



VOLUME XXXVI, NUMBER 4 FALL 2020

Repast

Quarterly Publication of the Culinary Historians of Ann Arbor

FRONTISPIECE.



*The Fair, who's Wise and oft consults our Book,
And thence directions gives her Prudent Cook,
With CHOICEST VIANDS, has her Table Crown'd,
And Health, with Frugal Elegance is found.*

250 Years Since Hannah Glasse

Snapshots of Culinary History in England, Part 1

Frontispiece of Hannah Glasse's
The Art of Cookery in the edition
of 1770, the year that she died.

YOUR TICKET TO ENGLAND

"I believe I have attempted a Branch of Cookery which Nobody has yet thought worth their while to write upon" asserted Hannah Glasse in the preface to *The Art of Cookery, Made Plain and Easy* (1747). Her book was path-breaking because it was devoted to giving practical kitchen instructions to housewives and servants who were not educated beyond the ability to read (see the copy of the frontispiece on the cover of this issue of *Repast*). This Autumn being the 250th anniversary of the death of Glasse (Mar. 1708 – Sep. 1, 1770), *Repast* is taking the occasion to publish some issues, this year and next, that will present diverse snapshots from the long culinary history of England.

Repast

ISSN 1552-8863

Published quarterly by the
Culinary Historians of Ann Arbor (CHAA)

<http://culinaryhistoriansannarbor.org/>

An archive is available at <https://cooks.aadl.org/cooks/repast>

Editor.....	Randy K. Schwartz
CHAA President.....	Mariam Van Deventer Breed
CHAA Program Chair.....	Glenda Bullock
CHAA Treasurer.....	William Walker
CHAA Membership Secretary	Marionette Cano
CHAA Website Editor.....	Glenda Bullock
CHAA Founder and Honorary President...	Jan Longone



*The material contained in this publication is copyrighted.
Passages may be copied or quoted provided that the source is credited.*

For submissions or inquiries about *Repast*, contact:

Randy K. Schwartz
1044 Greenhills Drive
Ann Arbor, MI 48105-2722
tel. 734-662-5040
rschw45251@aol.com

Subscriptions are \$20/year. To subscribe to *Repast* or to become a CHAA member (which includes a subscription), contact either President Mariam Breed (tel. 734-320-3708) or Membership Secretary Marionette Cano (e-mail a2culinaryhistorians@gmail.com), or download a membership form from the web address given near the top of this box.

In its first 95 years alone, Mrs. Glasse's cookbook came out in 34 editions in the British Isles and America. The work helped codify middle-class English cookery. Previous books had given scant cooking directions; they were more like *aides-mémoire* to the professional cooks employed in palaces and manor houses. Instead, Glasse wrote her recipes in such a way that those who were less proficient could follow them, and they could be prepared economically. She anglicized many French and other foreign recipes, for example by removing heavily-flavored sauces from fish, poultry, and game dishes. She was the first to use the term Yorkshire Pudding in print, the first to publish an Indian curry recipe in English, and one of the first to give recipes for Middle Eastern pilau. As a "sweet finish", we note that Glasse was the first to use jelly in a trifle, and one of the first in England to give recipes involving vanilla or ice cream.

As an *aide-mémoire*, we have assembled this chronological list of articles about English culinary history that have appeared in previous issues of *Repast*:

- Robert E. Lewis, "Middle English Culinary Terms I: *Sotilté* and *Cokentrice*", *Repast*, Summer 1989, pp. 4-5.
- Robert E. Lewis, "Middle English Culinary Terms II: *Soupe*", *Repast*, August 1990, pp. 2-3, 5.
- Pat Cornett and Jan Longone, "The Cook's Bookshelf: Comprising Information for the Collector, on Some of the Greatest Treatises of the Victorian Era", *Repast*, August 1990, pp. 4-5.
- Robert E. Lewis, "Middle English Culinary Terms III: *Tarte* and *Tartlet*, *Tourte* and *Tourtelet*", *Repast*, Spring 1995, pp. 1-3.
- Randy K. Schwartz, "'How Say You to a Fat Tripe Finely Broil'd?'" (report on CHAA's Shakespeare theme meal), *Repast*, Winter 1999, pp. 1-4.
- James E. McWilliams, "British Vs. French Cookery: The Road Not Taken", *Repast*, Fall 2002, p. 5.
- Ann F. Woodward, "Trim Sails, Hearty Fare" (review of *Lobsouse & Spotted Dog*), *Repast*, Fall 2003, pp. 3-4.
- Margaret Kenda, "How to Feed a Victorian Baby", *Repast*, Winter 2007, pp. 9-11, 13.
- Randy K. Schwartz, "Hannah Glasse and the English Fascination with World Foods", *Repast*, Spring 2008, pp. 13-14.
- Randy K. Schwartz, "Raise a Pint to the Pubs o' the Isles!" (report on CHAA's British pubs theme meal), *Repast*, Winter 2010, pp. 15-18, 2.
- Dan McFeeley, "Those Olde English Meads", *Repast*, Fall 2010, pp. 3-5, 9.
- Jacqueline Jacobson, "Sugar's Route to Medieval and Renaissance England", *Repast*, Fall 2010, pp. 6-7.
- Randy K. Schwartz, "Sugar of Barbary for the Queen's Realm", *Repast*, Fall 2010, pp. 8-9.
- Angela Schneider, "Subtleties and Entremets: The Edible Entertainment", *Repast*, Fall 2010, pp. 10-11, 15.
- Robert E. Lewis, "The Middle English Culinary Term *Sotilté*", *Repast*, Fall 2010, pp. 12-13.
- Pat Cornett, "'To Dress a Peacock with All His Feathers'" (review of *Cooking with Shakespeare*), *Repast*, Fall 2010, pp. 14-15.
- Randy K. Schwartz, "Dorothy Hartley and Her Tracklements", *Repast*, Summer 2016, p. 18. ■

THE BUCKLAND CLUB IN BIRMINGHAM



“ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW IN THE STOMACH”

by Andrew P. Morris

Andrew Morris is Chairman of the Buckland Club, which he describes in this article. After he retired recently from his teaching career, he and his wife relocated from Birmingham to rural Wales. He had spent over 20 years teaching history, soccer, and many other subjects in both public and private schools in the West Midlands, mostly to pre-teenagers at the Blue Coat School in Birmingham. His many world travels included those required to write risk assessments for school trips to countries such as France and India. He is still heavily involved as a volunteer in the Schools Outreach program for United World College, a group of international schools whose aim is to unite people, nations, and cultures for peace and a sustainable future through education. In his younger days, Andrew had worked at various times as a bartender, cook, or caterer. Until his move to Wales, he was a longtime founder and partner in a microbrewery famous for its Chilli Ale. Andrew tells us that his favorite food to consume is cheese, and his signature food to prepare is a good, hearty beef casserole slow-cooked with a strong ale or heavy red wine; but he also admitted that his food obsession is curry, his favorite bar snack is pork scratchings, his “guilty secret” is chocolate, and the most bizarre morsels that he has ever tried are clams cooked in diesel oil— a North Korean tourist treat that “were surprisingly edible.”

