

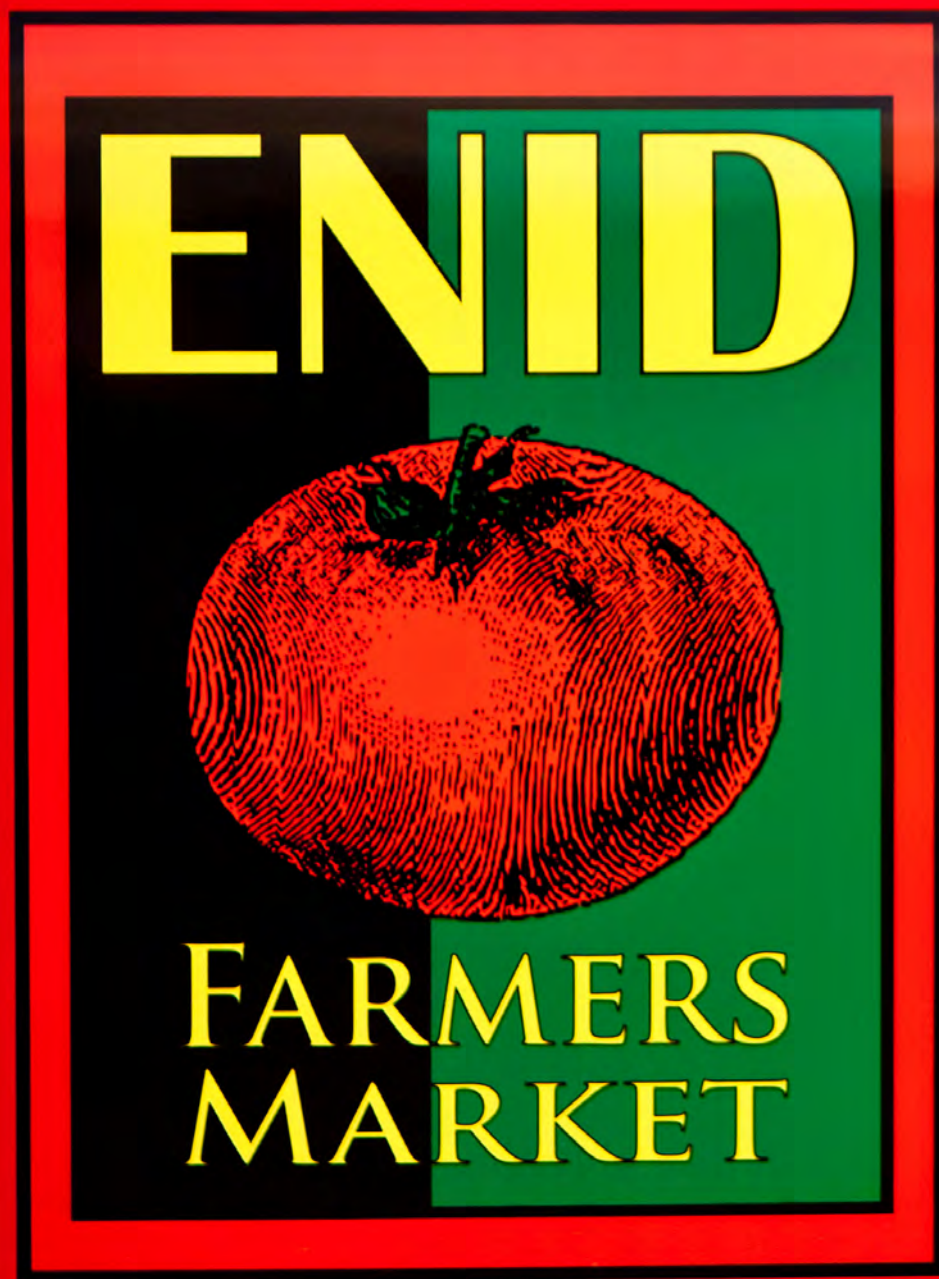
# *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES

FALL 2011



SMITHSONIAN  
EXHIBIT TOUR  
KEY INGREDIENTS:  
AMERICA BY FOOD

AFTER 9/11  
FEATURING  
PUBLIC RADIO'S  
KRISTA TIPPETT



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# Oklahoma HUMANITIES

VOLUME IV, ISSUE NO. 3

FALL 2011

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*Oklahoma* HUMANITIES is published three times per year: January, May, and September by the Oklahoma Humanities Council (OHC), 428 W. California Ave., Ste. 270, Oklahoma City, OK 73102. OHC is an independent, nonprofit organization whose mission is to promote meaningful public engagement with the humanities—disciplines such as history, literature, film studies, ethics, and philosophy. As the state partner for the National Endowment for the Humanities, OHC provides cultural opportunities for Oklahomans of all ages. With a focus on K-12 education and community building, OHC engages people in their own communities, stimulating discussion and helping them explore the wider world of human experience.

The opinions expressed in *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES are those of the authors. Any views, findings, conclusions, or recommendations expressed in the magazine do not necessarily represent those of the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Oklahoma Humanities Council, its Board of Trustees, staff, or donors. Advertising in *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES magazine does not imply endorsement of the advertiser or its claims. *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES magazine maintains a distinct separation between advertising and editorial content. For advertising information, call (405) 235-0280.

Reader letters are welcome and may be directed to the Editor at: [carla@okhumanitiescouncil.org](mailto:carla@okhumanitiescouncil.org) or by mailing to the above address. Include "Letter to the Editor" in the subject line of your message. Letters are published subject to editorial discretion and may be edited for clarity or space.

*Oklahoma* HUMANITIES is distributed free of charge to supporters of the Oklahoma Humanities Council. For a free one-year subscription, sign up at [www.okhumanitiescouncil.org](http://www.okhumanitiescouncil.org) or contact OHC at: (405) 235-0280 or [ohc@okhumanitiescouncil.org](mailto:ohc@okhumanitiescouncil.org).

## ON THE COVER

A shiny paint job on an old truck announces the Enid Farmers Market, open Saturday mornings during the growing season. Photo by Mike Klemme, from his book *Celebrating Enid!* [www.mikeklemme.com](http://www.mikeklemme.com)

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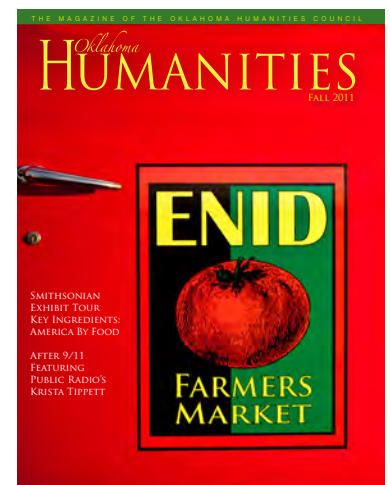


Photo by Todd Johnson, courtesy Oklahoma State University



## SPECIAL FEATURE: KEY INGREDIENTS—AMERICA BY FOOD

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*From the Executive Director*  
ANN THOMPSON

Americans have been accused of having a short memory. Some memory loss is understandable but selective memory that ignores history is inexcusable and dangerous. The study of history is organic and invites interpretation; its revision is expected, but one thing is constant: Critical thinking, a staple of humanities education, is essential. Our responsibility to think critically about the past, and its implications for the present and future, is more important than ever because so much is at stake if we forget.

The importance we place on memory can be seen in today's news. Commemorations of the sesquicentennial of the Civil War are underway. The tenth anniversary of 9/11 has engendered commemorative activities. There is a perceived need for collective memory, but why? The nature of memory can be selective, so how do we choose which elements are important to remember?

So, too, must we consider *how* we mark history. In 1961, as commemorations of the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Civil War began, it became clear that there should be a distinction between celebration and commemoration. To celebrate the formation of the Confederacy in the midst of the nation's civil rights struggle seemed insensitive at best. Commemorations demand sensitivity. In Oklahoma, we saw this sensitivity played out in 2007, the state's centennial. The state created the Oklahoma Centennial Commemoration Commission, not the Centennial Celebration Commission. The founding of our state coincided with the loss of Native American lands; in choosing to take *all* of our history into account, commemoration was more appropriate than celebration.

Surely our collective memory changes over time as we filter the past through our present lens and as we debunk historical theories, but our memories should not be short. Rather, we should be vigilant in our reading, research, thinking, and discussions to assure we are at least trying to remember—and to learn from—the past.

## LETTERS

---

### “THE STATE” AND SEPARATION

Congratulations on the three outstanding presentations under the title of “Politics and the Pulpit” [Summer 2011]. I'm a retired minister affiliated with the Christian Churches (Disciples) in Oklahoma and have been a member of Americans United for Separation of Church and State for a number of years.

While the three presentations were excellent, I was disappointed not to find any mention of the Oklahoma Constitution's reference to the subject. Specifically, Section II-5, *Public money or property - Use for sectarian purposes*, states: “No public money or property shall ever be appropriated, applied, donated, or used, directly or indirectly, for the use, benefit, or support of any sect, church, denomination, or system of religion, for the use, benefit, or support of any priest, preacher, minister, or other religious teacher or dignitary, or sectarian institution as such.” This seems to me to leave no “wiggle room” by which State funds can be used for religious purposes.

Yet, in 2007, the Oklahoma State Legislature appropriated \$100,000 to be “expended in the Reintegration of Inmates Revolving Fund administered by the Office of Faith-Based Initiatives . . . [T]his fund shall be used for grants to volunteer organizations including, but not limited to, faith-based organizations which provide health, educational or vocational training programs that assist the reintegration efforts of the Reentry Policy Council.”

The Attorney General was asked to review the possibility of this appropriation being a violation of the State Constitution. In reply, the Attorney General stated he did not see this appropriation as a violation of the Constitution. Further protest would have required those in disagreement to engage in a costly court case. Further, there is not a large number of Oklahomans keeping vigilance over this Constitutional provision.

—Don E. Gibson, Oklahoma City

### DEBATING RIGHTS

I read with some disappointment your “Religion and Politics” material [Summer 2011]. The writers seemed more concerned with promoting their political agendas than with a statement (not to mention appreciation) of the problem. Our legal and political tradition presupposes that we are “endowed by our Creator” with “rights,” unlike some traditions which assert that rights are grants of government. Obviously, this approach may politely be described as uncertain, given the problem of determining “God's will” with certainty.

The thoughtful citizen is left in the position of scrupulous judge, who must carefully decipher an ambiguous legacy. As columnist George Will has pointed out, reducing issues to questions of “rights” has the effect of paralyzing political debate. The rights of the individual are not clearly more compelling than the rights of a group or of society in general. We may have to confront the sad outcome of modern political discourse: dueling bumper stickers.

—Del Bauman, Norman

### SUPPORT OF SUBSTANCE

I would like to congratulate *Oklahoma HUMANITIES* magazine on being more than a “house organ.” I realize that fundraising is essential to state humanities councils; however, I have read too many publications produced by state councils that serve as self-promoting publications rather than vehicles for enlightenment. “The Choctaw Confederates” [Adam Goodheart, Summer 2011] was a good example of providing a non-romanticized version of the Choctaw and the issue of slavery. Many people here on the East Coast would be shocked to learn that the Choctaws and other Native Americans owned slaves. They would also be surprised that Native Americans fought on both sides during the Civil War. Like all history, the issues are often nuanced and complicated. Thank you for refusing to take the easy route.—Judy Cantrell, Greenbelt, MD

### OHC PRIVACY POLICY

Protecting your privacy is extremely important to us.

For detailed information on our privacy policy, call us at

(405) 235-0280 or go to our website: [www.okhumanitiescouncil.org](http://www.okhumanitiescouncil.org)

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## CALL FOR CLARITY

Regarding editor Carla Walker's introduction ["Politics and the Pulpit," Summer 2011], I very much enjoyed the thoughtful commentary. I did, however, find one thing a bit troubling. She states: "Further evidence of this religious legacy in national rituals includes: the oath of office, which is administered to U.S. presidents with their hands on the Bible and ends with the words 'so help me God . . .'"

I am sure that Ms. Walker is aware that these words are not and never were an official part of the oath of office for president. There seems to be controversy as to when they were added. Some sources say it was George Washington who added them. Neither is it required that the oath-taker place their hand on the Bible. This has simply become custom. I would have liked the article to clarify that these two factors are not an official part of the requirement for the presidential oath of office.

I notice that our nation's history has become dreadfully muddled in the minds of so many of our citizens, who seem to be generally ignorant of the facts and fast to accept misconceptions, especially those appearing on the Internet. It troubles me to see this lack of clarity.

I do enjoy *Oklahoma HUMANITIES* and look forward to future copies, which are shared by members of our local writers' group, The Literary Arts Forum. Thank you for providing this publication.—Joh Gainey, Sulphur

**Editor's Note:** Ms. Gainey is correct that the U.S. Constitution does not ascribe religious elements to the presidential oath of office. Article II, Section 1 states:

Before he enter on the execution of his office, he shall take the following oath or affirmation:--"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

The point of the editor's introduction was to acknowledge the religious overtones found in American civil institutions—as when a president invokes God during the oath of office—whether or not they are a part of law. These sometimes subtle, sometimes glaring intersections between religion and politics, as shown by decades of conflicting Supreme Court decisions, complicate discussions of public policy. As Ms. Gainey notes, misconceptions abound; that was the impetus for our exploration of the topic.

## IMPORTANT WORK

I wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed the Summer 2011 edition of *Oklahoma HUMANITIES*. The issue of religion and politics is so important today. Several years ago I received a small research grant from your organization, which helped me produce my new book, *Jimmy Carter, the Politics of Family, and the Rise of the Religious Right* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2011), and for which I would like to thank you again. As a history professor in Oklahoma, I understand how important the OHC is, and I only wish I could support your efforts to a greater degree. Keep up the good work!—Brooks Flippen, Southeastern Oklahoma State University

## MORE AWARDS FOR OKLAHOMA HUMANITIES MAGAZINE

2011 Great Plains Journalism Awards

Winner: Page Design

Finalist: Magazine Cover

Society of Professional Journalists Awards

Oklahoma Pro Chapter

First Place: Best PR Publication

## SEND US YOUR FEEDBACK

Send your letters and opinions to the Editor at:  
carla@okhumanitiescouncil.org. Include "Letter to the Editor"  
in the subject line of your message. We look forward to hearing from you.



