

CAS...
COOK
BOOK



Sugar
Light Brown Sugar
White Corn Syrup
Vanilla
Room Temp
+ Food Coloring
eggs, Syrup & ...
Heat Without ...

LIFE

family
FLAVORS
2019

on the Family

Preserving North Carolina's Coastal Heritage Through Oral Histories



A Publication of
**BEAUFORT COUNTY
COMMUNITY COLLEGE**



LIFE *on the Family*

Preserving North Carolina's Coastal Heritage Through Oral Histories

family FLAVORS

CULTURAL STUDIES

Humanities 120

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2019

EDITOR'S WELCOME

Eddye's Party Mix

What makes a family recipe, well, a family recipe? My class had to ponder this as we searched our minds and interrogated our families about what the best recipes had the best stories for this edition of *Life on the Pamlico*. For me, I always default to my Grandma Marion's Pecan Pie because of the in-fighting at the holidays over who gets to take home the last slice. However, if you want to see that recipe, all you have to do is see my column from the 2014 "East Carolina Eats" edition of our publication. So, to discuss food traditions once again, what would I choose?

Since I've written the last column, I have gotten married to my

long-time beau, Chris Myers, and it was from his family that I drew my inspiration to discuss a family tradition – his mom, Eddye's, Party Mix.

I didn't know what party mix was, but my first Christmas with his family years ago, I remember how Chris lit up when he opened one of his gifts. It was a Tupperware container, clear with a red lid. He immediately peeled off the lid and scooped out a handful of crunchy party mix to devour.

That day marked the beginning of many Christmases and birthdays where we eagerly awaited our presents, knowing that the sacred Party Mix was awaiting us in one of our gifts. Chris's cousins are the same,



excited to get their containers and bags of mix that only get distributed on the most special days.

I don't think I really understood the importance of the recipe to the family, however, until recently when one of Chris's cousins was getting married. It was a small, informal ceremony, and Eddye showed up with a big container with a bow. Everyone on our side of the family immediately knew – the cousin was going to be thrilled because he was getting Party Mix – and it wasn't even Christmas!

The real show began when a family member of the bride accepted the gift for the gift table. She noticed what was inside and peeled up the the lid to grab a handful. No one can blame her. The smokey flavor of the

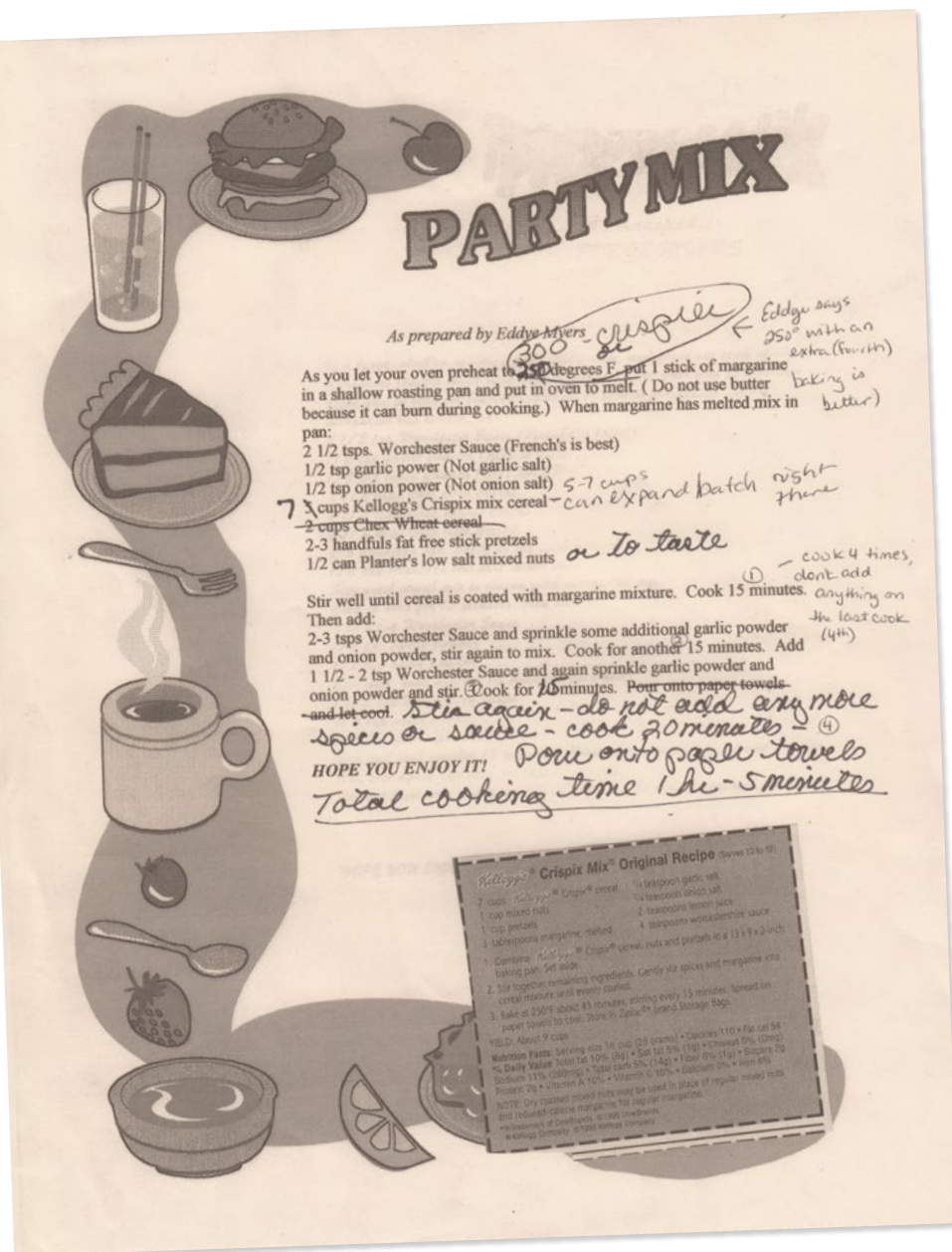


mix is so appealing that it's really hard to only take one bite (or handful). She enjoyed it so much, she decided to open the container and leave it out to share with the rest of the attendees of the small wedding.

Big mistake. I can laugh at it now, but at that moment, you could have cut the tension in the room with a knife. The sacred Party Mix that the cousin gets only once a year was going to be gone if left to the rest of the room. He'd be lucky to get any after the wedding and reception. But, in the face of his soon-to-be in-laws, he did what any good adult would do and tried to act like it wasn't a big deal. But, it was. If Eddy's eyes were lazer beams, that lady would have been a pile of rubble. Luckily, the lady picked up on the feelings of the family, obvious when none of the family would touch the mix that belonged to the cousin because it was a gift, a gift for him and his new bride. It was not something that any of us are very likely to share with others, and we didn't expect him to, either.

The container soon was closed and re-homed on the gift table, and then, the party went on like a good wedding should.

That was the day I really recognized how important that party mix was to my new family, and to Chris. In the spirit of family recipes, I decided to ask Eddy if I could attempt the recipe to share in this column as well as my students. Chris was surprised that she said yes, as it isn't something she shares often. He



didn't realize I had a copy of her recipe hidden in our cookbook that she'd given me some time back.

But, I was afraid. "I really hope I don't screw this up," I said to Eddy on the phone. She assured me that it would be fine, and I took her on her word that maybe I wouldn't mess this up too badly.

She explained that the recipe originally came from the back of a Crispix box, which she later modified.

Then, she modified it more, as she made it more. The copy of the recipe she gave me included in the original recipe and her version of it, and even it was covered in handwritten notes as she made adjustments over the years. While we were on the phone, I continued to write down additional notes and adjustments she suggested, making my copy nearly unreadable.

She warned me to wait until a day where the humidity was low



because it can affect how crunchy the mix gets. So, I did, and Chris watched the attempt, ready to sample on every round.

“She would always yell at me when I would open the oven to grab some,” he said. “Around that third round of cooking, it starts to smell really good ... smells like Christmas. I didn’t disagree, knowing that Eddye makes many, many batches for all of us at the holidays, stirring up her homemade chocolate fudge on the stove between batches of Party Mix in the oven.

I did make a change the the recipe when I made it, one I’d always wanted to try. The basic ingredients to the recipe are Crispix cereal, stick pretzels, and assorted nuts, and I always wanted to try the traditional knot-shaped pretzels. So, I substituted those in, and jumped right in to making the mix.

A few things didn’t go my way. I used a pan that was a little too shallow, so every time I went to stir the mix between rounds, it went flying all over the stove. It was okay, though, because Chris was there each time to pick up the escapees and give the mix a taste. He assured me it was progressing well.

I put in the correct number of handfuls of pretzels, but the shape messed up the count, and there were significantly less pretzels in the mix than everything else.

As I stirred the mix, Chris told me that his mom always used a small, wind-up kitchen timer to time each round while it baked, and she put the number of the round of baking on the microwave timer to help her keep track. Our microwave is a bit finicky, but he managed to finally get the rounds on the microwave for me so we wouldn’t cook the mix too many times.

When it came out of the oven

for the last time, it was maybe a little crunchier than it should have been, but that didn’t stop Chris from diving into it.

“I wouldn’t have married you if you didn’t like this stuff,” he joked. While the special recipe is something that he will continue to look forward to from his mother each year, it is nice to know that I can almost replicate it, and maybe with some practice, it’ll be something close to what she makes.

It’s a recipe that has changed many times, but finally has passed down to the next generation, waiting perhaps, for the day years or decades into the future when we make it and reflect back on all the good times with our family. Until then, it will remain a holiday treat we continue to look forward to each year.

Traditions are what you will find in the pages of this year’s edition of *Life on the Pamlico*. Many of the recipes are sweet treats that reflect our celebrations while others are food staples that continue ingrained family traditions. I hope you enjoy our stories and maybe even try a recipe or two from this year’s writers.

Bon appétit!

Suzanne Statesbury

Editor

Party Mix

As you preheat your oven to 250 degrees, put the stick of margarine (not butter, it will burn) in a shallow roasting pan and put it in the oven to melt. Once the margarine has melted, remove the pan and mix in the other ingredients

- 1 stick margarine
- 2 ½ tsps. French's Worcestershire Sauce
- ½ tsp. garlic powder
- ½ tsp. onion powder
- 5-7 cups of Crispix Cereal
- 2-3 handfuls of stick pretzels
- ½ regular sized can of low salt mixed nuts (or nuts of your preference)



Put in oven and cook 15 minutes. (Round 1)

Remove from oven and add 2-3 tsps. Worcestershire sauce and sprinkle additional onion and garlic powder on the mixture. Stir and return to oven for 15 minutes (Round 2).

Remove from oven. Add 1 ½ - 2 tsps. Worcestershire sauce to the mix and sprinkle with onion and garlic powder. Stir and return to oven for 15 minutes. (Round 3).

Remove from oven and stir. Do not add additional spices or sauce. Return to oven and cook 15-20 minutes or until crisp (Round 4). Total cooking time is approximately 1 hour and 5 minutes.

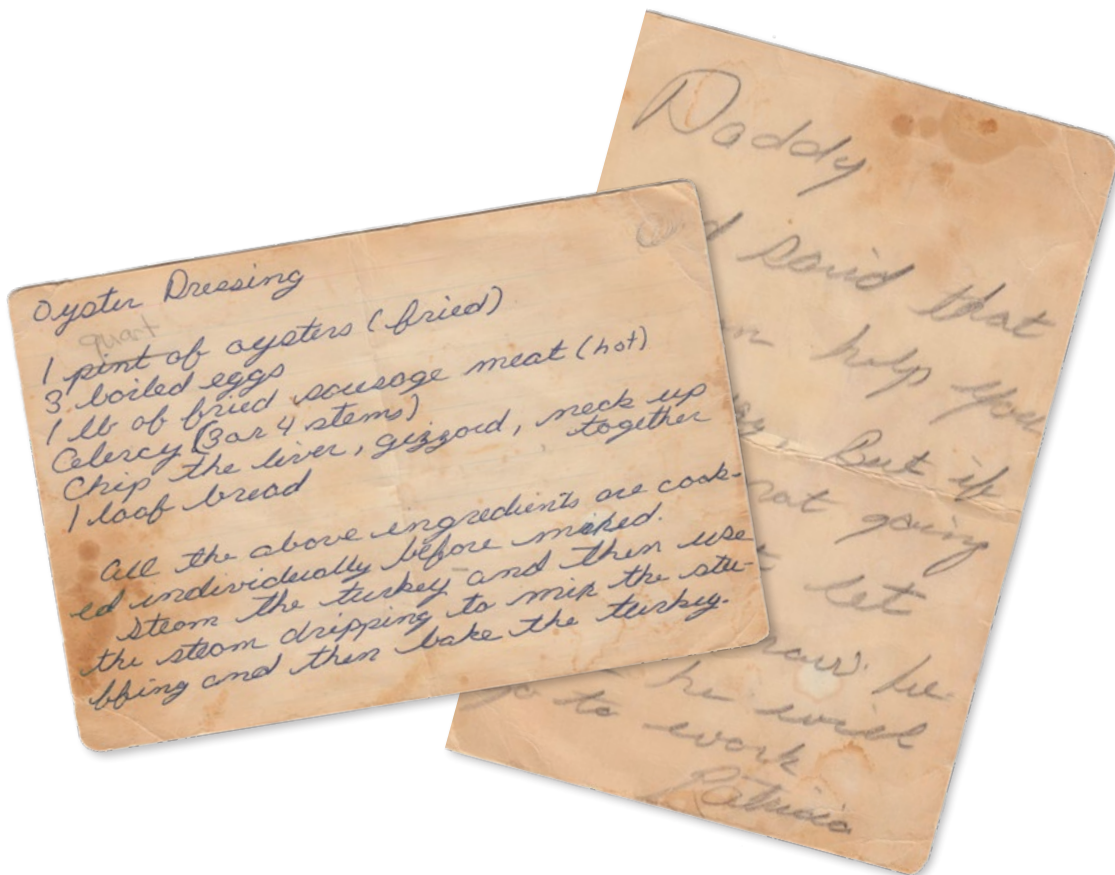
Remove from oven. Spread out mixture onto paper towels. Once cool, it is ready to eat. Store in a sealed container to retain freshness.

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CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Portulaca's Family Treat

Thomas Rose

“It’s not that hard to do,”

Portulaca explains, but in talking to others who have tried her fudge recipe and failed, I have heard otherwise. My grandmother, Francis Watson, whose nickname comes from the Portulaca flower, has been making fudge for much longer than I have been alive.