I first became aware of the Buckland Club through my father, Tim Morris. He would dig out his well-worn dinner jacket and disappear into the night twice a year to attend a dining club in town. I don’t ever recall being around upon his return; with hindsight, this was probably a good thing. However, he would frequently regale me with tales and snippets of conversations for days afterwards. He always seemed to have enjoyed himself thoroughly.

I was admittedly puzzled that my father would attend dinners with such relish. His job involved having to frequent many evening functions. He was often damning at the multitude



Cold Game Pie, served with a trio of chutneys home-made from 1940s recipes, was one course at the 1940s Dinner held at the Edgbaston Golf Club in Birmingham on Nov. 6, 2019. The meal also featured austerity foods, such as Spam® Fritters.

and nature of such events. Why would he volunteer for further potential tedium? I was equally curious as to why someone who, although fond of fine wine and exceptionally cooked food, was certainly no obvious culinary adventurer. I knew that there was a level of experimentalism within him, but I was unsure quite what.

Matters became more confusing in 1991 when he announced that he was to act as a sponsor for a Club dinner. My dear father planned to design a menu, then talk members through his gastronomic creations. This was a man who could not boil an egg if his life depended on it. I feared the worst. After all, I was a member of the catering profession and had worked at Michelin-starred restaurants.

Needless to say, my youthful arrogance had led me to completely misread the situation. Years later, I was to discover the minutes of the event, which was a P. G. Wodehouse-themed meal with 60 diners. By all accounts the whole thing had been a roaring success.

A Trial by Fire

My own opportunity to act as a dinner sponsor arose almost by accident nearly a decade later. By then, cancer had changed the dynamics in my family. It was at my father’s memorial service that I was reintroduced to the Buckland Club. Small talk with one of his National Service friends revealed the Club’s membership link. I expressed my disappointment that I had never had the chance to attend this esteemed organization. Cross-examination about all things Buckland followed, securing an invitation to the next dinner.

Love at first sight is highly debatable, although in the case of the Buckland Club it was certainly love at first bite: smoked scallops accompanied by the finest Scotch whisky were just a

continued on next page

BUCKLAND CLUB

continued from page 3

hint of what was to follow at the truly magnificent Highland Dinner. Further glorious seafood, then grouse, delightful cheeses, and to finish, that most Scottish of puddings—Cranachan. All accompanied with quality Chablis, claret, and the dulcet brogue of the evening's sponsor. By the end of the evening I was completely smitten. I had gained a much deeper understanding about the Club, and my father.

Within a short while I was invited to join the committee. Feeling honored but deeply skeptical, I accepted immediately, quite unsure what I could, or should, bring to the party. Now retrained as a teacher, had I overegged my catering credentials? However, I was obviously there for a reason. It became plain at the first meeting. Seated amongst the grantees of the Buckland Club I was clearly the youngest in the room by somewhere around 30 years. It transpired that my *raison d'être* was to infuse young blood. This, I discovered recently, had been a perennial problem since the first decade of the Club's existence. At the conception of the Buckland Club in 1952, formed "with the support of fishermen, doctors and clubbable men of a literary bent", age was not an issue. In later years, indeed in committee minutes from the early 1960s, this was recognized as requiring attention.

Below, one side of the menu card for the Elizabethan Dinner (Feb. 25, 1953), organized by the Buckland Club at the Midland Hotel in Birmingham.

MEATS

I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

*Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen'.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, II ii 202

KICKSHAWSES

"I'm dying to find out what kickshaws are . . . Why, they're only omelettes!—but it's the most delicious omelette I've ever tasted."

ERIC LINKLATER, *Poet's Pub*

BOARE'S HEAD

At Queen's College in Oxford the bearer of the boare's head, with a lemon in the mouth, brings it into the hall, singing to an old tune, an old Latin rhyme, Caput apri defero &c. Heretofore noblemen and gentlemen of fair estates had their heralds who wore their coats of arms at Christmas and at other solemn times and called 'Largesse' thrice.

JOHN AUBREY, *Brief Lives*

CRUSTADE OF PEIONS¹

I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, II ii 144

BARON OF BEEF ROSTED

The meate was served up by watch words . . . The poor boys did turn the spitts, and lick the dripping pan, and grew to be huge lusty knaves.

JOHN AUBREY, *Brief Lives*

ROAST PIKE (Izaak Walton's recipe)

This dish of meat is too good for any but Anglers, or very honest men.

IZAAK WALTON, *The Compleat Angler*

CHESE (Cheshire red)

We have but one cheese, the name of which is CHEESE . . . It is neither young nor old. Its taste is that of Cheese, and nothing more. A man may live upon it all the days of his life.

H. BELLOC, *The Four Men*

SUCCADES, COMFETS AND PORTYNGGALES²

At the laste comyth fruit and spyes, and wher they have ete, bord clothes and rely³ ben borne awaye, and guesstes wasshe and wype theyr hondes agayne.

TREVISA'S *Bartholomew*

¹ pigeon pie

² Portuguese oranges

³ remnants

Blissfully unaware of my true role, I arrived at my first committee meeting under the misguided impression that I might be required to sponsor a dinner. Not yet comprehending that characters like our captivating and charming President, Harlan Walker, possessed a seemingly encyclopedic knowledge of gastronomy (he was a founding member and leading light of the Oxford Symposium on Food and Cookery), it seemed clear to me that my expertise would be called upon before long. It was 1999, the millennium was fast approaching, and I had discovered *The Futurist Cookbook* by Filippo Tommaso Marinetti— it sounded promising. Without more than a passing glance at its contents, I ventured that a Futurist Dinner might be suitable. Harlan seized on this suggestion with relish and, before I knew what had happened, my duty as sponsor had been rubber-stamped.

An impression that I might have bitten off more than I could chew sunk in the moment I began to design the menu. Marinetti was clearly a lunatic, and his huge avant-garde joke had produced food that was all but inedible. Whilst this was of considerable concern, even allowing for the Club members' love of the unusual, what was possibly more worrying was the blatant fascism, sexism, and general racism that was the backbone of his life's work. Additionally, there were quirks like an abhorrence of cutlery at dinners, and the desire to wear tactile pajamas decorated with items such as sandpaper, sponges, and aluminum.

