


# LANGUAGE

 *An older language than English, Welsh is still spoken in Wales by a minority of the population. Welsh is a Celtic language and is distantly related to the Scots and Irish Gaelic languages. Some dialects of Welsh are spoken with a lilting inflection which was heard in the voices of some first-generation Louisa County settlers.*

You know, it hasn't been too many years ago that you'd hear Welsh people talking Welsh. That generation is sort of gone, but you'd be at a funeral or something in the cemetery, you would hear people talking Welsh. MARGARET WILLIAMS QUIGLEY

I could speak conversation Welsh until I was in college, because my Grandmother Thomas was still living, and she lived with us. But then, after she died, it just got away from me. IRENE THOMAS MORROW

*Did your mother speak Welsh?*

Oh yes, very fluently, but she wanted to lose the accent. She just wanted to be totally American. Our family doctor said, "Mrs. Davis, we just love to hear you speak!" You know, a fascination with it. My daddy spoke it too, even though being born here. His parents were born in North Wales, my grandfather and grandmother, both. DOROTHY DAVIS PLETT

My parents spoke Welsh, but they didn't teach us Welsh. Now I realize that's a mistake, but at the time they talked Welsh, especially if they didn't want us to understand what they were talking about. And they talked Welsh to other people. I'm not sure why that generation didn't teach us Welsh. I don't know. They spoke Welsh to each other and to some other people who were Welsh, but we didn't learn it. I had an older brother who knew some, because he was older. MARGARET WILLIAMS QUIGLEY

I can understand. If somebody would say something to me, I can understand it enough that

I know what they're talking about, but I can't answer them back.

EVELYN ARTHUR QUIGLEY

No, I don't know any Welsh. And that's a strange thing, Mary [my wife] and Hughie [her brother] lived up here with their mother and father. Their mother and father talked Welsh, and we had a man worked for us for twenty-two years. Him and Hughie would talk Welsh all day long, and I don't think Mary knew a word of Welsh. No, you'd be surprised how many families like that there were around here. One or two kids would learn to speak, and the others wouldn't know anything. It just seemed like some kids back in the family would pick it up and some wouldn't for one reason or another. But when I first came around here about 1918, there was a lot of Welsh spoken in Cotter. But everytime one died, why, that was one less to speak Welsh. LEROY OWENS

*Mamgu* [grandmother in South Wales], that's what we called her. I was about seven years old, I guess, when she died. We used to go over there and visit her when she lived in this house. When my grandmother came over, she couldn't speak a word of English. My mother said she would go and sit behind something so that nobody would see her, because she couldn't speak a word of English. ROSINA WILLIAMS HAWKINS

My grandmother [maternal] never did get so she could converse really well in English. My grandad was good. He, as far as I can remember had perfect English. My grandmother was a little harder. She used to get her pronouns wrong sometimes. Like my cousin lived with her for a while, and she'd say when somebody'd come or call, she'd say, "He ain't here. He's downtown." You know, for her . . . "he" and "she" and "her," words like that, were hard for her. MARGARET WILLIAMS QUIGLEY

My Grandma Owens never was fluent in English at all. And talking on the telephone, we always talked Welsh with her. She would loan out money to different people, and they would come and pay her interest. There was one fellow who said "Oh, that isn't my note." So she'd get another one. And he'd say "That isn't my note." So she'd get another one. And "That isn't my note." And she said "Well, that's all I have." But he was just trying to see how much money that she had, see. GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

My mother did understand Welsh, and she could, but she didn't, speak a lot of it.

PEG BUTLER

We called them *taid* and *nain* [grandfather and grandmother in North Wales], and my grandchildren call me *nain*, and they called my husband *taid* until he died. In fact they [my grandchildren] didn't realize for a long time that *nain* and grandmother were the same. They asked my granddaughters after church, "You going home with your grandmother for dinner?" And they said, "No, we're going with *nain*." MARGARET WILLIAMS QUIGLEY

We always called Grandpa Hughes *taid*, my mother's father. *Nain* is grandma. We always

called her [father's mother] *nain* all the time, because she was grandma. And she stayed with us for about ten years, lived with us and kept house—*Nain* Jones. She talked Welsh to us, and we talked English to her. And I never did learn the language, because I said I was born in Dakota and the Indians didn't talk Welsh to us. Dad and her talked Welsh all the time, and I could understand it. If anybody came in—relatives, neighbors—they always talked Welsh, right up to the time they all passed away. I [myself] don't remember talking Welsh at all. Today I hate it that I didn't. I can understand a lot of it if it don't get too deep. I like the Welsh hymns when they sing that, the tunes, I mean. ELMER THOMAS