*From the OHC Board of Trustees*  
ANN NEAL, CHAIR

Traveling this summer with my family in Paris, we were struck by the meaning of France's gift of the Statue of Liberty to the United States. The Eiffel Tower dominates Paris' skyline and is visible from almost any street or garden in the city. While crossing the Seine River and gazing at the monolithic monument, we glimpsed a replica of our Statue of Liberty and remembered that Mr. Eiffel designed its structure as well. Both edifices are graceful symbols of great cities that greet countrymen and immigrants alike. They remind us how connected all humans are when sharing the gift of cultural understanding.

Later this summer we will visit New York and the Statue of Liberty. The trip will bring our reflections in France full circle. As we climb the Statue we will remember those who bravely left homes across the ocean and arrived on these shores with dreams of a better life. Even as an American born, I relocated to New York with youthful hopes and dreams after graduating from college. It is an exciting city of business, cultures, languages, music, and art.

September is the tenth anniversary of the 9/11 terrorist attacks. At the top of the Statue of Liberty is a panoramic view of lower Manhattan where the World Trade Center towers are now gone. Innocent lives were lost, as were their opportunities and dreams. My husband and I walked through the towers to work, attended meetings there, and enjoyed dinners at Windows on the World. Our friends and family were safe; others were not so fortunate.

How do you find understanding when human connections become violent? To address these and other issues, the Oklahoma Humanities Council is dedicated to promoting meaningful public engagement with the humanities and the wisdom it brings. We hope this magazine issue offers reflections, viewpoints, and insight on the significance of the day all our lives were forever changed.

## SUPPORT OHC WITH A PLANNED GIFT

Most of us would like to leave a legacy to show that our lives have made a difference. We may not feel financially secure enough to make annual donations from our limited discretionary income, but would value the opportunity to benefit a favorite nonprofit organization—like the Oklahoma Humanities Council.

Planned giving can help us achieve that goal and allows us to make larger gifts than we could with our normal income. Planned gifts come in many forms, usually involving the contribution of an asset or accumulated wealth. These gifts are “planned” as part of estate planning and include bequests, charitable gift annuities, insurance policies, life estate gifts, and others.

Many times you can take a tax deduction for the full market value of assets when contributing them to a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization. Planned giving may also reduce estate taxes, which benefits both your beneficiaries and the nonprofit organization receiving the gift. People from every background and income level are making planned gifts, and these contributions may be made in any amount, large or small.

The Oklahoma Humanities Council has permanent funds at the Oklahoma City Community Foundation (OCCF) and at the Tulsa Community Foundation (TCF). These “endowments” ensure the growth and prosperity of cultural programming throughout the state of Oklahoma. Gifts made to the Council through OCCF or TCF will benefit Oklahomans for years to come.

For information on planned giving or to make a contribution to one of our permanent funds, contact Traci Jinkens, OHC Marketing & Development Director, at (405) 235-0280 or email: [traci@okhumanitiescouncil.org](mailto:traci@okhumanitiescouncil.org). We look forward to assisting you in your planning.



Brenda Porton  
Chair, Fundraising Committee  
OHC Board of Trustees

## LET THE COMPETITION BEGIN!



OHC honored winners of the 2011 Lincoln Essay Contest in April. Senator Clark Jolley was the featured speaker and encouraged students to learn from their own history as well as that of great men like Lincoln. The annual contest was sponsored by BancFirst; Pottawatomie Telephone Company; and SONIC, America's Drive-In. Becky Rickard of SONIC Corporation presented SONIC gift cards to winners. Panera Bread provided cookies. Winning students and schools are posted on the OHC website: [www.okhumanitiescouncil.org/lincoln-essay-contest](http://www.okhumanitiescouncil.org/lincoln-essay-contest)

Calling all K-12 teachers and students! Entries are now being accepted for the *Lincoln Essay Contest* and *Poetry Out Loud* competition. Public, private, and home school students are invited to participate.

Our *Lincoln Essay Contest* awards cash prizes to winning students and their teachers in five grade-level categories. The 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Civil War presents a compelling opportunity to engage with American history. This year's topic is “The Significance of Mr. Lincoln's War.” Students in kindergarten through 3<sup>rd</sup> grade may create a picture and students in 4<sup>th</sup> through 12<sup>th</sup> grades are asked to research and write an essay. Entries must be postmarked by February 18<sup>th</sup>.

*Poetry Out Loud*, a national arts and humanities education program, encourages high school students to explore poetry through memorization and recitation. The state winner is awarded an all-expenses-paid trip to Washington, D.C., to participate in the National Finals in May 2012, where a total of \$50,000 in scholarships and school stipends will be awarded. Curriculum materials are free for participating schools—but you must register by January 6<sup>th</sup>. For more information contact Manda Overturf, OHC Program Officer, at (405) 235-0280 or [manda@okhumanitiescouncil.org](mailto:manda@okhumanitiescouncil.org).

## KEEP YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

Are you an OHC donor? Your gifts support *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES list for other OHC news and event notices. Use the return envelope in on “Donate.” DO IT TODAY!

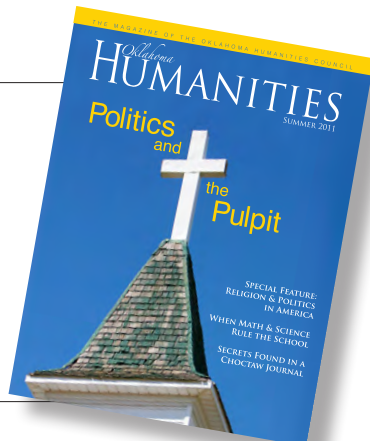
## CALL FOR HOST SITES



OHC is accepting host site applications for *New Harmonies: Celebrating American Roots Music*, a Smithsonian traveling exhibit that will tour six Oklahoma communities from March 2013 to January 2014. [See coverage of our current exhibit, Key Ingredients: America By Food, on pages 11-17.] *New Harmonies* examines the styles, instruments, and ideas at the heart of American music. The project is made possible through Museum on Main Street (MoMS), a partnership of the Smithsonian Institution and the Oklahoma Humanities Council. The program is designed to benefit rural communities. Small towns organize community events and volunteers; in return, they receive the expertise of OHC staff, a humanities scholar appointed to the project, and MoMS professionals. Benefits include higher visibility, increased attendance, professional museum training, and capital improvements to their facilities. Interested communities may apply online at: [www.okhumanitiescouncil.org/museum-on-main-street](http://www.okhumanitiescouncil.org/museum-on-main-street). The deadline for applications is November 1, 2011. ☺

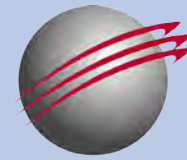
## GOING GREEN

Need grant funding for your project? Now you can apply online. Eligible projects must support the OHC mission—to promote meaningful public engagement with the humanities—and may be structured in a variety of ways: conferences, lectures, panel discussions, websites, audio or video productions, exhibitions, field trips, etc. A tutorial for the new grant system is available on the “Grants” page of our website: [www.okhumanitiescouncil.org/grants](http://www.okhumanitiescouncil.org/grants). And, as always, our helpful staff is happy to answer your questions. Contact: David Pettyjohn, Assistant Director, 405/235-0280, [david@okhumanitiescouncil.org](mailto:david@okhumanitiescouncil.org) or Kelly Elsey, Administrative Coordinator, 405/235-0280, [kelly@okhumanitiescouncil.org](mailto:kelly@okhumanitiescouncil.org). ☺



# COMING!

magazine and keep you on the mailing list for this issue or visit our website and click



**Pottawatomie**  
TELEPHONE CO.

The Oklahoma Humanities Council (OHC) seeks to “connect people through education and conversation.” Similarly, Pottawatomie Telephone Company strives to help its customers “live connected.” And so the connection between the two organizations is quite natural.

Pottawatomie Telephone Company (PTC) is one of three telephone companies that the family-owned group operates in Oklahoma. PTC General Manager Matt Overland strives to carry on the family’s history of setting high standards for the delivery of clear and reliable connections for Voice, High-Speed Internet, and Digital TV services to rural Oklahoma.

Based in Earlsboro, Oklahoma, PTC has been providing local telephone service to Earlsboro and surrounding rural communities since 1957. PTC has continued to invest heavily in the local infrastructure to allow the latest technology to be available to its customers. Inspired to create access through innovation, PTC installed a 200-mile fiber optic SNET network in its service areas in 2004. This has enabled PTC to deliver High-Speed Internet and world-class Digital TV services.

“Our service communities are very rich in history and have very bright futures,” says Overland. “We believe we can help preserve their history and enhance their future through innovation and a partnership with the Oklahoma Humanities Council. Like us, OHC is connecting people. Their commitment to engaging people and creating new perspectives is shared by PTC.”

Recently PTC has proudly supported the *Lincoln Essay Contest*, an OHC program that engages K-12 students with literature and history—in communities just like Earlsboro—preparing them as citizens to “live connected.”



The Overland Family

# CALENDAR

Don't miss these outstanding events supported by OHC grants. You can find hundreds of cultural activities on our website: [www.okhumanitiescouncil.org/calendar](http://www.okhumanitiescouncil.org/calendar).

## PUBLIC FORUM

### *Framing Water Politics for a 21<sup>st</sup> Century Oklahoma*

October 7, 9:00 a.m.  
Cameron University, CETES  
2800 W. Gore Blvd., Lawton  
Info: 580/581-2496



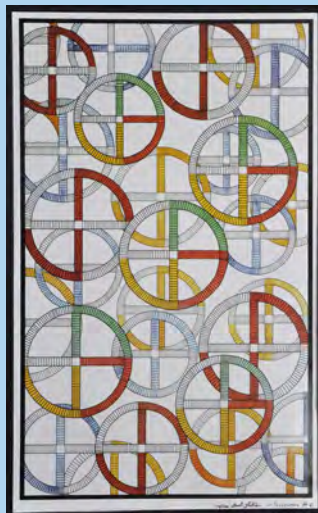
Photo by Todd Johnson, courtesy Oklahoma State University

This forum focuses on the historical, policy, and bio-political dimensions of water. Academic and policy experts will explore: how water has shaped the Southwest compared to other parts of the world; what governance structures regulate the use of water; and the future of sustainable clean water in Oklahoma. Free and open to the public.

## EXHIBIT

### *The Circular Movement in Cheyenne and Arapaho Culture*

September 12-October 6  
Southwestern Oklahoma State University Art Gallery, Weatherford  
Information: 580/774-3758



"Inter-Tribal," 1994, by Gordon Yellowman

Native American tribes have revered the medicine wheel as a sacred object with astronomical, ritual, healing, and teaching applications. The exhibit will focus on the impact of the "wheel," specifically in Cheyenne and Arapaho cultures. Lectures and workshops are scheduled for Sept. 15, Sept. 20, and Oct. 4. Call for details.

## BOOK DISCUSSION

*Much Depends on Dinner*  
Book Discussion Series, 7 p.m.  
Oklahoma City University Campus  
Walker Center 121  
2501 N. Blackwelder, OKC  
Info: 405/208-5472



Ashley Brown

Nearly every aspect of our lives affects what we eat: politics, religion, economics, geography, culture and ethnicity, aesthetics, health, and personal taste. This series explores the strong relationship between food and family, and what our eating habits have to say about us. Free and open to the public.

September 13 – *The Last Chinese Chef*  
September 27 – *The Tummy Trilogy*  
October 11 – *In Defense of Food*  
October 25 – *A Homemade Life*  
November 8 – *Secrets of the Tsil Café*



## OKLAHOMA HUMANITIES AWARDS

### SAVE THE DATE!

2011 Oklahoma Humanities Awards  
March 22<sup>nd</sup>, 6:30 p.m., Tickets \$85  
Information: Call OHC at (405) 235-0280  
Event Location: Oklahoma History Center, OKC

Local organizations across the state are providing wonderful opportunities for cultural education and conversation. The Oklahoma Humanities Awards recognize that important work. The 2012 awardees will be announced soon and include individuals, organizations, and projects that have contributed to the understanding of the humanities in Oklahoma.



# TELL US HOW WE'RE DOING!

*Oklahoma* HUMANITIES magazine plays an important role in our mission to promote meaningful public engagement with the humanities. We need your feedback to know if we're achieving our goals and meeting the needs of our constituents. Please help us by completing the following survey. You can submit your survey by:

- 1) Take the survey online: [www.okhumanitiescouncil.org](http://www.okhumanitiescouncil.org) —or—
- 2) Fill out this print copy (both sides), detach the page, and mail to:  
Oklahoma Humanities Council, 428 W. California Ave., Ste. 270, Oklahoma City, OK 73102

## SURVEY ENTRIES RECEIVED BY OCTOBER 1, 2011 WILL BE ENTERED IN OUR DRAWING.

Prizes include gift cards from Panera Bread and Pei Wei Asian Diner; a signed copy of *Letters to the One-Armed Poet* by Nathan Brown; a signed copy of *Shooting from the Hip* by J. Don Cook; a 1-night stay at the Residence Inn® by Marriott, Bricktown OKC; and a 1-night stay at the Courtyard® by Marriott, Downtown OKC. [\*Note: only fully-completed surveys (with contact information) are eligible for the drawing.]

How many times do you typically read or look through a single issue of *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES?

- 0     1     2     3     4 or more times

How long do you keep an issue of *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES?

- Up to one month     Up to six months     Up to a year     More than a year

How many people in your household or organization read or look through the magazine? [enter # of people] \_\_\_\_\_

How were you introduced to *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES?