WINES

*Meum est propositum in taberna mori,
Ubi vina proxima morientis ori:
Tunc cantabunt laetius angelorum chori,
'Sit Deus propitius huic potatori'.*⁴

ANON.

SHERRIS-SACK

The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood . . . and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me o'er to their captain—the heart; who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage—and this valour comes of sherris.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 2 K. Henry IV, III ii 103

BASTARD

*Far in the dungeon lies a dainty youth,
With his sweet brother, as their names each known,
Unlawfully begotten in the south,
And therefore are call'd Bastard, white and brown.*

PASQUILL'S *Palinodia*

CLARETT

See that in your choice of Gascon wines, you observe, that Claret wines be faire coloured, and bright as a Ruby, not deep as an Amethyst; for though it may show strength, yet it wanteth neatness: also let it be sweet as a Rose or a Violet.

MARKHAM, *The English Hus-wife*

MALMSEY

Take him ["poor Clarence"] over the costard with the hilts of thy sword and then throw him in the Malmsey-butt in the next room.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, K. Richard III, I iv 156

WINE OF MADEIRA

These kinds of wines are onely for married folkes, because they strengthen the backe.

WILLIAM VAUGHAN, *Directions for Health, naturall and artificiall*

⁴ It has been thus rendered (for the lewed) by Leigh Hunt:

*I desire to end my days in a tavern drinking,
May some Christian hold for me the glass when I am shrinking;
That the Cherubim may cry, when they see me sinking,
"God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way of thinking."*

Nevertheless, the spirit of the Club survived the occasion. Members turned out in full—resplendent in dinner jackets—not a pair of PJs in sight. When told to eat their soup without a traditional spoon, the assembled gathering gave a collective shrug and dived in using hands and bread. It will spoil the story to reveal that the Beached Seafood Soup was a concoction on a plate (not a bowl), inspired by Marinetti and consisting of some shellfish in a saffron sauce. Background ambiance was joyfully provided by Andy Hamilton and the Blue Notes—an octogenarian jazz supremo from nearby Handsworth, whose star was continuing to shine evermore brightly after their best-selling debut LP, *Silvershine* (1991), had been described as a masterpiece by *The Times* of London.

The evening was an undoubted success, even if I must say it myself. Unfortunately, pride comes before a fall. In the cold, and sobering, light of day our Treasurer revealed a different story. The Club had suffered a historic loss on the evening. Almost without exception our dinners fail to break even, but the shortfall is then covered by the modest annual Club membership dues. Musically, the Blue Notes proved the old adage that you get what you pay for: we had predictably paid a lot. Members had enjoyed the wine; a considerable amount of wine, in fact. Especially the 1995 Barolo which, having been inadvertently left on the tables by uninformed waiting staff, was eagerly downed by ever-thirsty members. “This sort of thing must never be allowed to happen again”, was unanimously expressed. And in true Buckland fashion it didn’t... until the next time.

The Logistics of Pulling Off a Dinner

Although the Club was created as a relief from austerity following World War 2, the spirit of Victorian eccentricity has been another impetus for it throughout. It was named after Frank Buckland (1826-1880), a well-known English surgeon and zoologist who had a fascination for eating almost any animal (*The Man Who Ate the Zoo* is the title of a superb 2016 biography).

Most of the Club’s members live in and around Birmingham, England’s ‘Second City’ with a population of about one million. Sometimes members move away but still attend dinners; for example, I’ve just retired to mid Wales, about a two hour drive to Birmingham. Current membership dues are £40 per year. The Club does not hold meetings other than the Autumn and Spring theme dinners and occasionally a Summer party. The dinners tend to start at 7:30 pm and to finish about 10:30, and are normally held midweek, while Summer events are often on a Sunday afternoon and are smaller and more family-oriented.

The sponsor has been known to cook the food at the theme dinner, and in most cases is involved in menu planning and recipes. On the other extreme, every so often the sponsor has little or no input to the menu; in those cases a member of the organizing committee takes charge. A typical admission fee for one of the theme dinners is £45 for members and £65 for guests, the cost covering all food and drink as well as the presentation beforehand.

Happily serving on the organizing committee for over two decades, my firm conviction is that there is no such thing as the



At “A Dickens Dinner”, held at the Edgbaston Golf Club in Birmingham on Nov. 12, 2014, the 84 assembled diners were addressed before the meal by Lucinda Dickens Hawksley, author of an illustrated guide to the life and works of her great, great, great grandfather Charles Dickens.

perfect Buckland dinner. Too many factors have to dovetail together for any occasion to even get off the ground, never mind to score a perfect 10.

The venue needs to set the tone for the evening. Vast conference rooms are impersonal and lack intimacy, while smaller, cozier venues run the danger of making us feel cramped or having to restrict the number of guests. Anecdotally, the average numbers attending in recent years have been 60-65. The Hon. Secretary and others are frequently left biting their fingernails as tardy members let another deadline for replying pass by.

Having found the ideal venue, an enthusiastic management and head chef are crucial. Frequently, negotiations fall at the first hurdle once it is established that you wish to stray from the confines of the sample banqueting menus. Straying from the venue’s own wine list brings its own financial penalties. Hefty corkage charges inevitably follow—understandably, in many cases. Additional extras that have made many a Treasurer shudder include room hire, table decorations, and sponsor’s ex-

continued on next page

BUCKLAND CLUB

continued from page 5

penses. Sponsors are traditionally not paid a stipend, but any reasonable costs that they incur are reimbursed. This frequently translates as taxi and/ or rail fares, plus occasionally international flights. Overnight accommodation adds to the growing expenditure. Any lay foodie can design a fantasy dinner devoid of the restrictions of a budget, but it takes real skill to produce a meal of absolute quality whilst living in the real world.

Even with accounts in order, there is still plenty of scope for disaster. The sponsor might fail to show up, either through illness or some other dubious reason. On a number of occasions, Plan A has given way to Plan B or C. Of course, not all sponsors live up to their own hype. A potentially entertaining and informative speaker can easily lose the room if they drone on endlessly. This is an easy trap for inexperienced orators to fall into, especially those with a great knowledge of their chosen theme. Apart from a restless audience, lengthy speeches run the risk of alienating the kitchen staff who are desperate to avoid spoiling lovingly-prepared food. Another favorite pitfall for errant sponsors is the use of audio-visual communication. Dodgy acoustics will destroy the most well-prepared and elegant enunciation. Visual aids that are virtually invisible, and ‘death by PowerPoint’, are best avoided.