My father [Hugh Rees Davis] could talk Welsh, but my mother's parents hadn't talked Welsh, so she couldn't. But she could understand most of it. My father would talk Welsh to my grandmother. My grandparents were *nain* and *taid*. My father always spoke Welsh with his brothers, and he'd talk with the Peters and the Humphreys. I couldn't understand, but they'd sort of water it down and get an English word in once and a while. Then you could sort of put two and two together. The Welsh people would always say *bach* for small, for little. I wasn't brought up to talk it, only I learned a lot of words, some good and some bad. Everybody, I think, knew what *diawl* meant. That was the devil. I was always a good Welshman with the dog. The dog was *ci* and it was always, *Tyrd yma, gi!* That was, "Come here, dog!" We had a hired man that came to do the chores, and he got the dog after the cattle. But he didn't know how to stop him, because the dog couldn't understand English. He'd been talked to in Welsh all the time. DONALD DAVIS

I can understand most of it [Welsh] now. The folks used to talk Welsh at home to each other, and we'd turn around and interpret it in English after we got a little older and we just kinda lost the Welsh language because the English dominated then. So they'd talk English too, to us too, a lot. But when they'd just talk to themselves, they'd just talk Welsh. And then we'd answer them in English.

[My brother] was two years older than I was. And we just talked English together, and the folks dropped the Welsh more or less so we would learn the English faster. But then, after they seen we got the English down pretty good, why then they started talking Welsh right along too. BILL EDWARDS

We talked Welsh until he [my father] passed away in 1958. He always said if he talked English to me, he felt like he was talking to a stranger. But he said, on the streets in town, Columbus Junction, or whatever, "Let's talk English, because we're in America." He was always against talking Welsh amongst a group of English people. But, being in a Welsh community, there was a lot of Welsh spoken in Columbus Junction. GOMER OWEN

My father told me this: When we lived in northern Ioway, he was at a farm sale, and there were two-three guys standing over there talking Welsh. My dad was standing just off enough that he could hear it. And he started grinning and one of them said, in Welsh, "That guy over there, he must understand what we're talking about." So they got acquainted then. There were a few Welsh families up in that area someplace. ELMER THOMAS

When I would talk Welsh, I would mostly talk around the Reeses and all of them. Around them I would talk what I could, but then, like I say, I forgot all of it.

EVELYN ARTHUR QUIGLEY

### *Do you speak Welsh?*

I don't remember too much about it. I know when people are talking about me!

EDWARD GRIFFITH

Sometimes you'd get in a bunch, lot of people talking Welsh, and if there was English people around, sometimes I think they felt we were talking about them. And they didn't like it too well. But I don't think anybody would talk about other people in a way that would make them feel bad. They just couldn't understand. ROSINA WILLIAMS HAWKINS

That's when they really used it—on the party lines, so if somebody English was listening they couldn't. MARIAN PUGH CECIL

Dad would always talk Welsh on the telephone with his brothers, but you'd know what he was saying. MARIE GREENE

We just grew up, and people just talked Welsh all the time. At the time I didn't care, you know. I didn't care that they spoke it, and I didn't care about speaking it. But now, I think, I wish I had. I wish I had. MARGARET WILLIAMS QUIGLEY

We didn't teach our boy Welsh, because his dad was all English. I'd like to, but I couldn't. ROSINA WILLIAMS HAWKINS

I haven't heard Welsh for so long, I don't think I could understand it. Dad forgot it too in later years. I remember him saying that, downtown in Columbus Junction, if he'd meet one of the Rees boys, Dad would duck in a store or go someplace because the Rees boys would always start in talking Welsh, and Dad said, "I just can't think of the words anymore." He didn't want to admit it to them, so he would just avoid them. IRENE THOMAS MORROW

I can't read any Welsh. I could say a few odd phrases and words. *Hwch goch a chwech moch bach coch*. That's a red sow with six little red pigs. I could just recite 'em right and left, but I can't any more. If you don't rehearse these things all the time, they leave you. I suppose in the last fifteen or twenty years, I've used less and less and less and it just gets away, and you think of it when you don't want to. A lot of Cotter people were partly Welsh, either one side or the other, and they knew phrases and all the bad words. You remember them forever.

