benton County in the 1930s and 1940s

By JoAnne Sears Rife



Oscar Sears' orchard crew at Evening Star, photo courtesy of JoAnne Sears Rife, ca. 1920

Helping my mother preserve bushels of apples from our farm remains one of the strongest memories of my childhood—when I was growing up on a 250-acre prairie farm in the Ozarks.

Sam Walton and John Tyson hadn't yet become shapers of the future of merchandizing, although they were likely thinking about it. There were no giant supermarket grocery stores where you walked around and picked out your groceries. As farmers, if you had twenty to fifty cows; a good-sized pig pen; a hen house, which was traditionally the exclusive domain of the women of the family; and an orchard of ap-

ples, peaches, or maybe even cherries, you were in a position to barter. If you knew the routines and practices of food production as a result of inheritance and hard labor, you would be able to provide most of your own food and even tons of it to trade for additional items!

You accumulated excess cream—maybe even went so far as to let it sour—churned it by hand (until the late 1930s when Franklin Roosevelt's "stimulus package" enabled rural electrification), and took a five-gallon milk can of cream or some extra butter to the Banks Grocery and Produce in Bentonville. You dropped it off—along with your personal grocery list for exotic things like vanil-

la—as you arrived in town, and then you went to do your other shopping around town. You might even go to the Saturday afternoon picture show at the Plaza Theatre. While you were away, the grocer tested your product for its fat content, weighed it, and calculated the amount of money you were due. When you came back to the store, all the groceries you had listed would be sacked and ready, gathered from the shelves by a clerk. If your produce was worth more than your purchases, you received the balance in cash. Otherwise, you paid the amount you owed.

The Springfield plateau (or the Salem plateau, I can never be sure which is which) is located at the interface of the tall prairie grasses and the eastern deciduous forest. This is not a straight line like a state boundary, but a jagged one just east of the 100th meridian. This land originally had a fairly good layer of wind-blown topsoil, or "loess." Thus, unlike the residents of the Boston Mountains, the early settlers in this area could grow a cash crop.

When I was young, that crop was apples. Our sawn-lumber home, which was built by my grandfather Sears in the 1880s, had eighty acres of apple orchard just to the west of the house, which is still standing there on Sears Road. We grew several varieties of apples, each of which reached their full production point at various times from early summer into fall. If, after elaborate processing into decorated bushel basket lots, these apples sold for \$2.50 a bushel in Wichita, we got a new car before

the Benton County fair in October. If they sold for 60 cents a bushel to the vinegar plant at Rogers, we didn't.

Our hired hands were paid ten cents an hour for a ten-hour day. In addition they did the milking and feeding before or after those ten hours in return for a gallon of milk a day, a four-room house to live in, wood from the woodlot, and a garden spot to grow food.

At that time, the University of Arkansas Extension Service agents were very influential with farm people. They told my father and other apple growers that they were depleting the soil with this crop. And even worse, they were spraying arsenic of lead, bluestone (copper sulfate), lime and sulfur, and who-knows-what other chemicals on the apple trees to prevent worm damage by the larva of insect pests. Of course, this was accumulating in the soil, too. The agents said that if they would start raising chickens that could be sold at mid-growth as "broilers" for their cash crop, they would also have fertilizer for the soil from the manure the chickens produced. Anyone who lives in northwest Arkansas today knows that these farmers took that advice!

In the meanwhile, apples were plentiful, to say the least. So, the majority of the apples had to be preserved in some way for use in the months they were not fresh. Many people used the simple method of sun-drying the peeled and sliced fruit by spreading it out on cloths on top of convenient roofs. But the flavor of dried apples in January was just not quite the same.

Around this time, cold-storage facilities became an important business. Many bushels of apples were stored in these facilities in the towns. And the extension service agents promoted the skill of canning applesauce, apple preserves, and apple butter.

In my basement, I have the Sears family apple-butter kettle. It is a well dented and blackened, thirty-gal-

lon, solid copper kettle. I remember it sitting over the wood fire—filled with water, which had been drawn and carried from the well by the hired hands, and apples. My mother would use it to make thirty gallons of applesauce one day and thirty gallons of apple butter the next day! My entire family, including the married daughters who lived on nearby farms, gathered to supply the labor to can all of this applesauce and apple butter. The finished product was stored on shelves in the so-called "fruit cellar."

My mother, being somewhat high falutin' (to use the old vernacular term), wouldn't season her apple butter with ground cinnamon as other women did because it made the apple butter dark brown rather than rosy brown. Instead, she went to the local drugstore where the pharmacist would cut off a short length of glass tubing, seal one end of it with flame, fill it with a minute amount of pure cinnamon oil, and close the other end with a tiny cork stopper.