The biggest risk at any dinner— whether for six or 60 people— is always the food. The Fungus Dinner of 1973 still holds the record as the most potentially precarious that the Club has endured, although others have undoubtedly come close. To my knowledge we have not yet been responsible for illness (or worse); the need for medication post-dining has, so far, been totally self-induced. Regrettably, the enthusiasm of the chef does not always transfer to excellence on the plate. Certainly, in recent times organizers have taken meticulous care in providing specific recipes and assistance for the caterers. Sometimes everything falls into place, as anticipated; occasionally the opposite happens. That is part of the fun of experimenting. After all, who hasn’t at some point stared with bewilderment at a kitchen abomination that, despite having followed instructions religiously, bears no relation to the expected outcome?

A Favorite from Club Annals

Minutes, printed menus, and some of the recipes from these meals, going all the way back to 1952, can be accessed at <https://thebucklandclub.uk/list-of-past-dinners>. Trawling through these materials, I found myself wondering which previous dinner would be my own foodie Valhalla. The final choice was pretty straightforward (and not purely because of the family connection— more on that anon): If only for the name alone, the Champagne Dinner of 1960 would certainly stand out as worthy of further examination.

The venue for the Champagne Dinner was the Midland Hotel in Birmingham. An esteemed establishment, it was home to numerous dinners in the opening years of the Club’s history. The sponsor was no less a person than M. Victor Lanson, “the great ambassador of Champagne”, from the family’s world-famous house of the same name. Apparently, he spoke with fluency and passion, and generously provided a donation of his finest product for the Club to savor.

The concept of Champagne with every course even extended to adding the finest nectar to cabbage soup. Taking it to the limit— that is classic Buckland Club! The addition of pike to the menu was also interesting. My only experience of this unpopular fish had been when a friend, who was a keen angler, boiled up an absolute monster on top of the stove for his cats. The fortunate felines were delighted, the human inhabitants of the house were livid as the whole place stank of fish for days. Clearly the infusion of Champagne made all the difference on this auspicious occasion. Further outrageous examples of extravagance followed: chicken, only the best, resplendent in a Champagne, mushroom, and truffle sauce. And there were still more delights: a Grand Marnier soufflé, plus brandy that stemmed from the time of the first World War— another example of the sponsor’s benevolence. This would literally have been a dinner to savor.

On a personal level, my grandfather, Denis E. Morris, was heavily involved in the organization and planning of the Champagne meal— a fact that came to light when cross-referencing the dinner minutes with his book, *The French Vineyards* (1953, 1958). Often, one of the most difficult factors when planning a dinner at committee stage is finding an appropriate sponsor. In Victor Lanson the Club struck liquid gold. A personal contact is always the best kind, and it is apparent that full advantage was taken of this most fortunate of connections. Committee members might well raise a smile when the minutes refer to a file for the dinner being “9 inches thick”. The level of planning required before the most modest of ideas becomes a reality is phenomenal. From the Club’s inception right up until the present, certain aspects of our dinners have remained constant, and that is one of them.

Present and Future Trends of the Club

In its over 70 years of existence there have been huge changes in the Buckland Club. A number of them have echoed cultural shifts in society. What started as an antidote for postwar rationing has metamorphosed into a wonderfully curious beast.

The mid-week after-work club for gentlemen is no more. Thankfully, “the ladies” have now joined the ranks of the great and the good. Much of the credit for this goes to past Chairman and current President, Roger Hale. His dogged determination has helped the Club shed some of its crusty image, and drag it kicking and screaming into the 20th, if not 21st, Century. My own son, George, stated that nothing represented white, British, male, middle-class privilege better than the average Buckland Club dinner. Unfair and unkind, but not totally without foundation.

One of my proudest dinners was witnessing George, at age 17, serving as a sponsor in Spring 2019— and in so doing, becoming the fourth generation of our family to embroil themselves in all things Buckland. As a student in the fair city of Maastricht, Netherlands (birthplace of the European Union), it seemed logical to make the most of his location and pressgang him into sponsoring a dinner. Minor drawbacks, like his dedication to vegetarianism, were willfully ignored. His research largely consisted of attending the city’s annual carnival, historic-

continued on page 17

DISCOVERING ENGLISH FARMHOUSE FARE

by Sharon Hudgins

Sharon Hudgins of McKinney, TX, is an award-winning author, journalist, and culinary historian and a longtime contributor and subscriber to Repast. She holds graduate degrees from the Univ. of Michigan at Ann Arbor and the Univ. of Texas at Austin. A former Univ. of Maryland professor, she has also worked as a lecturer on overseas tours organized by National Geographic, Smithsonian, and Viking Ocean Cruises. Her books include Spanien: Küche, Land und Menschen [Spain: The Cuisine, the Land, the People] (Haedeker Verlag, 1991); T-Bone Whacks and Caviar Snacks: Cooking with Two Texans in Siberia and the Russian Far East (Univ. of North Texas Press, 2018); and (as editor and contributing writer) Food on the Move: Dining on the Legendary Railway Journeys of the World (Reaktion Books, 2019). Her most recent previous article for Repast was "All Aboard to Dine by Train on Five Continents" (Spring 2018). She is currently writing a book about life in the Scottish Highlands.

As a speaker for Viking Ocean Cruises on sailings around the British Isles, I give educational lectures aboard the ships, including one lecture about the history of British food. And I begin with a rhetorical question that always gets a laugh from the audience: Is "British cuisine" an oxymoron?

In the second half of the 20th Century, British cooking had a bad reputation— well-deserved, some would say. Foreigners described it as "dull, bland, nursery food" that couldn't compete with the glories of French and Italian cuisines. A writer for the *New York Times* asserted that "London is a great city only between meals." And as recently as 2005, French president Jacques Chirac declared that "After Finland, it [the UK] is the country with the worst food."

British authors, too, were well aware of their country's culinary reputation. The English writer W. Somerset Maugham is quoted as having said, "To eat well in England you should have breakfast three times a day." And in 1967, English cookbook author Sheila Hutchins wrote, "English cooking has been in a decline for so long that people have almost forgotten how good it was, seeing it dimly as a mass of hey-nony-nony [i.e., whatever's on hand, thrown together] and drop scones."

But reputations change over time and for many reasons. Referring to the Tudor era in England (1485-1603), Maxime McKendry wrote in *Seven Hundred Years of English Cooking* (1973), "Englishmen of every class were thought by foreign

visitors to eat better than their counterparts abroad, particularly when it came to meat." And in the 21st Century, British chefs such as Hester Blumenthal, Gordon Ramsay, James Martin, and many others have become recognized stars in the culinary universe. Britons also proudly point to the 180 Michelin-starred restaurants in the UK today (69 of them in London), as well as many other fine restaurants throughout the British Isles.

