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## **Celestine: A Memoir in Green**

CYNTHIA BERTELSTEIN

Blending as they do into the green leaves of the red-flowering flamboyant trees above the crumbling mud brick wall; it's hard to see the bottle-green chameleons. Dozens of these "ground lions," with their red throats puffing in and out like bellows stoking a fire, perch in the crevices of the wall.

I envy the chameleons more each day – their food comes to them,

snatched up quickly with their long projectile tongues. They just sit and they wait, scanning their world with their beady black eyes sleepily opening and closing like two tiny ball and socket joints.

I envy the chameleons.

For me, getting food is a daily running of the gauntlet. So many desperately poor street vendors out there. All women, all grabbing at me, pawing at me, shrieking at me, "Buy my vegetables, Madame! Madame! *S'il vous plaît!*" I want to avoid the streets. I want home delivery of vegetables. I do want to be like a chameleon. I want my food to come to me. I want to blend in.

I don't remember exactly how she started coming to me, this African Muslim woman riding astride her rusty blue moped, her serpentine tie-dyed green gowns flowing like bridal trains behind her, always green, clean, starched, and prim. Sparse, wiry black hair peeks out from underneath her enormous and flamboyant matching green turban. A big straw basket, its

fraying edges like tendrils of a young bean plant, rides behind her on the moped, strapped down with worn rope.

I never learn her real name, so in my mind I call her Celestine. She never calls me anything but “Madame,” and I call her “Madame,” too. Just two women, from opposite sides of the earth.

Placing the heavy basket on her head, Celestine gracefully walks through the iron gate toward my front verandah, sashaying like an anorexic ballet dancer performing a *chassé*. Vegetables poke out of the top of her basket, like so many baby birds peering cautiously from their nest. Scrawny limp carrots, mushy tomatoes, wilted cabbages, yams with shriveled brown skin, small red peppers so hot a touch scalds fingers, tiny juicy oranges, and now and then a soft mango or a bruised pineapple covered with flies sucking out the sweetness. Never is there much more than that, until the rains come, that is. And then just a few scraggly parsley sprigs, maybe slices

of a pumpkin-like squash, and always some mysterious green leaves the size of an elephant’s ear, rolled up like a poster and tied carefully with a burlap string saved from a coffee bean bag.

Dropping her basket on the top step of my tiled porch, Celestine’s thin cold hands extend first toward me in greeting, always after a polite delicate cough, a hint of embarrassment, and gratitude for the glass of iced water I present to her in our private version of a Japanese tea service. I take the glass from her and push my empty market bag forward, its floppy straw craw ready to receive food, from this woman whose dark eyes I can only meet by craning my neck as if to see a spider web at the top of a doorframe.

Squatting down in that graceful way no Westerner can ever easily imitate, heels flat on the ground, and taking each vegetable from her basket, like a cat moving her kittens from one home to another, Celestine carefully places

each one in my basket, apologizing for the bump on this one, the bruise on that one. Soon the mound of vegetables reaches the “it’s-time-to-talk-price” level.

“*Combien?* How much?” I ask.

She sighs, straightens up, her gaunt face shiny with beads of sweat from the effort, her sparkly fevered eyes blinking away a fly.

“For you, Madame, the price is.”

Waving my hand impatiently, I smile, saying nothing. I know the price is too high. But this slim woman whose cheeks resemble chiseled ebony more and more every week, whose discreet cough sounds deeper and wetter every time I see her, needs the money. I sense her unspoken need. The bargaining game I won’t play with her.

I dig through the tattered bills in my money envelope and hand her the colorful paper money and a few coins, placing it all in her bony hand, wondering if I will see her next week

as I say “*À la prochaine.*” Until the next time.

The weeks pass as the long dry season extends into July, nearly starving even us, the foreigners. Only US commissary food sits in my cupboards, cans and bags and boxes stamped ominously with expiration dates from before last year’s Christmas. No matter. Food is food. We eat. And we dream of our grandparents’ gardens, of our mothers’ kitchens, of holiday tables laden with food.

We are the lucky ones. At least we have something to eat. The local people are not as fortunate.