Cinnamon oil was available at the pharmacy because it was sometimes used as treatment for a toothache. This oil was carefully stirred into a whole kettle of hot apple butter to provide the distinctive flavor. I had to be cautioned about getting any of this flavoring oil on my skin in its concentrated form because it would produce a blister.

We would eat this special spread on hot biscuits as a finishing touch to winter meals. Back then, those winter meals more often revolved around pork rather than beef because pork was preserved in the smoke house. Bacon was a staple and provided seasoning for lots of food, and the fat of hogs was rendered into lard. But that's another story.

JoAnne Sears Rife describes herself as an educated Ozark hill woman. She majored in home economics in the college of agriculture at the University of Arkansas and taught high school sciences for thirty-five years.

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Poke Springs Eternal

By Marcia Camp

[Editor's note: This article easily could have been titled "A Green by Any Other Name." The plant may be referred to as poke salad, poke salat, poke sallet, poke salet, poke sallit, or poke sallat... or polk salad—thanks to the 1968 Tony Joe White song "Polk Salad Annie."]

"Poke salad is what I had when there wasn't anything else to eat," says Liza Ashley, cook for a half-dozen Arkansas governors and author of *Thirty Years at the Mansion*.

According to the late Euell Gibbons, the pioneer health-food guru, "Young poke shoots, gathered when fat and tender, peeled, and cooked like asparagus, could drive asparagus right off the market. [Poke salad] makes one of the most delicious cooked vegetables of the spinach type I have ever eaten."

Poke is especially appreciated by Southerners. It's a springtime treat for those who have easy access to it and a coveted delicacy for those who don't. From the first bite, the taste of poke salad bites back—let's call it "wild greens with an attitude."

The plant grows all over the eastern half of the United States, ranging from Maine to Minnesota and from Florida to Texas. Also called Pigeonberry and Inkberry, the plant's finger-sized spears appear late in March or April along fence rows, ditch banks, and near old homesteads, maturing to a height of four to eight feet by late summer, at which time it bears clusters of purple berries.

Tom Brown, raw products manager at Allen, Inc.—a canning company based in Siloam Springs in Benton County—says that until the company stopped canning poke salad in 2001, sales were always the



Phytolacca decandra, common name: poke weed

greatest in the South, although California and Michigan also enjoyed brisk sales.

"When Southerners left for jobs in Detroit and on the West Coast during the Depression and when the small farms dried up, they took their craving for poke salad with them," Brown said

Because poke grows wild, Allen, Inc. depended on local residents to find, harvest, and deliver it to the cannery. "We used to advertise on the radio and in the newspaper, but finally folks began to bring it in after hearing by word of mouth. The same people would bring it in to our buying station year after year in pickups and car trunks."

Brown particularly remembered one man who brought several children along with him to deliver the poke. He says that the man "managed to bury one [child] in the pickup bed full of poke. After the full truck was weighed, the boy would slip out before the truck's empty

weight was calculated. We finally started counting the kids."

