

It's Not True—What They Say About Dixie

It's really not true what they say about Dixie, especially about its cooking. In the *American Mercury* for January, 1939, in an article, "The Truth About Southern Cooking," Isabelle Post states: "The truth of the matter is, to be brutally frank, that the South's over-publicized Epicureans subsist for the most part upon its three traditional m's—meat, meal, and molasses; that the meat is usually limited to a fat salt pork realistically termed 'sow-belly'; and that these three foundation foods find their way from the raw to aristocratic Dixie palates via the type cook who when asked if she can feed fifteen men, replies, 'Yes suh, jes gimme de grease.' Can you imagine any person living on fat salt pork, cornbread, and molasses fried in grease? It would be improbable for all the South to do such a thing when it is from this region that we get most of our fruits and vegetables. Why should we eat only fat salt pork when so many hogs are raised in the South; do we sell all the other choice parts and keep the fat? Yet Miss Post contends: 'A really good steak in Dixie is as hard to find as a good Republican—and infinitely tougher. Nowhere in the South is it possible to beg, borrow, or steal a first rate cut of meat, since the prime cuts are shipped from the Middle West to the large cities of the North and East.'

Why should all the prime cuts be sent to the big northern and eastern cities only; are not some of the southern cities large enough? Stores of any section are not allowed to sell inferior food. How can Dixie do it? Miss Post also mentions: "Chickens are small and scrawny compared with those up North, which fact probably accounts for the genesis of Southern fried chicken—a foul system of covering the bird with a thick layer of flour or cracker-meal before frying—otherwise there would be nothing to bite into." Southern chickens are not all small and scrawny, just those that are fried. These are called spring chickens or fryers and are not allowed to grow to full size so they will be juicy and tender.

The author contends, "In the matter of fruits and vegetables, conditions are hardly better. Except during the short growing season, fresh ones are practically non-existent." She does not realize that in Dixie such vegetables as cabbage, turnip salad, and collards are grown the year around. It is true there is not much fruit out of season, but each season brings another fruit. The people of Dixie take pride in canning when it is in season. The reason Miss Post has never tasted a good plum, cherry or pear in Dixie is they are not usually on the market because everybody has a generous supply of his own.

The author insists, "While the current program for the retirement of cotton land is encouraging the growth of the dairy industry at the present, the average Southerner is scared stiff by most dairy products. Fresh sweet butter as we know it is unknown in the South, and even the packaged, salted variety is found only on the table

of the better class." Evidently the author refers to a few generations ago, because there are at least three large dairies in each of the larger cities of Dixie. In the smaller towns, if there are no dairies, nearby farmers with cows can keep the people supplied.

Miss Post continues, "Last but not least, there is Southern ice cream, which is a sorry apology for the real thing." We wonder why large ice cream companies would lower the quality of their product just for Dixie. As long as our ice cream is pure and palatable we are satisfied.

States the author, "Cooking in Dixie means frying. Many a home I know boasts as its sole culinary equipment an assortment of frying pans—and little else. I used to wonder what Southern ladies did with the roasting compartments of their stoves until a little private sleuthing revealed their purpose—the storing of frying pans." I admit we use the frying pan too much but if we use the roasting compartment of our stoves for storing the frying pans, where do we cook the low grade cuts of meat we buy or the "fairly creditable biscuits" we are given credit for having? In the frying pans too?

"The food is spiced and flavored within an inch of its life, not to mention the life of its consumer," says Miss Post. Rich, highly seasoned foods seem to be a weakness of the Dixielanders, but the foods are seasoned to suit the individual taste.

The author continues: "One can travel from Richmond to El Paso, from Memphis to Miami, without finding a cafe or hotel dining room sufficiently good to make him want to go back for another meal. Service is slow, noisy, and often insolvent. Flies infest all restaurants, and the cockroaches usually to be seen scurrying across the floor indicate the kitchens have their quota of rats." Southern cafes may not be what they should because they are comparatively new. Until recently Southern people did not patronize cafes but they lived at home. No city would tolerate anything like the one described; the health inspector would force it to close.

Miss Post contends in conclusion: "Small wonder, then, that the South is the country's best market for liver pills, stomach cures, and other digestive panaceas." The true reason for the large market for such remedies is that the people over-eat. Would not anyone over-eat if he had food he could really enjoy?

We Southerners do sincerely wish that before such articles as the one here mentioned are published the author would visit the South. Some of the ideas the article contained may have been true fifty years ago but not in Dixie today.

—EDITH A. PARHAM.

FAIR WARNINGS At the San Francisco World's Fair—

Husbands and wives contemplating offspring may step up to the "heredity doll," push a number of buttons indicating color of their eyes, hair, complexion, height, etc., and out pops a doll which looks the way their own child will look. —Esquire.

I Wonder Why

I wonder why does man spend so much time preparing to kill himself. Is it because he is king of the animal kingdom and hates himself most, or is it that he wants to be unfair to himself?