BILL EDWARDS

My Welsh is pretty broken, but I can still say a lot of it:

*Bore da* (Good morning)

*Mae fi eisiau hwnna* (I want that)

*Rwy'n mynd i'r capel* (I'm going to church)

*Myfi'n siarad Cymraeg* (I speak Welsh)

*Rwyt ti'n siarad Saesneg* (You speak English)

I have to think real hard, but Gomer [Owen], he has retained his. MARIAN PUGH CECIL

On the ballfield they all talked Welsh, and if they wanted to do some certain play, they talked Welsh so the other side wouldn't know what they had in mind. EVERETTE DAVIS

I think it's important to be able to speak in two languages. Nothing finer in the world than to be able to speak something like the good old Welsh. LUTHER DAVIS

You know, when I look back, I just wish I'd had a lot more Welsh.

MARGARET WILLIAMS QUIGLEY

I know that *Arglwydd* means Lord, but I don't understand a minister's sermon. My relatives were from North Wales, and it's a little harder for me to understand the [people from] South Wales. NORMA WHITHAM

I don't know how I can say it. I'd need to get my book. Should be in here somewhere. *Enfys* [rainbow], I never heard that. Guess we never talked about it in Welsh. I guess we just said rainbow. Used to be a man in the city, Dennis Peters. He could talk Welsh pretty good. His family was all Welsh, but he never learned. He'd call once in a while and wonder what this was in Welsh and what this was in Welsh. We'd talk Welsh for a few minutes. Did pretty good. Then we were all done. Then I'd get this book and hunt up some words.

I was reading Welsh last night, some hymns. I like to kinda keep up. It's not as good now as it was. My Welsh is kinda gone, you know, [if] you don't talk it . . .

ROSINA WILLIAMS HAWKINS

For years my neighbor up the street here was an old gentleman [Robert V. Davis]. He always went to church with us, and he and I always talked Welsh just in our everyday work here. We saw a lot of each other. After he passed on, at about ninety, well, I've never seen anybody to talk Welsh to afterwards. They're just not around anymore. EVERETTE DAVIS

We were said to be very proud of being Welsh, and I didn't realize it until right after my husband died, a college fellow wrote me and said, "I'm writing to my little Welsh girl." So, apparently, when I was sixteen years old, I must have impressed him that I was Welsh. I got so I couldn't speak Welsh fluently, and I was having a little trouble reading it, so that's when I started all these courses. And it always came right back. GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

My dad died in 1954 and he'd been ill for a long time, and before he passed away the only person that could communicate with him was my mother, in Welsh. He would seem to understand what she was saying where if the nurses told him something, he didn't understand it. RUTH WILLIAMS GIPPLE

When I was very young I remember, it's like the lightest memories, that they would sing in Welsh and do more things in Welsh. I lived next door to grandpa and grandma [Alfred and Eleanor Davis] till I was five, so it must have been sometime before that. After that I'd come back regularly and visit on the weekends, and they'd gotten away from [the Welsh language]. Before my grandmother passed away, she spoke more Welsh, more than I ever heard her. She almost had relapses of her native tongue. TIFFANY HOGUE

## NAMING



*The Welsh have unusually few surnames—Davis/Davies, Jones, Rees, Edwards, Thomas and Williams being some of them. So nicknames, or descriptive tags, are often used to distinguish, for instance, one John Jones from another.*

*Similarly, farms and homes in Wales are often given descriptive names. This practice was continued by the Welsh in the Long Creek community. In some cases, the Iowa farm bore the name of the family farm in Wales.*

*Names may also show the extended family relationship in the close-knit Welsh community where persons not related by blood might be called aunt or grandma.*

Every Welsh name ends in “s”—Evans, Williams. Lloyd doesn’t, but nearly all the Welsh names do. ELSIE FULLER

[My maternal grandfather was] J. M. Davis. It actually was Davies, “i-e-s,” but grandfather, thought “-is” more American-sounding, so he changed it to “-is.” One of my cousins has changed it back to “-ies” legally. IRENE THOMAS MORROW

Peters home—Pontagarth, Pugh home—Pentagareg. MARIAN PUGH CECIL

The family farm, Plas farm. EVERETTE DAVIS

Pen Bryn was our farm. Our old home was a mile south of Salem church. ELSIE FULLER