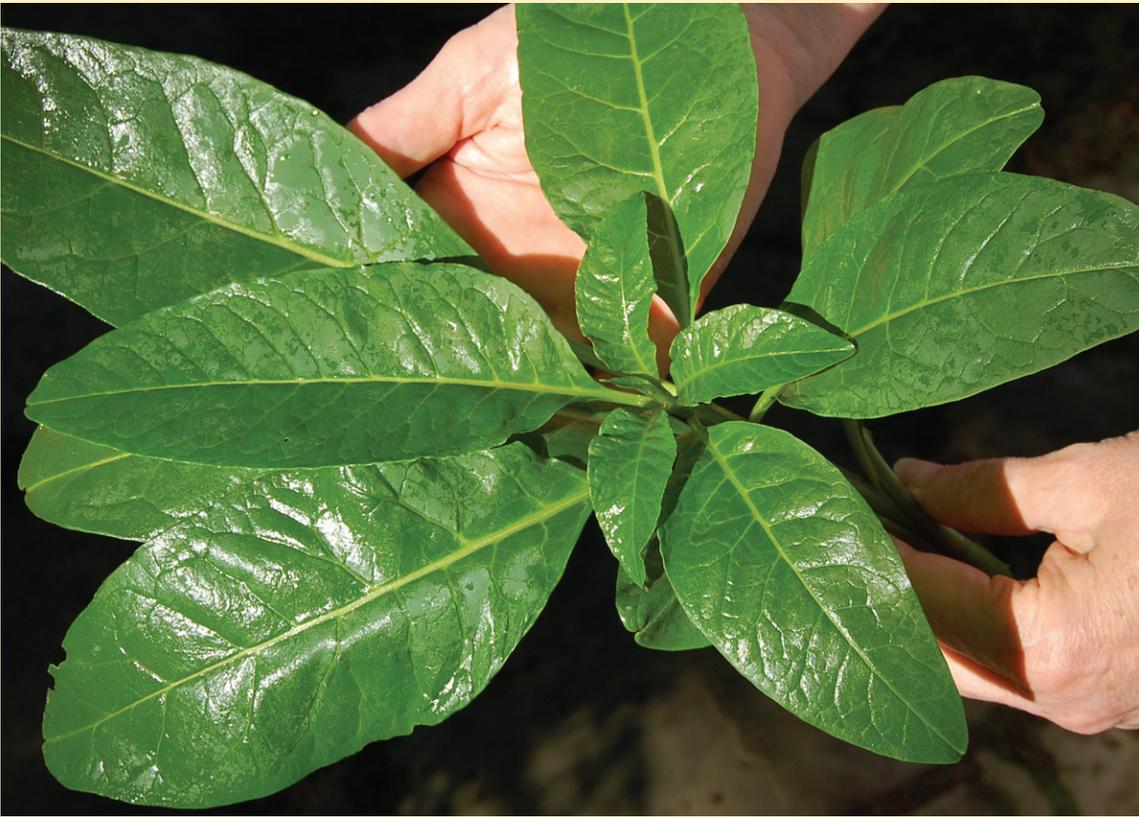
The plant is an excellent source of ascorbic acid (vitamin C) and riboflavin; it also contains worthwhile amounts of vitamin A and iron.

Although the stems and leaves must be parboiled (the first water in which the greens are boiled is poured off, and they are boiled a second time in fresh water), the plant is as safe to eat as it is delectable. There is no more reason to fear pokeweed than the rhubarb plant, the stalks of which are prized as pie filling although its leaves are poisonous.

Today the plant is treasured primarily as a zesty food, though Native Americans used the berries for making war paint and settlers used them for making ink. At one time, the berries were used in Europe to color wines, but the practice was discontinued, and France went so far as to outlaw its use because poke spoiled the wine's taste. It was sought for centuries for its medicinal properties. Berries and roots were used in tinctures, ointments, and poultices for relieving pain and swelling.

So if this plant is both tasty and useful, why aren't we seeing green fields of poke in early springtime? After much study at the University of Arkansas Cooperative Extension Service, horticulturist Dr. Craig Andersen stated that poke salad is not grown commercially because "it is rather difficult to germinate—it has a long germination period." Anderson was being nice. Putting it bluntly, the pokeberry seed must go through the digestive system of a bird, and this renders the seeds permeable to water.

But we can't overlook the plant's possible significance as a drug. Sci-



Poke weed from Tom and Mary Dillard's yard, photograph by Mary Dillard

entists have discovered that *Phytolacca decandra* contains a substance known as pokeweed antiviral protein (PAP) which, once it has been cloned, mutated, and chemically rearranged, chops up the AIDS virus. Drug companies and the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), the federal government's chief vehicle for funding AIDS research, have investigated pokeweed and several other plants blessed with the genetic assembly plans for proteins that destroy viruses and virus-infected cells. Scientists think these plant genes evolved because of their ability to protect plants from disease.

Poke is everywhere if you know what to look for. Some time ago when I visited my daughter Up North, I was determined to cook a down-home dinner for her. I'd stashed a bag of dried beans in my suitcase, and we managed to find corn on the cob and some ham along with cornmeal and buttermilk to whip up my grandmother's

cornbread recipe. Then, I heard the near-whine, "But mama, we won't have any poke salad." I looked out the window and there, in this posh bedroom community just west of Boston, was lowly pokeweed growing along the paddock fence.

And so it is with poke—I jealously guard every plant I find in my yard. I usually transplant any of it that lands outside my flower beds in some out of the way area where overly zealous lawn mowers and weed eaters will not threaten it.

When poke begins to appear in the spring, this Poke Salad Annie takes a roasting pot out and harvests about the top four or five inches of each plant, stalk and leaves (this will also encourage the plant to send out additional foliage). A rounded-over large pot full of poke will boil down to about one-and-a-half to two cups of cooked, drained poke salad ready to be transformed.