Her years of experience certainly show. Whatever she makes, you can taste the dedication and effort put into it. Portulaca treats the most simple dishes the same as complex and involved ones. Even something as simple as grilled cheese can have effort put into it. “It always tastes better when you put more effort into it, and you can tell the difference,” she argues. Her outlook on cooking revolves around the idea that you must not give up and learn from what you do, both good and bad.

The nickname I have given my grandmother, Portulaca, is not that old. I started calling her Portulaca around 2 years ago when I was helping her with gardening one day. I spotted a very small flower and discovered that the bright little flower had a very unusual



She would always make sure that there was fudge in the fridge or out on the table, ready for the picking.

name. She had previously tried to teach me about all of the flowers in her garden, which are very numerous as she enjoys gardening and keeping her yard looking perfect, but I could only remember three or four at best. Apart from the black-eyed Susans or the hydrangeas, most of the flowers did not stick out, except for this little light-orange flower with a foreign name. While other names such as hydrangea may sound equally unique, portulaca, especially how it is spelled, sticks with me surprisingly well.

After some time, I happen to find myself calling her Portulaca as naturally as Grandma, or even more so as it continued to stick. “How did you come to that for a nickname?” She asks me this; however, I have no answer. The name does not have any deep-rooted history between me and her, but it serves as a sort of inside joke or reference, one which you would think to die out after repeated use. Instead of dying, it continued to become more and more applicable, until she embraced her Portulaca side as well, coming to sign all of my gifts with the flower as an alias, like an undercover agent. This agent loves eating and making different things with chocolate, like many others in America.

Americans love their sweets and chocolate derived from the Theobroma Cacao plant. While the name may sound alien to many people, the Cacao plant produces the beans used in all types chocolate, from chocolate liqueurs to plain bar chocolate. Theobroma Cacao actually is Greek for “food of the Gods”, which perfectly represents the current and past culture revolving around it. Hundreds of years ago, the Aztec Empire had a deep-rooted love for “chocolate”, using it in many rituals and activities. Although “chocolate” back then was mostly just cocoa beans with very little flavoring or sweeteners and didn’t resemble what we have today, the Aztecs still loved it and

truly treated it as food from heaven. When Hernando Cortes, the man widely regarded as the first European to discover chocolate, brought Cacao seeds back to Europe, it caught on very quickly. Europeans started to incorporate and use the cocoa beans in many different ways, the most popular of which was making it into a drink.

Around a hundred years after its introduction, people started to add different products to the cocoa beans, making chocolate that somewhat resembles today’s version. Going forward a few centuries to present times, chocolate is still treated like “the food of the Gods” in American culture. Countless people consume chocolate each year, and close to two billion kilograms of chocolate were consumed in the United States alone in 2018. Thousands upon thousands of families have their own recipe with chocolate, coming in various forms, with small differences that have





been perfected from generation to generation. My family is no different.

Portulaca started to make fudge in 1966 after she met my grandfather. Every Christmas, my great-great grandmother on my grandfather's side would make fudge for all of her guests. She would always make sure that there was fudge in the fridge or out on the table, ready for the picking. Portulaca learned the recipe from her, and carried it on when my great-great grandmother passed away.

"I decided that I would keep the recipe going," she said. However, Portulaca was not adept in making fudge at the time, and she went through years of trial and error to find what worked. She made batches that were hard to look at, and some batches that were so physically hard they could be used as bricks. Through her many years of experience, she has learned that cooking is not as simple as following a recipe. "You have to know your oven and have years of trial and error to properly cook," she said. There may be those that can cook anything

on any oven or tool, but the best cooking comes from someone who knows the idiosyncrasies of their oven. There may be newer versions of her oven that she got back in 1980 with more accurate temperatures or readings, but as with many of the recent innovations, you cannot go wrong with old and proven models.

Her attitude with cooking is one she feels has become lost with recent generations. "People just give up to early," she says. Everyone faces adversity, and that in itself is normal and fine. The issue is when people give up. They simply let their dreams fall through the cracks when it fails once. If her fudge recipe

is anything to go by, the best results only come from the greatest failures. I can personally vouch for that.

Through her experience and her many trials and errors, Portulaca has learned subtle nuances to perfecting her fudge. With a recipe that takes only around thirty minutes and includes minimal ingredients when comparing to other recipes, there has to be something that changes the taste, texture, or consistency of the fudge. Portulaca has found these subtle factors that can drastically change the outcome. One of her secret tips is to stir the pot and scrape the edges while the fudge is boiling. This will get the sugar that collects on the side of the pot and put it back into the fudge. Though

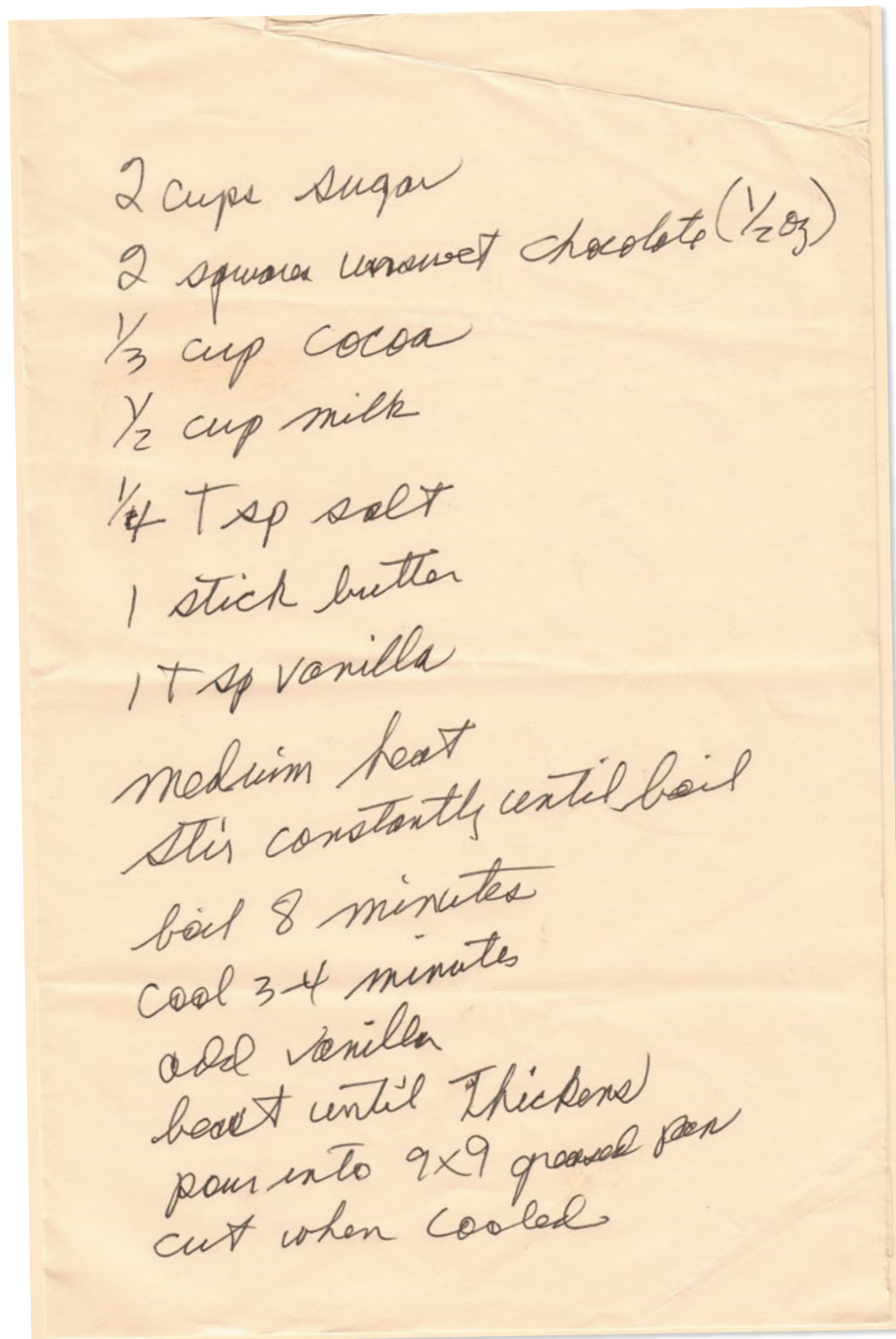


it may seem simple and insignificant, doing this will ultimately transform the texture into a more gritty, fulfilling fudge, sometimes referred to as "old style fudge". Another tip she has is to wait for the fudge to mostly cool off after it boils to add the vanilla extract. When the fudge is still hot in the pot, it can completely or partially evaporate

the vanilla extract, causing uneven proportions. In a dish perfected through decades, it is very important to pay attention to the small details.

If it were possible to give everyone some of this fudge, I would be reluctant to do so. I would want to keep it all to myself. I say this, but it is certainly better eating fudge with

my family and friends in an old house during Christmas. The smell alone gets my dessert stomach ready for fudge, even when the dinner before made me push human limits of stuffing myself. It's almost like a supernatural effect. I always seem to have room for fudge.



CHICKEN DIVAN

Cooking Chicken in the Kitchen

Kyle Braddy

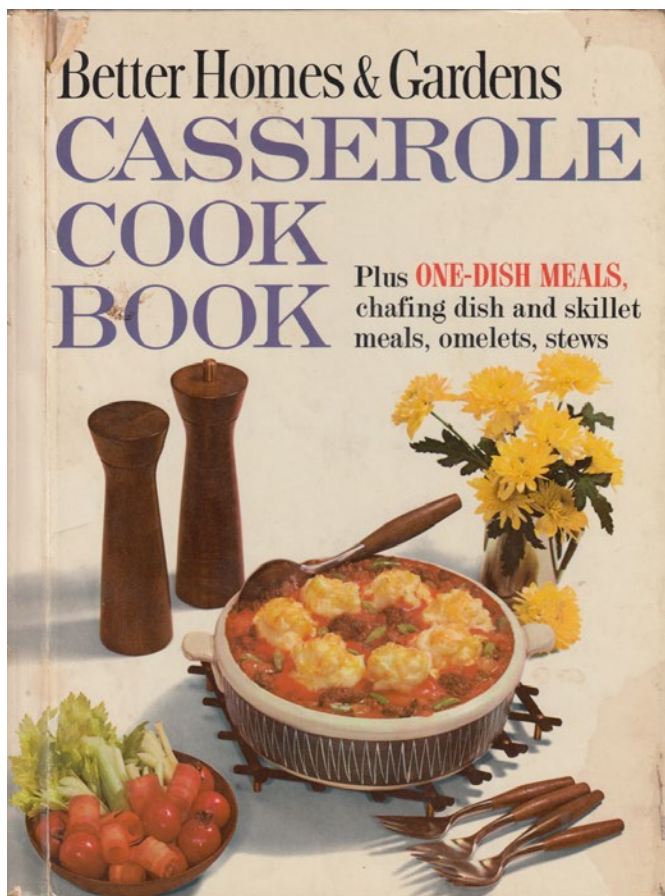
Behind the grill every morning on Beaufort County Community College's campus, Mrs. Ann March Hill cooks breakfast for a sea of early college and college students and serves each individual their order with a napkin and a welcoming smile.

Mrs. Ann has been living in Washington since 2001. She started cooking when she was fifteen years old and ended up teaching herself because her mom was sick with a brain tumor. One of the first dishes she cooked was spaghetti.

"It was good. I did a real easy recipe. I cooked it in an electric skillet," Mrs. Ann said.

She didn't start cooking professionally until around 2009. Mrs. Ann's favorite dishes to cook include grilled salmon over rice with steamed broccoli. "It is yummy," she says. Another dish she enjoys is Beef phili on the grill. Mrs. Ann says she frequently likes to cook something different when she's at home. One of her favorite things about running the





College Grill is the variety of special dishes she can offer.

However, chicken, she admits, is one of the more popular choices both in her family and at the College Grill.

“Our number one seller is here the Down East Basket: the chicken tenders and fries,” Mrs. Ann explained.

Every year, Mrs. Ann asks people on campus what kind of food they would like for her to offer in the College Grill. The answer is typically healthy food options. To reflect this, the Grill offers vegetarian options like the Beaufit Burger, made of black beans, and it has recently added a salad bar.

“This is what cracks me up. We ask people what they want, and they want healthy options. So, I put in a

salad bar, but they still go for the chicken tenders and fries,” Mrs. Ann said.

Chicken is also a favorite food in Mrs. Ann’s family.

“I like to make chicken divan. My son, growing up, he always requested chicken balls because that’s what they look like: balls of chicken that are fried,” Mrs. Ann said. “That’s a fun one to make; it’s just time consuming.”

Mrs. Ann explained that the recipe was her Mom’s

originally. Her mother found it in the *Better Homes and Gardens Casserole Cookbook* published in 1961. The family’s version of the recipe has quite an interesting story.

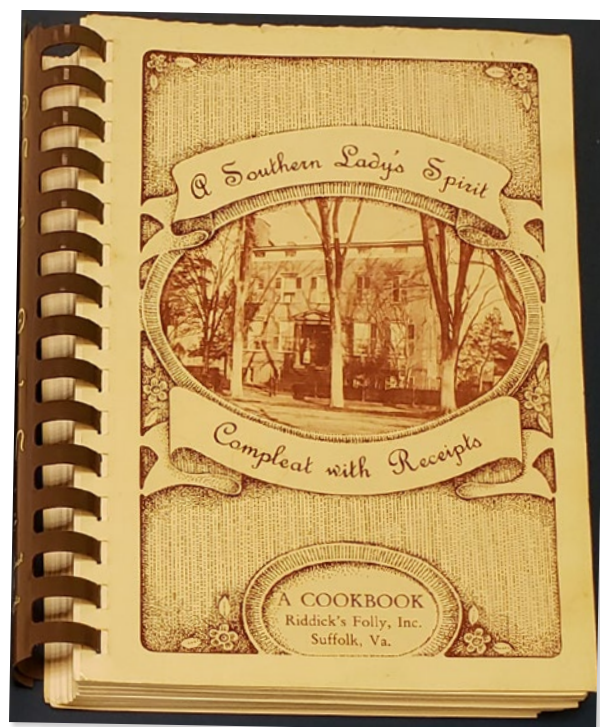
Mary Virginia Marsh, Ann’s mother, started making Chicken Divan for bridge club and other events. It was so well-liked, Mrs. Marsh shared the recipe with an acquaintance, Elaine Davis. However, what Mrs. Marsh didn’t know was Davis submitted the recipe to a local cookbook. It was published as “Mary Virginia Marsh’s Chicken

Divan” in *A Southern Lady’s Spirit: Compleat with Receipts* published in Suffolk, Va.

