

The Collard Sandwich

Written by Debbi Covington

Wednesday, 11 January 2017 07:10



When I talk about going home or people from home, I usually mean Wilson, North Carolina. After twenty-five years of living in South Carolina, I'm learning that home folks to me are actually people from up and down the eastern stretch of North Carolina's highway I-95. People who have a bit of vinegar and pepper in their blood.

People who know what hoe cakes, streak o'lean and chow chow are. People who have actually tasted souse meat and liver pudding. Intelligent human beings who know that the only true barbecue is slow-roasted, whole hog pork barbecue, chopped and seasoned with vinegar and red pepper. My people. Sometimes a comforting voice with an eastern North Carolina drawl, one who talks way too fast for most people to understand, and calls Wilson, "Wiltzen;" Fayetteville, "Fedville;" and Beaufort, "Bowfert" is just plain heartwarming. I never imagined how homesick I would be for the foods from my childhood – meals that I took for granted and just assumed would always be readily available – foods that I didn't even realize that I cared about, things like chicken and dumplings, field peas and snaps, fried cornsticks and fatback.

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By 1900, the sandwich (and other) variety of food had become, especially in the Southern United States,

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A close-up photograph of a white ceramic plate with a green leafy border. The plate is filled with several strips of cooked bacon, which are wavy and golden-brown. A silver spoon is visible in the upper left corner, and a metal tray is partially visible in the background.



4 / 4