Although there are recipes for Pokeweed with Wine Sauce and Pokeweed Stalks Amandine, let's

get real. For the uninitiated, here's what you do with this gift from the gods. Sauté ¼ cup of diced yellow onion in a tablespoon of bacon grease in a small iron skillet; add cooked well-drained poke seasoned with ½ teaspoon of garlic salt. When the greens begin to simmer, add one large egg and stir until the egg is completely blended with the greens. Cook slowly until the mixture is "dry" enough to eat with a fork. Then serve it with a sprinkling of crumbled crisp bacon.

Nothing short of pure-dee, unadulterated laziness should keep a Southerner from the joys of poke salad. It's like manna from heaven. Even though we mere mortals can't grow it from seed, as long as birds fly in the sky, poke springs eternal.

In addition to being a proselytizer for poke salad, Little Rock resident Marcia Camp is a freelance writer whose prose and poetry appear in periodicals and literary journals.

One-minute Interview with Miss Fluffy Rice 1975

By Tim Nutt

In November 1975, Barbara Schwarz, a seventeen-year-old from the small town of Weiner in Poinsett County, was crowned Miss Fluffy Rice. The competition, now in its fiftieth year and known as Miss Arkansas Rice, is sponsored by the Arkansas Rice Council and Arkansas Farm Bureau.

The 1975 competition was held in Little Rock and featured twelve contestants representing their respective counties in the eastern Arkansas rice belt. The contestants were judged on the appearance and palatability of their rice dishes, on their ability to prepare their dishes with minimal assistance, and on their efforts to promote rice from the time they won at the county level until the state competition.

Schwarz, the youngest child of S. P. and Irene Schwarz, was quite familiar with rice because her family owned a large farm in northeast Arkansas. Now a professor at Arkansas State University, Schwarz is also my aunt, and her reign as Miss Fluffy Rice is a vaunted memory in the family. I interviewed her regarding her journey from a small-time girl to the queen of rice.

TN: Was your family involved in rice production?

BS: *My parents owned a 160-acre rice farm in Weiner for many years. By today's standards, it is hard to believe that this small farm allowed them to provide for a family of twelve children. I am extremely proud of my father and mother and their accomplishments in life and their dedication to raising a large family.*

TN: How did you become a contestant in the Miss Fluffy Rice contest?



Barbara Schwarz (soon-to-be Miss Fluffy Rice) and Gov. David Pryor at an Arkansas Rice Month event, October 1975, from the David Pryor Papers (MC 336), Box 599, File 39, Image 1178, Special Collections Department, University of Arkansas Libraries

BS: *Nadine Bartholomew, a Weiner resident—who was very involved in promoting the rice industry in Poinsett County and who was my high school home economics teacher—encouraged me to participate.*

TN: Before entering the state competition, you were crowned Poinsett County Miss Fluffy Rice. What was involved in the local contest?

BS: *There was a local contest held at Weiner High School and then the county competition in Harrisburg. There were three contestants. We cooked our rice dish, and I had to give a speech about what role rice had played in my life.*

TN: Describe your winning dish. How did you choose it?

BS: *The recipe for the rice salad dish came from Nadine Bartholomew, a dear friend of my family. It included rice, eggs, pickles, onions, celery, pimento, and a special dressing mixture. I believe I tweaked it a little in terms of the dressing. The judges apparently liked it.*

TN: You had to document your promotion of rice. How did you promote rice?

BS: *I had to keep a scrapbook to document my promotion activities, and it was judged as part of the state competition. I went around to all the civic clubs, served my dish, and gave a speech.*

I also handed out samples of my dish at various places throughout the county. I actually rode in a bicentennial parade in Jonesboro. Momma made me an old-fashioned dress with a bonnet, and I rode in a rocking chair in the back of an antique pick-up truck. I also participated in the Terrapin Derby at Lepanto that summer when I drove a John Deere riding lawnmower with a small wagon of rice behind me. Quite a sight for sore eyes!

Another major event was going to the Governor's office during October for rice promotion month. The "Fluffies" from each county were invited.

TN: The Miss Fluffy Rice contest took place in Little Rock. Did your family go with you? What did the state competition involve? Were there other parts besides the cooking?

BS: The competition was held at the Arkansas Power and Light Building. Nadine Bartholomew went down with me the night before, and we stayed at a hotel. The competition involved preparing and serving your dish before the judges within a 90-minute time limit. I believe we also had to give a speech. All contestants had to enter a scrapbook that detailed activities that she had completed to promote the consumption of rice. I don't remember it being a competitive environment. Everyone was simply busy making their own dishes.

TN: What were your duties after being crowned Miss Fluffy Rice?

