

The Natchitoches Enterprise.

STRICTLY DEMOCRATIC; ALWAYS CONSISTENT.

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HALF MILLION DOLLAR ENDOWMENT

FOR THE BAPTIST BIBLE INSTITUTE New Orleans, Louisiana

\$75,000 for Buildings, Already Pledged in Louisiana

\$125,000 Now Being Raised in a State-Wide Campaign

\$375,000 Will be Raised by Other Southern States

The old Sophie Newcomb College property, 1220 Washington Avenue, valued at \$300,000, and now owned by the Institute, is to be used for the development of one of the greatest schools of its kind in the world.

activity and of various tongues, are here trained in Bible knowledge and related subjects, without tuition and at a very nominal cost for board.

The campaign now on in Louisiana presents an oppor-

tunity for investment in the greatest missionary and educational institution in the South. Money put into these buildings and into the endowment of this institution will live for centuries to train Christian workers for Christian conquest throughout the world.

Dr. B. H. DeMent, New Orleans Campaign Manager
Dr. C. P. Roney, New Orleans Office Manager
Dr. B. P. Robertson, New Orleans Field Manager
Rev. C. C. Carroll, Natchitoches Local Manager
Rev. Dana Terra, Natchitoches Local Manager

Little Journeys Into the Past

A GUSTATORY MEMORY

Merris England had its roast beef, fair France its truffled birds, frozen Russia had its caviar, Mexico its frijoles, Hungary its famed goulash, Boston its fork and beans, but Natchitoches—Natchitoches had its Aunt Ascher. Natchitoches had its Aunt Ellen Price, Natchitoches had its Frank Nuttall, and when I faint would travel into the realms of the past, I find myself led into alluring little paths of gustatory memories, winding little paths, almost forgotten, with more appeal, often than the Road of Romance thru some long-lost heart, or the Highway of stirring epochs of the historical days thru some trained memory and high thinking mind.

I often find myself, I say, exploring these moss-grown vines, and pushing back some shadowy bignonia, that I may see clearly on the veritable highway of Eden. Not accompanied, either, I'd have you know! Some recent writer has told of the interesting fact that children associate holidays with their characteristic smells, but I think it far more interesting that the paths I have set out to explore in searching for old memories and customs of Natchitoches, all lead into that broad road which, for want of a better name, I call the Gustatory Highway.

their plans for the government of the town, for every man was a citizen then with a true citizen's sense of responsibility. The gentle art of conversation flourished. In these halcyon days, you did not phone for a steak and soup. You went by, and selected your roast with all the respect and careful consideration due such a momentous undertaking, and while you might not wrap it up and take it home, you left it picked out, ready to be tucked into her basket by Mammy when she came, and carried home with proper decorum on her arm.

Markets opened early—about four o'clock—and at that chill hour, cafe noir tastes best. So the old woman who knew best how to drip it—and it's an accomplishment, too—had their little coffee stalls at the market, and there the men gathered and drank their small cups of aromatic Creole coffee, and ate the feathery pound cake such as only Aunt Ellen or her contemporaries could make. No skimpy slices of some-flour concoction so flavored that it might be ANYTHING, either, but a stout, substantial man's size mound of golden pound cake.

That was on spring mornings, when the grass along St. Denis street was shining with the dew, and the birds twittered about their building in the stately elms in front of the old ivy covered church. Nippy winter mornings one could have a big steaming meal at the table of Aunt Ascher, rich brown in color, with a becoming crimping of flakey edges and highly seasoned innards which tasted even better than they looked. It was hot and the very smell was

tempting—one had to hurry by her stall on Friday morning, I can tell you!

The men stood around, and discussed things, and the butchers were their joyful hosts, and often their leaders, quoting Greek and Latin, and often he longed to settle a heated discussion. The citizens would crowd around in animated groups, often 45 or 50 at a time, and discuss the turbulent political situation, and also—probably—the latest gossip.

The old ex-slaves, in their stiff calicoes, and spotless aprons, their snowy tignons, or spotted handkerchiefs, would preside over their little stalls and keep the coffee hot, or hand out tamales—Aunt Ellen's tamales, slim young things in their steaming shacks—sending up a tantalizing smell when you turned back their modest jackets. Lots of the members of this morning club gathering were young bachelors, and there being a dearth of hotels in those palmy days, they "boarded" with Aunt Ellen. She kept a place just where the barber shop is, next to Dr. Joe's. It wasn't so big, and it was sparsely furnished—a long table, with chairs tilted around it, and snowy napkins in their tall shiny goblets. But, oh, the cats! The young men used to gather around her ample board, and do full justice to it all; and as there were no screens, there was a small ebony factotum who stood behind the chairs and languidly waved a green china-berry branch to discourage winged intruders.

Ever hear about that boy? Did not your grandpa, or your uncle or your daddy ever board with Aunt Ellen?

Well, that boy was an inveterate talker. Stuttered, too. The young men at Aunt Ellen's earnestly endeavored to break him of both—threw biscuits and knives and things like that at his bullet head when he began. They cured him—nearly. Ever hear about the time he started out to say something and after a few minutes, he got out sulkily, "Ah jist wants say they wuz a fly on Mistah Tawm's soup-spoon—but he's done swallowed him now."