But still Celestine comes every week with a few token vegetables. Each week she diminishes a little more, her walk less a dance than a trudging. Seeing her fading away in front of my face reminds me of watching films of the liberation of concentration camps. Each time she appears at the gate, those images haunt me, creating mental snapshots of emaciated, walking skeletons.

Finally, one week Celestine doesn't come. Another week passes and she still doesn't come.

I start finding mummified chameleons on the mud brick wall, their little bones piercing through thin dried green skin. I begin to think that being a chameleon is not all that great after all.

I go back out on the streets again, running the gauntlet of pawing, frantic vegetable vendors. I ask them about Celestine. Their dark eyes look away when they speak. No one knows anything. But from their silence, I sense that AIDS has brushed me, albeit lightly, with its insidious terror.

Every time I read that increasing numbers of AIDS victims are women, I see Celestine. Tall. Dignified. Strong. Brave. Performing small acts of hope to go on living by selling vegetables to a foreigner. Dead.

Shamefully, I recall washing my hands over and over again, careful not to touch myself anywhere until I washed my hands almost raw,

careful to sterilize Celestine's water glass every week. Careful not to get too involved.

Mea culpa.

## **Support Local Foods and a Community Institution: Montgomery County Community Cannery** CAROLA HAAS

Most readers of the Culinary Thymes are likely aware of the myriad of benefits of eating locally produced food. The food is fresher, more flavorful, and may have higher nutritional content. If you grow the food yourself or buy it from a local producer, it's easier to get information about the growing conditions and contents (e.g. were pesticides used, how much salt was added, etc.) If you buy from local producers, there are the economic benefits of multiplier effects--more of the money you spend stays in the local community. Keeping local farmers in business means keeping more farmland in our region, with resulting benefits for water quality, flood mitigation, wildlife, fresh air,

etc. You also reduce the fossil fuels used to ship foods across the country, or even across the world. The average item you buy in the grocery store has traveled more than 1300 miles!

We're all familiar with the benefits of community institutions too – meeting places where friends and neighbors can come together, where citizens can accomplish goal, where local traditions are maintained. We have the opportunity to help preserve a community institution and to enjoy more local foods, by supporting Montgomery County's Community Cannery in Riner. If you garden, this is a great way to preserve your own produce for use in the winter. Canning at home is convenient, but if you don't own a pressure canner the cannery provides a safe way to preserve beans and other non-acid foods (that may contain botulism if canned in a boiling water bath or steam canner). Canning at the cannery is also much faster than canning at home, and

keeps all that excess heat out of your house! Because the kettles are surrounded by steam jackets, it's possible to heat jams and jellies or cook down tomato sauce much more quickly, and because hundreds of jars can be processed at once, you don't have to wait for processing either. For those of you who have never canned before, this is a great way to get some expert advice and safely use equipment. Chatting with other canners and sharing in chores is a great way to exchange recipes and other information. If you don't garden, you can purchase local produce from farmer's market vendors, at certain stores (ask the produce manager), or at a number of pick-your-own farms in the area. By preserving your own food, you can make inexpensive jams and jellies, spaghetti sauce or salsas, canned fruits and vegetables that are organic, low sugar or low sodium – whatever meets your particular likes and dietary restrictions.

The Riner cannery opened in its current location on the campus of Auburn High School in 1946 and has operated continually since that time. Funded originally by the Virginia Department of Education to help families preserve food during and after World War II, canneries were built on high school campuses in most counties in Virginia. Currently, fewer than a dozen county canneries persist. Funding is no longer provided by the state. Although some counties (such as Montgomery County) absorbed the costs and continued operating the canneries, the low number of users and aging facilities have resulted in many closures. There was a cannery at the old Blacksburg High School as well (now the old middle school on South Main Street) but this was closed and equipment transferred to Riner around 1990. In spring 2005, the Montgomery County School Board removed the cannery from its operating budget, ringing a death knell for this long-running institution. This would have left

gardeners without a convenient way to preserve their produce (tomato sauce from your own tomatoes costs next to nothing, and not everyone who wants organic tomato sauce can afford to buy it in the stores), many church and community groups without a way to conduct their apple butter fundraisers, and residents on fixed incomes without an ability to put up food for the winter. Fortunately, the Board of Supervisors responded to the pleas of residents, and provided operating funds. Although usage has not declined over the last 20 years, the number of users is consistently low, around 35-50 per year. Fees did not increase between 1985 and 2005, although energy and maintenance costs have. For 2006 we implemented a small fee increase. In order to continue to support the cannery, the Board of Supervisors is expecting to see an improved income to expense ratio. Increasing the number of users would not only raise the income, but would show a community interest in maintaining

the cannery. So if you haven't canned here before, please make an effort to grow or buy local produce and come out and can this year. And remember to bring a friend or family member and help pass on the art of canning.