- I'm on your mailing list
- My office/organization receives the magazine
- I picked it up at an event or bookstore
- I read a copy at the library
- It was passed to me by an acquaintance
- Other [please tell us how] \_\_\_\_\_

How often do you share the magazine or specific articles with others?     Often     Sometimes     Never

How do you rate *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES overall for content, design, and quality?     Excellent     Good     Fair     Poor

How do you rate the scholarship/expertise of our authors?     Excellent     Good     Fair     Poor

How do you rate the length of articles in the magazine?     Too short     Just right     Too long

What format do you prefer for reading the magazine?     Print copy     Online     Both

Did you gain a new perspective from a feature you read in *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES?     Yes     No

[Optional] If yes, tell us about it: \_\_\_\_\_

Have you had discussions with others about features you read in *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES?     Yes     No

[Optional] If yes, tell us about it: \_\_\_\_\_

Were you moved to do further reading on a subject that you saw in *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES?     Yes     No

[Optional] If yes, what feature(s) prompted your interest? \_\_\_\_\_

Do you understand more about OHC's work/mission after reading the magazine?     Yes     No

Do you agree with the following statement?: *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES magazine strengthens my connection to the Oklahoma Humanities Council.     Yes     No

Have you attended an event after reading about it in *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES?     Yes     No

What OHC programs have members of your household attended/participated in/used? [check all that apply]

- Let's Talk About It, Oklahoma!   
  Traveling exhibits   
  Lincoln Essay Contest   
  State Poet Laureate appearances  
 Oklahoma Humanities Awards   
  Poetry Out Loud   
  Oklahoma Chautauqua   
  Grants   
  None

Have you made a contribution to OHC in the past year as a result of reading our magazine?     Yes     No

What is your age?     Under 18     18–25     26–35     36–45     46–55     56–65     66–75     Over 75

What is your gender?     Female     Male

What is your highest level of education achieved?

- High school/GED   
  Bachelor's degree   
  Graduate degree   
  Doctoral degree

What is your household income level?

- Less than \$24,999   
  \$25,000–\$49,999   
  \$50,000–\$99,999   
  \$100,000–\$149,999   
  More than \$150,000

What audience groups apply to you? [check all that apply]

- Donor   
  Legislator   
  K-12 Educator   
  Scholar/Professor   
  University student  
 Patron or staff of a public library   
  Staff or member of a cultural organization   
  Other

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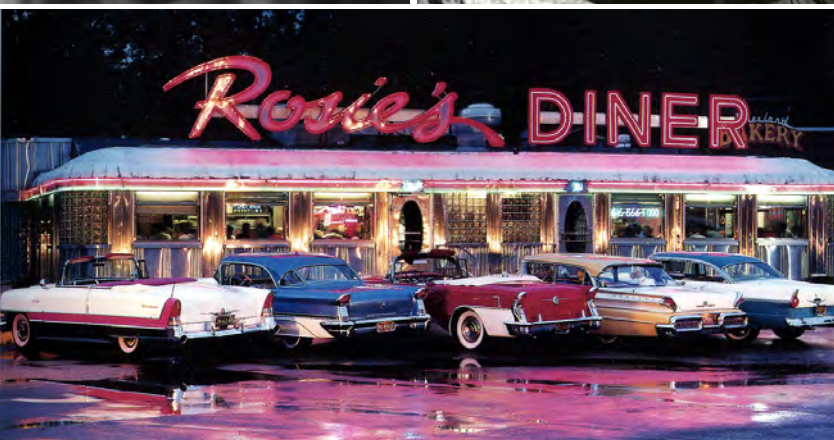
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## Smithsonian Institution

*Key Ingredients: America By Food* is part of Museum on Main Street, a collaboration between the Smithsonian Institution and the Oklahoma Humanities Council. Support has been provided by the National Endowment for the Humanities; Beaver Express Service; and SONIC, America's Drive-In.

## KEY INGREDIENTS

America by Food

### KEY INGREDIENTS: AMERICA BY FOOD

Beginning in October, the Smithsonian exhibit *Key Ingredients: America by Food* will travel the state, giving Oklahomans a unique view of our history—by way of food. The Oklahoma Humanities Council partners with the Smithsonian Institution to present Museum on Main Street, an initiative to bring museum-quality exhibits to small towns and rural communities across the country. Competition is stiff and only six locales in Oklahoma are chosen to host each traveling exhibit.

### A TASTE OF THE EXHIBIT

Food on the American table may not define exactly *what* we are as a nation, but the traditions surrounding our foods speak volumes about *who* we are. Rooted in centuries of borrowing and sharing, our food traditions are staggeringly diverse and constantly evolving. Helping to preserve our distinctive identities even as we share them, food customs embody an ideal central to the American experiment: that we are a nation sustained by exchanges between people—across generations, across cultures, and across the land.

“American food” defies definition, except to say that it is what people in America harvest, prepare, and eat. There is no real recipe, just a few *key ingredients* constantly stirred by time. *Key Ingredients: America by Food* explores our country’s diverse regional cooking and eating traditions—how culture, ethnicity, landscape, and tradition influence the foods and flavors across our nation. [Adapted from *Key Ingredients* exhibit materials]

### TIDBITS FROM OUR PAGES

Don't miss these *Key Ingredients*-themed features in this issue:

- Scholar Julia Abramson's commentary on the exhibit and Oklahoma food history
- Highlights from the six host communities
- A meditation on family and food by author Thomas Fox Averill
- A nibble of food-related prose and photography from new Oklahoma literature

### VIRTUAL VISIT

If you can't travel or you want to preview a “flavor” of *Key Ingredients*, check out the exhibit website: [www.KeyIngredients.org](http://www.KeyIngredients.org)

[Image credits from top] Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival, Winchester, VA, May 3, 1924. Courtesy Winchester Printers, Inc. [left] Food booth, Minnesota State Fair, 1947. Courtesy Minnesota Historical Society. [right] Children's table at the Crouch family Thanksgiving dinner, Ledyard, CT, 1940. Photograph by Jack Delano. Courtesy Library of Congress. [bottom] Rosie's Diner, Rockford, MI. Photograph by Jerry Berta.

## STOP # 1: WEWOKA

Seminole Nation Museum  
524 S. Wewoka Ave. • (405) 257-5580  
October 22, 2011–December 3, 2011



Wewoka is one of Oklahoma's most historic communities, wrought from a confluence of people and cultures that came to Indian Territory. Seminole Freedmen settled near the creek bed just north of the current town, naming it *Wewoka* or “Barking Water” for the small roaring falls. Following the Civil War, the new Seminole Nation of Oklahoma chose the town as its capital.

**SEE:** Seminole Nation Museum houses historical documents, photographs, and artifacts that reveal the cultural heritage of the Seminole people. The beautiful native stone building was built by the Works Progress Administration (WPA) and contains a research library, art gallery, gift shop, and almost 7,000 square feet of exhibit space.

**EXPERIENCE:** Indian tacos and Indian fry bread are sought after during the Wewoka Sorghum Festival, where the art of sorghum making is celebrated annually on the fourth Saturday in October. It's a premier attraction, drawing crowds upwards of 30,000. Made by boiling juice squeezed from sorghum cane, the thick, amber-colored sweetener was once a staple in pioneer homes. Festival events include historic re-enactors, a classic car show, a parade, live entertainment, and, of course, a mule-powered sorghum mill.

**FOOD FACTS:** Seminoles and African-American Freedmen brought many traditional recipes to Indian Territory, such as *safke* (a grits-like food made from parched corn), *cvtwhaka* (dumplings made from blue cornmeal), and *sak ko nep ke* (made of meat and hominy). Hicks Epton, Wewoka attorney and founder of national Law Day, once made Ripley's Believe It or Not! for packing more railroad cars with peaches than anyone else.



Sorghum grower Dan Houser [left] hand-feeds stalks into the mule-powered mill.

Photos courtesy Seminole Nation Museum

[Right] Wewoka's sorghum crop is the centerpiece of the annual fall festival. Juice squeezed from sorghum cane is slowly evaporated into thick syrup.



# KEY INGREDIENTS

## Discovering Oklahoma—

Our *Key Ingredients* scholar ties Oklahoma's food history with

Food is so universally necessary that our daily need for it can seem banal. But food does not merely fuel the body. The food we eat expresses and defines identity. Foodways—our habits, customs, and choices—reveal much about the structure and texture of our communities, our position in the world, our beliefs and aspirations. If we reflect on these food cultures, we begin to understand the fascinating journeys that have brought us to where we are today.

### LAND OF PLENTY

Putting food first means that we shift the focus of history from, say, politics, wars, and treaties, to food itself. This is what exhibit curator Charles Camp, distinguished folklorist and American foodways specialist, invites us to do in *Key Ingredients*. The exhibit describes food culture in America in bold strokes. As a nation, our foodways have been shaped by abundance, whether real or mythical; by regional flavors and specialties; by the contributions of immigrants; by technologies used for food production, preservation, and delivery; and by the feasts, local festivals, and other special food occasions enjoyed across the land. Each of these elements has a story worth exploring. Together, they structure American foodways and the lives of our people.

Consider how the establishment of the trans-continental rail system in the nineteenth century transformed the food landscape. The difficulties of transporting provisions and the need to acquire food—by purchase, by barter, by hunting—posed major obstacles for westward travel. Trains could, with relative efficiency, transport foods in quantity far beyond their points of origin. As early experiments in cooling evolved into refrigeration for transporting meat, the railroads also pioneered innovative ways to feed hungry travelers. By the late 1860s, George Pullman added dining cars to the trains shuttling along points in the Upper Midwest and the Northeast.

A decade later, Fred Harvey, no less an entrepreneur, concluded an ingenious contract with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe line. With its easy access to the cornucopia of American ingredients, the Santa Fe Railroad would do Fred Harvey's grocery shopping and deliver the goods. With his provisioning problem solved, Harvey created the country's first restaurant chain. Harvey Houses multiplied as train lines lengthened along the old Santa Fe Trail. Women who



A professor at the University of Oklahoma in Norman, Julia Abramson teaches and writes about French literature and culture and about food studies. She is the author of *Food Culture in France* (2007) and *Learning from Lying: Paradoxes of the Literary Mystification* (2005).

# REDIENTS

## -And America—By Food

By Julia Abramson

the Smithsonian exhibit that tours our state through next year.

came from points east to wait tables in the dining rooms imposed civility in western outposts. Harvey Girls rivaled the cuisine as a draw for customers, but the restaurants' reputation rested on the outstanding quality of food and exacting standards of their founder. From a trial of endurance, westward train travel became enjoyable in itself.

### BUFFALO, BEANS & BISCUITS

As we wend our way through the *Key Ingredients* exhibit, our exploration quickly moves from train fare to twentieth-century food for the road. We find ourselves at a fine vantage from which to survey a corner of our own food territory, so let us pause a moment, for we have arrived in Oklahoma.

Fred Harvey died in 1901, but his sons continued to uphold the principles of his company. Harvey outposts sprang up in several Oklahoma towns, including Muskogee, Sapulpa, Tulsa, Guthrie, and Purcell. Along the Santa Fe line, the full-service restaurant at Waynoka operated for more than a quarter-century starting in 1910. The opening of the Waynoka Harvey House is a highpoint on the Oklahoma food timeline. To appreciate how this new institution modified the local foodscape, we should consider what else was cooking here at about the same time.

Circa 1910, Oklahoma had already known surfeit and starvation and an eclectic array of alimentary regimes. The state was all of three years old, the land branded by multiple incarnations as assigned and unassigned territories; as strips, outlets, and reservations; as pastures and districts; as counties and nations. Early indigenous diets drew minimally on rich resources of buffalo, deer, turkey, and squirrel,

seeds and roots, nuts and berries. The first farmers cultivated the essential trio of American corn, beans, and squash or pumpkins.

The appearance of other native peoples, Europeans, and waves of homesteaders layered on new foodways and transformed the relationship to the ecosystem. The Spanish brought horses, cows, sheep, pigs. Lucrative trade with the French fostered game hunting for furs, rather than harvesting meat for subsistence. The transfer of the land to American control in the nineteenth century inaugurated

The Oklahoma Humanities Council partners with the Smithsonian Institution to present the Museum on Main Street program, an initiative to bring museum-quality exhibits to small towns and rural communities across the country. Competition is stiff and only six locales in Oklahoma are chosen to host each traveling exhibit. Beginning in October, the Smithsonian exhibit *Key Ingredients: America by Food* will travel the state, giving Oklahomans a unique view of our history—by way of food.



Seminole Indian women grinding corn for "sofka," a grits-like food made from parched corn, c. 1900-1930. Courtesy Seminole Nation Museum, Wewoka, OK

## STOP #2: FORT GIBSON

Fort Gibson Historic Site  
907 North Garrison • (918) 478-4088  
December 10, 2011-January 21, 2012



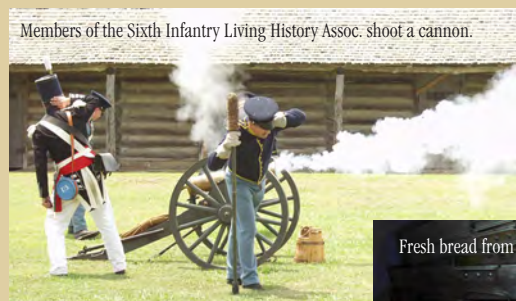
Sunset and an open fire cap the activities of the Sixth Infantry Living History Association.

As the oldest community in Oklahoma, Fort Gibson is a jewel among blue lakes, sparkling rivers, and green hillsides, offering small town life with a pioneer spirit. In 1824, the U.S. Army established a fort known as Cantonment Gibson, renamed later as Fort Gibson. These troops were directly involved in the removal of Eastern tribes to Indian Territory. For many, Fort Gibson was the last stop of the Trail of Tears. The site was occupied by federal troops off and on until 1890.

**SEE:** Fort Gibson Historic Site is a National Historic Landmark, including a reconstruction of the early log fort as well as original buildings from the 1840s through 1870s. The site is designated a national cemetery and is the resting place for fallen heroes from every war since 1812. It hosts a number of living history events and programs. On Bake Day, held each spring and fall, you can sample fresh bread from the fort's oven or watch troops drill. Walking trail tours are offered by the Oklahoma Historical Society, which operates the site, gift shop, and museum.

**EAT:** Area restaurants include Mac's Drive-Inn, which has been a favorite hangout for decades. At lunchtime, townfolk gather for conversation and the hearty beans and cornbread (among other selections) at the Classic Country Kitchen. The Courtyard Bistro offers soup, salad, and sandwiches.

**FOOD FACTS:** Catch the Farmer's Market at Spencer's Corner (the old shopping center), 3-7 p.m. on Thursdays or in Blake Park at Fort Gibson Lake, Saturday mornings, May-October.



Members of the Sixth Infantry Living History Assoc. shoot a cannon.



Fresh bread from the fort's bake oven

Photos courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

## STOP # 3: PURCELL

Purcell Public Library  
919 North 9<sup>th</sup> • (405) 527-5546  
January 28, 2012–March 3, 2012

Band plays in the annual Homecoming Parade. Courtesy *The Purcell Register*



Once known as the “Queen City” of Indian Territory, Purcell was an important trade center and the second largest cotton market in the Chickasaw Nation. Named for E. B. Purcell, an early director of the Santa Fe Railroad, the town became the regional railroad hub for cattle being shipped to points north and east. Now, Purcell is the horse capitol of Oklahoma, boasting the third largest horse production industry in the nation. Downtown Purcell’s brick-lined streets are reminiscent of days gone by and offer more than 200 antique dealers, restaurants, and boutiques.