BS: My job was to promote rice throughout the state of Arkansas.

TN: What did you win in becoming Miss Fluffy Rice?

BS: I believe I won a \$1000 scholarship. [She also received \$200 for winning the state competition and \$50 at the county level.]

TN: What did you take away from the contest? What lesson did you learn from entering the contest?

BS: The most valuable lesson I learned was to believe in myself. Nadine

believed in me and was willing to help mold me into a good public speaker and develop social grace. Unfortunately, she passed away many years ago without me getting the chance to thank her for the impact she had on my life just by believing in me. The scholarship opened the door for me to attend college—something that I probably wouldn't have been able to do on my own.

TN: What was your family and community's reactions to you being named Miss Fluffy Rice?

BS: We got back from Little Rock about 6:00 p.m. I was surprised with a welcome home reception, hosted by the town of Weiner. I'll never forget the look on my dad's face when I walked into the Weiner restaurant. He was so proud of me, and it was beyond my wildest imagi-

nation that I could be the center of such lavish attention.

TN: Have you made your winning dish in recent years?

BS: I haven't made my dish in several years. Current nutrition standards would judge my dish a cholesterol nightmare and a calorie count buster. The dish had six eggs, mayonnaise, and French dressing. I'm afraid it might be an entire day's calories wrapped into a single serving!

Tim Nutt, assistant head of the Special Collections Department and manuscripts and rare books librarian at the University of Arkansas, also serves on the editorial board for *Arkansauce*.

Barbara Schwarz's Rice Salad

3 cups cooked enriched rice (see recipe below)

6 hard-cooked large eggs

1/4 cup minced onion

1 cup diced celery

1/4 cup diced sweet pickles

2 tablespoons chopped pimento

1 teaspoon salt

3/4 cup salad dressing

1/4 cup French dressing

Place rice on tray to cool in refrigerator. Peel and mash eggs. Combine diced onion, celery, pickles, pimento, mashed eggs, salt, and rice in large mixing bowl. Blend salad and French dressings together. Gently fold into salad. Serve in bowl lined with crisp lettuce. Sprinkle with paprika and garnish with parsley.

Rice

1 cup uncooked enriched rice

2 cups water

1 teaspoon salt

1 tablespoon oil

Place all ingredients in 4-quart saucepan. Bring to just below boiling point. Turn heat down to low and cover with lid. Simmer 15 minutes. Remove from heat and let sit for 10 minutes. Do not remove lid.

How Spudnuts Saved My Soul

By Christopher Spencer

Arkansas's first Krispy Kreme Doughnuts store opened in west Little Rock in 2004. The day it opened, my friends and I dragged ourselves, starving, through the quiet streets at dawn looking for a doughnut fix.

They were enamored by the North Carolina-based pastry with its uniform thick sugar glaze, cake-like crumble and a constellation of different toppings and fillings.

I was unimpressed.

Give me the earnest simplicity of a Spudnut, an airy, deep-fried delight that boasts potato flour instead of the traditional grain-based grind. There's an unadorned honesty to the Spudnut, a stripped-down flavor rooted in a meager tuber.

Spudnuts are of the people, a proletarian pastry which belongs to the grand tradition of peasant food made delicious. They are the 99 percent, not the privileged elite.

Krispy Kreme is an overwrought confection that gilds the lily. Spudnuts are of the people, a proletarian pastry which belongs to the grand tradition of peasant food made delicious. They are the 99 percent, not the privileged elite.

Brothers Al and Bob Pelton of Salt Lake City began the company in the 1940s, basing their delicious creation on a German recipe. Once

upon a time, namely the 1950s and 1960s, Spudnut shops expanded coast to coast. There were more than 300 stores in thirty-eight states in 1954.

The company's iconic, anthropomorphized mascot—Mr. Spudnut, complete with a top hat and cane—once rivaled Mr. Peanut in the customer's imagination.

I grew up in El Dorado, which is home to one of two remaining Spudnut shops in Arkansas. El Dorado's western neighbor, Magnolia, boasts the other. Stores in Texarkana, Pine Bluff, and Bastrop, Louisiana, have long since shut their doors.

The number of stores nationwide has dwindled to around thirty-five since the franchise went out of business in the 1980s. California continues to be the largest center of Spudnut culture. A listing of the remaining stores is maintained by a potato doughnut enthusiast at www.spudnutshop.com.

The store in El Dorado is now owned by Nicholas Gonzalez who took over the shop from long-time operator William "Willy" Varnell in 2008. Varnell married into the Stringfellow family, which founded the shop more than a half-century ago.