The Montgomery County Community Cannery, located at Auburn High School in Riner, will soon open for its 61<sup>st</sup> season. Please call the operator, Mike Ewing, 540-382-9566 for appointments. Normal days of operation are Wednesday and Saturday mornings, but other times and dates may be available upon request. The cannery will be open for use July to November 2007 (later dates may be possible on request, e.g. for venison). Check our website at [montva.com/cannery](http://montva.com/cannery) for a map to the cannery and further information. If you'd like to join the Cannery Working Group and help to preserve this community institution, please complete the survey form on our website or email us at [RinerCannery@yahoo.com](mailto:RinerCannery@yahoo.com). One

initiative is to attempt to make the cannery suitable for commercial operations, allowing food-based value-added business to have a convenient location for processing foods. Another is to incorporate canning activities more closely into organizations and events that celebrate the region's cultural heritage. Contact Carola Haas at [cahaas@vt.edu](mailto:cahaas@vt.edu) with "local foods" in the subject line if you are interested in efforts to preserve farmlands and farm wildlife and to promote healthy local foods in our local institutions. Hope to see you out canning!

**November 20, 1991**  
**A University Offers Food For Thought**  
DENA KLEIMAN

*An ardent new suitor has been pounding on the doors of academia at Boston University.*

But the question being asked is this: Can a marriage between food and traditional academic scholarship really work?

Julia Child and a group of faculty members and administrators here think it can, and that gastronomy should rank with English, sociology, anthropology and history.

They propose that Boston University establish a master's degree in gastronomy, and they say they hope other colleges and universities will follow suit.

"There's a lot more to the field than cooks piddling in the kitchen," Mrs. Child said. "It's high time that it's recognized as a serious discipline."

Advocates of the proposal say a serious study of food offers insights into the development and complexity of civilization. The history of the world, for example, can be analyzed by studying efforts to maintain the food supply.

Understanding the role of food in society can provide insights into history, anthropology, literature, psychology and, perhaps, every

other aspect of human existence.

In what the supporters see as a first step toward a formal program, Boston University is offering a graduate course this semester, "Culture and Cuisine: Their Rapport in Civilization," on such diverse topics as famous chefs and their effect on national cuisines; the re-emergence of food as a culinary art form in China; how pre-Renaissance Italian food influenced the habits of western Europe; the effect of the Bolshevik revolution on Russian cuisine, and a discussion of Proust and "affective memory."

But some food historians and other experts are wary. Many see academic merit in courses on food in the context of anthropology, history, sociology and psychology, but they also question establishing a separate degree.

"I am not against a degree in the anthropology of food or the psychology of food or the sociology

of food," said Sidney W. Mintz, a professor of anthropology at Johns Hopkins University and the author of "Sweetness and Power: The History of Sugar" (Penguin, 1985). "What I'm against is a degree in the Food of Food." Mr. Mintz said any serious academic inquiry into the role of food required a firm footing in traditional academic disciplines.

Alan Davidson, a food historian living in London who was a founder of the Oxford Symposia on Food History, yearly seminars, said excluding food scholarship from academia was a good thing. "The way things are now, most of the interesting work is done by amateurs," said Mr. Davidson, the author of "Fruit" (Simon & Schuster, 1991). "If you just have academics submitting papers vetted by academics, it's much more boring."

Barbara Haber, curator of the 9,000 books at the Schlesinger Library at Radcliffe College, said she favored serious academic examination of the

role of food in culture and eventually establishing a degree in the subject. The library specializes in the social history of women in America. Ms. Haber hesitates about creating a degree in "gastronomy."