**SEE:** For kid-friendly fun visit the Purcell Public Library, welcoming families with books, children’s game computers, a pre-school play area, and Internet access. The restored Love Hotel, a favorite honeymoon destination when it opened in 1895, is listed on the National Register of Historical Places. The McClain County Historical Society Museum has historic photos, household furnishings, and ephemera dating from the late 1800s.

**EAT:** Don’t miss the freshly made salads, quiche, and homemade breads at Janet’s Eats and Sweets. The “tiny but mighty” Railhead Diner is a classic that has served Purcell for 75 years. Other favorites include Los Dos Amigos, Bravos Mexican Grill, Jo’s Famous Pizza, Rodney’s Pizza Place, and Val’s Smokehouse Bar-B-Que.

**FOOD FACTS:** The Chickasaw Senior Center is a favorite meal stop for the whole community every month when they hold the popular Indian Taco sale. You can shop for local produce at the Chickasaw Nation Farmers Market, Tuesdays and Thursdays during the summer months.



[Left] City of Purcell staff joins other business and service organizations for a family-friendly trick-or-treat.



[Right] Annual Heartland Classic Car & Bike Show in downtown Purcell. Courtesy *The Purcell Register*

a period of agricultural productivity and a consistent assault on natural resources—from the extraction of oil and salt to the eradication of vast herds of bison and great flocks of passenger pigeons, and the relentless clearing of prairie grasses that anchored the system. Claim settlers ate anything they could: turnip upon turnip, milk, eggs, corn in all its avatars, and general store staples of salt pork, sugar, that manna called coffee, and wheat flour transmuted into biscuits and bread. Homesteaders raised kaffir corn for sorghum. They grew peanuts, garden vegetables, and melons. As land was cleared, the variety of small crops declined. Quantities of cattle, hogs, and oats swelled, overshadowed nonetheless by the sweeping, irresistible, increase of wheat. The towns that sprang up hybridized what had been familiar concoctions back home: foods that were Czech, German, Italian, English, Irish, Mexican, along with Yankee baked beans and Southern fried chicken.

### PLUMS, PICKLES & PROHIBITION

Horticulturalists, ranchers, farmers, and government officials were working hard to understand the lay of the land during the early years of Oklahoma statehood. Letters from Oklahoma City to Santa Ana, from Atoka to Chicago and back again synthesized new findings and negotiated an agricultural vision while fending off nuisances, from fake butter schemes to the sheep-hungry coyote. A correspondent at the Noble Nurseries assured Oklahoma City that prime apple seeds from the federal Department of Agriculture had been planted and were being carefully tended. The secretary of the American Pomological Society (Ithaca, New York) requested for the Society’s biennial meeting a historical sketch of the development of fruit-growing in Oklahoma. Pounds of fresh seeds from local, wild, or sand plums had to be harvested and labeled, later planted and bred. All this was more easily said than done. Frank Albert Waugh, the plum authority and eminent landscape architect formerly of the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College (now OSU), commiserated from Amherst, Massachusetts: “There is probably no genus of trees in America so widely mixed as the genus *Prunus* and this applies particularly to the southwestern states.”

Federal personnel writing to local contacts elaborated on “delicious ‘ades”” from types of hardy citrus having fruit “decidedly bitter, but not objectionably so” seen growing in the area. (Present-day ideas can lack the ecumenical breadth of those courageous times. A home garden reference on my shelf calls the highly

Harvey House staff, Purcell, OK. Courtesy *University of Arizona Special Collections*. The Harvey House Restaurant, inside the Santa Fe Depot at Purcell, was well known for food and service. Meal orders were taken on the train and wired ahead to the restaurant. When about a mile out, the train blew its whistle to signal that the first course should be on the table. Harvey House girls helped civilize the West with the signature Harvey House food, white-gloved cleanliness, and Irish linen tablecloths.



perfumed, rough skinned, seed-filled fruits of the trifoliate orange tree on my west lawn *inedible*. Be that as it may, come the last days of summer a *delicious ‘ade’* is on offer to callers at my house.) Commercial fruit growing would soon decline as the juggernaut of wheat monoculture gathered crushing speed.

A community cookbook assembled by Methodist women in Idabel optimistically gave a recipe for oyster soup, a common enough delicacy. Preparation relied on canned or jarred oysters that came in on trains. Beyond this special preparation,



A meal aboard a Pullman dining car, about 1900. Courtesy Library of Congress

however, the space allotted to recipes for soup, meats, beans, and vegetables is minimal; these were everyday standbys that the home cook knew how to prepare with her eyes closed. What appears in quantity are cake recipes and a longer list of pickles, relishes, and preserves for canning. Dinner could ill afford to be aspirational. Cakes provided the opportunity for creativity, for hospitality with a flourish. To be sure, hefty quantities of sugar, flour, and eggs delivered valuable calories to hard-working people, along with the comforting sweetness. Jars of colorful preserves were an investment fund incarnate, promising continuity from today into tomorrow.

With statehood came the vote to keep Oklahoma dry, though debate still roiled and frothed in 1910. Did Prohibition secure the path to virtue or merely protect bootlegger profits from contraband that flowed in any case? Was it “prohibition” or “temperance,” anyway? Repeal was still a half-century away, but the exasperated, sensible, close-knit German community finally declared that “the prohibition” did nothing but “hinder the growth of our youthful growing state at every step.” Sunday laws and their ilk were “encroachments upon personal rights and freedom, unworthy of free American people.”

### HAUTE CUISINE TO CANTEEN

These snapshots of what was cooking in 1910 suggest the ferment of that time: its improvisational, ingenious, and pragmatic character in the face of necessity, the diversity of influences, and the difficulties of getting dinner onto the table. The addition of a Harvey House, with its sophisticated menu, opened new gastronomic vistas for hungry travelers and local townspeople alike. Harvey House dinner menus featured an astounding variety of dishes arranged within a French formal or banquet meal structure—the *ne plus ultra* of fine dining for that era. A *table d'hôte* meal featured six full courses and after-dinner coffee.

But suppose the traveler remained unmoved by the fixed-price menu. She could design her own feast. A toothsome appetizer of East Coast Cherry Stone clams

## STOP #4: GOODWELL

No Man's Land Museum  
207 W. Sewell • (580) 349-2670  
March 10, 2012–April 21, 2012



Courtesy No Man's Land Historical Society

From 1840–1890, the Oklahoma Panhandle was officially known as the Public Land Strip or Neutral Strip because it belonged to the U.S. government, not to a state or territory. The area was famed as “No Man's Land” for its lack of local law enforcement and the inability to buy or sell land. The town of Goodwell was named by railroad workers for the “good water” they found when digging a well. Ironically, the area was later at the center of the Dust Bowl. Today, Goodwell is home to Oklahoma Panhandle State University.

**SEE:** The No Man's Land Museum chronicles early settlers and their struggles to develop communities and establish government.

**EXPERIENCE:** Students and faculty from around the world share traditional fare at Oklahoma Panhandle State University's annual International Food Festival. Each country's booth features its flag, native costumes, and arts and crafts. The event is held in early spring.

**EAT:** Influences of the Latino community and other flavors abound, including: barbeque at Hunny's in Guymon; country fried steak at the Yellow Horse Eatery in Boise City; homemade food and scoop ice cream at the Hooker Soda Fountain and Grill in Hooker; and steaks, ribs, and chicken at the Hoot Owl Guest Ranch in Kenton.

**FOOD FACTS:** Following the Civil War, the cattle industry became an important part of the Goodwell economy. Corn has been a dominant crop since irrigation became possible in the late 1940s. Today, you can find local produce at the Guymon farmer's market, held in front of the courthouse, July–September.



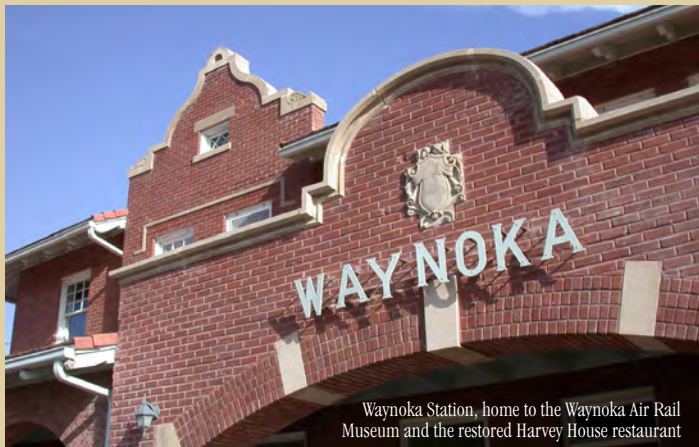
Courtesy No Man's Land Historical Society



[Right] International Food Festival, courtesy Oklahoma Panhandle State University

## STOP # 5: WAYNOKA

Waynoka Air Rail Museum  
1386 Cleveland, Harvey House • (580) 824-0795  
April 28, 2012-June 9, 2012



Waynoka Station, home to the Waynoka Air Rail Museum and the restored Harvey House restaurant

Waynoka has a legendary transportation history. In 1908, the Santa Fe Railway built large rail yards in Waynoka, which operated around the clock. Fred Harvey built one of his famed Harvey House Restaurants beside the depot in 1910 to service railroad crews and passengers [see photo at right]. Oklahoma's first transcontinental airport was located just outside of Waynoka. Combining daytime flights and overnight rail service, passengers could travel coast-to-coast in forty-eight hours.

**SEE:** Waynoka Station, operated by the Waynoka Historical Society, reveals a bygone era when the railroad meant everything to a town. Enjoy the restored Harvey House restaurant, where you can dine trackside and watch passing trains. The Waynoka Air Rail Museum, a gift shop, retired locomotive, pioneer log cabin, and section foreman's house are available to explore.

**EXPERIENCE:** Looking for excitement? The Waynoka Saddle Club sponsors the annual Waynoka Rattlesnake Hunt on the first weekend following Easter. Treats include fried rattlesnake and a free ham-and-bean lunch on Saturday. A carnival and vendors entertain visitors on the downtown square and prizes are given for the best snake catches!

**EAT:** Miller's Cafe, the oldest eatery in town, features homemade pies, rolls, and noodles. Authentic German food and a beer garden can be found at Cafe Bahnhot. The End of Main Mercantile and Malt Shoppe offers sandwiches, hamburgers, cinnamon rolls, and decorative items.

**FOOD FACTS:** Though the Glass Mountains are in view of Waynoka, the community is surrounded by farming and ranching country, where beef cattle and wheat are economic mainstays.



Downtown Cecil Street at dusk



Waynoka Air Rail Museum

might prepare the way for Medaillon of Salmon Poche with Sauce Mousseline and Parisienne Potatoes. Then Long Island Duckling with Compote of Apple, accompanied by Brussels Sprouts and White Jumbo California Asparagus, might do for a main course. For dessert, why not fruit and ice cream assembled into a luscious Coupe St. Jacques. That our traveler was far from the East Coast and California, and farther still from Paris and Brussels, was of no concern. It was simply a matter of wiring ahead to the restaurant in advance of the train.

The Harvey House kitchen was a meeting place for European gastronomic traditions, elaborated over centuries, with typical American ingredients brought from three thousand miles across the country. When recruiting for his restaurants, Fred Harvey sought out chefs and bakers who had apprenticed in the restaurants and hotels of Germany and France. These were the chefs first responsible for the everyday cooking within the Harvey organization. They set its culinary tone and established its traditions. They came directly from the Europe of Georges Auguste Escoffier, the great modernizer and systematizer of grand cooking whose works remain the ultimate reference for European—that is, for French—techniques in cooking schools throughout the world today. The marriage that joined the homesteader's skillet, coffee pot, and Dutch oven to the battery of equipment and supplies subtending a naturalized haute cuisine was a precocious union, consummated in a breathtakingly short period of time. Welcome to Waynoka, 1910.

The Harvey empire declined as the dining car and travel by auto and plane increased, but two world wars applied the strongest pressure for change. Railroads had absorbed the high cost of excellent cooking at Harvey Houses, maintaining the restaurants at a loss. Economic inefficiency didn't stand a chance against the imperative to feed the large number of troops traveling through Oklahoma on their way to war or, thankfully, back home again. The volume of the new clientele and wartime conservation policies dictated a simpler, practical, sustainable diet and vigilant supervision of the food budget. Harvey Houses and other restaurants on train lines became official and unofficial canteens. At the Sawokla Cafeteria in Muskogee, a Red Cross canteen during the latter years of World War I, supervisor Mary Alice Robertson, best known as the second woman to serve in U.S. Congress and the first from Oklahoma, dispensed with superfluties like cakes and ices and firmly reined in the use of sugar in plain baking. At the same time, the patriotic need for conservation fueled a sudden official interest in native techniques for preparing corn.



Harvey House lunchroom, Waynoka, c. 1920.  
Courtesy Waynoka Historical Society



The Second World War renewed the gospel of local, sustainable, nutritious diets in the interest of national defense. Before American engagement abroad, Oklahoma City's beloved Aunt Susan (Edna Vance Adams Mueller) had begun broadcasting her weekday-morning cooking show over WKY radio from the Skirvin Hotel. By 1941, she eliminated candy, cocktails, and cookies from her recipe booklets. She introduced "Emergency Stock" and a "Conservation Supper" that included hominy. She converted the social occasion once known as dinner into an element of the "weekly food requirement," reminding her audience that milk, fats, and meat were strictly limited, while limitless quantities of vegetables were recommended. To the six pound weekly minimum of vegetables, wrote Aunt Susan, "as much more as can be added is correct."

### THINK, EAT, THRIVE

Federal mandates for the national diet during the war years simply could not square with the esthetics of a Harvey House dinner. It is an irony worth savoring that wartime dietary recommendations—eat local, sustainably-grown foods; emphasize vegetables, beans, and grains; reduce consumption of meats and fats in the interest of conservation for the national defense—coincide with today's mantras for healthful eating.