However, Ann’s mother did not make the recipe as it was printed in the book.

“The reason I found out was because a friend of mine bought this book for me when it came out in 1986,” Mrs. Ann said. “I looked it up, and I’m like, that’s not my mom’s recipe! So, apparently she didn’t want to give her secrets away.”

Her mother used frozen broccoli, cooked chicken breasts that included the bones, and cream of chicken soup “because you know that makes everything better,” Mrs. Ann said. Other ingredients for the recipe include mayonnaise, lemon juice, curry powder, shredded cheddar, breadcrumbs, and margarine or butter. Mrs. Ann’s version is a little different from her mother’s recipe as well. She



says she prefers to use fresh broccoli, and she always uses butter.

“That’s the thing about family recipes. As they get passed down, they morph a little bit,” Mrs. Ann said. However, making the dish does remind her of her mother and of family.

When asked, “What do you think makes food so culturally significant in today’s world?”, Mrs. Ann said, “Well, I think it depends on what you’re looking at. This particular dish is comfort food, and it spans the generations.

“That’s what comfort food is. It spans all the generations. No matter whether it’s from 1900 or 2019, there’re times when all we want is some comfort food, it doesn’t matter when,” Mrs. Ann said. “Plus, it’s just what we all fall back on, I think.”

To get a taste of Mrs. Ann Hill’s variety of food options, visit the College Grill on the campus of Beaufort County Community College, Building 5.



Easy Chicken Divan—old favorite with a new twist

The traditional combination, broccoli spears and slices of chicken, bakes in delicious cheese sauce—but *this* sauce is no-cook. Another surprise: It’s seasoned with curry! The topping is crisp buttered crumbs. Remember this dish for a buffet dinner—complete meal with toasty French bread, molded fruit salad, warm upside-down cake. (If dinner goes elegant, substitute Classic Chicken Divan and a handsome torte.

Easy Chicken Divan

- 2 10-ounce packages frozen broccoli or
- 2 bunches fresh broccoli
- 2 cups sliced cooked chicken or
- 3 chicken breasts, cooked and boned
- • •
- 2 cans condensed cream of chicken soup
- 1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon curry powder
- ½ cup shredded sharp process cheese
- • •
- ½ cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, melted

Cook broccoli in boiling salted water till tender; drain. Arrange stalks in greased 11½x7½x1½-inch baking dish as shown above. Place chicken on top.

Combine soup, mayonnaise, lemon juice, and curry powder; pour over chicken. Sprinkle with cheese. Combine crumbs and butter; sprinkle over all. Bake at 350° 25 to 30 minutes or till thoroughly heated. Trim with pimiento strips. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Curried Chicken Casserole

A timesaver that’s tops—

- 1 10-ounce package frozen
- broccoli spears
- • •
- 1 can condensed cream of chicken soup
- 1 10½-ounce can chicken a la king
- 1 teaspoon curry powder
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- ¾ cup shredded sharp process cheese
- • •
- 2 cups cooked rice

Cook broccoli according to package directions; drain. Combine soup, chicken a la king, and seasonings. Heat through. Add cheese and stir till melted.

In greased 10x6x1½-inch baking dish, place *half* the rice, then *half* the broccoli, and *half* the sauce. Repeat layers. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 25 to 30 minutes or till thoroughly heated. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

*No matter whether it's from 1900 or 2019,
there're times when all we want is some comfort food.
It doesn't matter when.*

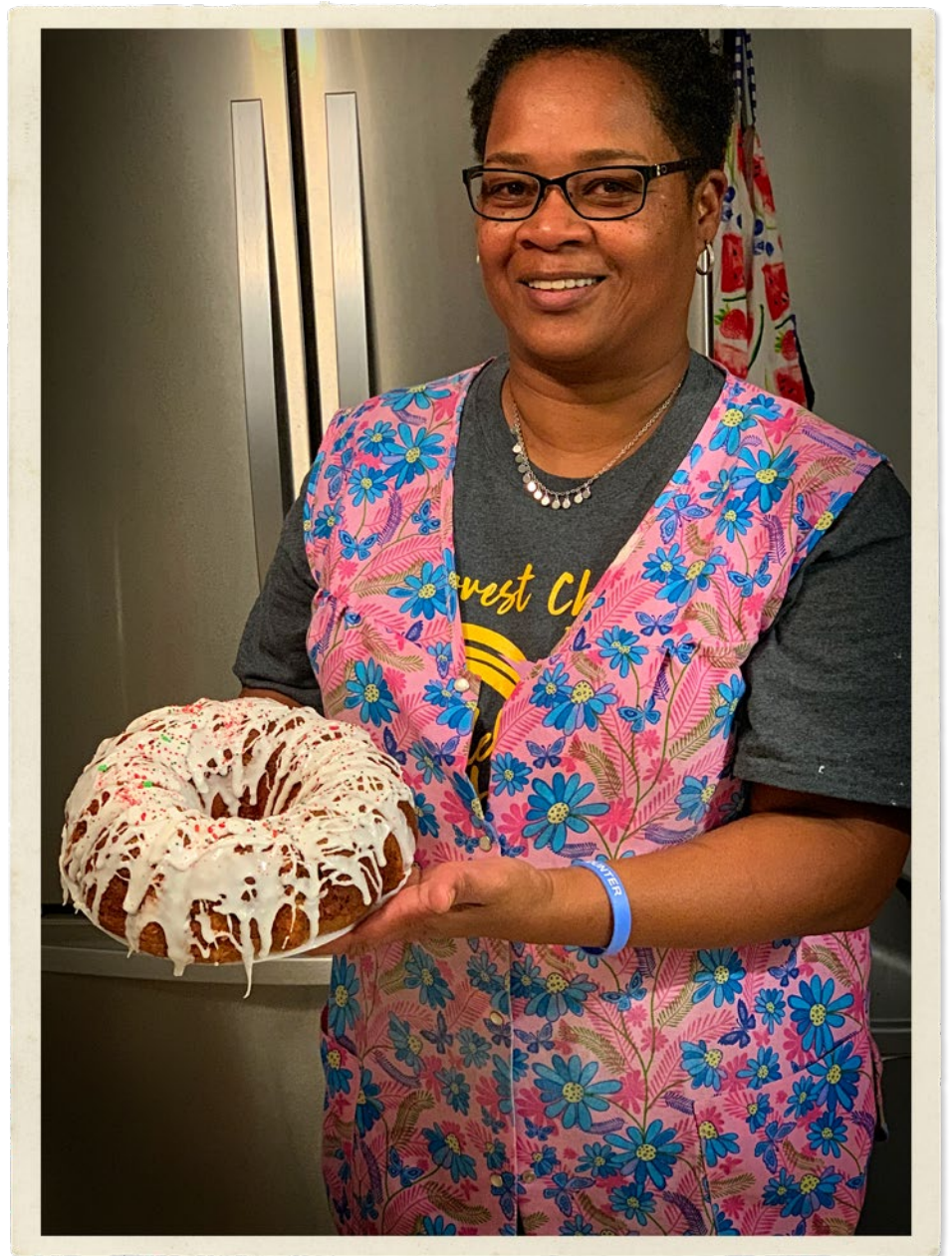
SOCK-IT-TO-ME CAKE

In Memory Of Georgia Moore-Rutledge

Georgina Wooden

Sherry Wooden and her husband Carneilius are natives of Washington, North Carolina. Sherry has two children (I am one of them) and is a full-time caregiver for her husband. Despite her busy home life, she finds time to pursue her education at Beaufort County Community College working on an Associate in Arts degree. Since moving back to Washington in 2004 from Aiken, South Carolina, Sherry has worked several jobs and actively attends the local community college with hopes of completing her major and graduating in 2020.

Staying busy for Sherry isn't a problem. She finds joy in volunteering in the kitchen at Harvest Church. She can be found organizing kitchen volunteers, checking and ordering inventory, and preparing meals for different services and outreaches at church. They have found a faithful and willing soul to oversee their kitchen. Sherry says that volunteering at church gives her a chance to use her gifts and talents. It's natural to her to



help prepare and serve meals for up to 200 people at times.

She gives praise to the other volunteers that help her in the kitchen when needed. "I couldn't do it without them," she says. I've helped Sherry in the kitchen at church several times. The aroma of the delicious smelling foods always leads people to ask, "What's cooking?" People enjoy seeing Sherry in the kitchen because they know not only is she cooking but also she's a pleasure to be around.

Sherry's latest hobby is gardening. She first started with a few household plants then decided to try her hands at the outdoor soil. Growing mammoth sunflowers during the summer with the family was a hit two years ago. Then, she grew more sunflowers the next summer but added some tomatoes plants to the garden to challenge herself. Within weeks, she had beautiful red tomatoes hanging from the vines. People always said

she has a green thumb. Sherry explained how this encouraged her to try a variety of plants.

"One winter, I grew cabbage collards, and they turned out great," she said. "I harvested enough to share with my neighbor."

Sherry can often be found in the kitchen creating family meals. Now that her children are older, she doesn't cook as much. Sherry explains, since her children have their driver's licenses, she found herself cooking and wasting food. "I had to give food away because no one eating it," she said. It wasn't because the dishes weren't good; it's just everyone ate when it was convenient for them. However, food does bring people together.

One of the dishes Sherry makes is Sock-It-To-Me Cake. She later explained that my Nana the late Georgia Moore-Rutledge would make that cake during the Christmas holidays. I'm very familiar with the cake. My mom taught me how to make this cake 10 years ago when I was only 10 years old. She explained that Nana didn't have extra money to buy gifts for her friends; therefore, she gave from her heart something she thought everyone would enjoy — a cake.

I was told that Nana had a very fun and loving spirit. She loved people, and people loved her. So, when she gave her cakes



away, that created the opportunity for her to socialize with her friends and family. People looked forward to those Sock-It-To-Me Cakes every year. At one point, she said Nana's friends would place orders for the cakes during the holidays and give them away as gifts. A kind gesture as simple as giving cakes as gifts to friends turned into a holiday business for Nana. She was able to bake and earn money doing something that brought her pleasure.

Sherry said Nana found the recipe on the side of a Duncan Hines Butter Cake Mix box, but they never figured out why it was called "Sock-It-To-Me Cake." The recipe was interesting because it almost reminded Nana of a coffee cake. She enjoyed drinking fresh brewed coffee in the mornings. The Sock-It-To-Me Cake had a brown sugar with nuts streusel streaked in the middle of it. The recipe



wasn't a hit at first, but after a couple of tries, it became Nana's favorite. Mom said Nana and my grandpa loved the cake so much that they would eat the whole cake within two days.

After Nana died, my mother carried on the tradition of making the Sock-It-To-Me Cake over the Christmas holidays. She admires how Nana chose to bake cakes for her friends as gifts during the holidays. Because my mom helped Nana bake and wrap those cakes for so many years, it became a tradition in our family each year. Recently, I watched my mom make a Sock-It-To-Me Cake. As always, before she starts to bake, she prepares the kitchen. She spreads out a thin yellow tablecloth

decorated with flowers, ladybugs, and butterflies.

"This was your nana's favorite tablecloth," she said. To me, tradition isn't just about food; it's about the items we cherish and use throughout the years, left behind by love ones. The tablecloth was lightly stained and had solid dripping of cake batter on it after baking the cake. However, beneath all of that was the presence of my Nana watching over us in the kitchen smiling. Mom preheats the oven to 350 degrees. She uses cooking spray and a little of the cake mix to prepare her favorite fluted tube cake pan.

To tell the truth, I had to ask constantly about the ingredients for

*The older I get,
the more I'm
fascinated with my
mothers' talents
when it comes to
cooking and baking*

the cake. We only make it during the holidays; therefore, I had to be reminded of how to make it. My Mom poured a box of Duncan Hines Butter cake mix in a bowl. She then cracked four eggs on the side of the bowl. I will never understand how she cracks eggs so quickly using one hand. Water, oil, sugar and sour cream is then added. After mixing for four minutes, she sat the batter aside.

The best part of this cake is the streusel filling. It consists of brown sugar, cinnamon and chopped pecans. She carefully poured 2/3 of the batter in the cake pan. Then, she evenly sprinkled in the streusel filling. Adding the remaining batter on top of the streusel was the final step before going into the oven. Next, she wound up a small white timer for 35 minutes.

"I don't put anything in the oven without setting a timer," she said. She adopted that habit while working at a local bakery. She said they always had to set timers to be reminded of food in the oven. "That timer has kept many of my cakes and cookies from over baking," Mom said, smiling.

Meanwhile, I helped Mom make



the glaze for the cake. She said some people prefer the cake without glaze, but I think it tastes good either way. There were only two ingredients used to make the glaze. Sherry slowly added milk and incorporated it into the confectioners sugar. She stirred with a small, stainless-steel antique looking whisk. This process took longer than I expected because we were aiming for a stiff, not runny consistency. After a few minutes of nursing the process, Mom was satisfied with the glaze.

While the cake baked, I asked Mom about some of her other favorite recipes. She talked about her favorite cake, strawberry shortcake.


"I like chocolate cake and banana pudding. But, strawberry shortcake is my favorite," she said. She also likes to sprinkle sugar over fresh sliced strawberries and let it sit for a while. Then, she is likely to put Cool Whip on top of angel food cake and let the juice from strawberries absorb in the cake top with strawberries. "That's good eats," she said, licking her lips.

The cake comes out of the oven, then cools for a while. Before it gets to cool, Mom drizzles the glaze on it. She rotates it and makes a web-like design on top. It looks like something from a real bakery. She slices it, and I have mine with a cold glass of milk.

The cake tastes better and better every time I eat it. The sour cream makes it very moist, and the streusel is like a hidden surprise in it. The older I get, the more I'm fascinated with my mothers' talents when it comes to cooking and baking.

I love family traditions. My mom said traditions are based on those things we hold close to our hearts created from people we love. The Sock-It-To-Me Cake will remain in my family throughout the years because it was important to my Nana, then my mom, and now, I plan to carry on the legacy and make the cake in my family for years to come. For this opportunity, I thank my Nana because without her, this family tradition would not exist.

9/93



Recipe: Sock-IT-TO-ME CAKE

Serves: 12-16

CAKE:

- 1 pk. DUNCAN HINES BUTTER MIX *
- 4 EGGS
- 1c. DAIRY SOUR CREAM
- 1/3c. CRISCO
- 1/4c. WATER
- 1/4c. GRAN. SUGAR

STREUSEL FILLING

- 2T. RESERVE CAKE MIX *
- 2T. BROWN SUGAR
- 2T. GROUND CINN.
- 1c. CHOPPED PECANS

GLAZE

- 1c. XXXX SUGAR
- 1 to 2T. MILK

ADD: 1/2 BATTER, SPRINKLE STREUSEL, OTHER 1/2 BATTER, SWIRL MIX.