"I find it misleading," she said. "It suggests just people who can afford caviar and Champagne." She acknowledges how hard it is to come up with the right name, but would prefer "Culinary History," even though the field would range beyond history into such academic fields as folklore, anthropology and ethnobotany, the study of folk uses of plants.

Advocates of the proposal say their efforts are rooted in the desire to attract serious attention to the subject and gain formal academic recognition that knowledge about food goes deeper than how to cook or eat.

"Food is a \$300 billion industry," said Jacques Pepin, the cooking instructor

and cookbook author, who has worked with Mrs. Child in trying to establish the degree in gastronomy. "It would be beneficial to anyone who enters the profession." He and Mrs. Child said they hoped chefs, food writers, food critics, wine merchants, food company executives and others would be interested in such a degree.

Culture and Cuisine is being taught by cookbook authors, food historians and food writers. It requires students to read books about the foods, history and literature of China, France, Italy and Russia. No cooking is taught during the course, which costs \$1,268. Students are required to submit two papers, with bibliographies and footnotes. Next semester, a course in the anthropology of food, for credit, will be offered for the first time here.

"The committee wanted to make sure there was enough academic content from the traditional disciplines," said Rom Skvarcius, associate dean of

academic affairs, who oversees the university's academic policy committee, which in turn determines all new courses of study. "The committee was satisfied."

Mr. Skvarcius said that while there were no imminent plans to approve a masters degree in gastronomy, there was also no objection, in theory. "One of the things we struggled with was the whole question of what is gastronomy," he said. He said the committee had not answered that question and would have to before any master's program could be approved.

The other night Mr. Pepin, who has a graduate degree in 18th-century literature, was delivering a lecture in the course. Among the required readings was an essay on the use of leftovers in the second half of the 19th century.

"It provides a closer look at the people than studying the Franco-Prussian War," said Mr. Pepin, who is giving five of the course's 16

lectures. He encourages students to look at history through the way people lived.

Mr. Pepin was covering France from the 15th through 19th centuries over a two-day period. He spoke of the beginnings of hygiene -- the custom of washing out one's mouth with vinegar after a meal, the appearance in France in the 16th century of the fork, the advent of etiquette at the dining room table, the disappearance of the stove in the Dark Ages and its reappearance in the 16th century.

It was a blustery and snowy night and only 10 of the course's 20 students were present.

At one point Emily Hunsicker, a 26-year-old graduate of Harvard College, said she was interested in knowing whether in 16th century France much attention was paid at mealtime to "esthetic harmony" in preparing food. Mr. Pepin replied that the answer was probably no. Ms. Hunsicker, who recently

submitted her midterm paper on "Food as Metaphor and Cuisine as Art," said she was wondering because she knew that colors were important in ceremony in the Middle Ages.

"That didn't come until the 18th century," Mr. Pepin replied. "The esthetic in the 16th was gross, large, enormous. Not refined."

Others in the class included a woman who had never graduated from college but, she said, always loved to cook. "For me it's a fabulous way to learn about people and cultures," said the woman, Polly Jackson, 70. Others included a 52-year-old high school culinary arts teacher, a 35-year-old freelance food writer and a 42-year-old real estate manager.

Netta Davis is a 35-year-old graduate of Wellesley who worked as an arts administrator until she took a trip to northern Spain and became so fascinated by the role of food in that

culture that she decided to study it. She said she decided to take the Boston University course after she was turned down from graduate programs elsewhere that did not match her concentration on food. "They didn't know what to do with me," said Ms. Davis.

Ms. Hunsicker, who studied comparative literature in college and worked briefly in television news, said she was thinking of switching to food criticism. "I think food is a terrific way to study history and culture," she said.

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## **Peg Bracken and Hating to Cook**

### **Karen Resta Bateman**

The "I Hate to Cook Book" sat on my mother's bookshelf when I was a child. I have a first edition here, from 1960. Same dust cover. I remember it

well. The "I Hate to Cook Book" sat there, and I looked at it, on that same bookshelf for years. I hated that book. I hated the "I Hate to Cook Book". It sat in between several books on art and lots of books on feminism. Lots of books on feminism. The other books were Agatha Christie paperbacks and Nero Wolfe paperbacks. I liked the mysteries. I loved the books on art that had lots of paintings between the thin rice paper sheets bound inside those tall precious books. The books on feminism did not register. But the "I Hate to Cook Book" was a real thing sitting there in its periwinkle blue cover. It was the only cookbook my mother owned, and I do not know where she got it. I know she didn't use it, for it never left the shelf. I know that it did, however, have a message that struck me directly in the heart each time I gazed upon it, and I did not like that message.