Looking forward, it is more important than ever to reflect on our food history, our food ecology, and our food cultures—for the sake of national health and happiness if not for the national defense. From the perspective of food, Oklahoma stands at a crossroads. We boast a rich cultural and agricultural inheritance. Across our state we see a healthy renewal of interest in sustainability, cultural heritage, and community. We also hold some of the highest national per capita levels of obesity, diabetes, and other pathologies that directly correlate to diet. Many of us are not eating well. We must, it is clear, make serious choices about what we eat for dinner. *Key Ingredients* reminds us of all that we have to remember and celebrate—and, in studying that history, may help us find clues for better choices in the future. ~

References and citations were drawn from the archives of the Oklahoma Historical Society, including: the Frederick S. Barde Collection, the Joseph Thoburn Collection, the Alice Robertson Correspondence, the Aunt Susan's Cooking School Collection, and the Federal Writers Project Collection.



## STOP #6: COLLINSVILLE

Collinsville Public Library  
1223 W. Main • (918) 596-2840  
June 16, 2012–August 3, 2012

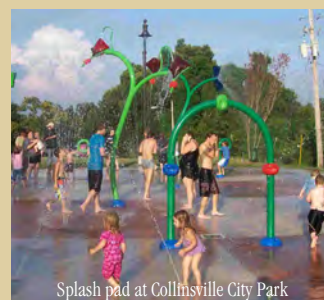


Nestled among wooded hills, Collinsville is surrounded by rolling plains and prairie grass. The town has its roots in dairy farming and, in 1922, local youth started the state's first Future Farmers of America (FFA) chapter. Many families are moving to the area to "get back to nature." Summer and fall gardens abound, and the downtown area has new sidewalks, period lighting, and a variety of antiques, shopping, and dining options. (Psst. Rumor has it there is a town ghost—The Girl on Main Street!)

**SEE:** The Collinsville branch of the Tulsa City-County Library System is housed in a historic building built by the Carnegie Foundation in 1917. In 2000, the library opened an expansion of the building that includes more than 7800 square feet of books, a children's corner, and computer areas. The building has the only elevator in town.

**EAT:** Collinsville eateries offer something for everyone. Don't miss: chicken fried steak and "the best onion rings in town" at Silver Dollar Cafe; fried pies at Barnhardt's Restaurant; and ice cream or coffee at Scoops & Grinds. Karen's Country Kitchen has been cooking up homestyle breakfasts, breaded catfish, roast beef, and more for 20 years. Philly's Cheesesteak Co., located in the century-old Bayouth Building, serves (in addition to the namesake sandwich) burgers, salads, baked potatoes, and curly fries.

**FOOD FACTS:** Collinsville Tri-Co Farmers Market is the place to find organic food, local fruit and vegetables, and crafts. It operates at the Fairgrounds on Route 1, May–October.



Splash pad at Collinsville City Park



Photos by Ted Wright

# BUFFALO BILL & BURGER

By J. Don Cook

**I**t was Saturday when I found Buffalo Bill, asleep in a tiny camper in the middle of an open field in a small town west of Oklahoma City. He opened a door fastened by leather straps and I saw a disheveled man clad only in yellowish skivvies. He held up one finger, grunted, and closed the door.

I was accustomed to being turned down for a story, but rarely so perfunctorily. As I opened the door to my car, I heard a yell and turned to see the grunting man in skivvies burst from the camper, now clad in the full regalia of Buffalo Bill, brandishing a bullwhip over his head. He had it all: the hat, the boots, the fringed leather jacket, the crackling moustache held aloft by his boisterous enthusiasm.

He was one of many “colorful characters” populating Oklahoma, a state with the handle “No Man’s Land,” a rich brew simmered in a pot with a wrinkled bottom (thanks to the Red River), a land once refuge to outlaws, Indians, Sooners, preachers, descendants of slaves, and soldiers, most of them hard-working, salt-of-the-earth, everyday folks, the rural bedrock under the clay.

There was no valid reason for a man in his fifties still to be play-acting Buffalo Bill. He was convinced he really was Bill Cody and ably demonstrated his skill with a bullwhip, cracking the air while I sensibly cowered behind an insubstantial sapling. I resisted probing his psyche, fearful of what I might uncover. “Some people around here think I’m a little odd,” he said, staring at me from under the brim of his hat. Heroically, I contained my laughter.

Before I left I asked him if there was anything I could do for him, and he said without hesitation, “Little café over there sells buffalo burgers. You can buy me one.”

A buffalo burger—of course. 🍔

J. Don Cook is an award-winning photojournalist, artist, poet, and business entrepreneur. Nominated three times for a Pulitzer Prize and named News Photographer of the Year seven times by the Oklahoma Press Association, Cook’s photographs have appeared in *National Geographic* and *Time*. The essay and photo featured here are from his new book, *Shooting from the Hip* (University of Oklahoma Press, 2011).

*Just a Taste . . . Food-inspired prose, forked from two of Oklahoma's finest*



## BURSTING MY BUBBLES By Nathan Brown

*cinnamon rolls from Aspen Coffee*

Okay . . . so we both agreed they put crystal meth in the frosting of these messy babies. So, what's not to like? And I went ahead and ordered one of their lattes too, because you loved the beautiful leaf-like foam-art they always perform on top.

And, by the way, the girl on the machine today was definitely on her game.

But the longer I stared at the labyrinthine pattern of bubbles in the brown and white striations of foam, the more I felt a burn in the memory that the last time I'd admired it . . . had been with you. We'd read at some gig you got us over by the campus, that all of three people attended, but you didn't care because you couldn't wait to show me this place.

So . . .  
as I sit here alone . . . now . . .  
on 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue in Stillwater, Oklahoma . . .  
pecking away at what I love most in life—

taking a hit of caffeine, along with some flour and sugar  
(and crank-laced frosting), while I write in a coffeeshop—

I can't deny that some sacred amount  
of the cinnamon soul in this place  
has been lost forever. ☹️

Nathan Brown is a musician, photographer, award-winning poet, and adjunct professor at the University of Oklahoma. He has published seven books, including *Two Tables Over*, winner of the 2009 Oklahoma Book Award for poetry, and the newly released *Letters to the One-Armed Poet: A Memoir of Friendship, Loss, and Butternut Squash Ravioli* (2011), written for his friend and fellow poet, the late Jim Chastain. The photo and poem here are from this latest work.

# LAST SUPPERS: A MEDITATION ON FAMILY FOODS

By Thomas Fox Averill

*Cherished foods and memories sustain a family through life and loss.*

Every cook has a signature dish. My mother had many. The tastes of her childhood, Lebanon bologna and Pennsylvania scrapple, were special treats. Her brown rice, made in a large crock with beef broth and mushrooms, graced our table whenever company came. She made Waldorf Astoria cakes with Hellman's mayonnaise, and her macaroni and cheese tasted like butter. Her Thanksgiving turkeys, slow-cooked from four in the morning until four in the afternoon, and turkey gravy with its salty tang, will never be matched.



Tucker Averill in her kitchen with cookbooks and recipe box close at hand

At Christmas, Mom recruited us (her four children) to wrap the caramels she made for family and friends. Each candy was wrapped in a small wax paper square and neatly stacked for delivery in tins. Several years ago, we three local children got together with our families in my sister Libby's kitchen to make caramels one last time. We stirred and stirred, careful not to burn the sugar. And we had thought wrapping them was the work!

As kids, our favorite breakfast was pancakes. On a tight budget, Mom bought Bisquick and doubled or tripled the milk so her pancakes lost their "cake" and were more like crepes. She cooked them quickly on a griddle and served them with plenty of margarine (butter as the family budget increased) and syrup (made with Mapleline, a flavoring for sugar water; later we had true maple syrup) or sometimes cinnamon-sugar.

None of us likes a traditional pancake, preferring these thin ones that Libby has since become expert at making. And we can't eat pancakes without remembering one school day when Mom overslept and hustled us out of bed. She cooked pancakes in her robe and then disappeared upstairs to throw on clothes to drive us to school. Each of us ate only one bite. Our father, who was drinking his coffee, told us to eat up, to respect our mother and the breakfast she'd made. Mom returned to the kitchen, cajoling us to eat and to hurry from the table to the car.

"They taste funny," we said. But there was no arguing with my mother when, tight-lipped, she spat her words. She was such a force, laying down the law

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through gritted teeth: "You will eat your pancakes, you will get in the car, and you will get to school on time."

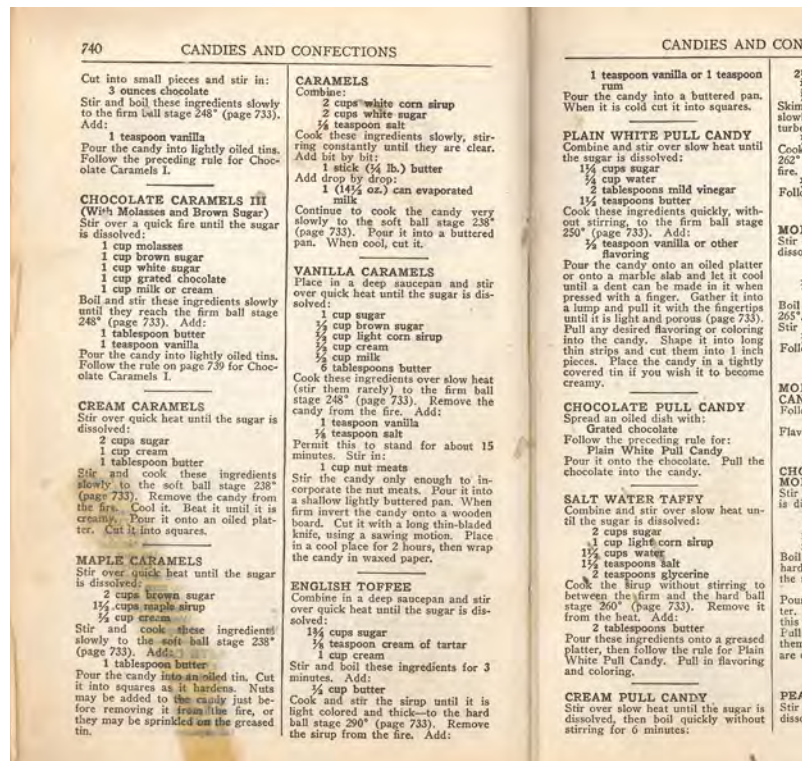
An hour later we were called to the principal's office. Mom sat in front of Mr. Wilson's desk, a look of terrible concern on her face. "How do you feel?" she asked us. "How are your stomachs?" We were all fine. She was relieved—and embarrassed. Later we found out that in her morning haste Mom had accidentally substituted Mr. Clean for the vegetable oil in the pancakes. She was happy we had not foamed at the mouth. From then on, if we ever needed to remind her that she wasn't perfect, we needed but two syllables: *pancakes*. Mom requested those pancakes (hold the cleaner) as one of the last foods she would savor.

We often take food for granted. From the simple pancake to the most elaborate dish, we eat and go on with our lives. But at a time of family intensity, food can be everything, as it was for our family in the final weeks we had with our mother.

## CARE OF THE PALATE

In August 2009, Mom was rushed from her nursing home to the hospital. After being treated for what looked like heart problems, we discovered her worst symptom: much of what she tried to swallow went into her windpipe. She could no longer stand to drink thickened liquids, and she refused a feeding tube. All of us—she and her four children—consulted with the palliative care doctors. She decided to go home to Libby's house for hospice care.

Once settled, Elizabeth "Tucker" Walter Averill was determined to have some last morsels—"last suppers" we called them. We made a list of her favorite foods.



Tucker's 1945 copy of *The Joy of Cooking* featuring the Christmas caramels recipe [upper right, pg. 740].

Brown Rice A family favorite — a gourmet delight

¼ cup olive oil  
1¾ cup raw white rice  
2 cans Campbell's beef bouillon  
1 can water and mushroom broth  
1 can mushrooms (or fresh)

Preheat oven to 325°. Brown rice in olive oil stirring constantly. Heat the beef broth, water, mushrooms and juice in a saucepan. Combine in an air-tight casserole (I use an old crockery pot). Bake for about 1 hour, at 325°, stirring every 15 minutes for the first half hour and then again in twenty minutes. Check for doneness in another ten or fifteen min. VARIATIONS: Use chopped green onions or almonds either with or without mushrooms. Use generous portions of shrimp or ham for a hearty main dish. Note: Use good olive oil even though cooking oil will work. I probably double this for any dinner as the left-overs are wonderful.

Stu and Tucker Averill, with granddaughter Jenny Jo. Tucker's famed Brown Rice [recipe at left] was cooked in the crock seen here on the table.



We put money in a jar and whoever was cooking took enough for the evening, no questions asked. We did what our family has always done well: we cooked and ate, we shared family stories and food memories, we told jokes through our tears.

Years ago, my brother Tim, home from college and quoting R. Crumb—*Zap Comix*, No. 3, 1968, to be exact—pushed himself from the dining table and said, “Mighty good eating. Let’s eat again real soon.” He wrote to me recently, saying that the expression has been his theme song for forty-plus years. It became our family motto, too.

We realized, of course, that at some point our mother might not eat again. We had, as it turned out, around three weeks, so we started with comfort meals—homemade pesto from my garden, chicken Alfredo, filet mignon (Mom liked it bloody) with asparagus. For lunches we had bagels with cream cheese, capers and tomatoes, or BLTs—Mom’s way, with blue cheese, onion, and avocado. She ate so little we might have been feeding a baby; the rest of us ate such a lot, our appetites and grief keening together.

After a time, Mom asked only for small amounts of the foods she would miss most. She was fed by a host of people—children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, in-laws, and friends—all partaking in this painstaking, pains-taking ritual.

## LOBSTER

My mother grew up in Pennsylvania and New Jersey; my father, in the small California town of Dixon. Both loved seafood. In 1953 they moved to Topeka, Kansas, where my father began to study psychiatry at the famed Menninger Clinic. Back then, the only seafood in that land-locked state was sold frozen, and mostly breaded. Each year, my parents and the other psychiatric residents, who also missed the foods of their youth, ordered a large barrel of seafood—which was met at the train, wrestled into the back of our Plymouth station wagon, rolled into the house, and opened. Out of the sparkling ice and long strands of seaweed we dug clams, crabs, oysters, and lobsters. We kids picked the seaweed from the lobsters, set them on the kitchen floor, and played with them, only a thick rubber band away from losing a finger or a nose to their pincer claws.