God has put animals and fowls here for man's use, such as hogs, cows, sheep, rabbits, foxes, squirrels, chickens, and birds. But when man is going through the process of molding steel bullets in order that he may kill these animals and fowls, he does not trouble himself to make those large balls of steel that he makes to kill himself.

In the time of peace, man is busy preparing for war. In making this great preparation he forgets who is to suffer the results of such cruel preparations. He no longer molds the small balls of steel as he did to kill the animals and the fowls, but now that he is preparing to kill himself, he bullets are molded into large balls and he even goes so far as to make what is known as bombs, and these bombs are filled with poison gases.

Man! I wonder why you would be so detrimental to yourself? After all, preparations are made to kill you, and when you are dead, do you expect the few of us who may survive during your wars to eat your bodies? Why certainly you don't. Then I wonder why do you forever keep your minds and your hands engaged in making preparations to kill yourself. I wonder, I wonder, I wonder why.

The Measure of a Man

Not—"How did he die?"

But—"How did he live?"

Not—"What did he gain?"

But—"What did he give?"

These are the units

To measure the worth

Of a man, as a man,

Regardless of birth.

Not—"What was his station?"

But—"Had he a heart?"

And—"How did he play

His God-given part?

Was he ever ready

With a word of good

cheer,

To bring back a smile,

To banish a tear?"

Not—"What was his church?"

Nor—"What was his creed?"

But—"Had he befriended

Those really in need?"

Not—"What did the sketch

In the newspapers say?"

But—"How many were sorry

When he passed away?"

French Forum Under Way

The forum of the 12B French class, under the leadership of Professor A. Heningburg, is well under way. The committee is doing fine work; it is keeping the class posted on the current events of the day, especially telling of the activities of France. During National Negro History Week we were told many interesting and unusual things concerning Negroes not mentioned in textbooks of this day and age; we were told of Negro Americans and Negro Frenchmen. We expect to invite you soon to a special meeting, and will be disappointed if you don't come.

—FLORETA IRMA HUNTER,
Class Reporter

America and Progress

There is no doubt in any one's mind about the progress in America. She has been elevated to the age of all ages, "The Machine Age."

This machine age has taken America by the roots of her hair, demanded and commanded her into becoming its servant, until she has admitted defeat and no longer has a will of her own. It has, without warning, stepped politely into the factories where thousands of men have been laboring for years and ousted them from their security. Negro cotton pickers, who know no other kind of work, are being thrown out of their jobs by a machine that can pick cotton and clean it in less than half the time of the pickers. Then comes this era of machinery into the private homes of America with washing machines to wash clothes, electric stoves to cook the meals, electric dish-washers to clean the dishes. Still treading lightly down the streets of America, it stops in the telephone buildings and puts operators out of their positions through the dial system; going on it halts at some of the largest offices, tells those stenographers to get out and installs a stenotype machine; walks through the large department stores, tells the people that it knows they are tired of walking up and down stairs and installs escalators and elevators. It is still tramping through the streets of America and when it will stop tramping, nobody knows.

What has this machine age done to the people, the people who no longer have jobs? It walked into the White House, told the president to put on relief these millions of people who are out of work. Now that the people have no worries about shelter, clothing, and food, they find themselves with time on their hands. Their brains begin to function, making them think many things. Crime is one of the results of this time on their hands. Crime has become so large in America that she is hardly able to control it. Jails are becoming so full that new ones are constantly being built or the old ones being enlarged.

Another result of this machine age is that we find many youths going to college. For what? There are no jobs for most of them. As a result, they become America's public enemies and many "go on relief."

What is America going to do? America is not going to do anything. The machine is going to put its hand in the situation and perhaps a "machine war" may be the result.

Yet, there is no doubt in any one's mind that America is progressing?

(Suggested by a recent lecture by Dr. A. Clayton Powell and by a group of readings, "Machinery and Civilization," in *Topics for Freshman Writing*.)

NOT NEEDED

Merchant: "Before I can engage you, you will have to pass an intelligence test."

Girl candidate: "Intelligence test? Why, the advertisement said you wanted a stenographer."

those who are weak and who have never known the Lord Jesus will be constrained to follow him. The main trouble with the world today is that too many so-called Christians have gone back into the world, and are doing likewise with the sinners that they have no influence over the sinner. Another reason is that too many people are seeking after worldly pleasures instead of heavenly rest.

Young people seem to think that we are here to stay always, but young people must consider that Jesus has no respect of person. So it is our duty to prepare ourselves, for Jesus is coming soon and will we be able to stand? We, as young people, seem to form the opinion that all we should be concerned with is having a good time. Pleasures are all right if they are of the right kind, but there will come a day when the pleasures of this world will do us no good. Therefore, we, the younger people, should consider the question of "religion" more seriously than ever before.

Speaking of our own President, Dr. James E. Shepard, I admire him for one particular thing—that of being a Christian who, every time he has an occasion to speak, bases a portion of his talk on some phase of Christianity. We need more men like our president, including our teachers and the student body as a whole. A suggestion would be to have more emphasis placed on Christianity by our teachers in the classroom, or devote one hour a week to some such religious discussions wherein the students may take an active part.

—FLORA KING.