The message was "I hate to cook, Karen. I want to do other things

besides make you a meal." That message made me unhappy in imagining it, when I did, as a child. For she did hate to cook, my mother. And that seemed so wrong.

Now that I am much older I can understand my mother's feelings. And I can certainly understand the social movement that was behind the writing of the book. If one is tied to being one thing, to be clothed in the habitments of only one role, that can be awfully, terribly, limiting. Not only emotionally but financially, intellectually and many other ways. It's been forty-seven years since Peg Bracken wrote this book. It is a humorous book. Peg Bracken herself seems like the sort of person that anyone would want for a good friend . . . easy-going, funny, encouraging.

And yet I look at the recipes, now, and still, I cringe. There is a sameness to them of the sort that lives in things boxed and canned and packaged, a taste that is curiously and solely of the industrialized

world. I'm not crazy about that, at all. But then I remember why the book was written. It was written for a taste of freedom. It was written to create a sense of de-pressurization from rigidly defined roles that were actually painful roles to many people. But I still don't want to cook anything from it. As a woman who grew up to become an executive chef, I really don't want to cook anything from it, though that seems contradictory.

And I wonder where that leaves me, or if there is an answer to it all. Is the book useful? Yes. Is it good? In ways. And I am very glad it was written, pleased at all that it meant in its way. But it still doesn't taste just right.

I wonder if I dare to use a recipe from it. That would be interesting. For while I gazed at the pages to follow the recipes, the book would be in my mind as it was back then, on the second shelf up from the floor in the tall white-painted bookshelf, its pretty periwinkle blue cover

peering out encouragingly, while I sat there cross-legged on the floor, staring back at it with resentment and a bit of fear for what it seemed to mean to me, a young girl who truly just wanted a mother who would stay home and cook, back in 1963 when I was seven.

## **Peacock-Harper Culinary History Committee Changes**

### **Jean Robbins**

The Peacock-Harper Culinary History Committee is developing a focused direction with the goal to create visibility to the Peacock-Harper Collection. After two long work sessions, the members decided to expand its membership; change the organizational structure, explore and secure additional resources to support the Collection and the program goals. This direction is a big adjustment and challenge for this advisory group. Bylaws have been revised and were adopted with a vote in November of 2006.

The Mission Statement for the organization is as follows: "to build a quality culinary historical collection that reflects Virginia and American culture" with emphasis on rare cookbooks, Virginia cookbooks, and books of Southern culture. In order to carry out this Mission Statement, the newly organized Board and the Peacock-Harper Culinary History Friends Group is "geared" to seek national recognition for the Collection at Virginia Tech through the acquisition of valuable books. Greater effort will be made to easily access the collection by digitizing as many materials as possible. A Development Plan will include adding a permanent position for a Curator for the Collection.

Throughout these steps change performance indicators will be; documentation of other states utilizing the Collection; documentation of the Collections value and benefits; and documentation of the levels of

increased engagement of collection users, stakeholders, and sponsors. Documentation will be a promoter for awareness and recruitment of Friends members, donors, and sponsors.

The Peacock-Harper Culinary History Board and Friends

Organization will continue to follow this Strategic Direction Focus with expected outcomes and planned strategies. The Collection will be used as founder Dr. Ann Hertzler, stated about culinary collections: "for research by students, chefs, culinary historians, food writers/editors, authors, and other disciplines such as women's studies and domestic science fields." She wrote that "our history can be preserved by using culinary collections as the valuable research tool that they are!"

A North Carolina Cookbook author, Elizabeth Sparks, wrote a statement which greatly supports culinary collections. She stated that "historians place their emphasis on acts, dates and deeds and tend to

ignore those activities which are vital to the routine of everyday life. A picture of our foremothers in their kitchen is just as necessary to an understanding of our heritage as a picture of our forefathers lined up for a battle".