On the day of the feast, Dad’s fellow residents arrived with bottles of wine, salads, bread, and pasta. The men mixed drinks and shucked oysters. The women shooed us children from the kitchen and began heating the huge pots that would

turn the seafood from grassy green and pink to bright red. They sipped cocktails and literally clapped in anticipation.

Nobody could get more out of a lobster than my mother. Tails and claws were the easy parts, with special tools to crack the shells and pick out the meat. Mother took each tiny leg, segmented it, and sucked out pieces of flesh no bigger than toothpicks. She would even go after the tomalley, that green gelatinous paste that most eaters avoid. All of it was dipped in butter, later in olive oil and pepper flakes. After the feast, the adults at the table gleamed. We kids were allowed only a bite of the rich sweetness, the thick chewiness, the salt of an imagined sea.

My Massachusetts brother, Tim, who knows his way around seafood, fed our mother lobster in the same small morsels we ate as children. She savored these bites for three days, until the single one-pound lobster infused the refrigerator with the fetid smell of its post-mortal journey.

## ARTICHOKES

Long before they were regularly sold in Topeka grocery stores, my California grandmother sent us a crate of artichokes each year. Their arrival marked a time of feasting. My mother dispatched the stems and tops, set them to boil, brought them to the table with mayonnaise, and taught us to savor each petal—for the choke is but an immature flower. We pulled the petals from the choke, dipped them, dragged off the bottom flesh between our teeth, and threw the petals into a common bowl in the middle of the table. As we worked our way to the heart, the petals became smaller and changed color, from a dull grey-green to almost white threads tinged with purple. The disk of artichoke heart, with its thick and nutty meat, was the reward for our patience.

Mom cooked artichokes every night until they were gone. She stuffed them with bread crumbs and cheese and baked them. Or she forced garlic cloves between the petals and infused them with butter. We ate them every way we could, feeling rich with their abundance, excited for the next year’s shipment.

During those “last suppers,” my brother Ric boiled an artichoke for Mom and patiently fed it to her, one slow petal at a time. Of that time, he remembers garlic: how much we bought, how much we put in each dish. My mother loved garlic, as do we all, and used it generously. Mom was a generous cook. “She lived generously,” Ric wrote me, “even as she lay dying.”

## LAST WORDS?

After a week and a half of meals, of steady family visits with photo albums and stories, of hand holding, of someone sleeping at Mom’s bedside each night, we gathered for our evening meal, this time with one of her most delicious recipes: shrimp and scallops in cream sauce, a delight with onion and garlic, served over rice.



Mom called us to her bedside and we stood, two on each side, sharing her outstretched hands. “I want you to know how much I love each of you,” she said, her voice the halting whisper it had been for some time. “I want you to know I’m ready to go, and I’ll see you all in Heaven.”

We choked on our tears and told her how much we loved her, how we appreciated all she’d done for us. We talked about how much she’d loved our father and taken care of him, and how she’d missed him during her twelve years as a widow. We told stories about her, and him, savoring our choicest memories. She smiled and nodded. Forty minutes passed, dinner nearly forgotten. Mom suddenly tried to rise, squeezing our hands with a strength we did not think she had. We readied for her last words.

“I’m hungry,” she said. And life went on.

**LEMON CUSTARD**

Mom loved lemons and bought crates of them, squeezing the juice into a jar for cooking or for adding to a glass of water. At the end of her life, when she did not want to chew and had given up on solid foods, she sent us to G’s Custard for her favorite lemon custard. We all took turns making G’s runs and feeding her small spoonfuls.

I made my run—G’s is dangerously close to my house—very near the end of Mom’s life. I was particularly emotional. “I’m buying this for my dying mother,” I confessed to the boy behind the counter. “This is probably the last thing she’ll eat. You’ve given her great comfort. Thank you.” I immediately regretted my confession; it was too much. But the young man did not falter. The people who serve custard at this family-owned business are the epitome of good cheer. “We hear that a lot,” he said. “Being close to the hospitals and all, a lot of people discover us and come in. They take it back to their family.”

*Of course*, I thought, *food and family*. Custard, comfortable and cold. And why should we be the only family taking such comfort, however small?

**AFTER WORDS**

Tucker Averill’s recipe box is still full, and a journey through the soups alone speaks to her tastes: Pumpkin Soup, Artichoke Soup, Salmon Soup, Bean Soup, Eggplant Soup, Garlic Soup, Borscht, Avocado Soup. The pages of her *Daily Aide*, in which she recorded the details of her schedule for years, are filled with menus of the meals she fixed for friends and family—like this entry from February 26, 1974, a Tuesday:

Dinner — Aunt Catherine — Gert — Ric & Jeanne — Tom & Jeff — Libby & Eric — Stu & Tucker. Lamb — potatoes — spinach soufflé — tomato aspic — carrots lemon parsley — cheese cake.

Mom’s cookbooks started with the standard bible, *The Joy of Cooking*. Her copy was signed *Elizabeth Walter (Averill) 1945*, the *Averill* added after she married our father, Stuart Averill, on August 10, 1946. She also had the typical plastic-bound compilations of church/ladies auxiliary/social club recipes, from the ’50s to the ’90s, that are a window into what people actually ate, or wanted others to think they ate.

Cookbook author Molly Katzen recalls the moment when she first realized the power of family foods. Her father had served in World War II and, tragically, had lost his mother when he was overseas. Upon his return, he missed, powerfully missed, his mother’s tzimmes, a casserole dish often served at Rosh Hashanah. Each year, Molly’s mother tried her best to replicate her mother-in-law’s dish, and each year she failed—until the time when Molly was around ten years old. Her father tasted the tzimmes and broke down sobbing; his mother was alive for him in that moment.

On her deathbed, our mother took comfort in food as well as family. As she ate those favorite foods, we learned to appreciate the traditions they hold for us. We celebrate those recipes—and Mom—over and over again, in family meal after family meal. I cannot eat an artichoke, dip a lobster in butter, savor a rare steak, or go to G’s Custard without thinking of her.

Such is the double sustenance of food, for we are also eating memory. ♡



[Top] Stu and Tucker Averill, with “Mo” Moriarty. The Averill home was the site of annual lobster fests among these two men and other fellow doctors while working on their psychiatric residencies—a tradition that continued for decades. [Bottom] Siblings Tim, Ric, Libby, and Tom with Tucker

# POLITICS, PERCEPTION AND POPULAR CULTURE

By Stacy Takacs

## The Shaping of 9/11

September 11, 2001, marks the ten-year anniversary of the terrorist attacks we have come to know as “9/11.” This moniker is a potent reminder of the role that language and culture play in our interpretation of historical events, for 9/11 was made, not born.

While the events of that day are an indelible part of our history, they had no meaning until language and culture were brought to bear upon them. The process of making sense of the tragedy did not have to happen as it did in the United States, and different meanings were made of the same data in other societies. This tells us that words and images do not merely reflect reality; they are not a neutral conduit through which meaning is transferred; rather, they create reality by shaping our perceptions into specific, socially distinct forms. Culture, in short, provides what sociologist Stuart Hall calls a shared set of “conceptual maps,” allowing different individuals to see the world in similar terms. To say that 9/11 was “made, not born” is to acknowledge the central role that culture played in conferring certain meanings on 9/11 while deflecting or suppressing others. It is to understand culture as inherently political.

Consider the effects of using “9/11” as shorthand for the events. On the one hand, no single locale could stand in for the totality of destruction, as with Pearl Harbor or the Oklahoma City bombings; “9/11” was a convenient way to refer to all of the events without privileging one site of catastrophe over another. On the other hand, the use of “9/11” also segregated the timeline of American history into “before” and “after.” The date marked a rupture in American experience, and the foregrounding of this rupture made it feel like nothing that came before could provide an adequate frame for interpreting or responding to the new conditions.

The designation “9/11” doesn’t just describe events, then; it constructs them as a “traumatic” experience and Americans as “survivors” of that experience. This labeling had consequences for the way the nation responded. The turn toward militarism, for example, was a way of asserting American “strength” in the face of evidence to the contrary, but it was also a way of avoiding unpleasant facts that might require us to rethink our economic and political policies. Put simply, attacking the Taliban was easier than attacking global poverty and injustice. This is an example of how representation—the way you name an event—literally shapes reality, predisposing a social community to support some interventions over others.

Stacy Takacs is Associate Professor of American Studies at Oklahoma State University. She has published on the intersections of popular and political cultures in a variety of scholarly journals, including *Cultural Critique*; *American Studies*; *The Journal of Popular Culture*; *Feminist Media Studies*; *Cultural Studies*; and *Spectator*. Her book, *Terrorism TV: Popular Entertainment in Post-9/11 America*, will be published by University Press of Kansas in April 2012.

## What popular culture reveals about America’s response to 9/11



Original poster design for *Spider-Man: The Movie*, an example of how popular culture was whitewashed post 9/11. The poster was recalled and movie promos were re-shot to edit out the Twin Towers, reflected here in Spidey’s eyes. (Sony Pictures Entertainment, 2002)

A survey of the shifts in American culture, particularly popular culture, demonstrates how intricately intertwined politics and culture became in the aftermath of 9/11. The term “popular culture” refers to expressive texts or practices (like television, movies, video games, music, print media, and social media, to name just a few) that are both *widely accessible* and *widely accessed*. As Lawrence Levine notes, mass production and distribution alone cannot guarantee “popularity.” A mass cultural text becomes truly “popular” only when a large group of people takes it up and uses it to fulfill various social and psychological needs. Because corporate profits depend on appealing to the masses, popular cultural texts are often riven with contradiction. Some messages reinforce the dominant social order while others interrogate or challenge that order. Either way, popular culture provides what rhetorician Kenneth Burke calls “equipment for living,” tools we can use to work through real world issues and anxieties. By tracing the patterns of popular culture after 9/11, we can get a sense of how personal and national priorities shifted over time.

### POPULAR CULTURE AS SCAPEGOAT AND SALVATION

In the weeks following 9/11, popular culture was scapegoated for having led the country astray. Political pundits lamented its cynicism, escapism, and just plain “silliness.” *Newsweek* film critic David Ansen commented in his October 1<sup>st</sup> article that American popular culture had “turned its back on the world for decades, leaving us unprepared when reality bit back.” On the same date, *TIME Magazine* reporters noted that the shift in public mood had entertainers facing a “crisis of relevance.”



Poster for *24*, perhaps the most famous TV spy thriller to premiere post-9/11. The hero’s liberal use of torture to extract information became a touchstone for public debates over the issue. (FOX, 2001–2010)

So much that we could say casually a month ago rings empty, even cruel today . . . The language that artists, comedians, storytellers, and actors use to explain us to ourselves now seems frivolous, inappropriate, or simply outdated.

Even *The Daily Show*’s Jon Stewart temporarily declared a moratorium on jokes about President Bush, claiming, “‘Subliminal’ is not a punch line anymore” (Sept. 11, 2001).

Distributors of popular culture began voluntarily recalling, rescheduling, and retooling their products out of sensitivity to the tragedy. Promotions for *Spiderman: The Movie*, featuring the webbed wonder swinging between the World Trade Center towers, were pulled, as was Arnold Schwarzenegger’s *Collateral Damage*. The Tom Clancy videogame *Command and Conquer: Red Alert 2*, whose plot involved the “take down” of the Pentagon and World Trade Center, was yanked from store shelves within minutes of the attacks because its cover art depicted the WTC towers in smoking ruins. Users who had already purchased the game were sent new boxes to replace the now-offensive imagery. (Why such images were not offensive before 9/11 and why refunds or recalls were not used are both mysteries.)

The Clancy incident was typical of the misguided moral panic that developed around imagery of New York and the Twin Towers. Films and television programs were similarly subjected to a superficial scrubbing. Makers of the film *Zoolander* digitally erased the Twin Towers from the background, while sitcoms set in New York—namely, *Friends* and *Sex and the City*—stopped using expository shots of the towers to transition between scenes. Even older cultural texts were not immune from the whitewash. Steven Spielberg had a reference to terrorism stricken from the re-release of *E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial* for fear it would scare a post-9/11 generation of kids. (He was not so concerned about the psychic health of *my* generation when he released the original film in the midst of the first War on Terrorism.) Clear Channel Radio created a list of songs to keep off the airwaves, including virtually any song with the words *fire, hell, heaven, New York, or falling*. Absurdly, the list included John Lennon’s peace song “Imagine”; John Denver’s “Leaving on a Jet Plane”; Bob Dylan’s “Blowin’ in the Wind”; and Alanis Morissette’s “Ironic.”

Blamed for leaving Americans unprepared to deal with “the real,” popular culture bent over backwards to show how socially responsible it could be. This “sensitivity” only redoubled the original sin, however, for the reality of 9/11 was now screened from view. Salon.com’s Chris Colin put it best when he said this sensitivity was “well-meaning sophistry” that robbed the public of the opportunity to work through the trauma (“Terror Cleansing,” Oct. 19, 2001).

### RETURN OF THE AMERICAN HERO

As the U.S. geared up for war in Afghanistan, popular culture assumed a proactive stance in shaping the memory of 9/11. No longer a national “wound,” 9/11 was “recuperated” as an opportunity for heroism and righteous vengeance. President Bush set the tone when he told Congress and the American people, “Our grief has turned to anger, and anger to resolution. Whether we bring our enemies to justice, or bring justice to our enemies, justice will be done.”

Masculinity and violence were keys to this recuperation: the male passengers of United 93 were lauded as “heroes” for their “let’s roll” machismo, and New York City firemen were celebrated as icons of American courage. Meanwhile, the more obvious “victims” of the day—Wall Street stockbrokers, “falling bodies,” women, and widows—were shunted off the national stage.

Tales of villainy and violent retribution emerged in popular culture almost immediately. The once-moribund TV spy thriller came roaring back with the likes of *24*, *Alias*, *The Agency*, *Threat Matrix*, and *The Grid*. The genre celebrated





Screenshot from the movie *Black Hawk Down*, one of many “militainment” productions that were developed and released post-9/11. (Columbia Pictures, 2001)

lone heroes operating in a dangerous world. Institutions of democracy were presented as ponderous and obstructive, and the hyper-competent “techno-warrior” as the agent of national salvation. As Howard Gordon, a writer for *24*, explained to author Laura Jackson, these dramas tapped into “the public’s fear-based wish for protectors [like *24*’s] Jack Bauer who will do whatever is necessary to save society from harm.” The heroes’ actions were often illegal—as in torturing suspects or ignoring due process—but they did them “for the right reasons.” Their tactics were also effective. When Jack Bauer tortured a suspect, it never failed to elicit the desired information. The suspicion of bureaucracy, preference for autonomy, and “by any means necessary” philosophy of these programs offered tacit support for the Bush administration’s “gloves off” security agenda.