PREHEAT 350° GREASE & FLOUR


Bake 40 minutes

Combine: 2 TBSP CAKE MIX
Brown sugar, cinnamon & pecans
set aside

Combine: Cake Mix
eggs
sour cream
oil
water & sugar
large bowl

Beat 4 minutes / medium speed

Pour 2/3 batter prepare pan
sprinkle pecan mixture
Spoon remaining batter
over pecan mixture



Wellspring York, Pennsylvania 17402

CHICKEN ADOBO

A Family Meal

Alexander Carrick

*I*n my family, food has never been rationed. When my mom, Toni Carrick, cooks, she cooks mountains. We have very large cafeteria bins for serving food, huge pots that are intended for steaming that we fill with stew. We buy rice in bulk because of how quickly my family consumes it. We always get two gallons of milk at a time, for it to be gone in a day. Whether it's good or bad, my mom has never put restrictions on food. She says, "I never want my kids to be hungry." Having three teenage sons all over six feet tall and over two hundred pounds each, she cooks a lot.

So, what kind of meals are best to cook in mass quantities? Food is not cheap, especially when you cook a lot. In our family, the answer is chicken adobo. Consisting of potatoes, chicken, onions, vinegar, and soy sauce, it is a delicious and inexpensive meal. Adobo is made in many different ways. Basically, it is a meat braised in vinegar. That is a very broad definition, so no adobo recipe is the same.



My mom's recipe is a stew. She puts the potatoes, onions, and chicken into water and cooks it on the stove. She does not deviate much from typical adobo recipes, but the main ingredient she adds to make it stand out from the rest is soy sauce. When asked if the type of soy sauce matters, she said, "Definitely, La Choy is the way to go. Most people prefer Kikkoman, but La Choy is definitely the best."

Adobo cooks on the stove or a crock pot for a long time on low heat. This makes the chicken so tender it falls off the bone. The vinegar penetrates the chicken and potatoes, making them extremely flavorful. While the chicken and potatoes are delicious, my favorite part is the juice. We call it juice because we drink it like it's actually a drink, but it's basically just broth. Nothing beats finishing your chicken and potatoes to find that the bed of rice has been soaking in the broth. Adobo is delicious from start to finish.

Chicken adobo is a classic Filipino dish, and while the Philippines have no one national food, many people consider chicken adobo to be its unofficial national food. So how did my mom who was born in Florida and has lived in the United States her whole life, learn how to make Filipino dishes?

"I learned how to cook from watching my mom," she said. Her dad was from the Philippines, and her mom always made her dad's favorite foods. She also learned how to make



several other dishes, but most are fish-based because the Philippines are an island nation with fish being a main food source. However, my siblings do not like fish, so she does not make those. That's why chicken adobo has become our main family dish. It is something special to her that she can share to bring joy to her family.

There are a few other Filipino dishes that she makes us occasionally. The two that stand out are pancit and gilly gilly. Pancit is noodles cooked with eggs and beef. Sometimes she makes it with chicken. Vegetables are added and of course, La Choy soy sauce is generously applied. Gilly gilly, on the other hand, is strange

because I had to do a lot of digging to find traces of it on the internet. There is no consensus on what it is: some websites say it is adobo, and some say it is leftover food. What it is supposed to be aside, my mom makes it with ground beef and potatoes. She cooks them in a pan and adds seasoning and once again, a lot of La Choy soy sauce.

Even though everything my mom cooks is great, chicken adobo will always reign supreme. Its aroma has a way of radiating through the house, making me practically float into the kitchen like a Disney character floats to a fresh pie. I even have a special adobo bowl, a bowl that is so big it isn't practical for anything else. I instantly

*I even have a special adobo bowl,
a bowl that is so big it isn't practical
for anything else.*

fill a third of the bowl with rice, place a chicken breast onto the rice, surround it in potatoes, and use a ladle to fill the remainder of the bowl space with the juice. There are never any leftovers.

Chicken adobo is one of those special meals that you must watch with your favorite shows. Eating chicken adobo wrapped in a blanket while watching Netflix is the epitome

of home. Well, my home at least. And, it would not be home without my mom, Toni Carrick, to cook foods that bring me and all my siblings out of our rooms to be amazed at what she has prepared.

Chicken Adobo

Ingredients:

- oil ($\frac{1}{4}$ cup)
- chicken thighs (5)
- Onion (about $\frac{3}{4}$ large onion)
- Soy sauce ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup)
- Rice vinegar ($\frac{3}{4}$ cup)(or more)
- garlic powder (~ 2 teaspoons)
- Black pepper (~ 1 teaspoon)
- Salt (~ 2 teaspoon)
- Potatoes (5 small ones)
- Water (as needed)
- Bay leaves (2)
- Rice (3-4 cups)

Instructions

- wash chicken and potatoes
- heat oil in pot
- add chicken skin side down
- add garlic powder, pepper, and salt
- add Soy sauce and vinegar
- add Onions and potatoes
- add Water and Soy sauce as needed
- add bay leaves
- cover pot, let boil at medium to low heat
- let cook For about 40 mins to an hour

PIG PICKIN' CAKE

A Traditional Southern Dessert

Denny Bolafka

a Pig Pickin' Cake is a traditional Southern dessert that remains a favorite at picnics, cookouts, or any other types of church or social gatherings. People who are not from the Southern states are often confused or even put off by the name of the cake, "Pig Pickin'", but not to worry; there are absolutely no body parts of the pig in the cake.

In the southern states like Georgia and the Carolinas, pig roasts or barbecue pork roast are referred to as pig pickin's. A whole pig is roasted, and then the meat is picked off the carcass. Pig Pickin' Cake began as one of the traditional desserts to finish off the feast. These barbecues are special events, and everyone brings their favorite potluck dishes and desserts. This cake has become a favorite dessert at these events, and therefore, it eventually became known as Pig Pickin' Cake. There are many different side dishes that can be found at the delicious banquet that is a pig



pickin', such as baked beans, macaroni salad, potato salads, coleslaw, and hush puppies. The Pig Pickin' Cake is one of the traditional desserts that finishes off the feast.

The question is why did this cake end up at pig pickin's? One of the interesting facts about the cake is no one can pinpoint the exact date when the very first Pig Pickin' Cake was introduced, but we do know the Pig Pickin' Cake first originated in North Carolina. In the Tennessee area during hog killing time and sausage and ham making events among farmers, this cake become known as Pea Pickin' cake, but the only difference is the name. It was during this time that farmers would get together and help with the chores at each other's farms, and the wives would provide a covered-dish meal.

However, while popular in North Carolina and Tennessee, the cake also has a home in other states. In the early part of the 20th century, this



cake began showing up in hotels in Florida because this orange mandarin cake could only be made seasonally, and Florida has the climate to grow these oranges.

In the other states, mandarin oranges were the only fruit available year-round because it was a canned fruit. Also, before the advent of commercial refrigeration, dairy was extremely costly. Prior to 1950, canned evaporated and condensed milk was a commonplace ingredient, which made this cake an economical treat.

By the 1980s, the Pig Pickin' Cake recipe began to appear in the newspapers and women's magazines. Many recipe books have introduced the Pig Pickin' cake to new generations. One of the most popular cookbooks is *Holy Smoke: The Big Book of North Carolina Barbecue* from 2008. Of

course, each person has his or her own version of the recipe and name for the cake.

In Florida, this cake was went by many names such as the Sunshine Cake. Some of the other names were: Celestial Snow Cake, Orange Pineapple Cake, Pig Lick'n Cake, and the Daffodil Cake. In Tennessee, this cake become known as Pea Pickin' cake. However, the major difference between these cakes is the name. The ingredients are nearly the same.

Regardless of the name, this cake is sweet, moist orange cake topped with a rich, creamy pineapple topping. However, the fact of the matter is this cake has its roots firmly planted in the south where it is loved and is still served as a traditional desert at pig roasts, and family and community gatherings.



When Anita assembles the cake layers, the fragrance of the frosting fills the kitchen; my taste buds are screaming with sheer delight. The cake is beautiful, and the smell is heavenly.

I am standing in the culinary kitchen at Beaufort County Community College in Building 8. Anita Leggett Price is one of the Personal Enrichment instructors. She has owned her own bakery for 25 years: "Anita's Cakes and Candies" in Jamesville, North Carolina. On this day, Anita is going to show me how to bake a homemade Pig Pickin' Cake. This recipe is the combination of recipes from her grandmother, Daisy Barber, and her aunt, Sarah Barber Price. Over the years, Anita's grandmother and her Aunt Sarah have tweaked the recipe to fit their family's palate.

Anita believes that, "Cooking is an art, but baking is a science." Before Anita began mixing the recipe, she greased three round cake tins. Anita uses a special blend of "Pan Grease" consisting of 1 cup flour, 1 cup shortening, and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup vegetable oil. She mixes this all together and keeps this pan grease in the fridge to solidify. Using this, Anita says the cake will not stick to the bottom of the pan nor will you have to worry about cake crumbs when you frost your cake.

She starts by preparing the dish. Anita prefers King Arthur's flour.

"It creates lovely baked goods," she says. Anita is very meticulous when measuring out dry ingredient such as the King Arthur flour. She can't resist teaching me some cooking tips along the way. Anita says, "Gently level off the flour rather than packing because packing the flour can throw off the recipe sometimes. The cake or cookies what ever you are making will turn out dry." Another tip I learned from Anita is if you use too much salt it will detract from the sweet and tangy taste of the orange and pineapple. As Anita was mixing the recipe, the smell from the grated orange peel filled my nostrils with such a sweet aroma. While the three cake layers are cooking, she drained the crushed pineapple; she will later use the drained pineapple juice in the recipe.

Anita begins to prepare the whip cream frosting. By adding the grated orange peel, she explains, "it gives the frosting more of a citrus punch!" After the cake layers are finished, the layers must cool. She prepares the cake layers by brushing on the reserved pineapple juice. The pineapple juice adds moisture to this mouthwatering cake. When Anita assembles the cake layers, the fragrance of the frosting

fills the kitchen; my taste buds are screaming with sheer delight. The cake is beautiful, and the smell is heavenly.

The pineapple and orange peel are such a nice blend, woven into the cake layers and the frosting. This cake goes well with the foods you typically eat at the Pig Pickin' event which can be a bit heavy. This is a nice light summer dessert. Anita loves this Pig Pickin' cake because it is moist, light, and fluffy and has a sweet and tart taste.

This cake is good at weddings, birthdays, and family gatherings. This recipe has been in Anita's family for at least 50 years. One of Anita's treasured memories of the Pig Pickin' cake is of her and her husband's wedding shower 37 years ago. It was a family tradition prior to that event, and it continued as a family tradition in the years that followed. Anita has made this Pig Pickin' cake many times over the past 25 years as her business has grown. Anita enjoys baking and watching her family, friends and her faithful customers enjoy her true labor of love.

The last time Anita made this cake prior to our meeting was during the fall semester of 2018 when the culinary department held a Pig Pickin' class at Beaufort County Community College. The college offers this Pig Pickin' class frequently, and Anita makes this wonderful dessert to complement the delicious barbecue pork roast and side dishes.

If you would like further

information about upcoming Pig in Building 8 on BCCC's campus at Pickin' classes or any other culinary 5337 US Hwy 264 East, Washington, courses, you may visit the Beaufort NC. We believe, "You Belong Here!" County Community College website Our Personal Enrichment at www.beaufortccc.edu or the instructor, Anita Leggett Price of Continuing Education Department "Anita's Cakes and Candies", has a

bakery located in Jamesville, NC. 27846. To contact her, call (252) 402-7431. You can also visit her page on Facebook at www.facebook.com/Countrycakelady and see all the yummy, beautiful delicious cakes, candies and cookies.

Pig Pickin' Cake

- 1 1/2 ounces (about 2 1/4 cups) all-purpose flour (Anita prefers King Arthur brand)
- 1 Tbsp. baking powder
- 1/2 Tbsp. salt (Anita prefers to use kosher salt, but any type will do)
- 1 1/2 ounces sugar (about 1 2/3 cups sugar)
- 2 sticks unsalted butter, softened and cut into 1-inch pieces
- 4 large eggs, room temperature
- 2 egg yolks, room temperature
- 1 Tbsp. good quality vanilla extract
- 1 1/4 cups whole milk, room temperature
- 1 (11 ounce) can mandarin oranges, drained
- 2 Tbsp. orange zest from one orange (Double this to add more citrus flavor)

Preheat oven to 350. Grease and flour 3 9" cake pans.

In a medium bowl, whisk together flour, baking powder, and salt. Set aside.

In a stand mixer, cream together the butter and sugar on high speed until light and fluffy, about 5 minutes.

Reduce mixer speed to medium and add eggs, one at a time. Stop mixer after each egg and count to 10, to give the batter time to "rest" before adding the next egg. Add egg yolks one at a time, mixing on low speed, making sure the ingredients are well-incorporated.

Next, add the vanilla extract. After that, alternate between adding your dry ingredients and milk, a third at a time on low speed, mixing until just incorporated. Stop and scrape down bowl if needed.

Add mandarin oranges and zest. Beat on high speed just until oranges are crushed and well incorporated, about 1 to 4 minutes.

Divided batter among your 3 pans. Bake until done, about 25 -27 minutes. Do not overcook. Cool cakes in the pans about 15 minutes, then finish cooling on racks.

Whipped Cream Frosting

- 2 cups heavy whipping cream, very cold, leave in fridge until needed
- 1 Tbsp. sugar
- 1 (3.4 ounce) box instant vanilla pudding
- 2/3 cups crushed pineapple, drain **BUT SAVE THE LIQUID!**
- 3 Tbsp. orange zest

Pour cold whipping cream into bowl of stand mixer. Turn beat on high. Add sugar, once soft peaks form, turn mixer to low and add pudding mix. Mix for 1 minute. Stop mixer, and fold in the pineapple and orange zest. Brush cake layers generously with the leftover pineapple juice before frosting each layer. Frost each layer, then finish off with frosting on sides and top. Store covered in fridge.

LACE COOKIES

A Special Treat

Autumn Cahoon

Barbara James is a mother of three girls. She is the grandmother of eight grandchildren and great-grandmother of four great-grandchildren. She lives in Martin County in a beautiful, loving home where she loves to cook and do crafts. Cooking and baking are a big part of her life, and she shares her love for these activities with her children and grandchildren.