Keep in touch with the website information from the Peacock-Harper Culinary History Collection. Contact may be made at <http://www.culinarycollection.org> or <http://spec.lib.vt.edu/Culinary> at Virginia Tech University.

## **Children Learn African Cooking**

JEAN ROBBINS

Most American cookbooks for children are written for Anglo-American families based on European heritage. Finding children's cookbooks for a particular heritage is difficult. Cookbooks on African cooking for children can follow three streams of searching.

First, search for children's cookbooks with titles that suggest inclusion of the African Culture. UNICEF publishes educational materials with a multicultural, international approach. Some educational materials in the U.S. are designed to include international or a national focus on many cultural groups. Some sources will provide a more historical perspective than others.

The Little Cooks, Recipes from around the world for boys and girls, illustrated by Jean-Christopher Raufflet and Valerie Pettinari, UNICEF printed in Italy, Ca 1995, 32 pages X 2,

The Kids Multicultural Cookbook, Food & Fun Around the World, Deanna F. Cook, illustrated by Michael P. Kline, (A Williamson Kids Can! Book) Williamson Pub Co., Charlotte, Vermont, 1995, 159 pgs., (paper)

Kids Around the World Cook, Arlette N. Braman, 2000, 116 pgs

Second, search for titles that include the word Africa in titles designated for children's cooking. Some children's cookbooks and story books tell about celebrating Kwanza. Other children's story books can help tell history about specific foods such as sweet potatoes and rice.

Cooking the African Way - 22 Kid-tested recipes! Constance Nabwire & Bertha Vining Montgomery, Lerner Publications Company (Minneapolis), 1988, 48 pp.

The African-American Child's Heritage Cookbook, Vanessa Roberts Parham, Sandcastle Publishing, 1993, 290 pgs.

Third is building a class room "cook book" from local resources - interviewing African families, church, and business people. Have these resource people list African foods for each of the food groups in

the Food Guide Pyramid. Include the African name of the dish, if possible. Design a list of activities with the food information. Invite resource people to tell about the African recipes and about family stories connected with the recipes. Some might prepare foods for the children to taste but check you food sanitation guidelines for food tasting in the classroom. Children can write or draw stories about the foods they hear about or taste. And best of all, the children can learn to prepare and eat them.

You can use this outline for introducing many cultural groups to children.

## **African Cooking and Food: A Bibliography** Compiled by Cynthia D. Bertelsen

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### Web Site of Interest on African Cooking:

[http://dmoz.org/Home/Cooking/World\\_Cuisines/African/](http://dmoz.org/Home/Cooking/World_Cuisines/African/)

## JUMBLES

Jumbles are holiday cookies that were fashionable over a century ago. They were popular in the 1700s and 1800s when ingredients had to be measured and mixed by hand. No electric mixers or packages of frozen dough were available. Jumble recipes have declined while sand tarts have become very popular (W. W. Weaver: *The Christmas Cook*, 1990). Recipe directions from previous centuries may sound confusing but experienced cooks (and most women were) would know exactly what to do.

Many Jumble recipes were shared through manuscript recipe books such as Martha Washington's *Booke*

of Cookery (1749+): Take a pound & halfe of fine flower & a pound of find sugar, both searced & dried in an over, 6 youlks & 3 whites of eggs, 6 spoonfulls of sweet cream & as much rose water, fresh butter ye quantity of an egg. Mingle these together & make it into stiff paste. work it a quarter of an houre then break it abroad, & put in as much annyseeds or caraway seeds as you shall think fit, & put in A little muske & ambergreece. Roule them into rouls & make them in what forms you please. Lay them on pie plates thin buttered, & prick them with holes all over. Then bake them as you doe diet bread. If this quantity of eggs will not be enough to wet ye flour and sugar, put in 3 or 4 more, but noe more cream, butter, nor rosewater (p348).

Recipes are found printed in cook books such as The Virginia Housewife (1824) by Mary Randolph: To one pound of butter and one of flour, add one pound of sugar, four eggs beaten light and

whatever spice you like; knead all well together, and bake it nicely (157, 279).