The resonance between these narratives and Bush administration policies was not entirely accidental. Current and former staffers of the CIA, FBI, NSA, State Department, and Pentagon lent their expertise to the producers. Washington and Hollywood have long had cozy relations (the Marines have had a Hollywood liaison since the 1940s), but in the aftermath of 9/11 the White House explicitly commissioned TV and film producers to help communicate its preferred themes of “tolerance, courage, and patriotism.” The administration recognized the power of popular culture and used it to bypass the mainstream press and deliver its messages more directly to the people. White House communications director Karl Rove met with Hollywood executives to elicit assistance with the War on Terrorism. Not surprisingly, a wave of patriotic-themed movies and TV programs were quickly developed.

While other violent films were delayed, military projects like *Black Hawk Down* and *Behind Enemy Lines* had their release dates moved up to capitalize on the enthusiasm for the invasion of Afghanistan. *Black Hawk Down* producer Jerry Bruckheimer was enlisted to create *Profiles from the Frontline*, a reality TV series designed to tell the story of the war from the perspective of the U.S. soldier. Producers received exclusive access to frontline combat units at a time when journalists were forcibly detained in bunkers “for their own safety.” The reality show proved the propaganda value of intimate coverage of troops and inspired the embedding policy that would become standard operating procedure during the invasion of Iraq.

Conservative filmmaker Lionel Chetwynd was particularly responsive to the administration’s request, first producing a hagiographic portrait of President Bush’s “decisive actions” on 9/11 (Showtime’s *DC 9/11: Time of Crisis*), then releasing an advertisement for the invasion of Iraq under the guise of celebrating the “win” in Afghanistan. The short film, *Enduring Freedom: The Opening Chapter*, touted the skills, courage, and patriotism of the Navy and Marines who

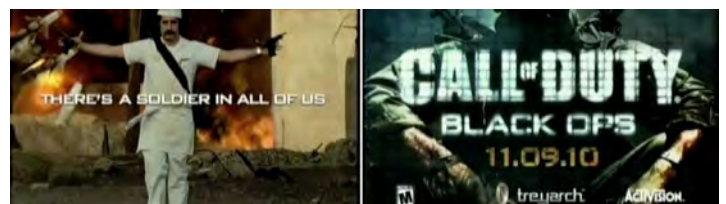
fought in Afghanistan and suggested they could do it again whenever necessary. It debuted in September 2002 alongside other “coming attractions” at movie theaters around the country. These Pentagon-financed productions were but a few “militainment” features developed to improve recruitment, solicit resources from Congress, and garner popular support for the Armed Forces. The mingling of war and entertainment helped accustom the public to the use of military force and made militarism seem like a viable response to all sorts of social problems. Thus, we now have “boot camps” for everything from weight gain and juvenile delinquency to dysfunctional corporate boardrooms.

### POPULAR CULTURE AS CRITIQUE

The War in Iraq may have marked the limit of this celebration of militarism in mainstream popular culture. With that invasion, the Bush administration openly embraced its own PR and produced a foreign policy rife with cinematic illusion. As cultural historian and critic Neal Gabler noted in *Variety*, the war was conceived and marketed much like a blockbuster (November 2003). The marketing campaign began with a staged photo-op on the first anniversary of 9/11, shot from Ellis Island for its “better camera angles” of the Statue of Liberty. It concluded with Colin Powell presenting the case for war to both the UN and MTV. As Gabler put it, the Bush administration promised “a hypertechno epic where America’s superior gadgetry would immediately dismantle the Iraqi hierarchy and win the day.” The vaunted “shock and awe” campaign, he continues, “could have been cribbed from the ad campaign of any teen blockbuster or video game.”

But the complexity of contemporary media is such that not even the president of the United States can assume absolute control of narrating the nation and its history. The “cinematization” of public policy would work only so long as the war failed to conform to the conventions of the classic war movie, which culminates in a clear-cut victory and public support for U.S. liberators. Instead, wrote Gabler, the situation in Iraq deteriorated into violent insurgency and near-civil war that more closely approximated “the narrative entropy . . . [of] Vietnam

Shots from *Call of Duty: Black Ops*, a war-themed videogame released post-9/11 that allows ordinary citizens to imagine themselves as virtual soldiers. Ads for the game featured characters from all walks of life (schoolgirls, burger jockeys, firemen, and minor celebrities) gleefully blowing stuff up. (Activision, 2010)



Poster for the movie *Saving Jessica Lynch*, one of numerous military-themed productions that received Pentagon assistance post-9/11. (NBC, 2003)



Promotion logo for *American Fighter Pilot*, a TV reality series that followed the combat training of three U.S. Air Force pilots before and after 9/11. Produced with the assistance of the Pentagon, it is an example of the Bush Administration's use of popular culture to shape public opinion. (CBS, 2002)

## WE'RE CLEANING HOUSE!

Periodically we delete inactive names from our mailing list so that more people can have access to *Oklahoma* HUMANITIES magazine. We offer subscriptions free for one year, then we ask you to make a gift (of any amount) to help pay for the cost of publication. About 600 names will be deleted before our next issue mails. To keep your subscription coming, please make a contribution (it's tax-deductible) to the Oklahoma Humanities Council. Use the reply envelope stapled in this issue or make a secure credit card donation online at: [www.okhumanitiescouncil.org](http://www.okhumanitiescouncil.org). Thanks for helping us maintain this important program.

War films like *Apocalypse Now* and *Platoon*.” Given the build-up, the American public was understandably disillusioned when the plot of the Iraq War went awry. Polls indicated a complete reversal in public opinion: 70% initially favored the war; by 2006, only 30% did.

Sensing the changing tides, Hollywood dumped flag-waving portrayals of the War on Terrorism and began to produce more ambivalent fare. On television, the pro-military series *JAG* (CBS) ended its 10-season run, while new players like *Off to War* (Discovery Channel), *Over There* (FX), and HBO's *Baghdad ER*, *Alive Day Memories*, and *Generation Kill* offered pointed critiques of the administration's mishandling of Iraq. These series focused on the soldier's perspective, showing casualties and miscues on both sides of the conflict. They provided moving documents of the human costs of war that could not help but disrupt the buzz cultivated by other forms of militainment.

Hollywood filmmakers, too, shifted their focus with movies like *Extraordinary Rendition*, *Lions for Lambs*, and *Stop-Loss*, which questioned the conduct or morality of the War on Terrorism. Non-traditional media players also contributed to the trend. Online provider HDNet, for example, financed and distributed Brian De Palma's film *Redacted*, a scathing indictment of U.S. war atrocities in Iraq. Participant Media, formed by Jeff Skoll shortly after the invasion of Iraq, emerged as a production house focused on (as its slogan announces) “entertainment that inspires and compels social change.” The group is responsible for such critical post-9/11 productions as *The Visitor* (a critique of post-9/11 immigration policy), *Syriana* (a fictional examination of U.S. policies in the Middle East), *Fair Game* (the true story of the outing of CIA operative Valerie Plame Wilson and the damage it did to U.S. nuclear non-proliferation efforts), and *Standard Operating Procedure* (a documentary look at the Abu Ghraib scandal).

### ALTERNATIVE MEDIA, ALTERNATIVE HISTORIES

Since 2001, media production and delivery have undergone a complete sea change. The move to digital television, enforced by the FCC in 2006, has coincided with a rise in digital and satellite television subscriptions and Digital Video Recorder (DVR) ownership. Combine this with the expanding use of mobile phones and the Internet and you have the makings of a revolution. Consumers can now access cultural material through more devices and with greater convenience than ever before. The decline in the cost of digital cameras and the rise of social media sites like Twitter, Facebook and YouTube has given consumers the power to become their own producers of culture. Soldiers, for example, now frequently upload videos of their “road trips” to Iraq and Afghanistan and position them as correctives to mainstream media portraits of war.

References to once-taboo images and topics are now de rigueur on television, in music, in movies, and on the Internet. Even the images of falling bodies, once censored from mainstream media accounts of 9/11, can be accessed on YouTube. AMC's *Mad Men* opens with a shot of a man falling from a WTC-like tower and was parodied by *The Simpsons*. Cultural critic Jeffrey Melnick has given a name to this trend: the “9/11 shout-out.” Collectively, shout-outs work to desecralize the history and memory of 9/11 and to open the events to renewed contemplation and debate.

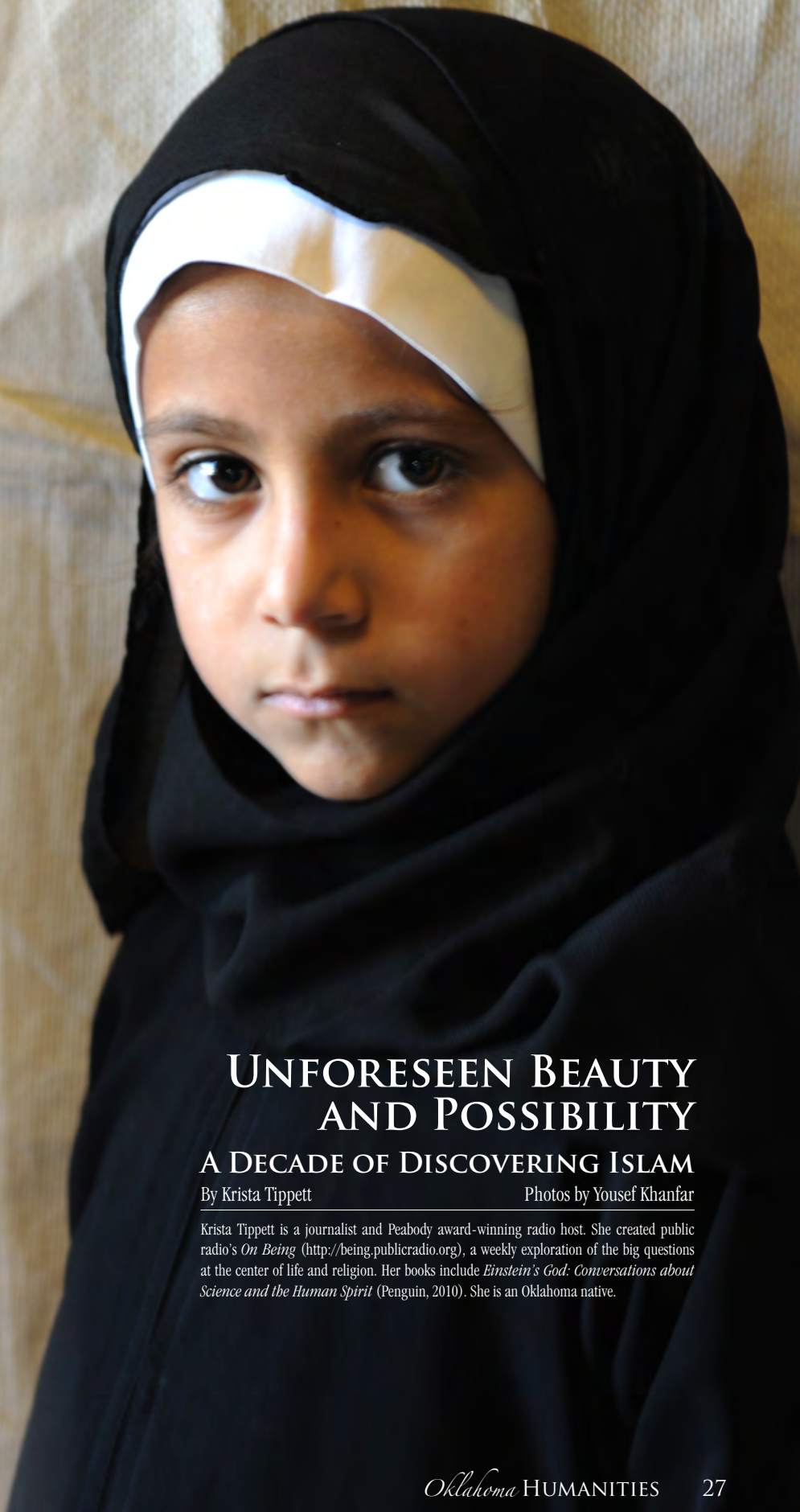
As we move further away from the shock of 9/11, alternative visions of social and political life emerge, and these visions are fueled, as ever, by culture. On the tenth anniversary of 9/11, I can think of nothing more salutary than this popular re-appropriation of history. It's time to tell new stories. It's time to remember that individuals from over 70 countries were killed that day, including many Arabs and Muslims whose stories are still conspicuously absent in our memories of the event. Here's hoping this anniversary is an occasion to remember those stories as well. ☺

Krista Tippett, creator and host of American Public Media's *On Being*, reflects on ten years of radio conversations and what they have taught her about Islam.

**I**n a perfect world, or at least a perfectly informed one, most Americans would have known something about Islam as the 21<sup>st</sup> century opened. They would have been aware that over one billion of the world's people belong to this faith that emerged from the monotheistic soil of Christianity and Judaism. They might also have known that Muslims would soon be the second largest religious group in the U.S., after Christians. And that statistic might have come alive in American imaginations in the form of the doctors and teachers, parents and citizens it represents.

But we don't live in a perfect world. September 11, 2001, was many Americans' catastrophic introduction to Islam. Certainly, up to then, there were Islamic images that populated the American sense of the world out there—threatening images, many of them, associated with bombed embassies or the first failed World Trade Center attack. Islamic terrorists were default suspects, too, we recall, in the immediate hours after the Oklahoma City bombing.

But September 11 was the day, as someone said, when the Middle East came to America. That Tuesday we woke up as post-Cold War people—citizens of the prosperous remaining superpower. By Wednesday we had become post-9/11 people, with newly fearful eyes on the world. And our new enemies declared themselves agents of Islam.



## UNFORESEEN BEAUTY AND POSSIBILITY

### A DECADE OF DISCOVERING ISLAM

By Krista Tippett

Photos by Yousef Khanfar

Krista Tippett is a journalist and Peabody award-winning radio host. She created public radio's *On Being* (<http://being.publicradio.org>), a weekly exploration of the big questions at the center of life and religion. Her books include *Einstein's God: Conversations about Science and the Human Spirit* (Penguin, 2010). She is an Oklahoma native.