A Lucky Accident at a Devonshire Sheep Farm

My initial exposure to British food was in early May 1969 during my first trip to Europe. I arrived in London carrying not only my luggage but also the foreigner's prejudice against British cuisine. As I traveled alone by train around the British Isles, from the rugged north coast of Scotland to the moors of southwest England, the stereotypes about British cooking were reinforced by the foods I encountered at pubs, tea shops, cheap cafés, and railroad stations— the only places where I could afford to eat on my graduate-student budget. But at the end of my two-week train trip, fate led me to discover the best of English home cooking, which was nothing like what I'd tasted in those cheap eateries on my journey.

In late May, on my last scheduled weekend in England, I was staying at a bed-and-breakfast on a sheep farm in Devon when a horseback-riding accident on Dartmoor injured me so badly that I was unable to travel for another month. After coming out of shock from the mishap, I was faced with an uncertain and painful period of recovery at the farm before I would be well enough to walk again.

But there was a silver lining behind that dark cloud. The farmhouse dated from the 16th Century, with heavy exposed ceiling beams, dark antique furniture, leaded lights in some of the windows, and a slate floor in the cozy sitting room where a fire often blazed in the open fireplace. I felt like I was suddenly living in a time warp. And in retrospect, recuperating in such surroundings was certainly better than lying in a hospital ward, alone in a foreign country, and subsisting on hospital food.

The sheep farm was owned by the Grindleys, a middle-aged couple from London who'd bought the property several years earlier. Along with them and their two young sons, the house was filled at various times with a crew of four or five fun-loving sheepshearers from Australia and New Zealand, and an occasional B&B guest like me. Mrs. Grindley cooked three meals a day for all of us— as many as 10-12 people seated around the big table in the dining room. And it was there that I learned how good English home cooking could really be.

Mrs. Grindley's hearty English breakfasts— featuring farm-fresh eggs, thick slabs of bacon or buttery kippered herrings, whole-wheat toast with homemade jams and sweet-cream butter that she'd sometimes churned herself— were head and shoulders above the morning meals I'd eaten at other B&Bs in Britain. But it was her midday and evening fare that was the most memorable. There was nothing fancy about the food; it was the quality of the ingredients and the care in preparing them that made each dish stand out. Working in a relatively small kitchen and cooking on a big, black, coke-burning iron stove (with an electric stove in reserve for preparing larger quantities of food),

continued on next page

FARMHOUSE FARE *continued from page 7*

she turned out consistently good meals that never failed to impress me with their variety and flavor.

Evening meals began with a homemade hot soup or cold vegetable salad, followed by a main course of perfectly roasted beef with Yorkshire pudding baked in the beef drippings; or tender, braised mutton with brown gravy; or seared lamb chops with mint jelly—many of those meats from the Grindleys' own farm animals. (I was amazed to learn that mutton could taste so good!) Sometimes cold sliced beef or ham was served for the main course, accompanied by Mrs. Grindley's mustard pickle and other homemade relishes. There were always two or three hot vegetables on the side, often fresh from the garden behind the house or home-canned by Mrs. Grindley: potatoes (prepared in many ways), green peas, onions, carrots, green beans, broad beans, or sometimes a mixture of those together in one serving bowl. The "pudding" course (dessert in American parlance) might be a rich English trifle with layers of fresh strawberries and blackberries; a suety jam pudding, especially comforting on a rainy day; a bright-tasting Summer pudding chock full of fresh strawberries or raspberries and drizzled with heavy cream; or a pie of jade-colored gooseberries encased in a flaky pastry crust. And if that weren't enough to fill up a bunch of hungry farmhands, the meal always concluded with a "savory", usually a big slab of cheddar cheese accompanied by whole-wheat bread and "dry biscuits" (crackers).

Add to that the "cream teas" that Mrs. Grindley specially prepared for me in the afternoons, and you'll understand why I quickly came to appreciate English farmhouse fare. On a pretty cloth-covered tray, she would bring to my bedroom a small pot of black tea with milk and sugar on the side, fresh scones hot from the oven, homemade preserves, and always a bowl of lusciously thick Devonshire clotted cream. In the traditional manner, one splits the scone in half, then tops each half with both preserves and clotted cream.

To pass the time while I was recuperating, I often conversed with Mrs. Grindley about a variety of topics, from politics to local gossip to life in America, but especially about food. When I became well enough to scoot around the house on my painfully stiff legs, she let me watch her prepare meals on that big iron stove in the kitchen. And she gladly shared her personal recipes for the dishes that I particularly liked.

Given my obvious (and newly formed) interest in English food, one day Mrs. Grindley asked if I'd like to see the cookbook that she'd received as a gift 25 years earlier and had used, day in and day out, in her kitchen ever since. Ensnared in an easy chair beside the fire in the sitting room, with my stiff legs propped up in front of me, I soon found myself engrossed in the first book on British cooking that I'd ever read: *Perfect Cooking: A Comprehensive Guide to Success in the Kitchen*, published by the Parkinson Stove Company in England. And I was constantly asking Mrs. Grindley, "What does this mean? What does that mean?" as I discovered the differences between British and American food terminology and cooking terms, British weight measurements in the kitchen (a contrast to American volume measures), and stove heating instructions given in "gas mark numbers" and "Ajusto" oven settings.

All of that information was so new to me that I began taking notes on what Mrs. Grindley told me about English food sources, kitchen terms, and cooking methods, as well as writing down the recipes for "different" and "unusual" dishes that appealed to me. It was a pleasant way to keep my mind occupied while my body was healing, and often Mrs. Grindley would prepare an English recipe that I was especially interested in, so I could taste an accurate version of it, made on its home soil and with local ingredients.

A Triumphant Christmas Pudding in June

Born with a sweet tooth, I was especially attracted to the recipes for puddings. And I became intrigued by the British concept of puddings when I discovered the bewildering variety of dishes that the British call by that name—hot, cold, sweet, savory, uncooked, baked, boiled, and steamed, including dishes that I would categorize as breads, main dishes, or even sausages, not desserts. I'd already had a hint of the British broad definition of that term when I discovered in Scotland that the black pudding I'd ordered along with my fish and chips wasn't the chocolate pudding I was expecting as a dessert, but instead an ugly-looking, foul-tasting black sausage made from pig's blood, oatmeal, and beef fat. Now, to add to my confusion, in England I was learning that even the sweet "pudding" course of a meal could be a dessert that Americans wouldn't call a pudding at all.

I kept asking Mrs. Grindley so many questions about British puddings that one day she showed me a Christmas pudding stored in the cool larder near the kitchen. She explained that she always made her Christmas puddings in late October so they'd have time to "ripen" in the larder for two months before the holidays. But this was June! She'd had one pudding left over from the previous October, which had been sitting in that larder, continuing to ripen, for the following eight months.