Recipes in the 21st Century in America are in terms of household measure- 4 sticks (1 pound) butter, 2 cups superfine sugar, 4 eggs, 1 tsp. lemon extract, 4 ¼ cups all-purpose flour (The Christmas Cook,1990, W. W. Weaver, p152). Modern Jumble recipes suggest refrigerating the dough until firm for easy handling; roll out ¼ inch thick, and cut with cookie cutters.

Shapes: The name jumble implies a shape, not a flavor or texture - a cookie twisted in circular rings, knots, or bows. The dough is rolled out like a cookie dough, cut into thin strips which are then twisted into various knotted forms, some not so different from a pretzel or a figure 8. Simple circles that looked like a donut cutter were more common.

Decorate: Most Jumbles were plain. Some were decorated with red sugar

or caraway seeds, or sprinkled with lemon zest, nutmeg, mace, or cinnamon. Some recipes suggest rolling the dough in confectioner's sugar while other recipes suggest wiping each jumble with confectioner's sugar before baking for a bubbly crisp texture on the cookie top.

Track your history through family members and friends. Look in homes, museums, and newspapers for old time recipes for every day use or for special holidays. Have the family share in making, decorating, and enjoying and learning about holiday treats from past years.

## **Notes from the Chair**

### **“From Jamestown to the Blue Ridge: Cooking Up 400 years of Culinary History in Virginia.”**

We would like to thank everyone who supported us in any way with

the Symposium, “From Jamestown to the Blue Ridge: Cooking Up 400 years of Culinary History in Virginia.”

As you all know, due to the tragic and horrific events of April 16, 2007, the Symposium did not go forth as planned.

Even though we were unable to proceed with the Symposium as planned, we are scheduling three of the people involved with the Symposium for our general meetings this year. Our meetings will become a lecture series, we hope, and starting this year, we are opening up all of our meetings to the public.

In addition, we made some fantastic contacts across the country, including several very valuable media sources. Our Peacock-Harper Collection now has name recognition, as well.

At the present time, we are awaiting word as to whether or not the Office

of Risk management will assist us with paying off some or all of the debt we incurred in planning for the Symposium. Please know that if we had carried out the Symposium, there would not have been any debt.

Thank you all so much for your interest in and support for the Peacock-Culinary History Friends.

*Cindy Bertelsen, Chair, 2007-2008*

## **NEXT MEETING**

Mark your calendars for Friday, November 30<sup>th</sup> when our Peacock-Harper Culinary History Friends Group will listen to Chef Billie Raper, the Executive Chef at the historic Hotel Roanoke, give us a very special program. "What the elite Ate in the Good Old Days: Menus of the Grand Destination Hotels"

The Chef will demonstrate an historical recipe from the hotel's archives and discuss traditional menus from the early days of the grand destination hotels like The

Homestead, The Greenbrier, and the Biltmore.

We will have lunch before the program.

Cost: \$35 (tax and gratuity included, plus donation to Peacock-Harper)

Menu Choices. Please choose one.

Chicken Piccata with Lemon caper Sauce served with Linguini with Chives and Vegetables.

Wild Mushroom Pasta tossed with Penne Pasta and Roasted Red Peppers topped with shredded Parmesan.

Chesapeake Seafood Pasta: Shrimp and Scallops together with Penne Pasta and Creamy Smithfield Ham Sauce.

Lunches are served with Citrus Salad and White Chocolate Mousse Cake. (Wow! I can't wait!!)

**PRE-REGISTRATION REQUIRED,**

DEADLINE: NOVEMBER 22, 2007  
THERE IS A FORM ON THE  
WEBSITE OF THE LIBRARY, OR  
OUR WEBSITE, OR PLEASE SEND  
YOUR INFORMATION, YOUR  
LUNCH CHOICE, AND CHECKS-  
PAYABLE TO PEACOCK-HARPER  
CULINARY HISTORY FRIENDS.

Please send you information to:

Dr. Jo Ann Emmel  
Peacock-Harper Culinary History  
Friends  
P.O. Box 11086  
Blacksburg, VA 24062

Questions? Please call Jean Robbins  
(540-774-7895), Jo Anne Barton, or  
Sandy Bosworth (540-808-6342)

Thank you, and we're all looking  
forward to seeing you and your  
friends on November 30th.