Barbara says she can remember as a small child getting off the bus after school and walking home. As she was walking, the smell of sweet cookies filled the air around her sisters and herself. They would race to the house after smelling the cookies. Because of the smell, they knew that they were in for a special treat from their grandmother.

Barbara has a special family recipe for cookies that has been passed down through six generations. This recipe started with her grandmother Betty Modlin, she created this



recipe herself. Today, as Barbara's granddaughter, I am part of the sixth generation who bakes the cookies. However, I have not had the chance to make the cookies by myself as of yet.

Betty named the sweet cookie recipe Oatmeal Lacy Cookies. However, through the last three generations, we have shortened the name to Lace Cookies. The recipe has not changed over six generations though.

The only change Barbara has made is to double the recipe. The first three generations of our family who ate the cookies were not very large, so it did not take many cookies to feed everyone. Today, there are so many people in the family that doubling the recipe is what it takes to feed them all. Still, there are never enough cookies, so we as a family will fight over the cookies.

The Lace Cookies are usually made during special times of the year when the family is all together. These special times of the year are Christmas and Thanksgiving. The cookies are made at Christmas and Thanksgiving because they are special days that the entire family is together, and a special family recipe always makes the day



better.

At Christmas, there is always a lot going on, which turns into chaos when Barbara makes the sweet Lace Cookies. Christmas is often considered the most wonderful time of year, and it is true.

"My family at Christmas goes a little crazy when it comes to the Lace cookies. We do Christmas later in the day, so the cookies are fresh when everyone get to my house," says Barbara.

The family spends a lot of time together on this day, but there is a lot of chaos with twenty-three people in the house together.

"My children and grandchildren are the ones that absolutely love the cookies," she says. "They are why chaos happens. When someone finds

the cookies, they do not want to share them with anyone."

However, the holidays are not the only time our family makes cookies. Barbara has made them for my birthday in October for the last three years. She makes them on my birthday because homemade presents are so much better because there is so much love in it.

The cookies are the special treat that my family loves. These cookies mean that we have a small piece of our family who has already passed away. The cookies continue to remind us that our family has grown over the years and the love from Betty Modlin is continuously passed down.

... a special family recipe always makes the day better.

Oatmeal Lace Cookies

- 1 stick of butter (melted)
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup 1 minute oatmeal
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg (beaten)
- 2 tablespoon all purpose flour
- 1 cup pecans roasted & chopped (roast nuts at 225 degrees Fahrenheit)

Mix all dry ingredients together. Add melted butter, egg, and vanilla. Mix in nuts. Then spoon a 1 teaspoon of mixture on to a parchment lined baking sheet. Only put 12 cookies on a pan because they spread. Bake at 350 for 10 to 12 minutes or until slight brown. Watch them carefully and carefully put onto a rack to cool. Store in a container to maintain freshness.



SEAFOAM CANDY

A Family Tradition in Pink

Eric Hill

Being raised by my grandparents, who were depression-era folk, I learned two valuable things at an early age. The first thing I learned was nothing ever goes to waste. For example, at hog killings that we did once a year (the last one I participated in was in 1978), every part of the pig was used. Nothing was ever thrown away because that would be wasteful. And, the second thing I learned, was that food was best when made it home.

My grandmother made almost everything she could herself whether it was chicken salad made from chickens she killed herself or cured ham from in the smokehouse or dumplings and biscuits. She would make as much as she could, but there was one particular sweet treat that she made that all of the guys in the house would look forward to. That was her homemade Seafoam Candy.

The recipe for Seafoam Candy goes back to a cookbook my



*You must make
Seafoam Candy on
its terms, and that
is when weather is
permitting.*

grandmother had. The date on the book is 1963. My stepmother has it now, and my wife, Linda, is next in line to inherit it. She will in turn pass it to my daughter, Amber, so the book will continue to be passed down from generation to generation. It has very good recipes; however, this one candy is something all of us look forward to.

Seafoam Candy is hard to make; it can only be made during certain times of the year which is why my grandmother only made it twice a year. It seems the humidity or the barometric pressure will have an effect on the candy. Yep, that's right; the weather will affect how the candy turns out!

Grandma used to say that after numerous attempts of trying to fix it for herself and at different times of year and never getting it right, she finally tried it between Thanksgiving and Christmas time and had her first success. She realized that it was because of the Eastern North Carolina weather, or the humidity or moisture in the air would affect the candy's consistency. She tried it again during the summer with same failed results – that's when she knew it was going to be a seasonal candy.



Linda has made the comment before that “when you walked into Grandma’s kitchen it just made you feel right at home,” and she always felt welcome at any time

Grandma for her part used to say that my wife Linda was like a daughter that she never had. So, she was willing to share her recipes with her.

The only other person she shared it with is my stepmother who ironically is also named Linda. Grandma loved her like a daughter, too. Frankly, I think grandma secretly enjoyed giving the recipe out freely to anyone, but she didn’t share her insight of how to make it.

My wife Linda, like my grandmother, makes this twice a year. We have it at Thanksgiving

and Christmas, weather permitting, because these seem to be the times of year that’s most applicable to making Seafoam Candy. My children, Greg and Amber, both look forward to this sweet and tasty treat.

Linda fixes it just like grandma used to. She always adds in pink food coloring in honor of grandma’s memory, as she always made it pink – no other color was allowed. Grandma was the only woman in a house full of men, and secretly, this was her way of adding a little pink color, something girlish, in her life. We had no other choice but to like the color—if we wanted to eat it, that is.

Linda mixed up the ingredients on the stovetop until it held its consistency at the bottom; then, she

knew it was just right.

Then, she moved it to the mixer. It's here she added the pink food coloring. Next, she mixed it all up until the mixer changed its sound due to the candy thickening. She has to hurry before it hardens; it only takes about five minutes before you can no longer shape it out on the wax paper.

Seafoam candy when done

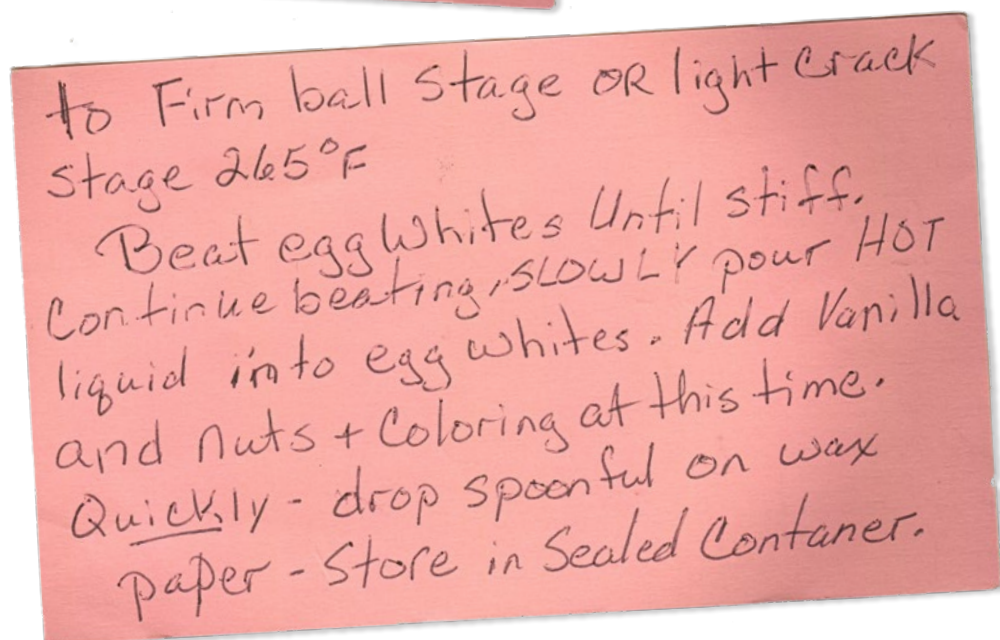
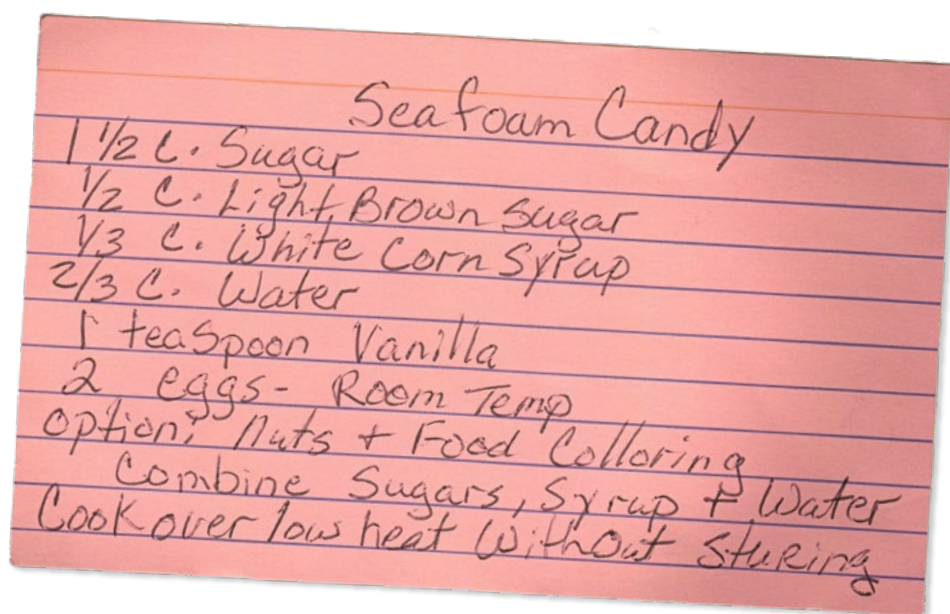
right is very much like its name, light, airy, but slightly sticky. When you eat it, it will almost dissolve in your mouth. Seafoam Candy is sweet, but we always add pecans to it during the mixing process. The pecans give the extra little bit of texture, and it is always best to have Seafoam Candy with a cool glass of milk.

This one candy has been passed

down and will continued being passed along generation to generation in our family. While the recipe itself is common, there's an art to making it. I'm not saying you must be a great chef to make it. But, you must make Seafoam Candy on its terms, and that is when weather is permitting.

There is also one other thing that Grandma shared in making this candy, and that is the loving hands of the person that makes it.

The memories that are attached to the hands who make this seasonal treat just makes it all the sweeter when you do get to enjoy it, and the memories it will bring back when making this tasty little holiday treat will last you a lifetime. I know they have lasted during my lifetime.



CHEESE BISCUITS

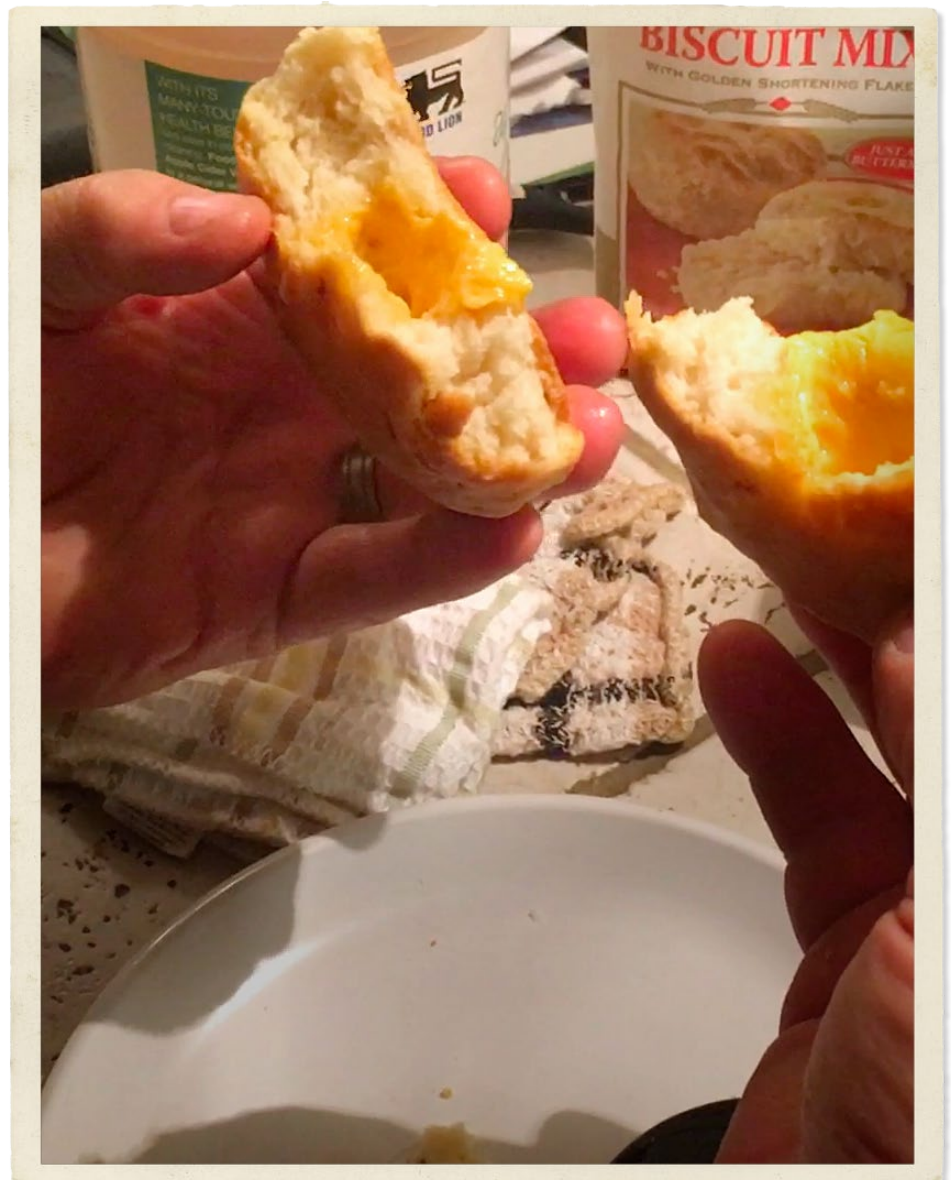
A Family's Favorite Breakfast

Devin Bunch

Every holiday, my family begs me to make cheese biscuits. My siblings arrive eagerly at the house and anxiously await my biscuits. The garlic butter smell always gets their mouths watering when they walk in as the aroma fills my house. We all know what's coming.