Aunt Ellen was a generous searsoner. Her fricaseed chicken with snowy dumplings, her snow drifts of rice, her sweet potato pone, her flaky biscuits and her molasses pies and crackling-bread; all these were noted throughout the parish. No little bird-baths with their lonesome dabs of vegetables circling about your lonely slice of roast beef, medium. No ma'm, not for Aunt Ellen and her boarders. Aunt Ellen was strong for pork, you know, back-bone with ground artichokes and fricaseed duck—wild duck, if you please—and gumbo—oh, such gumbol Okra gumb, with its islands of rice and file gumb with plump oysters sedately anchored in its rich depths. Aunt Ellen knew where chicory grew, crisp and green, and romquette, and creole cabbage; and Aunt Ellen could make French dressing. . . . but Aunt Ellen is no more. Peace to her ashes. Her boarders will never forget her.

Natchitoches always set a lavish board. No little noon-time lunch then, nor six o'clock dinner. Natchitoches dined well and wisely! at two o'clock, and Natchitoches paid particular attention to the inner man.

Those were the days of the iron hanging ring with its circle of stout hooks, on the back gallery. Birds, and wild fowl hung there—seconds for the epicure, or just so, for the average man. Sucking pigs roasted whole then, and O shades of Hoover, layer cakes were real cakes—no war flour, but glittering mounds of about—let me see, six stories, with a basement, and an attic. They might be white cake, on Mrs. Henry's recipe, or ribbon cake on Mrs. Esther Levy's, tho' anyway, they were snowed under a real icing, and they had a strange habit of freckling out with whole pecan-halves, which speckled the smooth tops and clung doggedly to the sloping sides.

Those were the days of stack wedding cakes, baked in the graduated pans used since before the war by old Emile Rivers and many a bride of those days recalls with pride the height and eclatant richness of her cake. . . . Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips was famous for her fill-cakes, and for her jelly roll.

Truffles could be found on the old lake bank after a spring shower, and they lent a delicate garnishment to chicken. Artichokes raised their prickly heads, and all the old gardens had their long row of feathery asparagus, when you could pick the tender stalks in the early morning.

No kitchenettes with a few shelves, then, but real pantries with room for strings of home-made sausage, and spare ribs, and moulds of quivering hog head cheese. Boudin blanc, and boudin rouze were on winter menus, and champerou in all its spicy deliciousness. Tr'sale held sway, and all the cut-pepper pickles which

awaited its appearance, or that of the pork roast, shone green and red in their jars among the rows on the upper shelves. Mangoes almost bursting their bounds with their chow-chow fillings, pickled peaches stuck full of cloves, quince jelly, and mayhaw, and pear compote, and little creole figs in their rich syrup, sun-cooked, were inmates of those shelves. A tall stone crock, with its mingled smell of grape-leaves and fennel guarding the cucumber pickles was a part of regular pantry furniture, and sausages embedded in cans of home rendered lard. One look at the average pantry of those days was enough to throw Mr. Hoover into a fit of trembling—and if some one had offered him a crocignolle from the tall crock—well, there is no telling how it would affect him. You remember, those rich twisted cakes kin to Yankee doughnuts, with their tails ingeniously thrust thru their neck-bands, and sprinkled with powdered sugar. . . . No cookies, either, but plump blond anise-seed cakes, and big—well, chatain—teacakes of peculiar sugary richness. Candied orange peel and strips of crystallized water-melon rind had their special cut-glass dishes on the table, and chinquapins, and scaly-barks and pecans waited invitingly in nut bowls. Meals were accompanied by different vintages and topped off by demi tasse of real cafe noir, often with the burning lump of sugar to give it pungency. . . . Those were the times of—but I must desist. Just hearing about all those things, many of which, on any kind of a scale, anyway, are but memories these days of conservation. But

the magic of cuisine artistry lingers around Natchitoches. Just the other day Dorothy Dix, writing to a friend here, spoke of the charm of the town, and her memory of its "Creole eats."

Natchitoches could summon Frank Nuttall, and on the banks of lake or bayou, Frank would construct a court bouillon which would tempt the goddess of sport herself.

I faint must leave the gustatory highroad and regain the more romantic fields. But the tastes of the days long gone will linger with those who recall with memories now gay, now sad, the roccate past.

Suffrage Club

During the week of March 3-9, a special committee from the Suffrage Club will make a campaign for membership as it is the earnest desire of the Club to enroll every friend of equal suffrage whether man or woman. The committee is composed of Mrs. Sam Henry, chairman, Mrs. Marcus Desmarais, Mrs. C. V. Porter, Miss Marie Brézale, Miss Lela Ducourtois, Miss Sara Heard and Miss Roberta Newell.

The regular March meeting will be held at Combs, March 10, at 6 p. m. when the program will be under the direction of Mrs. M. H. Carver. Mr. Carver will speak on some special phase of the Aftermath of the War. The public is most cordially invited.

If you want a job of printing a little better than usual, booklet, circular, dodger, note head, envelope, official note or blank of any kind, just come direct to this office and you can get it done.