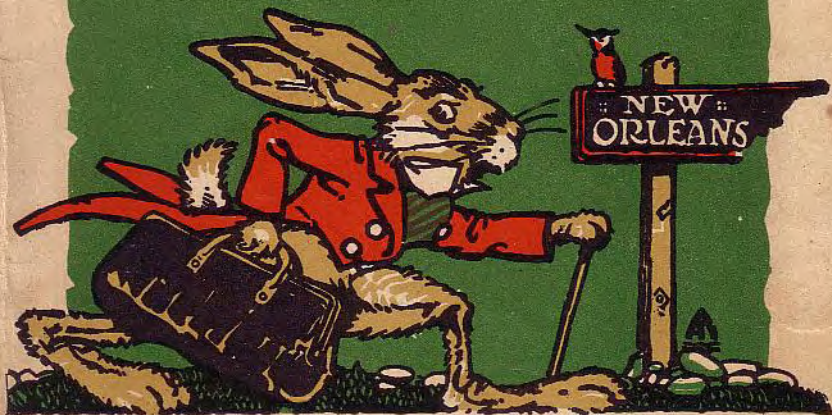
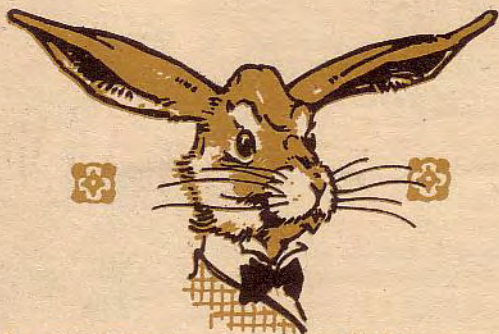


Personal Recipes of Brer Rabbit

FOR DESSERTS,
CREOLE Dainties,
CANDIES AND OTHER
DELICIOUS FOODS



HOW BRER RABBIT FOUND HIS HOME



THIS BOOK TO MY
MANY FRIENDS.

Brer Rabbit

Penick & Ford Ltd.

INCORPORATED

NEW ORLEANS, LA.



*Brer Rabbit listens to
the old Melody the
happy darkies are
singing.*



WAS Evening and the balmy weather of Louisiana Autumn was setting in. Monsieur Jacque Frost was expected to arrive 'most any night now. He would powder the miles of Sugar Cane with his silver dust. Then all hands on the plantation would work harder than ever. The cane would be cut and the wheels in the Molasses and Sugar mills would begin turning.



*"Comin' fo' to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' fo' to carry me home."*

You could hear the old melody the negroes were singing as far away as Bayou Teche.

Brer Rabbit sat up and listened. He scratched his ear and chuckled to himself.

"They are surely happy this year," he said. "I don't guess there ever was a more wonderful lot of juicy sugar cane for me to make delicious Brer Rabbit Molasses out of, than this year. No wonder everybody is happy."



Brer Rabbit was very, very old — and he knew much about sugar cane and molasses.

Brer Rabbit could remember 'way back to the time when there wasn't any sugar cane in Louisiana—when the only place in the world sugar cane grew was in India, near to Bengal.

This was in the fifth century, fourteen hundred years ago. That's a long time.

Then the folks that had the sugar cane took and planted it all up and down the Tigris Valley and the Euphrates.



Then somehow or other the Chinamen found out how good sugar and molasses tasted—for you know sugar and molasses both come from sugar cane.

But Brer Rabbit wasn't exactly happy in India and China and all those foreign places. So he moved to Europe in the eighth century with those same Moors who brought the rich wonders of Mohammedan civilization into Spain.

Then he went to Cyprus and Sicily to make those folks there happy.



One day while in Portugal, in the fifteenth century, the King sent Brer Rabbit with cane cuttings for planting to the Madeira and Canary Islands.

The climate agreed so well with Brer Rabbit there that for the next two hundred years practically all the sugar supply of Europe came from the Islands where Brer Rabbit was.

But Brer Rabbit became restless and took a trip across the big ocean in one of those funny old sailing ships with the high decks. He landed in Brazil in the sixteenth century.



After he got all the folks to liking him pretty well, for Brer Rabbit makes friends easily and quickly, he went to the Island of San Domingo. He wasn't there hardly any time at all before he had twenty-eight big refineries running day and night.

Then Brer Rabbit commenced to keep a diary and wrote down every place he visited and the date.

He wrote down his visit to Mexico in 1520. Then he traveled to Guadaloupe in 1644. And after that he came to Martinique in 1650.



Perhaps you wonder why Brer Rabbit did not come to America first and settle down, and not romp over the world all the time. That's because you don't know that Brer Rabbit was seeking the very best place in the world to make his home forever.

He wasn't fickle. He simply had to know about every other place first. So, in 1751, when a band of good old Jesuit fathers left San Domingo for Louisiana, to build a big church and teach the story of Christ to the Indians — why Brer Rabbit decided to go along. So he packed his valise and boarded the first vessel for romantic Louisiana.



Brer Rabbit first tried to plant the old Creole variety of sugar cane in Louisiana. Then he tried the Tahiti cane.

But neither satisfied the sensitive palate of old Brer Rabbit. Finally, in 1820, Brer Rabbit and a Creole named John Coiron planted the purple cane (he called it "Ribbon Cane") in Louisiana. And this cane, with the rich soil of the Pelican State, made the most delicious molasses Brer Rabbit ever tasted—and Brer Rabbit knows molasses.

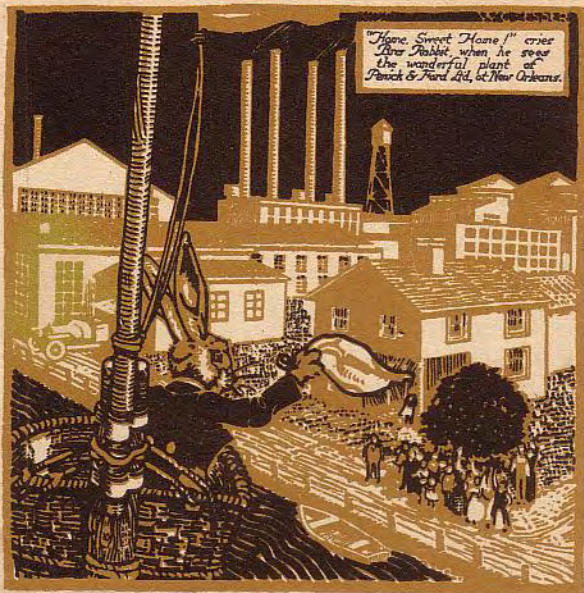
So Brer Rabbit's life-long search for a Home, Sweet Home, was over. He made up his



mind to stay in Louisiana forever, right in New Orleans, and never travel again.

He looked around for a long time, and finally he met Penick & Ford, the world's largest packers of real New Orleans molasses. That's just where Brer Rabbit wanted to live. Everything was so nice and clean, and everybody was so lovely to him.

Brer Rabbit knows more about real molasses than anybody in the world now, and he ought to. For nobody else has ever had near as much experience.



In honor of old Brer Rabbit and his ideals for quality, Penick & Ford put his picture on every can of real New Orleans molasses they send out to your grocer for you to buy.

And men and women, girls and boys—even little, tiny folks everywhere know that Brer Rabbit is a sign of real goodness and wholesomeness.