They get the molasses, jam, and butter out of the refrigerator and set them on the counter while they take their seats. Finally, after I take the biscuits out of the oven and set them down, everyone in the house gets quiet—which is the only time that ever happens with my chaotic family—and they enjoy the buttery, cheese-filled biscuits with some milk and garlic grits. These are the happiest times for my family and I.

Cheese biscuits are considered a southern comfort food, and they make me think of Sunday morning with my family relaxing on my back porch staring out at the river drinking my coffee. They make me think of



We always make the biscuits with love and reminisce on precious memories of passed family members who passed the recipe down to us.

home. Cheese biscuits are something that are hard to find in the western or northern part of the state, but people come from all over to eat the cheese biscuits that are found in Washington, North Carolina. There are multiple restaurants where people can get a cheese biscuit around here. One of the best is a small drive-in called King Chicken. King Chicken has been opened for about 60 years and has been extremely successful since the doors opened in 1958 by Stancil Lilley. All of the locals of Washington know that it is one of the best places to get a cheese biscuit. With the large amount of sharp cheddar cheese in the middle and the golden breading surrounding the outside, none of the cheese escapes the biscuit until you bite into it. For many people, especially the locals of Washington, King Chicken is a staple of home and holds great memories. King Chicken obviously offers more options than cheese biscuits, but over the years, the cheese biscuits and the fried chicken is what keeps people coming back for more. Despite the passage of time, the drive-in has not significantly changed its appearance nor what the quality of their food. If you're from Washington, you know that King Chicken's cheese biscuits are some of the best in town.

Another place to get a great

cheese biscuit is Mom's Grill in Washington. In fact, Mom's Grill was recently voted to have the best cheese biscuits in town. The cook, Helen, whom everyone in town knows, has been there for about 30 years and is always a friendly face in Mom's Grill. Anyone that has had a decent cheese biscuit knows that the sharp cheddar cheese within the biscuits make it the best. Mom's Grill offers other food selections, but the cheese biscuit is the largest contributor to the establishment. Mom's Grill sells about 200-300 cheese biscuits every day of the week, and once you eat one, you'll keep going back for more. Mom's Grill is a hometown staple and is one of the local restaurants that people from all around come to Washington for.

Although nobody in my family

is a master biscuit maker such as the cooks at these establishments, we always make the biscuits with love and reminisce on precious memories of passed family members who passed the recipe down to us. My family's cheese biscuit recipe was passed down from my great-grandmother, my father's grandmother, to my father and his siblings when they were little. My father learned the recipe when he was about ten years old, around 1965. My father grew up poor, so these biscuits were always something that were affordable and fed the whole family for cheap. My great-grandmother did not "teach" my father the biscuit recipe; he grew up watching her make them and then perfected his own recipe. He told me that the recipe reminds him of happy times because



his grandmother would always make these biscuits during holidays or birthdays because everyone loved them. This is a tradition that he passed down to his own family.

When I was around ten years old, my father taught me how to make these biscuits and they were something that we always made together. Over the years, I have perfected my own recipe, and now I can make them better than my dad or even my grandmother. My father said that these biscuits hold special memories for him, as he always holds memory of his grandmother in them. But, my father neglected to share this recipe with my brothers, so they are all excited when they come to the house for a special occasion because they know they are coming home to my cheese biscuits. This recipe will always be something that holds a special place in my family because of the happy memories attached to it. Christmas is my favorite time to make them and the time that holds the best memories for me. Every Christmas, my father wakes me up early before all of my family comes over, and we make a huge Christmas breakfast where I'm always in charge of the cheese biscuits and the grits. My ten-month old nephew even enjoys the biscuits even though he doesn't have many teeth to chew them yet. This recipe is something that I hope to pass down to my children one day, so they can make their own memories around them and think of happy times when they make them.



My family's cheese biscuits are buttery and contain a hint of garlic. They are warm and flakey and are filled with gooey sharp cheddar as any good cheese biscuit should be. They have butter mixed in with the flour to offer that extra punch of flavor and provide a good texture. The buttermilk, which we make by mixing apple cider vinegar and milk, is what gives the biscuit its flavor and the hand mixing of the dough is the key step in making good Bunch family cheese biscuits. The biscuits make my house smell of butter and garlic and make it warm and inviting. It's always a good night at my house when I or my father has made them, and I know I'm going to have a good day when I decide to make them for my family in the morning. While my siblings now know the recipe for the biscuits, they haven't been able to master the technique; therefore, I'm the only person other than my father and my aunt that can make the biscuits correctly. One day

I hope to pass the recipe down to my children, and they can make their own memories with the recipe.

Some cheese biscuit experts say that the key to a good cheese biscuit is a small layer of breading surrounding a large amount of gooey, good sharp cheddar cheese, but other people, such as myself, think that the perfect amount of breading with not too much cheese makes the best cheese biscuit. Many in Washington's local community connect the cheese biscuits of King Chicken and Mom's Grill with home. Both of these establishments' workers always offer friendly faces and a community environment that is always warm and welcoming. Cheese biscuits offer a sense of home to many of the community locals and offer a connection to their hometown.

Overall, cheese biscuits connect our community as well as the businesses that offer them. These owners and workers of these businesses are locals of the community

that everyone knows and loves, and these establishments mean home to most people. The cooks as well as the workers know most people by name and if not, they know them by order.

This provides a welcoming happy environment to the local people of Washington and lures new customers in. Once people have experienced the generous service and friendly

faces of these establishments, they will continue to come back for more because cheese biscuits will always be a staple of home and connect locals to the community.

Cheese Biscuits

Ingredients:

- Southern Biscuit mix
- 4-5 Garlic cloves
- Milk
- Apple cider vinegar
- Grated or block sharp cheddar cheese
- Garlic salt
- Melted butter

Instructions:

1. Preheat oven to 400 or 450 degrees.
2. In a large mixing bowl, put 2-3 cups of biscuit flour in the bowl and sift through with a fork or whisk to break up any large pieces.
3. In a separate bowl, mix about 2 cups of milk with about 4-5 tablespoons of apple cider vinegar and let sit for 5-10 minutes (this will act as buttermilk in the biscuits)
4. Peel and finely mince 4-5 garlic cloves and distribute into the flour (add more or less depending on personal preference).
5. Add a pinch of garlic salt to the mixture to intensify garlic flavor (if desired).
6. Slowly pour in buttermilk substitute and mix with a fork or whisk until the dough becomes clumpy and sticks together
7. Mix dough with hands for approximately 5 minutes or until the dough forms a dry ball.
8. Slowly separate pieces of the dough into the desired size of the biscuits.
9. Add grated or block sharp cheddar cheese into the separated dough and roll in the palms of your hands until you get a smooth, round ball.
10. Put each ball on a sheet pan with non-stick cooking spray and allow at least 2 inches between each biscuit.
11. Place biscuits on top rack of oven and allow the biscuits to cook for about 15 minutes (may take more or less time depending on amount and size of biscuits).
12. Melt 3 tablespoons of butter.
13. Take biscuits out of the oven when the biscuits are golden on the top and distribute the desired amount of melted butter on each biscuit and let cool for 5 minutes before serving.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

The Fourth-of-July Treasure

Shana Taylor

Eleven layers of rich, homemade chocolate and fresh-out-of-the-oven vanilla cake is what my (great) Aunt Diane bakes at least twice a month, every month. After a long day of sun and swim, fourth-of-July is trademarked with a delicious plate of chocolate cake with a side of homemade vanilla ice cream. Aunt Diane is a master-chef when it comes to whipping up tasty desserts. Even though her chocolate cake is most famous, she also bakes other cookies and cakes for separate events. She wouldn't want anyone to know, but if you asked her, she would make you one, too.

Before Aunt Diane started baking the best chocolate cake in the world, she told me she never had any intention of cooking during her high school years. It wasn't until the late 1960s when she was married to Grover Boyd, "Uncle Bud", that she ordered a cake decorating book out of curiosity. She ordered a Wilton's cake



decorating book and taught herself from there on out. This was a very busy time in her life because they were also working constantly in the tobacco fields, but after all long day, she would come in at night and start baking. Even though she didn't plan to take this hobby as far as she has, many people including myself are more than grateful she has.

Going over to Aunt Diane's house as a child was awesome. My brother, my little cousin Brian, and I would always have the best time at her house. We would always end up baking something fun or doing a fun craft, and her outside refrigerator would always be stocked with my favorite drink: Yoo-hoos. Her porch has multiple humming bird feeders hanging on the outside, and we would sit on the swing and watch the humming birds fly in and out.

When I used to live in Bath, we would go over to her house and my brother and I would roller-skate and skateboard along the road beside her house that, most of the time, had almost no traffic. When we stayed the night at her house, I can always remember waking up and having cereal out of the bowls that have the built-in straw for drinking the rest of the cereal milk. As a child, this was such a neat invention to me to be able

to drink out of a straw rather than picking the bowl up to drink out of the side.

When I went over to her house to interview her for the chocolate cake, I noticed how small I thought her kitchen island and two chairs were to me now that I have grown past being four feet tall. I am so glad that even though the kitchen table now may feel a little small, her home still brings back all my favorite memories of baking with my Aunt Diane.

The eleven layer chocolate cake has been, and always will be, my favorite of my Aunt Diane's. Making this cake takes real concentration and serious trial and error. Baking the eleven very thin, fragile layers takes extreme caution. After mixing ingredients for the chocolate icing and batter, we first get out a cake base and place a cookie sheet on top to catch the chocolate icing that will run down. Once the base is set, you can start placing layers of cake and icing one after another until you get to the



last layer. After the last layer is set, you apply the rest of the chocolate to the top and sides, removing the cookie slips, and finishing with a clean, chocolate, eleven-layer masterpiece.

This cake is important to me because of family tradition. Fourth of July is my favorite holiday because of how my family and I celebrate. For me, Fourth of July starts early—around 9 a.m. Usually my dad and I head to my grandparent's house on the water first to set up the badminton net, put tablecloths on the tables, and bring out the river floats. My mom usually gets there later after lunch, bringing her very delicious taco dip. Family and friends start gathering throughout the day, and everyone is

I am so glad that even though the kitchen table now may feel a little small, her home still brings back all my favorite memories of baking with my Aunt Diane.

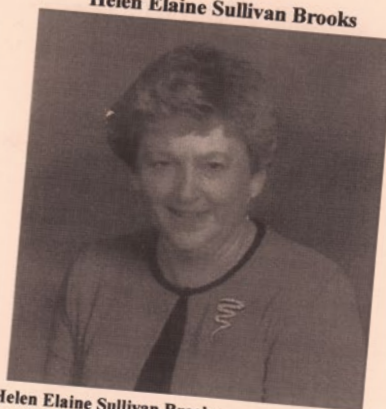
present before we pray over the food by dinner time. I always rush dinner to get to the dessert because I know what is waiting for me. My first piece of chocolate layered cake is right after dinner, but my other three pieces are during the firework show.

To me, this schedule of being out in the sun all day, eating the best cookout food, and being around my favorite people makes all the difference between Fourth of July and any other holiday. My Aunt Diane's chocolate cake has always been present at this

holiday, and because of it, Fourth of July homemade chocolate cake is a treasure.



Helen Elaine Sullivan Brooks



*Helen
bought me
to make 15+
layers cake
Her mother was
cousin to Shaver Boyd* mid 90's

Interesting Facts about Helen Elaine Sullivan Brooks:

Helen was born 19 July 1942 in Bath, Beaufort County, NC, the daughter of Elsie Lee Jefferson and James Lowell Sullivan. Helen and James Norman Brooks (Jimmy) were married 2 July 1961 in Bath Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), Bath, NC. Helen worked 37 years for a local family physician, Dr. R. T. Pugh as his receptionist. She enjoys making pottery. Helen is a member of Bath Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) and a member of the Christian Women's Fellowship - Circle #3. Helen and Jimmy have three children: James Norman, Jr., Jason Scott and Johnathan Lowell Brooks.

Chocolate Cake

1 package Duncan Hines Butter cake mix
1 cup dairy sour cream
¼ cup of water

4 eggs (sometimes, I use 6) *6 eggs*
1/3 cup oil
¼ cup granulated sugar

Mix all ingredients together. Spray the 9" pans with Pam. Put about 1 ½ spoonfuls in each pan. (This is the large type of cooking spoon.) Do not wait until they turn brown on top or they will be too done as thin as they are. They will be done when the cake leaves the side of the pan. Place on cooling rack or wax paper if racks are not available. The layers are easier to lift off using the wax paper. (When I started making this cake, I would get 7 or 8 layers and you may get more or less until you bake this cake several times. Bake at 350 degrees in 9" pans for 3 - 5 minutes.

Icing:

½ cup cocoa
1 box confectioners sugar
1 tablespoon vanilla flavoring

1 stick butter
6 tablespoons milk
dash of salt

Melt butter in microwave, add cocoa and mix together. Add sugar and milk and mix together. Place in microwave on high for 2 minutes. I usually take out and stir once about halfway. At the end of 2 minutes, add vanilla, salt and stir together. If it is too stiff, add more milk anytime. If at the end, it is too thin, just beat it a little. You want it thin to use if you have a lot of layers. I usually put 2 to 3 spoonfuls on each layer. Good Luck!

I sift together powdered sugar + cocoa - then add to bowl with butter and milk - stir microwave

SWEET POTATOES

Digging Up a Family Dinner

Megan Batchelor

*M*y family has been growing sweet potatoes for several generations.

“I’d say at least four generations, all on the same farm. The land has been in the family for a long time,” says my uncle, Linwood Rowe, as he told me about how he stepped in to carry on the tradition almost twenty years ago.

“I’ve been farming since early 2000. I’ve been helping farm sweet potatoes since I was probably seven or eight years old, though,” he said. “I remember being very young and going out in the field and watching them. Watching my daddy plant, and how he grewed ‘em. There’s been potatoes growing on that farm every year since I can remember.”

When I asked him why he decided to continue farming sweet potatoes, and he replied that he continued because he had his brother’s support and that together, “we do it as a family tradition. We want to keep it



On holidays like Christmas and Thanksgiving, you always had sweet potato pie, sweet potato fluff, and baked sweet potato with a side of cinnamon butter.

going for as long as possible, and it's interesting to see how they're [sweet potatoes] gonna produce at the end of the growing season." For our family, growing sweet potatoes isn't about profit, but about staying connected to our roots and carrying on traditions. It can sometimes be hard work, but the hard work is a small price to pay for the preservation of our family's history.