In late June, on my last day at the Grindleys' farm, the weather was unusually warm outdoors. But inside the house it was even hotter and more humid. At dinner I found out why. Unknown to any of us at the table that evening, Mrs. Grindley had been steaming that leftover Christmas pudding for two hours before the meal. When she carried the pudding triumphantly into the dining room and set it aflame with brandy, I was delighted by the surprise. But the first reaction of everyone else was silence. None of the English, Australians, or New Zealanders had ever expected to be served a traditional Christmas pudding in June! Laughter and applause finally broke out around the table when everyone realized how wonderfully absurd it was to have a traditional Christmas pudding for dessert on Midsummer's Eve.

On many trips back to Britain since then, I have observed (and tasted) the evolution of British cuisine from the stereotype of "dull, bland, nursery food" to the modern cooking that is justifiably praised by consumers and critics today. Some culinary historians say that the 20th-Century decline in British food started at the beginning of the 1900s, in the years before World War 1. Others have attributed the poor reputation of British cuisine to food shortages caused by rationing during World War 2—rationing that continued for some categories of food up through 1954 and left its mark on British cooking for another half-century.

continued on page 10

MRS. GRINDLEY'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING

October is the time for making your Christmas puddings, because it takes at least two months for the flavors to develop fully. This recipe, made with butter instead of beef suet, produces a very rich but lighter-textured pudding than most traditional English Christmas puddings. The original British measurements in Mrs. Grindley's recipe have been converted to standard American volume measures, and the recipe has been re-tested in an American kitchen.

Makes 3 puddings that serve 6 people each.

1½ cups all-purpose white flour
 2¼ tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
 1½ tsp. ground nutmeg
 ½ tsp. ground cloves
 ½ tsp. salt
 1 lb. (approx. 4 cups) fresh brown bread crumbs*
 3 cups dried currants (small dried grapes, not true currants)
 3 cups dark raisins
 3 cups golden raisins
 ½ cup chopped candied fruit peel (a mixture of orange, lemon, citron)
 ¼ cup chopped almonds
 5 eggs
 ½ cup rum
 ¼ cup milk
 1 whole lemon (juice and grated peel)
 ½ cup black treacle (or unsulfured dark molasses)
 2 cups (1 lb.) butter
 2¼ cups dark brown sugar, firmly packed.

* Do not use packaged dry bread crumbs. Make fresh bread crumbs by cutting 1 pound of brown bread (not rye) into cubes, then pulsing them in a food processor to make fine crumbs. The bread should be 2-4 days old and slightly dried out, but not stale.

Sift the flour, baking powder, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, and salt into a large bowl. Stir in the bread crumbs, currants, raisins, fruit peel, and almonds.

Beat the eggs, rum, and milk together in a medium bowl until the mixture is foamy. Grate the peel of 1 lemon, squeeze all the juice from the lemon, combine the peel and juice, and set aside. Slightly warm the treacle or molasses in a small saucepan.

Cream the butter and brown sugar together in a very large bowl. Beat in the warm treacle, lemon juice, and lemon peel. Add the beaten egg mixture and stir well with a large wooden spoon. Stir in the dry-ingredient mixture and mix very well, adding a little more milk if the mixture seems too dry. Cover the bowl and let it stand overnight in a cool place.

The next day, butter three 1½-quart (6-cup) English pudding basins or deep, heatproof bowls. Divide the batter

evenly among the three basins. Cover the top of each with a double thickness of aluminum foil, and tie it securely in place with string around the edge of the bowl to seal it well. Place the pudding basins in a large steamer pot, or in separate deep saucepans with snug-fitting lids. Pour in boiling water to reach halfway up the sides of the basins. Bring the water to a boil again over medium-high heat, then cover the steamer pot (or saucepans) tightly and steam the puddings for 4 hours. Adjust the heat to keep the water gently boiling during the entire time. Add more boiling water, as needed, to keep the water level halfway up the sides of the basins. When the puddings have finished steaming, carefully remove the basins from the water and let the puddings cool to room temperature, still covered with foil. Then replace the original foil with a new double layer of clean foil. After this initial steaming, the puddings should be stored, tightly covered, in a cool dry place for at least 2 months to let the flavors ripen.

Before serving, steam the puddings again for 1½-2 hours, following the steaming directions above. Unmold each pudding onto a serving platter. Serve hot with Brandy Sauce (recipe below).

BRANDY SAUCE

Makes approximately 3 cups.

1¼ cups heavy whipping cream
 2 Tbsp. brown sugar
 4 tsp. brandy
 1 egg white

Whip the cream until it begins to thicken. Add the brown sugar and brandy, and whip until the cream is very thick. In another bowl, beat the egg white until stiff but not dry, then fold it into the whipped cream mixture.

A HISTORICAL NOTE ON ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

The following is excerpted from Perfect Cooking, p. 123

YE ANCIENT CHRISTMAS FARE!

Till the beginning of the nineteenth century our ancestors did not have plum pudding.

"Plum Porridge" always formed part of the first course at Christmas dinner. It was made by boiling the beef or mutton, and when the meat was half cooked the broth was thickened with brown bread. Then currants, raisins, ginger, mace, prunes and cloves were added and the whole allowed to boil.

This porridge was sent to the table with the meat and eaten with it. Gradually the custom changed and the same ingredients as for the porridge were made into a pudding to be eaten towards the end of the dinner.

FARMHOUSE FARE

continued from page 8

In 1969, about 15 years after postwar rationing had ended in Britain, my own experience of commercially prepared meals in England and Scotland (admittedly at cheap restaurants) had certainly fit the stereotype. Yet at the same time my foreigner's prejudice toward British cuisine was countered by the good home cooking that I ate on the Grindleys' farm in England. Of course, even today when British cuisine is no longer the brunt of jokes by foreigners, you can still get a restaurant meal that reinforces the old stereotypes. And not every modern home cook is as talented in the kitchen as Mrs. Grindley was. But my own experience of dining in British homes and restaurants during this new century has convinced me that "British cuisine" is not an oxymoron. ■



Sources

Farmers Weekly, *Traditional Farmhouse Fare: A collection of country recipes from Farmers Weekly* (London: Reed International Books Ltd., 1985).

Hutchins, Sheila, *English Recipes and Others from Scotland, Wales, and Ireland as they appeared in Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Cookery Books and now devised for modern use* (London: Methuen & Co. Ltd., 1967).

McKendry, Maxime, *Seven Hundred Years of English Cooking*, Arabella Boxer, ed. (New York: Exeter Books, 1983; original British copyright, 1973).