Volunteer "employee" Jay Johnston was in his familiar spot on a re-



Top: The iconic Mr. Spudnut is pictured on the wall of the El Dorado Spudnut Shoppe, photograph by Christopher Spencer

Above: Spudnut Shoppe owner Nicholas Gonzalez lets rings of potato flour fry, photograph by Christopher Spencer

cent fall Saturday. He sat in the small sitting area inside, making casual conversation with long-time friends. The early morning line snaked out the door as people quickly came in and paid cash for a box of Spudnuts to take home.

Johnston admitted he comes so often that sometimes he gets a cup of coffee and brings his own bagel to eat while reading the paper.

"You can't live on Spudnuts every day," he said.

Spudnuts were a special Saturday treat in my own household. My father occasionally would go out early

Answers to Kitchen Gadget Quiz on page 10

Many a Sunday morning during my childhood, the theological and culinary debate in my head was hard-fought about whether I would rise to claim my own Spudnut before Sunday school.

in the morning to get a dozen or two and return home so his children could enjoy them during the cartoon hours of the 1980s.

Those Spudnuts that survived until Sunday morning were put to pious use. They were warmed and made available on a first-come, first-served basis. My wily father used those bites of heaven to rouse us from bed in the morning to attend the local Methodist church.

Many a Sunday morning during my childhood, the theological and culinary debate in my head was hard-fought about whether I would rise to claim my own Spudnut before Sunday school.

I ended up majoring in religious studies at Hendrix College in Conway. Was it a sweet Spudnut association perhaps? Suffice to say, my early religious education would have suffered greatly if my father's only bargaining chips had been Krispy Kreme doughnuts.

In addition to being a born-again Spudnut lover, Christopher Spencer is the publisher of Ozarks Unbound (www.ozarksunbound.com), an online magazine based in Fayetteville.

1. Electric Milk Pasteurizer

This is a David Bradley brand product, a home electric milk pasteurizer from the mid-twentieth century. Between 1910 and 1962, many Sears, Roebuck and Co. farm and lawn care products carried the David Bradley name. Bradley founded a farm equipment factory in Illinois in 1854, and in 1910 he sold it to Sears and Roebuck.

2. Dazey Churn

Many people are familiar with the dash churn with its plunger that was moved up and down in the container to make butter. Dazey churns, which were produced from the early 1900s into the 1950s, used glass jars with a crank mechanism to move the paddles. This particular Dazey churn probably dates to the 1930s.

3. Adjustable Fruit Slicer

We stumped you on this one, didn't we? This adjustable fruit slicer, which was patented in 1890, is one of the most puzzling kitchen gadgets in the museum's collection.

4. Electric Sifter

By the 1920s and 1930s, many kitchen gadgets met electricity. This is a fine example of an electric sifter from that period.

5. Cream Separator

This David Bradley cream separator probably dates to the early 1900s.

6. Rotary Beater

Tired of beating your eggs with a chicken-wire whisk? The home cook of the 1910s could invest in this Cassady-Fairbanks "turbine" rotary beater and trade in beating for cranking.

7. Cherry Pitter

Homemakers never had to say "it's the pits" if they owned a cherry pitter such as this one from the turn of the twentieth century. At the Rogers Historical Museum, people sometimes guess that it is an olive pitter.

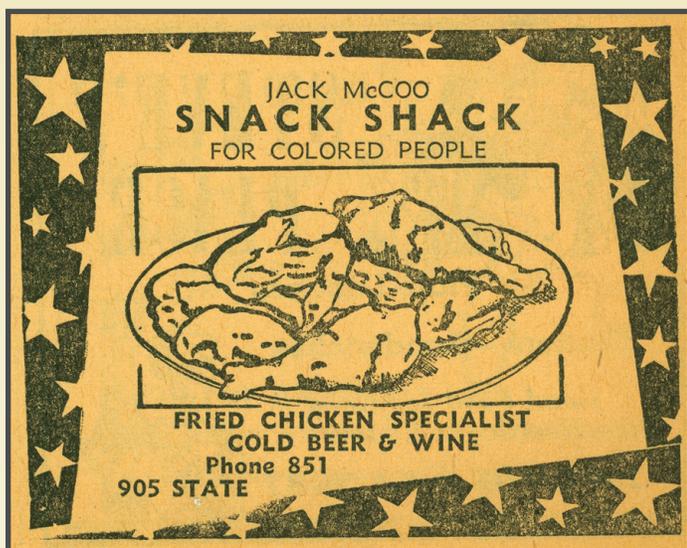
8. Can Opener

Lever-style can openers were made from the late 1800s to the present. The combination of knife and claw allowed the user to saw/pry through the lid of a can. This specimen dates to some point between 1900 and 1909.