The actual process of growing sweet potatoes begins in a small, stable environment such as a sweet potato house. Then, according to my uncle, "what you do with the sweet potato is you take the sweet potato, and you bed it in dirt. And you cover it up with plastic. You do this in the first of April. And from there, a couple weeks later, the potato will start putting on a little plant. When the plant grows, when it gets about ten to fifteen inches, you pull the plant and transplant it to the field." He mentioned that the transplanting process usually takes place in the middle to the end of May.

This is a more modern way of growing sweet potatoes for small scale farms.

Growing up with a family of sweet potato famers means that I've had my fair share of sweet potato-based dishes. Because sweet potatoes can be eaten in so many different ways, I've had them roasted, steamed, fried, baked, sliced, diced, and quartered. When it comes to sweet potatoes, the possibilities seem endless. However, out of all the different ways to prepare sweet potatoes, my family has stuck by one signature dish for generations -- Sweet Potato Fluff (and sometimes called sweet potato casserole). After all, who can resist warm, ooey gooey marshmallow coated sweet potatoes? Not the Rowe family!

For our family, enjoying sweet potatoes has never had to occur on a special occasion. When thinking back on his childhood, my Uncle Linwood, commented, "We'd eat a lot of sweet potatoes and she [his mother] would bake 'em. Then, put them in the freezer and freeze 'em. And when you wanted a sweet potato, all you do is go to the freezer and get a sweet potato out and put in the microwave or whatever." My uncle and his wife admit to eating plenty of sweet potatoes to this day.

"They're easy

to make, they're healthy, and they make a good filler food," says my Aunt Pat. "We use sweet potatoes as a side dish all of the time. They can go with just about anything."

Although holidays are never necessary to enjoy sweet potatoes, the family table has always had something (or maybe even a few things) made from them.

"On holidays like Christmas and Thanksgiving, you always had sweet potato pie, sweet potato fluff, and baked sweet potato with a side of cinnamon butter." This is common for many families in North Carolina, whether their family is made up of sweet potato farmers or not. According to The Carolina Population Center, sweet potatoes are the official state vegetable for North Carolina. The position is well deserved because sweet potatoes bring in a lot of revenue for our state, about \$84 billion dollars' worth. The money derived from the



sweet potato industry goes to the state's economy while the industry itself employs one in six North Carolina workers. North Carolina has been the lead producer of sweet potatoes since 1971. Additionally, they have also kept the people of North Carolina fed for many years. They also have many health benefits despite being used to make so many delicious deserts!

"When you read up on sweet potatoes, the sweet potato is real healthy compared to other potatoes. You get a lot of vitamins and stuff," says my Uncle Linwood.

My uncle's wife, Pat Rowe, remembers the recipe for sweet potato fluff clearly. Although she doesn't use exact measurements in her modified version, she still has the original recipe card with exact measurements from my grandmother. When I asked my Aunt Pat to teach me how to make the famous family dish, she was happy to



show me part of our family's history.

The original recipe begins with mashed, homegrown sweet potatoes, margarine, white sugar, eggs, vanilla, brown sugar, flour, chopped nuts, margarine (melted), mini marshmallows, milk, and salt.

We gathered all of our ingredients together beforehand to make sure that we had enough of everything that we needed. First, we combined the potatoes, sugar, eggs, salt, margarine, milk, and vanilla together. Then, we spooned the sugary mixture baking dish. Afterward, we combined the flour, nuts, brown sugar, and melted margarine and spread this over the potato mixture. Next, we added marshmallows to the very top (which was my favorite part). Lastly, we popped the dish into the oven to bake at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes.

As the dish is baking, the sweet smells of bubbling marshmallows and notes of vanilla waft through the kitchen and fill the house. Whenever sweet potato fluff is being made, everyone in the family knows it! A smell so sugary, buttery, and decadent can only come from one thing: our favorite family food.



TWINKIE CAKE

A Family's Sweet Treat

Sherry Wooden

Have you ever had a cake that is smothered heavily in chocolate, with chocolate cake, chocolate frosting, and cream cheese filling? That delicious treat that I have just described and that I recently had the pleasure of tasting is called a Twinkie Cake. It's sweet, tasty, appetizing, and delicious. I have a friend that can make this cake, and it has become a favorite dessert in her family.

Patricia Cutler lives in Bath, North Carolina, with her husband William "Bill" Cutler. She is a retired nurse from Vidant Hospital in Greenville, North Carolina. For the last 7 years, she has been enjoying teaching part time in the Nursing Assistant (NA 1) program at Beaufort Community College, in Washington, North Carolina. She enjoys the country life. Cooking, gardening and sewing are a few of her hobbies. However, her first love is traveling. Within the last 5 years, she has toured to Spain, Paris, London,



“It’s alright to have traditional (secret) recipes but the best recipes are the ones that can be shared among friends and family.”

the Caribbean, Germany, and China. When does she have time to do anything else? Somehow, she finds the time.

I fellowship with Patricia at Harvest Church in Washington, North Carolina. We have spent many days in the kitchen at church cooking and planning meals together. Not only is she a respectable cook, she has a genuine heart when it comes to caring for others. I’m always impressed by the stories she tells about her husband and granddaughter.

Patricia has spent many years dedicating her culinary skills to provide meals for several programs at church. I am fortunate enough to work alongside of her while preparing meals. We often discuss and share many recipes together. She speaks nostalgically about a coconut cake that she has made for years. And, I know for a fact that she makes the best chicken salad. I’ve had it twice and hope to get the recipe from her one day. However, when asked about her most interesting or favorite cake, she replied Twinkie Cake.

The recipe was given to her by a co-worker at the local hospital. Patricia lost the recipe a couple of times, but eventually, she got around to making the cake. It quickly became one of her family’s favorite cakes. This cake is made throughout the year

– sometimes for special occasions, but mostly when someone is craving it.

Patricia explains that there isn’t another traditional recipe in her family. “It’s alright to have traditional (secret) recipes but the best recipes are the ones that can be shared among friends and family,” she says. As such, she accepted an offer to show me how to make the cake.

The morning of March 20, 2019 was clouded with grey skies. The misty rain caused the day to look dreary and dreamy. I observed the farm land and equipment in the fields while traveling to Bath. Some farmers had started plowing their land for the summer crops. The scenery made me hope Patricia would have breakfast ready when I arrived. While approaching her house, I noticed a field full of solar panels. In the middle

of tractors, red and green barns, cows and horses, there were solar panels. I was amazed to see them. Suddenly, a sense of reality set in when thinking how innovators have found a way to use farmland to help improve our source of energy.

While waiting for Patricia to prepare her kitchen for baking, I briefly talk with her husband, Bill. He also has a love for cooking. While in the military, Bill was no stranger to cooking competitions. He has ranked high in achieving recognition for his culinary knowledge. I explain to him that I would be interviewing Patricia about a recipe. He says she’s a very good cook and is eager to find out how our meeting would turn out.

Standing in Patricia’s kitchen reminds me of my days working in a bakery. Her stove is huge and made



of stainless steel. On top of the gas burners is authentic black cast iron cookware. She has a set of small and large cast iron frying pans. I can visualize frying beautiful golden brown, crispy flounder in those pans. This cookware is well-preserved and heavy.

But, the most impressive part of the stove is the extended arm above the burners. When the valves are tuned on, it fills the pot with water. "This is called a pot filler," Patricia explains. "This takes the hassle out of lifting a heavy pot from the sink to the stove." I've only seen a stove like that one time on Food Network channel. I am impressed.

Patricia starts by reminiscing of the day she brought her first Kitchen Aid mixer. She emphasized how heavy and large the mixer is. "My mother in law convinced me to buy this mixer so I tried it. I don't like how heavy the mixer is. I don't have room on the main counter for it," she says, sounding frustrated. "I must transport it to another area when I want to use it." Luckily, one day at a yard sale she found and purchased a Vintage Sunbeam Mixmaster Mixer for only \$5. This mixer has a bowl, and it automatically turns while mixing ingredients. Patricia favors using this lighter weight mixer when needed.

To begin the Twinkie Cake, Patricia preheats her Dacor oven to 350 degrees. She then opens the box of cake mix and empties it into the bowl. She then added 4 eggs, oil, water and an 8 oz. box of vanilla



pudding. She's very fond of Duncan Hines Swiss Chocolate Cake Mix, but all the other ingredients can be any brand. While beating that mixture for three minutes, she prepares two 9" heavy weight Wilton cake pans for the batter. She carefully divides the batter into two equal portions. Next, she places the pans in the oven for 20 minutes.

Meanwhile, she prepares the filling. This filling goes between the two layers. Those layers will be cut in half, causing the cake to have four layers. Patricia adds 8 ounces of softened cream cheese, 8 ounces of room temperature Cool Whip, and 2 cups of confectioners sugar to a mixing bowl. She pulls out another bowl and adds confection sugar, Hershey's cocoa, and vanilla flavoring. She has made this cake so many times that she doesn't have to measure those ingredients. After all the ingredients are mixed, I can't resist the temptation

to taste the frosting. It is delicious!

Finally, I watch her assemble the cake. First, she cuts the layers in half. Then, she fills them with the cream cheese mixture. Next, she frosts the cake with the chocolate frosting.

The kitchen smells of sugar and chocolate. I am ready for a slice of cake and a tall glass of milk. But, then she tells me the cake needs to sit in the refrigerator for a while to set before cutting it. I am disappointed, but I still found it a pleasure to watch Patricia make one of her favorite desserts.

While we wait for the cake to set, we spend several minutes debating over the name of the cake. How is this Twinkie Cake when it's made of chocolate? Twinkies are made are angel food cake, I say. She laughs and says, "No, Twinkies are chocolate." I really couldn't argue about that because my daughter showed me a picture of a chocolate Twinkie online.

Nevertheless, when it comes

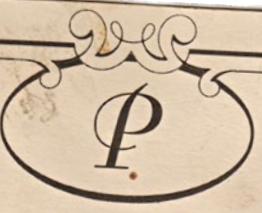

time to cut the cake, it is delightful. The cream cheese filling adds a creamy and tangy flavor. Even though it is rich in taste, it has a favor that makes me look forward to another slice.

Overall, spending time with Patricia in her kitchen was a new adventure for me. We laughed

and shared stories of our cooking experiences. She made me feel welcome in her home. I think volunteering with her at church in the kitchen and cooking with her at home has earned us the title as real foodies!

That being said, for the most part, life on the Pamlico has a lot to

offer. People enjoy fishing, farming, hunting and carrying on tradition through food and events. Patricia and her family enjoy their life together in Bath. Her Twinkie Cake recipe has become a family tradition, and it has played a vital role in bringing them together at the dinner table.


P


A RECIPE FOR Twinkie Cake

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 Duncan Hines Dutch Chocolate or Swiss Chocolate
- 4 eggs
- 1 3oz vanilla instant pudding
- 1 cup #20
- 1/2 cup cooking oil

Filling

- 1 8 oz pkg cream cheese
- 1 8 oz carton cool whip
- 2 cups confectioners sugar

Stir pudding into cake mix. Blend in remaining ingredients according to direction on cake box mix. Pour into greased and floured 8 or 9 in cake pans and bake according to directions on box. (2 pans) When done remove from pans and cool completely. Slice cross-wise so that you have four layers.

Filling - beat together the 3 ingredients and spread int. between layers. Do not frost side of cake. Frost cake outside with canned frosting.

Refrigerate for 2 days before serving.

You can use homemade chocolate buttercream frosting in back of cocoa coating. I have used buttercream.

PREPARATION TIME _____ SERVES _____

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GREEN JUNK

It's Not What You Think

Tracy Ange Tingen

Sitting in an old white farmhouse in a brightly lit dining room that you can tell has many stories from the past held in between the walls, I had the pleasure to talk to Sandra Leigh Carter Ange, age 62. Sandra was born and raised on a little road in the northeastern part of Beaufort County called Pike Road. The oldest of four girls, Sandra held a role as being her mother's helper while growing up. Her father, Jesse, died at a young age, leaving Sandra's mother, Marianna, to take care of her daughters alone. Sandra stepped in; being the oldest typically she took lead and helped with the younger siblings. At a young age, she learned a lot about housekeeping and cooking.

When she married her husband of 44 years, Gary, they lived in a surrounding area called Long Acre. After the passing of her mother a few years ago, she inherited the house she was raised in and returned to Pike Road. Sandra has three children, four





grandchildren, and a great-grandchild on the way. I can quickly tell that this Granny of four is very loved, as her 8-year-old granddaughter walks in the room and joins in to hear the conversation and possibly to help with making the dish.

As Sandra begins mixing the ingredients, you can tell she has made this many times. She judges the measurements by hand, tossing this and that into the bowl. Sandra brings

out an old mixer, which belonged to her mother, and says, "All the dishes, utensils, and my mixer belonged to my mother. I like using them because they were hers." Even though Sandra's mother is no longer there, there is a lot of her that still remains part of the home.

Sandra has cooked many meals for her family, but when asked the family favorite, she quickly replied, "Green Junk. It has been one of our wonderful, wonderful family favorites."

While the name does not sound very appealing, it leaves you wondering, "What is Green Junk?" Sandra says, "I know it sounds disgusting, but it's not." It is a perfect concoction for a light, cool summertime treat.

Green Junk was introduced to Sandra's mother, Marianna, many years ago. A long time ago, church gatherings were held in the homes of the church members and not in

fellowship halls like today.

The members would make dishes, bring them to the home, and gather there. This is where many recipe swaps took place. She tried it at one of these gatherings and asked for the recipe. It has been a hit ever since for Sandra's family.

Made only during special occasions, it's a must have at family gatherings. Sandra adds, "My son loved it so much, my mother made it for his birthday one year!"

Before each get-together, the family decides on who is making the Green Junk. Sandra claims that her favorite green junk dish is her sister's, Michele. "She makes it most like Mom's to me," she said.

While the original recipe card that Sandra also inherited from her mother calls it "Lime Jell-O Salad," Sandra recalls the name changing when she was a little girl. "Green Junk was just easier to say, so it caught on. Its lime green color and different mixtures in a bowl make it look like green junk," Sandra says. While the name has changed, the ingredients have not. It consists of lime green Jell-O, cottage cheese, Cool Whip, pineapples, and pecans.

When asked what her favorite part of the dessert was, Sandra responds, "The nuts because nuts make everything better — the more, the better — and the yellow bowl, it is just as important as one of the ingredients. It must be made and served in the yellow Pyrex nesting bowl."

Pyrex bowls have become



“...the yellow bowl, it is just as important as one of the ingredients. It must be made and served in the yellow Pyrex nesting bowl.”

a popular cookware for many Americans, introduced in 1915 during WWI. Proclaimed as the “World’s most famous mixing bowl set,” the primary color set was the first of the Pyrex items produced on white opal with a color overlay. Like many early housekeepers, Sandra’s mother, Marianna, owned the set of the four nesting bowls with the biggest being the yellow at the bottom, then green, red, and blue.