Say there were two Bob Davises or there were two Richard Williamses or something. The way they distinguished which Richard Williams or Bob Davis they were talking about was by naming the name of their farms. And there was Rees Prairie. MARIAN PUGH CECIL

The farm had a name because there were so many Davises here. Our family was called Prairie. We used it on the mail because my father’s name was Hugh Davis, and the man next to him, a cousin, was Hugh Davis. And on up the road, another cousin. His name was Hugh

Davis. All three Hugh Davises lived next to each other. So the farm next to us was called Plas, that Hugh Davis. The other Hugh Davis, they called The Racine. There were farm names that came from Wales. The farm next north to us was called The Bryn. They were a Davis. And the next farm north was Voty [Y Foty in Welsh], and they were a Davis. My father's uncle moved to north of Cotter. Their name was Davis, and they were called the Londons. Then south of us was another Davis. Their name was Elm Grove. All the Davises in that locality were related. DONALD DAVIS

This was always called the London Farm because of grandfather coming from over there. There were so many Davises that we had to put names on them all. Some of them were called "Prairies," some of them were called "Elm Groves," because they'd have the same first names and last names, there'd have to be a distinction. That's the way they did it.

DOROTHY DAVIS PLETT

*F*rom a conversation between Harriet Jones and Luther Davis

HJ: Lee Prairie, he lives on the Prairie Farm?

LD: Yeah, they're right below our farm.

HJ: You just called him Lee Prairie . . .

LD: Yeah, but he was really Lee Prairie Davis. John Davis Plas?

HJ: Oh yes, I know the name. Was that a family name, the Plas name?

LD: Well, just kind of an old nickname. They were Davis.

Our farm didn't have a name. Just on the Tennessee Road, and that's about it. I remember Bob Elm Grove, Bob Bryn, the Plas place. Mary J. Davis, that was the Plas farm.

MARIE GREENE

On one of these slate shingles [brought back from Wales], a friend put *Tŷ agos i ffordd ddu* (the house close to the black road). So we have it in on our porch here. And people come in and say, "What in the world does that say?" In fact we had a couple of small nieces come in and ask, and they said, "We know one thing, it doesn't say Merry Christmas!"

GOMER OWEN

Yes, their name was, they brought it over from Wales, the name of their place in Wales. It's also what they were called in this country, and it was Derlwyn, [she spells it] D-E-R-L-W-Y-N. And there were two Jane Williamses in the neighborhood, and one was known as Jane County Line and my grandmother was known as Jane Derlwyn. One thing I remember when I was small, she would get on the phone and talk in Welsh to this other Jane.

LEILA WILLIAMS CARLO

Right next to the Prairie farm, was the Bryn farm. Course you know this restaurant out



here, Bryn Mawr, was named by Hugh Morris. Boy, he was a Welshman, if I ever knew one!

NORMA WHITHAM

Our farm didn't have a name, but over in the Welsh neighborhood like Elm Grove and Bryn farm, [they used] family names. Bob Bryn, the name. Bryn means house on the hill I was always told. That eating place on 92, the Bryn Mawr Restaurant—a man that owned it was quite interested in Welsh. He said that's the highest place on the railroad between Chicago and Kansas City. After you pass there they start to go downhill. ELMER THOMAS

My mother was a Davis, and Grandpa was from Wales. The home place here in the United States was called Y Voty. GOMER OWEN

Now Grandma and Grandpa Rees were not our real grandpa and grandma, they were distant relatives, but we always had a lot of older people that we called grandpa and grandma. We had Grandma Thomas, Grandma Jones, Grandma and Grandpa Rees. And we also had a lot of uncles and aunts. We had Auntie Mary and Uncle Sam [Davis]. And because there were so many Auntie Marys, we said "Auntie Mary-Uncle Sam" and "Auntie Mary-Uncle Evan."

GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

## FOOD



*Wales is a mild, damp, hilly country with the sea on three sides. Its eight thousand square miles make it roughly one-seventh the size of Iowa, but its soil is nowhere near as rich. So it is not surprising that Wales has not developed a rich cuisine, though it does have traditional dishes. These are based largely on food from the sea, mutton or lamb, potatoes, leeks, and cheese. The food that has remained with the Welsh-Americans of Long Creek settlement is largely the food of festivals. Plum puddings appeared at Christmas in several houses. Oyster stew, a favorite in at least one family, is very like the Gower oyster soup associated with the once-thriving industry at Oystermouth. Although richer diets were adopted as farming prospered in the Midwest, Welsh settlers in Iowa kept their predilection for drinking tea and for eating a tea snack at four o'clock. Their interest in lamb is relatively unusual in the Midwest and methods of cooking cawl (soup) or soupy stews can be traced directly to traditional Welsh kitchens.*

Grandfather Rees had this long kitchen. It looked just like a bare hall, and that was their dining room. They had this big table and all these chairs and then hooks on the other end where they hung their clothes. And Grandpa had this chair here in this corner with his spittoon. There was no other chairs around except the ones around the table—fifteen of them. And hardly anything else was in that room as I recall. MARIE GREENE

They ate the evening meal about six. In the morning you had a full breakfast—potatoes and meat of some kind, or eggs and oatmeal. Oatmeal and Post Toasties, that's what I was raised on pretty much. ELMER THOMAS

### *Food for Festivals*

Everybody had plum pudding. IRENE THOMAS MORROW

Plum pudding every Christmas. We still make it sometimes. MARGARET DAVIS

Mother made the best plum pudding. There's never been English/Welsh plum pudding like she made. Not any of us have learned how to do it. Steamed, and with suet, you know. It was just like light Devil's Food cake. Oh, so good with the hard sauce . . . every Christmas! That was a speciality. She was an elegant cook. DOROTHY DAVIS PLETT

Plum pudding, plum pudding, aaah! That was quite a thing, making plum pudding, wasn't it? It was quite a routine. You had to steam it and make it quite a long time ahead. And you used suet. But, oh boy, with white sauce and lemon sauce, it was really good.

GOMER OWEN

It's suet pudding, but you also call it plum pudding. We used to cook it for three hours. We'd put it in a big fruit can—oh, a large peach can. It would come up over the top, and we'd pull it out and wrap it in cheesecloth. We steamed it. I got a little more modern as I got older and put it in a pressure canner instead of boiling it in a kettle. Here's the recipe [calls for sugar, flour, soda, salt, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, an egg, nutmeg, molasses, suet, milk, raisins, dates, drained pineapple]. We made a sauce, white sweet sauce.

MARGARET DAVIS

It's quite a ceremony. EVERETTE DAVIS

Suet pudding. That's a holiday food. You use suet, put raisins in it. Some of them have a double boiler and cook in it. Now Nain Jones always put it in a kind of cloth and put it in a kettle and just boiled it that way. When the Thomases would get together for their Christmas dinner, well Dorothy had to have the suet pudding. They put a sauce on it, a white sauce . . . white or brown, they put brown sugar too. ELMER THOMAS

They made a suet pudding of some kind. Now it was dough and raisins, had a lot of raisins and spices, cinnamon and stuff like that. Shortening and no milk. They just mixed it sort of like a cake and then they'd have a bag—we got sugar and salt in everything in bags long time ago. They'd pour it in this bag and they'd tie it real tight and then they'd put it in a big kettle of water and they would just let that cook and cook and cook until all that cooked in there. Rather like we'd stick a cake in an oven. Then when it was ready to serve, they always made a dip for it and that would be nothing but sugar and water, a little bit of flour and a little bit of vanilla. That made a kind of sweet gravy. And, gee whiz, they had a suet pudding. They had a Welsh name for it too.

Mom always used to make for Christmas a sugarless, eggless, butterless cake that had a lot of raisins in it. She put it in a pan. That made a round and then you slice that. One of my cousins, oh he just loved that cake! MARGARET DAVIS

### *Welsh-style Soups and Stews*

They ate a lot of potatoes and stew. I remember Grandma Peters, she couldn't speak English hardly, used to cook a lot of what she called *lobsgows*. That was potatoes, and

leeks—the Welsh leeks—or she used onions. It gets like a soup. I remember that was delicious. I had some when we were over in Wales. Put a lot of butter in it. MARIAN PUGH CECIL

One thing that I never will forget—we would butcher a beef in the wintertime and coldpack it and have *lobsgows*. Potatoes and onions, carrots and beef, and the broth. On a cold winter night it went pretty well with a young boy's stomach. GOMER OWEN

Oh, *lobsgows*. This was a lamb-vegetable stew. My father was exceptionally good at butchering mutton, so we had a lot of mutton and things like that.

GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

That's just a soup stew. People took a piece of beef and after they had cut off all what was good, then they cut it up in little pieces and put an onion and peeled a potato. They didn't put in carrots and everything like they do now—just water and onion and potato and these little pieces of meat. That's how they got rid of the rest of their meat. They didn't waste a thing in those days. EVELYN ARTHUR QUIGLEY

### *Did you cook lamb?*

My brother's boy, Terry, they raise a lot of sheep and it's good and it was good in Wales.

MARIAN PUGH CECIL

No, we never did much with lamb. The neighbors had lamb that they used a lot.

ROSINA WILLIAMS HAWKINS

The most [lamb] I ate was when I worked for LeRoy Owens. He would have butchered 'bout every two weeks or so. Then we'd hang it out in the wintertime to freeze at night or to cool out. Then that would only last a week for that family with a meal or two a day. Course there was five kids in the family. I liked it so long as it didn't get cold. I don't like cold mutton. ELMER THOMAS

We never ate mutton or lamb. I know some people did, but my folks never even had sheep. We ate well. They'd butcher a beef, but we ate a lot of pork. I think now that they'd tell you not to eat all that fat. MARGARET DAVIS

We had a hundred ewes and we ate lamb a lot. BILL EDWARDS

We never did have any lamb because my mother's father raised sheep, and when she got married, she told Dad not to expect to get any lamb to eat. She was never going to cook any more lamb as long as she lived. IRENE THOMAS MORROW

My family didn't raise sheep and I don't think Grandpa Rees's did either. We would have a duck for Thanksgiving. Never a turkey. It was either a duck or a goose. MARIE GREENE

We were strong on just the common white duck. In the fall of the year that was considered special. We always had a few ducks, raised them in the spring, and then we'd eat them in the fall. Kept a few over for eggs for the following year. MARGARET DAVIS

*Was teatime a regular or a special thing at your house?*

Oh no. We just had it all the time. What I liked best of all was coming home to this *te bach*. Oh boy, it was like a big meal with their pastries and their thin-cut bread . . . and the cold meats.

"Oh, we'll have to have *te bach*," Mrs. J. R. Williams would say before we'd go to bed. And then we'd do the same when they were here. They just had to have that *te bach*!

DOROTHY DAVIS PLETT

We had teatime in the late afternoon, but not on a regular basis. Grandmother would have a *te bach*. She took her tea and she always had to have a cookie or something.

MARIAN PUGH CECIL

I can't remember her [mother] eating much of anything but tea and bread. They made a lot of raisin bread. MARGARET WILLIAMS QUIGLEY

We didn't [have afternoon tea] regularly. But if a car drove up in front, and Grandma would see that there were ladies in the car, she'd run to the kitchen and put the teakettle on. She'd serve bread cut very thinly and spread with butter and jelly and cut into maybe half.

IRENE THOMAS MORROW

Mother was a very wonderful bread baker and we did like the *bara menyn*. It had to be sliced very, very thin. Paper thin. Wafer thin. And oh it was good! There was nothing that I treasured more than anything in the world than having a cup of tea with my mother like that, and having the pastries or having a slice of that good home-baked bread that she made. Thin, you know. Wonderful! DOROTHY DAVIS PLETT

### *Baking and Welsh Cakes*

Of course they baked bread every day, and twice on Saturday, because during Sunday you didn't cook. I had been married years before I felt comfortable baking a pie on Sunday morning. GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

We never did any work on Sunday. My mother or us girls would bake cakes and pies on Saturday just to have them ready. EVELYN ARTHUR QUIGLEY

Mother baked all the time. It was a treat to have boughten bread from the store. Bread is *bara* in Welsh. Big loaves in pans this long. While the oven was warming they would take a piece and rub butter over it you know—just plain bread. ELMER THOMAS

[Mother] 'd bake bread about four times a week. We had tea lots of times during the day, but we never came in for tea or anything like that. She used to make some Welsh cakes. Oh, yes. BILL EDWARDS

Mother made some Welsh cakes. They baked their own bread, sometimes with dried fruit in it. *Bara* is your bread and butter. MARIAN PUGH CECIL

After school there was mother's fresh-baked bread. And particularly in the fall of the year there was fresh molasses. And Welsh cakes. GOMER OWEN

