

Georgia Epicures Chanting Praises Of Chitterlings

Here's How Walter Cowart Describes "Uncle Jake's" Feast.

How rare a thing is the true poetic soul! How gracious and grand a privilege it is, in this workaday world of ours, to encounter a man in whose breast there burns the flame of poesy, whose soul assesses values at their proper worth; in short, to sink to the vulgar patois of the tea-rooms—a man who knows a good thing when he sees it.

Such a group of men reside in and near Atlanta and as their most worthy spokesman have Walter Cowart, of Union City. In true and sincere spirit, in a dispatch received Friday by *The Constitution*, Mr. Cowart elaborates on the virtues, graces and undeniable allurements of that gastronomic treasure—the chitterling!

His tribute can not be improved upon—he speaketh from the heart. All you worshippers of the chitterling bend him an attentive ear. He says:

"J. S. M. ("Uncle Jake") Patton gave his annual chitterling dinner last night. A large number of guests from Atlanta and Campbell county were present.

"This was the second of these dinners during the past six years at which Colonel George Napier failed to be present. However, Colonel Napier's chair as toastmaster was ably filled by Colonel Roy Liddell, of Atlanta.

"Not only did Colonel Liddell act as toastmaster, but he was awarded the prize of a hoe-cake and a box of sausage for being the champion chitterling

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enter. He wrapped his 200 pounds around an even dozen liberal helpings. Like Colonel Napier, Colonel Liddell eats chitterlings with that dignified manner which is most becoming when the true chitterling eater is placed by a large platter of this noble food. Your correspondent, who sacrifices dignity for dispatch in eating chitterlings, feels that he would have won the prize this year, except that after the tenth helping he got sidetracked into a large dish of liver pudding.

"Closing the festivities of the evening, those who were able lined up for a square dance, while H. F. Berton, of Atlanta, played and sang the national song of the chitterling eaters, as follows:

"Bile them chit'lings down,
Bile them chit'lings down,
Pass the hoe-cake 'round
And bile them chit'lings down."