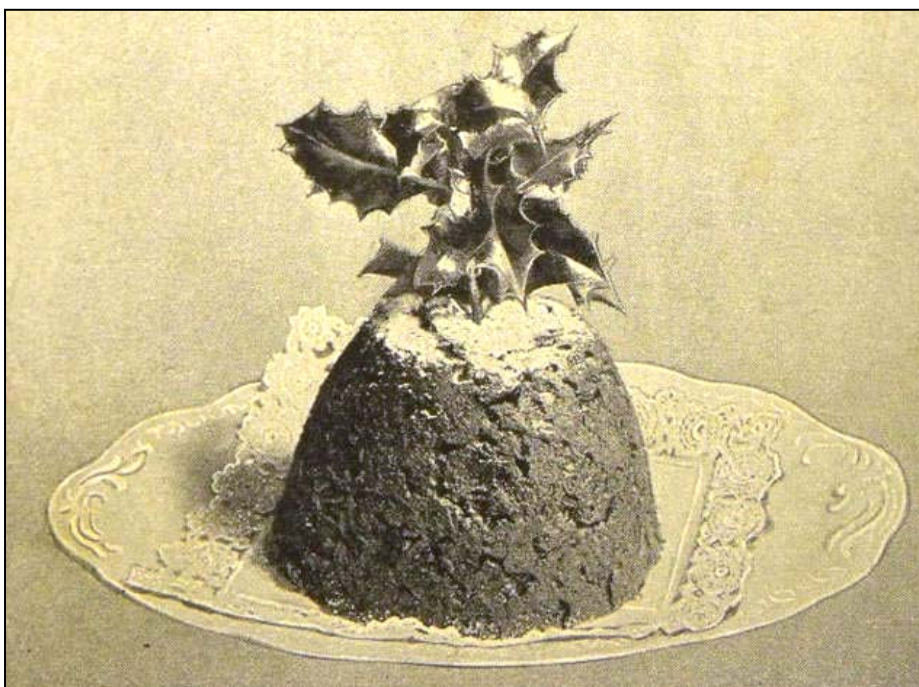
Perfect Cooking: A Comprehensive Guide to Success in the Kitchen, Written and Compiled by the Staff of the Demonstration and Research Department of the Parkinson Stove Co., Ltd. (Birmingham, UK: no publication date, but most likely the 1947 edition; earlier editions were published in 1900 and 1937).

Reader's Digest, *Farmhouse Cookery: Recipes from the Country Kitchen* (London: The Reader's Digest Associated Ltd., 1980).

Yeatman, Marwood, *The Last Food of England—English Food: Its Past, Present and Future* (London: Edbury Press, 2007).

In the image above, entitled "The Crown of the Feast", a Christmas pudding is set aflame with brandy as the family is gathered around it. This wood-engraving version (created by artist William Luson Thomas after the original painting of the same name by Henrietta Mary Ada Ward) was published in the 1868 Christmas edition of the *Illustrated London News* (Dec. 19, 1868, p. 608).

Below, a photograph of Christmas pudding from Mrs. Beeton's *Family Cookery*, New Edition (London, 1907).



UNSUNG ICON



ELISABETH
AYRTON AND THE
REVIVAL OF
ENGLISH
CULINARY
FORTUNES
(PART 1)

by Blake Perkins

The author requested that the article not be made available online.

The author requested that the article not be made available online.

The author requested that the article not be made available online.

The author requested that the article not be made available online.

The author requested that the article not be made available online.

The author requested that the article not be made available online.

The author requested that the article not be made available online.

VICTORY GARDEN PROPAGANDA DURING WORLD WAR II

by Caroline Mitchell

The writer Caroline A. Mitchell lives in Ann Arbor with her husband, Paul H. Falon. She has been a member of CHAA since 2017.

Through an e-mail message that had been sent to members of the Culinary Historians of Ann Arbor, I learned about a virtual lecture, “Mr. and Mrs. Novice: Victory Garden Propaganda during World War II”. The event was presented via Zoom on Aug. 26 and was sponsored by the New City Library, the public library in New City (a northern suburb of New York). The speaker was public historian Sarah Wassberg Johnson, and she gave an excellent talk about victory gardens in the United States during World War II.

Sarah began by drawing some distinctions between gardens during the First and Second World Wars. During World War I they had been called “war gardens”, and food rationing was not mandatory in the U.S. at that time. During World War II the name was changed to “victory gardens”, and rationing became mandatory throughout the country. Planting a victory garden was encouraged as a way for people in the general public to grow some of their own food, thereby allowing more of farmers’ output to be directed to military needs.

The U.S. government used various methods to encourage the public to participate, including pamphlets, posters, and radio broadcasts. Seed company catalogues offered information on good selections for the novice gardener. All available land was used for growing food for this effort, including some public gardens and plots in schools cared for by children. Preserving food through canning was also encouraged as a way to store up for the Winter.

The effort was successful, and the general public produced and preserved a great deal of food for home consumption during the war. In fact, the cultivation and canning of fruits and vegetables remained popular after the war was over. At least two community gardens started during the war are still in operation in Boston and Washington, D.C.

Sarah discussed two groups that were excluded from mainstream promotion of gardening: African-Americans and Japanese-Americans. The southern area of the U.S. did not produce its quota of food because during this era, masses of African-Americans were leaving farming for better-paying war jobs located in cities and in the north. As for Japanese-Americans, there is evidence that the areas to which they were sent for internment were those with the poorest soil and growing conditions. The thought was that they could best cope with such adversity due to their known skills as fruit and vegetable gardeners. But because of the arid nature of the land where they were confined, the high productivity did not materialize.

The World War II victory gardens left a legacy that includes more appreciation for fruits, vegetables, and vitamins, back-to-the land movements, sustainable agriculture, and community gardens.

More information about Sarah Wassberg Johnson’s lectures and other activities can be found on her website, The Food Historian (<https://www.thefoodhistorian.com>). ■



ELISABETH AYRTON *continued from page 17*

Cowan, Claudia, and Walter Cowan, “Cookbooks”, *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, 58:4 (Autumn 1982), pp. 138-141.

Feigel, Lara, *The Love-charm of Bombs: Restless Lives in the Second World War* (New York: Bloomsbury Press, 2013).

Gillies, Sarah, “Reflections in 18th Century Taste,” in Tom Jaane, ed., *Proceedings, Oxford Symposium on Food and Cookery 1987: Taste* (Totnes, Devon, UK: Prospect Books, 1988), pp. 74-81.

Gopnik, Adam, “Is There a Crisis in French Cooking?”, *The New Yorker*, 28 Apr. 1997, pp. 150ff.

Hopkins, Justine, “Ayrton [née Walshe; other married name Balchin], Elisabeth Evelyn (1910–1991), novelist and writer on cookery”, *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2004).

Hopkins, Justine, *Michael Ayrton: A Biography* (London: André Deutsch Ltd., 1994).