9. Combination Sifter/Biscuit Cutter

It's two tools in one—first you sift the flour; then you cut out the biscuits with this nifty tool from the early 1900s. Similar tools sometimes included a center die so the cooks could use them to make doughnuts.

Journey Through the Past: Advertisements as History



Jack McCoo Snack Shack Advertisement, Pine Bluff, 1943, from *Pine Bluff, Altheimer, Arkansas Telephone Directory*, September 1943

CITIZENS ICE COMPANY
Manufacturers of HYGENIC ICE
Phillips Cor. Franklin Sts. Phone Main 1234

Citizens Ice Company Advertisement, Helena, 1923-1924, from *Helena, Arkansas City Directory*, Helena: Gulf States Directory Company, 1923

Order GROCERIES From
Thos. J. Beaty
1024 Malvern Ave. Phone 713

Always a Full and Fresh Stock of Vegetables, Table Delicacies, Fresh Meats, Poultry, Fish and Seal-Shipt Oysters

We will save you money on your Grocery Bill.
PROMPT DELIVERY
SATISFACTION ALWAYS

Hot Springs City Directory, Little Rock: Polk's Southern Directory Company, 1912

The Smart Set

Who Entertain,
Have Receptions, or
Swell Spreads of any kind,

AND WHO REQUIRE

**Fine Wines, Punches
or Dainty Drinks**

Find Us to have the Largest and Best Selected Stock of
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC

CHAMPAGNES,

LIQUORS,

WINES AND WHISKIES.

We have Everything Your Taste May Desire.

Both
'Phones
510

Lasker Bros.
304 Main St.,
Little Rock, Ark.
(6)

Lasker Bros. Advertisement, Little Rock, 1901, from *Little Rock-Hot Springs Blue Book*, Little Rock: Blue Book Publishing Company, 1901

FRISBY'S CAFE

Open Day

and Night

High-Grade Catering.

No. 420 Central Avenue,
Hot Springs, Ark.

Phone 289. JACK FRISBY, Proprietor.

Frisby's Café Advertisement, Hot Springs, 1901, from *Little Rock-Hot Springs Blue Book*, Little Rock: Merchant's Blue Book Publishing Company, 1901

Featured Cookbook

From Our Collection

Putting the Big Pot in the Little One

Good Times, Good Food in an Arkansas Hill County (Saline) Between the Two World Wars (1988)

By Nathania Sawyer, Guest Editor

Patrick Dunnahoo, a longtime historian in Saline County, privately published this cookbook/food memoir in 1988. The title, he explains in the preface, refers to the invitation, "Y'all come see us and we'll put the big pot in the little one!" This vernacular phrase meant that the hosts would receive their guest with lavish hospitality and food.

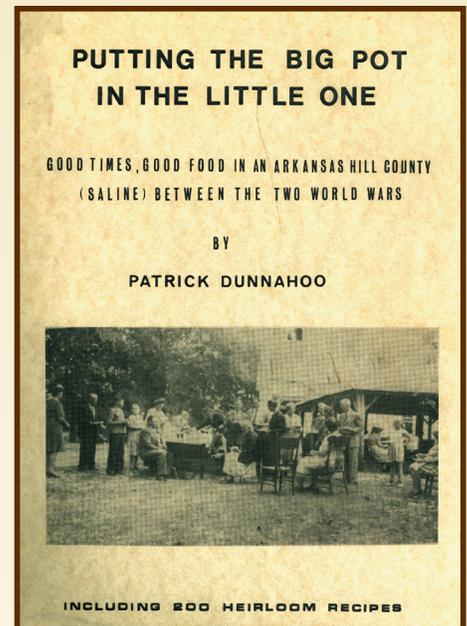
The book contains 200 heirloom recipes, but equally interesting are the stories about the people and their food traditions. The chapters are broken down into categories, including one piece about "dinner at the jail," which is included in the Special Occasions chapter. In other sections, the careful reader will walk away knowing what was being cooked in the hobo jungle, and that tripe was best when boiled and served hot "to minimize the 'tallow' taste."

One of my favorite recipes from the book is for green (as in not-ripe) huckleberry cobbler. Dunnahoo explains that the locals were so eager to have fresh berries that they would pick the huckleberries before they were completely ripe and make them into heavily sweetened cobblers. He says, "Children of the time

sometimes referred to a green huckleberry cobbler as a 'stick' pie since the berries usually had a small, soft stem that was not always removed by the cook before the berries were cooked."