“We had a big family so the recipe had to always be doubled, so the big yellow bowl was perfect. It soon took on the name ‘The Green Junk

Bowl.’ It always held our treasured dessert,” Sandra explains.

Sandra inherited the treasured bowl that means so much to the family since the passing of her mother. Her aunt, who once owned an antique shop, came across the same exact bowl, gave it to her many years ago. Now, “We all have a yellow bowl,” Sandra says.

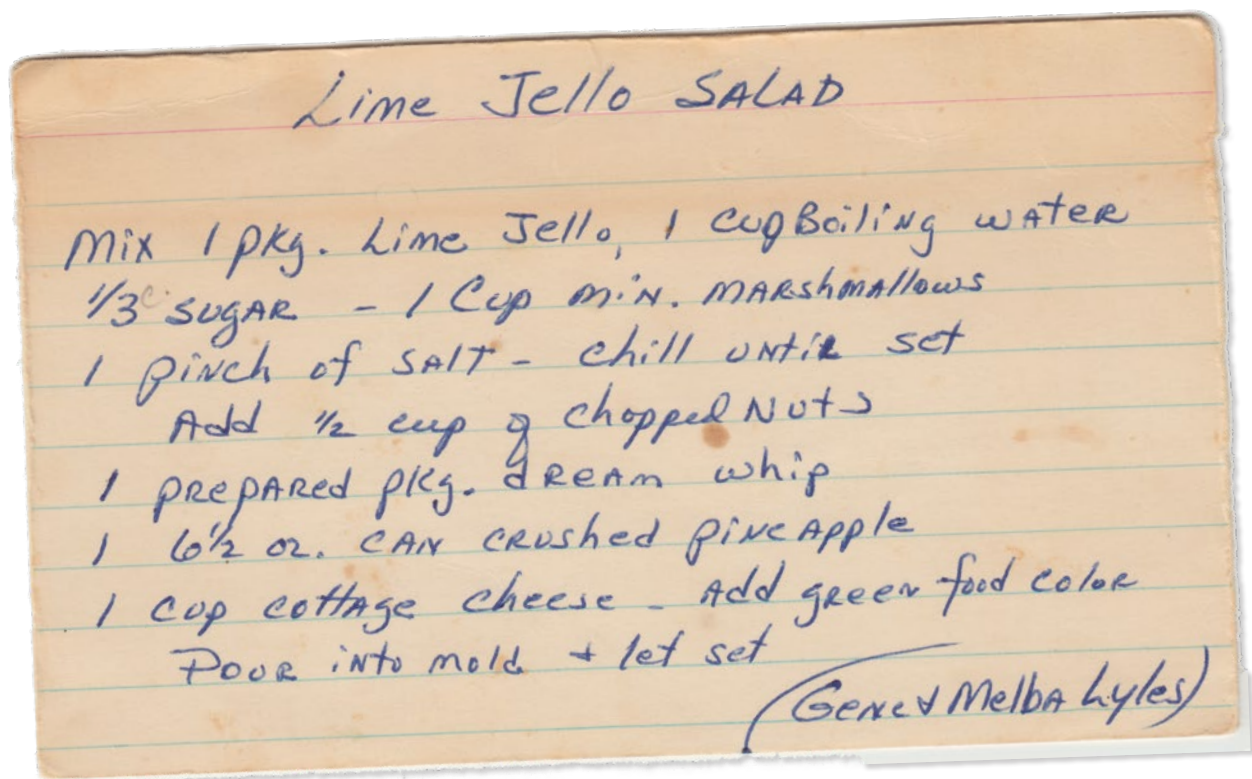
Her mother started the family tradition, and now Sandra, her sisters, daughter, and nieces all have a big yellow Pyrex bowl. The Pyrex bowls are not as popular as they once were, but when Sandra was trying to find



one to give to her daughter, she came across one on eBay.

Sandra says, “I found a really good deal that was reasonably priced; the person probably didn’t know what kind of treasure they had.”

Sandra looks over to the young bright-eyed granddaughter and pats her on the hand, “...and this little girl will have the original big yellow bowl that my mother passed to me eventually, too.”



CORN TAMALES

The Secret Behind Letty's Corn Tamales

Berly Leticia Soto

Short greying hairs adorned the top of her head suggesting the long, tough years that she has lived. Her hands are filled with rich dirt, as she hunched over, tending her beautiful garden, the place she spends most of her time.

Her plethora of dogs and cats follow her, as she moves along her garden. As she is bent over weeding her rose bush, one of her cats slowly walks to her and rubs its pudgy body on her leg, singing a meowing tune. She smiles at the cat and gently patted its head and calico fur, as it purred only for her.

Maria Leticia Soto Lugo, “Letty”, was born in Maripa, a small ranch town in Sinaloa, Mexico in late 1964. She was one out of 12—eight girls and four boys to be exact. Her mother, Bertha Lugo Anaya, raised her and her siblings all by herself.

Letty’s father, Rafael Soto Morales, was a gambling addict who would sometimes gamble away her family’s food. Bertha loved Rafael, but he was not interested in being



Letty remembers the soreness of her small arms pushing and pulling on the lever of the mill.

a father to the children. Her family did not approve of the relationship because Rafael was a “foreigner” from a different Mexican city-state.

Their marriage was a bit shocking to her family, as nobody married anybody outside of their city-state. This put stress in Bertha’s relationship that caused Rafael to be mostly absent for most of Maria’s life. Because of this, Bertha received no help from her family to raise her children. All of this happened because she decided to marry Rafael.

Bertha worked hard to raise her family. She managed to keep her children alive by working in her mother’s farm. She spent her days milking her mother’s cows and tending her chickens, just so she could feed her children.

As a young girl, Letty remembers being the middle child, the one that was always forgotten. Her mother always worried about the oldest and the youngest children. Her mother worried about the whereabouts of her older children and the well-being of the younger children while she worked in the grueling Mexican sun each day. Letty’s older sister was in charge of raising her siblings; Letty was fairly responsible, so she didn’t require quite as much attention.

Growing up in poverty, Letty had a dream to build her mother a place to call a home and to live a better life.

She remembers the quilted rags they used as doors, offering no protection to the outside horrors of rabid dogs and “long-handed” men.

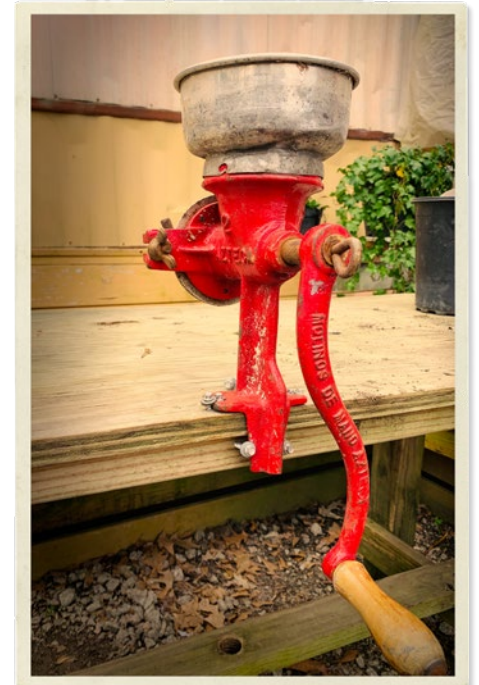
Letty was given the opportunity to go to school at the age of ten. Because her family lived in poverty and couldn’t allow her to attend earlier, she was the oldest in her first-grade class. She remembers not fitting in; although according to her, she was the smartest one there.

A few years later, she started working alongside some of her siblings who were packing tomatoes. She remembers using a stool to reach the belt that held the produce in the packing complex.

An old retired teacher saw the potential in Letty and attempted to adopt her to get her away from work and back to school in a higher grade, but Letty preferred to stay with her own family. Despite the teacher’s efforts, Letty kept working. She quit school altogether once she started to earn money.

However, there was a ray of light that showed through the violent poverty that the family endured. It was when the family would get together and make corn tamales. Letty has fond memories of helping her mother make this complicated and time-consuming dish.

“I feel nostalgic, and I’d like to return... someday with my daughter



Berly,” she said, as she wiped her tears and smiled.

Letty remembers her grandfather taking her and some of her siblings to the woods in a carriage pulled by a donkey named Philemon. The rocky dirt roads made the journey to pick corn feel longer, especially with the abrasive Mexican sun shining down on them.

After piling the carriage with the crops, they walked back through the cooling afternoon. Her grandfather dropped them off, left the corn, and went on his way. Bertha was expecting them to come with the sacks of corn, as they were about to make dinner for the army of children.

All of her siblings gathered around and started pulling the corn out of the sacks. They removed the husks, placing them on their knees as



for herself, she missed out on the childhood that she just barely got to experience. This dish helps her remember those unforgettable times that were filled with carefree laughter, before her small sunny flower patch was flooded by the violent thunderstorms of growing up too fast.

Interestingly, when many Americans think of Hispanic food, they automatically think of tortillas. But the Mayas did not make tortillas before 900 CE. Archeologists are certain that the tortilla was a more recent addition to

they would be needed for later, and then pulled of the hairs from the corn.

Bertha was handed the corn because she chopped the ends and removed the ears with her machete. After that, she ordered every one of her children to grab about dozen cups of corn ears and to take turns grinding them in the mill. Letty remembers the soreness of her small arms pushing and pulling on the lever of the mill.

After each child had their turn. They used their husks they had saved to fill with the ground corn. Meanwhile, Bertha gathered the firewood and started the fire. Then, she prepared the enormous pot by filling the bottom of the pot with the corn cobs and pouring water inside it.

The children then began placing the tamales standing up until the it was filled; the pot could fit around

four to five dozen of tamales. They would steam two rounds in total.

Even today, Letty still prepares this dish outside but with a modern twist. She'd like to keep it traditional, but the corn from Mexico is thicker and milkier than American corn. Because of this, she adds a lot of supplements to give it a similar authentic taste.

"It is not the same, but it is close," she said

Traditions are important to her, and it is hard for her to cope with the changes. Especially with the passing time, she has become self-conscious of her hands, as they have become calloused and wrinkly. But she has learned to embrace them, as they are a silent witness of her hard work.

Because Letty moved out of her humble home at the young age of twelve in hopes of finding a better life

their diet. The reason behind it is that no comal, a flat grill-like pan, was not uncovered from any unearthed sites of periods before 900 CE.

Because of this, the corn-based tamales were the cuisine of the Aztec and Maya civilizations in the 7,000 BC era. The Mayas hieroglyphic alphabet also included tamales. The tamal was convenient because it was individually wrapped, making it the perfect portable food.

Tamales were often accepted by warriors, hunters, and travelers – it was the perfect meal for on-the-go nourishment. Tamales could be reheated over the fire or eaten cold.

A tamal in most cases is made of masa steamed in a corn husk or banana leaf. The wrapping is not eaten. The tamales can then be packed with any

delicious fillings such as, meat, cheese, fruit, vegetables and peppers.

Overall, this is an ancient, yet conveniently modern dish that has

the power to bring even the most dysfunctional families together. Letty, my mother, continues to prepare the food traditions of her home country

with me when the occasion arises, so that I can have the opportunity to continue our family traditions with my future family.

Letty's Corn Tamales Recipe

(Translation from her original recipe card)

- 9 ears – white or yellow
- 1 cup – pork lard
- 1 cup – vegetable shortening
- 3 cups – corn flour
- 1 stick – butter or margarine
- 1 cup – corn meal
- 2 tsp – baking soda
- ½ cup – brown sugar (open to preference)
- 1 tsp – salt
- 1 can – evaporated milk

Preparation: Take the husks off the corn and remove their tails. Clean them and remove all their hairs. Then, remove the ears with a knife letting them fall into a tray.

Then, slowly fill the corn ears into a mill to grind them. If you don't have a mill, use a blender. Fill the blender with evaporated milk ever so often so the corn will not stick in your blender.

When you finish with the ground batter you will put it aside. Fetch a bowl that is large enough for you to comfortably move your hands inside of it. In it, add the lard, the shortening, and the butter or margarine.

Then, with your hands beat them together for about ten minutes. The mixture should be well whipped. In another bowl you will add the sugar, the baking soda, the corn flour, and the cornstarch.

Beat them together well, then add to the mixture of fats. You will beat it all together by hand or with the mixer for around fifteen minutes until it has a goopy consistency. Then wrap them in their corn husk. Use aluminum foil to wrap over the husk if you are having leaking problems or need extra insulation.

Steam them standing upright in a large pot with about an inch of water in bottom. The tamales are not supposed to soak or touch the water, Bertha placed the corn cobs in the bottom to prevent this from happening.

Steam in the pot between forty-five minutes and an hour. After that the tamales should be ready, once they easily slip off the husk.

Tamales de Elote - Letty's Tamales

- 9- Elotes (blancos o Amarillos)
- 1- Taza de manteca de puerco
- 1- Taza de manteca Vegetal
- 3- Tazas de Arina de elote blanca o Amarilla
- 1- barra de manteguilla
- 1- Taza de maizena
- 2- cucharaditas de Royal
- 1/2 Taza de Azucar o asugusto
- 1- cucharadita de Sal
- 1- lata de leche clavel

Preparacion

Se desguichan los elotes o se les quitan sus colas se limpian y se les quitan todos sus pelos y luego ya terminaste ~~que~~ se los simarlos con un cuchillo en una bandeja luego que terminas poner el molino para moler el elote y sino tienes molino en la licuadora y es cuando vas a estar echando chorrillos de leche para licuar y no se pegue la licuadora ya estando lista la masa molida o licuada. pones una bandeja grande donde puedas mover tus manos agregas la manteca y manteguilla azucar sal Royal Arina de elote maizena Siempre cuando se mescha las mantecas de puerco Vegetal y manteguilla tiene que batirse bien como unos 10 minutos asta que la mescha quede bien ~~bopita~~ ya se pone el resto de las arinas de elote y echas todo otras 15 minutos bien batido con to mano o batidora quedan bien deliciosos



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is produced
as the final project of
HUM 120 Cultural Studies
at Beaufort County Community College:

This course introduces the distinctive features of a particular culture. Topics include art, history, music, literature, politics, philosophy, and religion. Upon completion, students should be able to appreciate the unique character of the study culture. This course has been approved to satisfy the Comprehensive Articulation Agreement general education core requirement in humanities/fine arts.

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