I've heard of Welsh cakes but I don't know them. MARGARET DAVIS

Unless my grandmother brought those things [from Wales], I'm sure mother wouldn't know them. MARGARET WILLIAMS QUIGLEY

I don't recall Welsh cakes . . . I just remember Grandma Williams's big sugar cookies and yellow tomato preserves. MARIE GREENE

Everybody baked in those days. We never knew what it was to buy a loaf of bread. Us boys always got the crust to eat. It was a treat. EVERETTE DAVIS

### *Other Memories*

The other thing [Mother] made a lot of was cornstarch pudding. I suppose you can still buy cornstarch. She'd always cook it. Then she'd put it in a coffee cup, and then she'd turn them over when it got hard and it'd set on the saucer. Then you'd put sugar and cream on it—whatever you wanted. It was a little bit like custard. Each one had one at his place. Everybody got the same size, too, and no arguing. ELMER THOMAS

My mother'd put a hard boiled egg in an eggcup and you'd just take a knife and take off the top and fill it with butter and salt and pepper, and oh, it was good! Cook 'em three minutes. Wonderful! They just taste better in an eggcup. DOROTHY DAVIS PLETT

You could gather a lot of blackberries in the timber. We used to spread rag rugs under the trees and gather mulberries. We had gobs of mulberries. They're hard to get the tops off.

They're real good with rhubarb. They just need something that has a little tang to it.

GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

*Did your mother ever cook anything that she said was Welsh, or had a Welsh name?*

Well I don't think so. LEILA WILLIAMS CARLO

We never did. We used to make our own mincemeat for pies.

ROSINA WILLIAMS HAWKINS

No, no, no. LEROY OWENS

I have Aunt Ann's recipe for rice pudding, and it is delicious. She must have been some relation to the wife of my Great Uncle Evan who lived in Cotter. Cousin Catherine for years put a flower every Memorial Day on her grave because she thought Aunt Ann'd had a rough life. But she was a wonderful cook and that rice pudding is really something.

GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

Mother made rice pudding, and custard pudding. DOROTHY DAVIS PLETT

Rice pudding was a real treat, *pwdin reis*. GOMER OWEN

We'd churn, you know, and make buttermilk and butter. Another dish that my folks and my mom's sisters liked—whether it was a Welsh dish or not. They always cooked potatoes and mashed them when they churned because they had that fresh buttermilk. And they'd have a bowl of buttermilk and they'd put mashed potatoes in it. MARGARET DAVIS

We ate a lot of oyster stew. We always liked that. I still like it. I buy a gallon every fall. Dad's brother, Uncle Ed, was living close to us. We'd get together often and have oyster stew. ELMER THOMAS

*Caws* was cheese. We never made it. Mother made cottage cheese.

GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

*So what was cawsen pen?*

They took the meat from the head—cheeks, lips, forehead, you know—and ground it. It was all ground. It was good. GAYLE EDWARDS ROTTER

Anything around the head. MARGARET DAVIS

Remember grinding liver that was made into what we called head cheese. Liver and lard and any scraps from the pig. Anything. We ran it through the sausage grinder and we churned and we churned and we churned. We used to can it—put it in containers, put in grease, and we boiled it. It was very greasy. They fried some of that grease out of it. EVERETTE DAVIS

Everette's aunt was a great one for grease, so she loved that head cheese. In the wintertime we always had that for breakfast. Very often they fried it. It was considered pretty good. MARGARET DAVIS

If they butchered, they ground up the liver and put it in an 8-by-10 pan. And they'd lay some bacon strips across it and they'd call it faggots. I can't say what head cheese was but they always made that, put it in one of these large crocks, you know, and slice it cold or fry it, either one.

Liver now, you could eat it cold or fried, either one, after it's cooked and hardened in the pan there. They always made mush afterwards 'cause the drippings from the meat after they squeezed all the lard out and there was just little chips of meat and they always put that in the mush. We had a lot of meals on that. ELMER THOMAS

*Did you have leeks in the garden?*

I was grown up before I knew what leeks were. MARGARET WILLIAMS QUIGLEY

Mother kept a big garden every year. We ate quite a few and done a lot of canning. There's onions, but I don't know about leeks. Beans and peas and potatoes. We ate a lot of potatoes. We had a raspberry patch there in Cotter. BILL EDWARDS