Stevenson, Wendell, “The rise and fall of French cuisine”, *The Guardian*, 16 Jul. 2019.

Steinberger, Michael, “The French New Wave”, *The New York Times Magazine*, 30 Mar. 2014, pp. 58ff. (also published online on 28 Mar. 2014 under the title “Can Anyone Save French Food?”).

MORSELS & TIDBITS

During the pandemic, culinary historian **Patricia Bixler Reber** of Ellicott City, MD, has been maintaining a rather comprehensive and helpful calendar of online talks and events (<http://researchingfoodhistory.blogspot.com/2020/04/stay-at-home-online-learning-reading.html>). Enjoy!

Barbara Ketcham Wheaton, the well-known food historian and honorary curator for the culinary collection at Harvard's Schlesinger Library, announces the launch of *The Sifter* (<http://thesifter.org>), an open-access online finding aid to the contents of cookbooks and other texts of significance to our understanding of food consumption and preparation. It is based on the Wikipedia model, whereby users help to input the data and review it, making any needed corrections or edits. The Sifter can be browsed or searched by authors, works, recipes (sections), ingredients, and techniques of preparation (items and details). At present, it includes over 5000 authors and 5000 works. The central documents are cookbooks and other writings related to food, as well as writings about associated cultural and moral attitudes. The editors invite people of different backgrounds, languages, cultures, and professions to contribute by signing up for a free account and adding information (for a video introduction, see <https://youtu.be/wHt2mmsX6Cc>).

Mary Bilyeu of Toledo, OH, a food columnist for *The Blade* and a longtime CHAA member, tells us that after being prompted by a friend, she has been working to develop an Official State Menu of Ohio. She reports, "I have talked to a state senator and Ohio Tourism, and gotten lots of suggestions from readers around the state. I still need to reach out to Oklahoma and Northern Louisiana, both of which have official meals in addition to state food items, to find out what their processes were so we can move forward. That's been a lot of fun!" To share in the fun, check out Mary's preliminary report and brainstorming for the project in her Jul. 18, 2020 column (<https://www.toledoblade.com/a-e/food/2020/07/18/a-buckeye-buffet-ohio-dishes-up-plenty-of-options-for-official-state-menu/stories/20200708011>). Also well worth reading is her Aug. 12 column marking the centennial of the 19th Amendment, "Recipes for Revolution: Women's Suffrage Cookbooks Weaponized Food in the Fight for the Vote" (<https://tinyurl.com/y5korh2h>).

The well-known culinary historian **Anne Willan** is based in England, but her latest book is focused on the U.S. *Women in the Kitchen: Twelve Essential Cookbook Writers Who Defined the Way We Eat, from 1661 to Today* (Scribner, 2020) profiles the lives and works of women whose books have defined cooking over the past 300 years and created the canon of the American table, from Hannah Woolley in the mid-1600s to Fannie Farmer, Julia Child, Edna Lewis, and Alice Waters. In conjunction with a presentation for the Culinary Historians of New York via Zoom on Aug. 28, the CHNY posted two recipes from the book, featuring Willan's adaptations of Julia Child's ratatouille and Edna Lewis's purple plum tart (<https://www.culinaryhistoriansny.org/recipes/anne-willan-ratatouille-adapted-from-julia-child-and-glazed-plum-tart-adapted-from-edna-lewis>). ■

Welcome to New CHAA Officers

We are gratified that members Glenda Bullock and Bill Walker stepped forward this Summer to fill the three vacancies at the Culinary Historians of Ann Arbor. We know that all members will give them their enthusiastic support, especially during the difficult times of the Covid-19 pandemic.

Glenda J. Bullock, our new Program Chair and Website Editor, has been a member of CHAA since 2018. Last January, Glenda retired from the Univ. of Michigan School of Information as Associate Director of Communications, although she has continued doing some work for the School



part-time. Originally from Grand Rapids, MI, she holds a B.A. degree in English from Michigan State Univ. and an M.A. in English from the Univ. of Chicago. For a time she lived in Wisconsin; prior to her 10 years at UM, she taught English at two- and four-year colleges, and held marketing and communications positions at a series of TV and radio stations and then at Edward Surovell Realtors in Ann Arbor. Glenda, an avid reader, has been active in a monthly book group of women for about 10 years. She reviewed Allie Rowbottom's book, *Jell-O Girls: A Family History*, in our Summer 2020 issue.



Dr. William J. Walker, Jr., our new Treasurer, is a materials engineer and Manager of Ceramic Development at the Plymouth, MI, facility of Tenneco Inc. (formerly Federal-Mogul Powertrain). Bill and his wife, Margaret Carney, have been members of CHAA since 2013; Dr. Carney, a ceramic historian, is the founding director

and curator of The Dinnerware Museum in Ann Arbor. The couple met in the 1990s at the New York State College of Ceramics at Alfred Univ. in Alfred, NY, where Bill, a New York native, earned his B.S., M.S., and Ph.D. degrees in Ceramics and Margaret was the founding director of the Alfred Ceramic Art Museum. The couple later lived in Toledo, OH (2003-12) before moving to Ann Arbor. At the CHAA Christmas/Holiday theme meal in Nov. 2016, Bill wowed us with a family-tradition figgy pudding, which he makes with semi-dried figs and steams in a special pan.

CHAA CALENDAR

During the pandemic, programs are being held virtually via Zoom starting at 4:00 p.m.

Sunday, November 15, 2020

(Rescheduled from April)

Lucy M. Long, founding Director of
the Center for Food and Culture
(Bowling Green, OH),
“Apples in the Midwestern Imagination”

Sunday, January 17, 2021

Ann Flesor Beck, Flesor’s Candy Kitchen
(Tuscola, IL), about her new book,
*Sweet Greeks: First Generation Immigrant
Confectioners in the Heartland* (U. Illinois Press, 2020)

On the Back Burner: We welcome ideas and submissions
from all readers of *Repast*, including for the following planned
future issues. Suggestions for future themes are also welcome.

- Winter 2021: unthemed
- Spring and Summer 2021: Culinary History in
England, Parts 2-3
- Fall 2021: unthemed.



The year 2020 marks the
175th anniversary of the
death of pioneer
nurseryman John
Chapman (“Johnny
Appleseed”), in Fort
Wayne, Indiana, in 1845.
This image is from Horace
S. Knapp, *A History of the
Pioneer and Modern
Times of Ashland County
[Ohio]* (Philadelphia: J. B.
Lippincott & Co., 1862).

REPAST
1044 GREENHILLS DRIVE
ANN ARBOR, MI 48105-2722

.....
Culinary Historians of Ann Arbor

Volume XXXVI, Number 4, Fall 2020

First Class