

**Benne Fried Green Tomatoes with Curried Peach
Preserves and Whipped Goat Cheese
—Vivian Scarlett Howard**

I'm a chef. Not a pastry chef. Given the option, I would choose an extra helping of meat or three over dessert any day. So for this sweet finish, I have chosen to honor all the kooky female goat-cheese makers I've worked with over the past eight years. I don't know what it is, but women love goats.

Thumbprint Cookies with Tabasco Jam

Because you might get hungry later...

To Drink

Carolina Wild Muscadine Cocktail

Half and Half Royal Cup Tea

Mountain Valley Spring Water

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Tabasco Luncheon

**Celebrating the Farm Women
behind the Chef**

**16th Southern Foodways Symposium
October 5, 2013**

**Vivian Howard, Chef and the Farmer
Kinston, North Carolina**

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Tomato Pie with Preserved Butterbeans, Corn, and Charred Okra

—Lorraine Ester Parks (My Grandmother)

The youngest of 10 children, Lorraine Hill began life as a farmer's daughter. Over time she became a farmer's wife, mother, and grandmother. Grandma Hill worked a huge vegetable garden and a peach orchard. Summers in her kitchen were a frenzy of canning, freezing, and feeding the hungry mouths of the farmworkers. When Grandma Hill visited, she would enter my room early in the morning, singing and clapping this terrible tune, "Rise and shine, rise and shine/ We gotta get up, we gotta go." I hated it, thought the fact it didn't rhyme was stupid—and sing it to my children now. Although I'm sure Grandma Hill fried chicken and gravied cubed steak, I remember her vegetables: sweet corn, stewed tomatoes, fried okra, candied yams, and my favorite, butterbeans.

Chicken and Rice with Herbed Chicken Skin and Tabasco Salad

—Scarlett Leigh Hill (My Mother)

Scarlett Hill, my mother, is also a farmer's daughter, wife, mother, and grandmother. Tough as nails, but soft like a magnolia blossom, she has suffered from rheumatoid arthritis since age sixteen. Through two shoulder replacements and dozens of other reconstructive surgeries, Scarlett raised four

girls, taught school, and bred Doberman Pinschers for spending money. Meals at her table were simple. Her hands allowed no more cooking than absolutely necessary. Scarlett found more uses for the collard chopper than you could imagine and served many sweet potatoes in their skins, but the dish my sisters and I loved most was her chicken and rice. A very simple bog, my mom's chicken and rice smells like home.

Tom Thumb, Sea Island Red Peas and Cabbage, and a Sweet Potato-Watermelon Rind Relish

—Iris Mitchell Tyndall (My Grandmother)

My father's mother passed away long before I was born, but photos of her have haunted me well into my adult life. She looked just like me and is remembered as a hard-working country cook who treasured her only son. She, too, was a farmer's daughter, a farmer's wife, and eventually a farmer's mother. Much of what I know about Grandma Iris is through the food she cooked. My father's memories from the table have proven to be her legacy. Iris and her husband, Currin, held community hog killings in the late fall. All the neighbors, most of them extended family, came together to slaughter pigs, butcher the meat, and preserve parts for winter. Nothing went to waste, and out of that mantra grew the tradition (now all but lost) of the Tom Thumb, a hot sausage stuffed into a pig's appendix and hung to semi-cure until a celebration.

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