This book captures the spirit of hospitality during times when resources were scarce yet people came together and gladly shared what they had, and it explores the roots of many dishes that have become family treasures passed down from generation to generation.

This cookbook is available to researchers in the reading room of the University of Arkansas Libraries Special Collections Department and in many other libraries.



Cover of *Putting the Big Pot in the Little One: Good Times, Good Food in an Arkansas Hill County (Saline) Between the Two World Wars*, 1988

Green huckleberry cobbler - Mrs. Robert Westbrook
(Mary Elizabeth Smith)

3 tbs. butter	1 1/2 cups sugar
2 cups water	1 tbs. cornstarch or flour
2 cups green huckleberries	
Pie dough	

Pick and stem berries. Wash well and put in pan with water and sugar. Let come to boil (hard) for a few minutes, then turn fire down to slow cooking.

Slit the pie dough in strips. Then pinch off two inch pieces and drop in boiling liquid for dumplings. Continue cooking until dumplings are partly done; then add top crust which has been cut in quarters. Place in oven and brown crust well.

Crust will be prettier if brushed with white of egg before baking.

ARKANSAUCE

Special Collections Department
 University of Arkansas Libraries
 365 North McIlroy Avenue
 Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701-4002



Featured Menu

Featured menu from the H. Grady Manning Room of the Majestic Hotel, ca 1969, from the Gilleylen-Eley-Stokes Family Papers, MC 1653 (Unprocessed), Special Collections Department, University of Arkansas Libraries

IT'S BREAKFAST Time

The H. GRADY MANNING Room

MAJESTIC HOTEL
 C. EMMETT KARSTON, MANAGER
 HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK, ARKANSAS

<p>THE HURRY-UPPER 55c Half Grapefruit Choice of Breakfast Cereals Toast and Jelly Coffee or Tea</p>	<p>Start the Day Right with a Good Breakfast</p> <p>Appetizing Selective Club Breakfasts Club Breakfasts Served from 7:00 to 11:30 a.m.</p> <table border="1"> <tr> <td>No. 1 Fruit or Cereal with Cream—Ham or Two Strips of Bacon, Two Yard Eggs and Tea or Coffee</td> <td>.90</td> </tr> <tr> <td>No. 2 Half Grapefruit—Griddle Cakes with Two Link Sausages or Two Strips of Bacon, Coffee or Tea</td> <td>.75</td> </tr> <tr> <td>No. 3 Half Grapefruit—Waffle and Bacon, Tea or Coffee</td> <td>.65</td> </tr> <tr> <td>No. 4 Choice of Juices—Scrambled Eggs, on Toast with Coffee or Tea</td> <td>.55</td> </tr> <tr> <td>No. 5 Fruit or Cereal—French Toast with Jelly, Coffee or Tea</td> <td>.55</td> </tr> <tr> <td>No. 6 Two Eggs, any style with Toast, Coffee or Tea</td> <td>.50</td> </tr> <tr> <td>No. 7 Your Favorite Cereal with Coffee or Tea</td> <td>.40</td> </tr> </table> <p>Milk with Club Breakfast 10c Extra</p>	No. 1 Fruit or Cereal with Cream—Ham or Two Strips of Bacon, Two Yard Eggs and Tea or Coffee	.90	No. 2 Half Grapefruit—Griddle Cakes with Two Link Sausages or Two Strips of Bacon, Coffee or Tea	.75	No. 3 Half Grapefruit—Waffle and Bacon, Tea or Coffee	.65	No. 4 Choice of Juices—Scrambled Eggs, on Toast with Coffee or Tea	.55	No. 5 Fruit or Cereal—French Toast with Jelly, Coffee or Tea	.55	No. 6 Two Eggs, any style with Toast, Coffee or Tea	.50	No. 7 Your Favorite Cereal with Coffee or Tea	.40	<p>Bak Whi Hal Stev Slic Gra Pine</p> <p>Wa Buc Hat</p>
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No. 7 Your Favorite Cereal with Coffee or Tea	.40															
<p>Our Feature Breakfast \$1.25 Half of Grapefruit or Orange Juice choice of one One Slice of Ham, Two Strips of Bacon, Three Jones' Little Pig Sausage Links, One Pork Chop, One Lamb Chop, Corned Beef Hash or One Slice of Calf's Liver with Two Fresh Yard Eggs, any Style Two Pieces of Toast, Dry or Buttered Coffee or Tea</p>																