

Pass di Dutchie

Jamaican grandmothers will tell you, di blacker the Dutch pot, di sweeter di rice and peas. The only way to do authentic Jamaican food is in the good ole dutch pot. "It's heat and temperature is consistent and it hardly ever burns food."

The dutchie short for dutch pot is a heavy cast iron pot with three small feet, handles, and a cover. It was originally made from aluminium scraps and river sand. This was once an essential item in every household, placed or hung in the fireplace or three firestones. Coal or wood fire could be placed both under the pot or heaped on top when used for frying, boiling and baking. Jamaicans still rely on their old dutchies when baking dishes such as potato or cornmeal puddings: 'Hell a top, hell a bottom and hallelujah inna di middle' is the resulting riddle. The pots come in different sizes but today you'll mostly find them without the legs.

The Dutch pot dates back to the Iron-Age when man learned to cast iron into vessels of different shapes for a variety of purposes. In the mid 1600s the Dutch pot arrived from the Netherlands, along with the early explorers, who used these cooking vessels exclusively, on their expeditions into the interior.

Another popular cooking pot long ago was a Jesta, a large iron or enamel pot with a large handle.

ROAS’ TURKEY The killing of Miss Marie’s turkey by Kate’s half-starved dog is occasion for rejoicing by a family who plan to make a feast of the ill-fated fowl. “Puss laugh wen pear-tree fall”, as the Jamaican proverb goes. Gal, run go wash de jesta-pot, Ketch up de fire, Fred, Tell Lou fe sen some seasonin’ Miss Marie turkey dead! De turkey wake up hearty, and Was strollin bout de place, Wen him an Kate half-starvin dog Jus buck up face to face! De turkey stop, de dog jaw drop, Him lick him mout an work i’, Him meck a robot-bomba dive, An pounce dung pon de turkey! Miss Marie bawl out, “Save de turkey” “Kill de dog!” po’ Soul! Two man run out fe help her, but Dat time de turkey cole! Po Marie dis a-groan an sigh, An swear her heart stop beat, She teck oat’ wen de turkey cook She hooden touch de meat! Me mout start sympat’ize wid her An tell her sey she right, But hear me heart, “tenggad fe me Belly gwine bus tonight”. So run go beg Fan two stale bread, Beg Jane some coaknat-ile, Talk loud meck grudgeful Emma know Sey we gwine eat in style. Dem sey, “wen horse dead cow fat”, an “Puss laugh wen pear-tree fall”, So me gwine full me belly, wile Miss Marie she dah-bawl!