I was in Washington, DC, on that day seeking funding for the wild idea of a weekly public radio program on religion. I had been piloting programs for about a year, getting an enthusiastic response from listeners and a tepid one from programmers. Talk of religion, many argued, was necessarily proselytizing and divisive. Moreover, faith wasn't an appropriate focus for a weekly hour of public radio—not a reasonable, weighty subject for public life like politics or economics or the arts—best left as a private matter.

My appointment was to happen at 11 a.m. I was staying at the Dulles Hilton, getting ready, preparing my thoughts, and did not have the television or radio on. The terror of the day first reached me when I called to ask for directions and was told that the meeting was cancelled. When I reacted with surprise, the woman at the other end screamed down the phone, “Don't you know that we are under attack?” Shortly before I picked up the phone, the “third plane” had flown over my head from Dulles airport and slammed into the Pentagon. I turned on the television set and watched the second tower fall.

As my hotel filled with stranded travelers, I headed home to Minnesota in a rental car. I listened to the radio all the way, taking in the way religion ran irrepressibly through this nightmare. I remember gripping the steering wheel hard, knowing that I had this one little hour of radio with which perhaps to address it. And though I had deep experience as a journalist and a freshly minted graduate degree in theology from Yale, my learning curve on Islam was as steep as that of my listeners.

At this remove of time, at this ten-year milestone that compels us not merely to recall but to take stock, I'm aware of how difficult this learning curve has been. We had to unlearn, or learn to nuance, the earliest words, phrases, and images by which we initially made sense of chaos. I'd include the phrase “Islam is a religion of peace” in that category. Muslim and global leaders declared this with the best of intentions, extending it as an olive branch. But those words were not big and complicated enough, not vivid and dramatic enough to counter the pictures—of airplanes crashing into buildings; of people in business suits leaping to their deaths; of children orphaned and spouses widowed—we all had in our heads.

On the first anniversary of September 11, I interviewed Ingrid Mattson on my program, which was, by then, off and running as a monthly national series. Mattson later became the first woman president of the Islamic Society of America, one of the largest and most influential umbrella groups of American and Canadian Muslim citizens. I asked where she would point non-Muslims for pictures vivid enough to arrest and correct those catastrophic images of Islam that were introductory for many. Here's how she answered me.

Well, you've hit right on it. Violent actions are much more dramatic and memorable. A Muslim who's motivated by faith will sometimes in their life have an opportunity to do something, you know, grand. But most people don't. Most people, they live out their faith day to day by small actions of generosity, humility, and gratefulness. I think what Americans need to do is look around them and see many hospitals, for example. There are many Muslim doctors, and day after day they are serving people, they're helping people. Certainly, it's a result of their training, but it's also an aspect of their faith. There are Muslims working in soup kitchens and in shelters. That kind of drama . . . requires some kind of active outreach or at least a desire to look for those Muslims on the part of other Americans. But I believe that in the end it's worth it.

Ingrid Mattson's words, like her demeanor, were gently passionate, dignified, genuinely humble. I did not quite realize it at the time, but she embodied the defining characteristics of “ordinary” Muslims that I would discover in the course of my radio adventure in the decade ahead, the decade we are now

marking. “Humility” is a weak word in modern ears, but it is a magnificent quality to experience in a person of integrity. We know this in our immediate circles of peers, family, and friends. Islam is at its heart deeply humble and profoundly egalitarian. It is most importantly a faith of *being* over speaking, a matter of when and how you pray, how you live, what you do.

I can report that, as Ingrid Mattson said, looking and listening beyond the headlines and into Islam—meeting Muslims halfway along that road to mutual understanding—is worth it. I have been immensely enriched by my Muslim conversation partners these past years. As soon as I returned from Washington in that fall of 2001, I began to learn about the spiritual, aesthetic, and intellectual heart of Islam. The languages and cultures that fostered it—Quranic Arabic, Persian, and Urdu—are rich with poetry, lush with beauty, steeped in learning. The thirteenth-century Muslim mystic and poet Rumi became one of the best-selling poets in the West in recent years, yet few knew to connect his gorgeous, playful, and cosmopolitan sensibility with the faith of over one billion of the world’s people. He was a madrasa teacher, a theologian, a lover of life, a creator of beauty, and in his Islam those things are interrelated.

I have come to love a phrase that I hear repeatedly from my Muslim conversation partners: “the core moral value of beauty.” This draws on a traditional Islamic teaching that God is beautiful and loves beauty. I first received it as a gift of thought in a conversation in the months after 9/11 with Khaled Abou el Fadl. He was raised in Egypt and Kuwait and barely escaped a fundamentalist path as a very young man. Today he is an esteemed professor of law at UCLA, a global humanitarian, and an interpreter of Islamic law in the modern world. His books have been passed around in secret in his birth country of Egypt for many years. He is fervently persuaded that the future of his faith depends on its recovery of its own core moral value of beauty. This is a taste of what he means by that, in part.

Beauty is in creation. And ugliness is in the act of uncreation, or the undoing of creation. And I’ve never seen beauty in destructiveness. And those who find God in terrorism, in all types of violence, there is something that in my universe, in my experience, something that has awfully gone wrong . . . One of the extremely invigorating things

for me [is] when God identifies God’s beauty, God’s own beauty, God talks about compassion, mercy, forgiveness, talks about the ability to balance, to understand the balance in a different context.

This kind of talk might sound frivolous in Western ears. But Khaled Abou el Fadl has put his life on the line for the recovery of this heart of his religious tradition. Like other remarkable and courageous Muslims I’ve encountered across these years, he does so in full knowledge that the outcome of this work is not certain and will not be completed in his lifetime. He is investing the best of himself for the sake of generations to come.

“We are under attack,” the woman screamed at me on the telephone that day. That indeed is how it felt in that moment, and we would not be human if we had not experienced it that way. But this, too, was a first impression we had to overcome. The terrible scourge of terrorist radicalization of young people, the politicized distortion of Islam’s holy teachings, the violence that continues to be done in the name of this faith—these are expressions of what is first and foremost an internal crisis within Islam. The numbers of Westerners who died on 9/11, and in other terrorist attacks since, pale in comparison to the number of Muslims who have died in such attacks. Muslims are on the front lines of this war, not Americans, not the West, not Christianity.

Suggestions that Islam needs a reformation are not very apt or helpful, in my mind. Long-term change will take its own shape in this very different tradition of hierarchy, theology, and devotion. And yet it is fair to say, I believe, that Islam is in an historic moment of ferment comparable to the decades of turmoil and brutality that preceded and followed the Christian Reformation. Islam, after all, is 700 years younger than Christianity. Roughly 700 years ago, Christians were the ones burning heretics at the stake and waging global holy wars.

Yet—and here is the most critical defining difference between that era of religious ferment and this—the Crusades were not televised. The Inquisition was not available for viewing on the Internet. The “terrorizers” of the Thirty Years War did not have modern travel, communications, and weaponry at their disposal.



Thankfully, the world continues to surprise us, and to dare us to see ordinary lives of dignity behind these kinds of dramatic acts that overwhelm headlines and obscure our vision of normalcy. As the tenth anniversary of 9/11 approached, Islam and “the Muslim world” stormed headlines in a whole new spirit. The fear that grew from the sense of being under attack had trained us to imagine “Arab streets” as a breeding ground for suicide bombers. Now it appears that the same frustrations and energies we feared have also, while we were not watching, become breeding grounds for democracy.

In March of this year, I took part in a remarkable gathering of activists and leaders from around the Muslim world. It is an annual gathering that was galvanized this year by the seismic change that has rippled from Tunisia through Egypt and beyond. The Egyptians and Tunisians in particular were quite transformative simply to be around. They manifest a sense of having lived through a miracle, even as they face the tasks ahead with gravity. “We have discovered ourselves,” one long-time Egyptian activist proclaimed.

And there is a sense in which this moment challenges Americans to a new era of self-discovery as well as a new encounter with Muslim people and cultures. As we watched ordinary men and women, young and old, become citizens for the first time on Tahrir Square, we saw a version of our own national narrative unfolding. We saw humility and egalitarianism and lived goodness embodied. These qualities mingled, and will continue to mingle, with the darker capacities of humanity and of religion. But they allowed us to adjust our eyes to unforeseen beauty and possibility. They return me to words of another of my Muslim conversation partners in these years. Leila Ahmed, a professor at the Harvard Divinity School, is Egyptian-born and was the voice in a program we called “Muslim Women, and Other Misunderstandings.” She said this:

I no longer believe there’s an Islamic world. Because where exactly are the borders? Are they in Chicago? Where are they? Where does the Islamic world end and where does the West begin? Is it in Paris? Where is it? I do think what happens in this country is going to be as much about the Islamic world as whatever happens “over there.” The Islamic world is no longer over there. That’s one thing. The other thing is, I think what we do, what we Americans do, will profoundly determine what becomes of what we’re calling an Islamic world.

These words have rung in my ears for years, and at this milestone I’m able to hear them with a new measure of hope. In a very basic human sense, the questions and dilemmas facing Islam affect all of us. They are our questions, our dilemmas—not merely the domain of government or armies, but of citizens. They deserve our best thinking, our deepest courage, and our highest virtues. ☺



# End Notes From the Editor (and friends)

A few years ago, my husband and I purchased a smoker. Every year around Thanksgiving it makes its way to our back porch for our two turkey feasts: Thanksgiving and Christmas. Each holiday, my husband is up at the crack of dawn soaking the wood shavings, preferably mesquite; my job involves the dirty work: removing the organs and neck bone from the carcass and rinsing the bird. Once the prep is complete, the turkey goes into the smoker. Then it's just a waiting game . . . but what a wonderful wait it is! Coupled with the other flavors and scents of the season, a smoked turkey is a food tradition that brings us together . . . that's what I look forward to each year.

—Traci Jinkens, Marketing & Development Director

When I was growing up, we went to church on Sunday morning. While we were gone, lunch roasted in the oven. Sunday lunch was a family tradition, a tasty combination of roast beef, potatoes, carrots, gravy, and biscuits. I enjoyed spending time with my siblings and parents, and discussing the various events in our lives. Many years have passed since those days, but I'm grateful for those Sunday lunches.

—Charles White, Fiscal Officer

When I think of family, love, and Oklahoma, I think of food. From sharing, and fighting over, Grandma Overturf's delicious noodles at every family holiday meal to chatting about life with Grandma Shirley while making yummy cranberry salad for Thanksgiving dinner, I am often comforted by the meals caringly made by those I love. Food has brought my family together again and again over the years and has made me appreciate the simpler things in life.

—Manda Overturf, Program Officer

**Eggs Newport**  
1 can cream of mushroom soup  
1/2 c. mayonnaise (we substitute Miracle Whip)  
1 tsp. chopped chives  
8 slices crisp cooked bacon, crumbled  
1/2 c. milk  
6 hard boiled eggs, sliced

Blend soup with mayonnaise. Gradually add milk, stirring until well blended. Add chopped chives, then layer egg slices and mayonnaise sauce in 1 quart baking dish. Sprinkle bacon on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Serve over toast.

Much like the highly-revered green bean casserole recipe, my mother discovered the recipe for eggs newport on the side of a Campbell's soup can. It became an instant family favorite and has been a Christmas morning tradition since my childhood. When I think of eggs newport, I cannot help but smile as cherished memories of holidays-past and meals shared with family flood my senses.

—Kelly Elsey, Administrative Coordinator

In honor of Key Ingredients, our Smithsonian traveling exhibit, we're dedicating the End Notes page to the recipes and family stories of our crackerjack staff. What could be more telling than the foods people share and the circumstances that bring them—and those cherished recipes—together? Read on to see what our “family” and their families bring to the table.

**Chocolate Gravy**  
1 c. sugar  
1/2 c. water  
2 Tbsp. cocoa  
3/4 c. milk

Mix sugar and cocoa in a saucepan. Stir in water and milk until smooth. Heat to a rolling boil, then lower heat and let mixture slowly bubble until thickened, stirring occasionally. Serve over hot buttered biscuits or toast.

My family “married into” this recipe when Aunt Melba (my mom's sister) married Uncle Alford, who was one of 12 children. A breakfast of biscuits slathered with this sweet, rich gravy was cheap and filling for a farm family reliant on manual labor. Alford's mother made 50 biscuits for every meal, every day. Chocolate gravy is a part of my family's (the Walkers) favorite breakfast, which we enjoy on the morning following our Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts. The menu is: scrambled eggs, bacon, sausage, white gravy, chocolate gravy, and biscuits. Mmm, mmm, good!

—Carla Walker, Editor

**Divinity**  
2 c. granulated sugar  
1/2 c. white syrup  
1 egg white, stiffly beaten with 1/2 tsp. vanilla  
chopped walnuts  
1/2 c. boiling water

Cook syrup, sugar, and water till forms soft ball in water or until you see it thread when you hold spoon up. Pour 1/2 of syrup into egg white and beat and beat, letting rest of syrup simmer till it forms hard ball in water. I don't pour last syrup till what I'm beating gets almost cool. I first turn syrup off and leave set till I see if first part is thickening because I can always cook last syrup longer if necessary. Put nuts in last and put onto lightly greased plate. Cool and cut. Each Christmas my Grandma Della Locker Thompson traveled from southern Indiana to our home in Chicago, her mesh bag fully loaded with gifts and food. Among the country ham, jars of strawberry jam, cookies, and nut-stuffed dates was Divinity. I think the name comes from the first bite, so sweet and heavenly.

—Ann Thompson, Executive Director

**Christmas Punch**  
2 liter bottle 7-Up  
64 oz. bottle fruit punch (Hawaiian Punch preferred)  
1/2 gallon of lemon-lime sherbet

Place sherbet in punch bowl. Pour the 7-Up and fruit punch simultaneously over the sherbet.

Growing up, for me and my three siblings, our calendar revolved around Christmas. One of the items we looked forward to was this punch, served in the family punch bowl. Each year we fought over who got the honor to help make it. The highlight was watching the foam develop as the liquids were poured over the sherbet. We still make it every Christmas morning, but now it's the nephews who laugh with glee each time the foam starts to rise.

—David Pettyjohn, Assistant Director



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